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PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER. I.

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CHAPTER 1.

THE JOURNEY OF PETER TO WESTERN EUROPE.

THE Tsar's feeling was so strong with regard to what might be learnt about shipbuilding in foreign countries that, after he had sent off many of his subjects to study the trade, he resolved to go himself. Without ascribing to this journey all the importance which Macaulay did when he said, "His journey is an epoch in the history, not only of his own country, but of ours, and of the world," we must admit that it was a remarkable event, and one fraught with much consequence. Since the exiled Izyasláv visited the court of the Emperor Henry IV., at Mayence, in 1075, no Russian ruler had ever been out of his dominions. Peter's journey marks the division between the old Russia, an exclusive, little known country, and the new Russia, an important factor in European politics. It was also one of the turning points in the development of his character, and was the continuation of the education begun in the German suburb. In one way, it may be said that Peter's appearance in the German suburb was really more startling, and of more importance, than his journey westward, for that journey was the natural consequence and culmination of his intercourse with foreigners at Moscow.

This sudden and mysterious journey of the Tsar abroad exercised the minds of Peter's contemporaries no less than it has those of moderns. Many were the reasons which were ascribed then, and have been given since, for this step. There was even a dispute among the students of the University of Thorn as to the reasons which had induced the Tsar to travel. Pleyer, the secret Austrian agent, wrote to the Emperor Leopold that the whole embassy was "merely a cloak for the freedom sought by the Tsar, to get out of his own country and divert himself a little." Another document in the archives at Vienna finds the cause of the journey in a vow made by Peter, when in danger on the White Sea, to make a pilgrimage to the tombs of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, at Rome. According to Voltaire, "He resolved to absent himself for some years from his dominions, in order to learn how better to govern them." Napoleon said: "He left his country to deliver himself for a while from the crown, so as to learn ordinary life, and to remount by degrees to greatness." But every authentic source gives us but one reason, and the same. Peter went abroad, not to fulfill a vow, not to amuse himself, not to become more civilized, not to learn the art of government, but simply to become a good shipwright. His mind was filled with the idea of creating a navy on the Black Sea for use against the Turks, and his tastes were still, as they had always been, purely mechanical. For this purpose, as he himself says, as his prolonged residence in Holland shows, he desired to have an opportunity of studying the art of shipbuilding in those places where it was carried to the highest perfection, that is, in Holland, England and Venice.

In order to give the Tsar greater freedom of action, and to save him from too much formality and ceremony, which he exceed-

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GENERAL VIEW OF ZAANDAM.

ingly disliked, an attempt was made to conceal the purpose of his journey, by means of a great embassy, which should visit the chief countries of Western Europe, to explain the policy of Russia toward Turkey, and to make whatever treaties it was found possible, either for commercial purposes or for the war against the Turks. The embassy consisted of three extraordinary embassadors, at the head of whom was General Lefort. Besides the other rewards he had received for the campaigns against Azof, he had been given the honorary title of Governor-General of Nóvgorod. The other embassadors were the Governor-General of Siberia, Theodore Golovín, who had already distinguished himself by the treaty of Nertchínsk with the Chinese; and the Governor of Bólkhof, Prokóp Voznítsyn, a skillful and experienced diplomate. In the suite of the embassadors were twenty nobles and thirty-five others, called volunteers, who, like those previously sent, were going abroad for the study of ship-building. Among these was the Tsar himself. These volunteers were chiefly young men who had been comrades of Peter in his play regiments, in his boat-building, and in his campaigns against Azof. Among them may be particularly remarked Alexander Menshikóf and Alexis Galítsyn, two Golovíns, Simeon Naryshkin, and the Prince Alexander Bagrátion of Imeritia and Georgia. Including priests, interpreters, pages, singers, and servants of various kinds, the suite of the embassy numbered as many as two hundred and fifty persons. The Tsar himself traveled under the strictest incognito. It was forbidden to give him the title of Majesty,—he was always to be addressed simply as *Min Her* Peter Mikhaílof,—and it was forbidden, under pain of death, to mention his presence with the embassy.

During the absence of the Tsar, the government was intrusted to a regency of three persons—Leo Naryshkin, Prince Boris Galítsyn and Prince Peter Prozorófsky, who were given supreme power. Prince Ramodanófsky was charged with maintaining order in Moscow, and he had verbal instructions to follow up, in the severest way, the slightest movement of discontent or rebellion. The boyár Shéïn, assisted by General Gordon, had charge of the defense of the southern frontier on the side of Azof, while Prince Jacob Dolgorúky succeeded the boyár Sheremétief in charge of the defenses against the Tartars on the frontier of Little Russia, and was ordered to get galleys ready for the siége of Otchakóf in the spring of 1698. Sheremétief, who had already served two years in that country, obtained leave of absence and permission to travel abroad.

Preparations were nearly finished for the

departure of the embassy, when an unexpected delay occurred. Gordon expressed it thus in his diary: "A merry night has been spoiled by an accident of discovering treason against his Majesty." The colonel of the Streltsi, Iván Tsýkler (spelled also Zickler), of foreign birth or extraction, and two Russian nobles of high rank, Alexis Sokovnín and Theodore Púshkin, were accused of plotting against the life of the Tsar. They were accused on the testimony of Lárion Yelisárof, who was one of the denunciators of the alleged plot against Peter's life in 1689, when he took refuge at Tróïtsa. In all probability, there was no plot whatever, but simply loose and unguarded talk between discontented men. Tsýkler had always been well treated by the Princess Sophia and Privy-Councilor Shaklovíty, but when he saw the preponderance was on the side of Peter, he went to Tróïtsa and made denunciations. He did not, however, receive the reward and favor which he expected, but, on the contrary, was looked upon askance, and had recently been sent to Azof. He was naturally irritated against the Tsar, and in unguarded moments probably expressed his feelings too strongly. Sokovnín was a virulent dissenter, and the brother of two ladies well known for their opposition to the Patriarch Nikon, and their encouragement of dissent in the reign of Alexis—Theodora Morózof and the Princess Avdótia Urúsof. He was therefore opposed to many of Peter's innovations; and his father-in-law, Matthew Púshkin, who had been appointed Governor of Azof, had excited the anger of the Tsar because he had refused to send his children abroad. Theodore Púshkin was one of the sons, and had uttered vague threats of revenge in case the Tsar should have his father whipped to death for his refusal, for rumors to that effect were being industriously circulated. Torture produced confessions of various kinds, and among them repetitions by Tsýkler of the old accusations against the Princess Sophia. The prisoners were speedily condemned, and were beheaded on the Red Place, after having had their arms and legs chopped off. Their heads were exposed on stakes. The confessions of Tsýkler, and the renewed accusations against his sister, excited Peter's mind against the whole of the Miloslávsky family, and in his rage he even went to the length of taking up the body of Iván Miloslávsky,—who had been dead fourteen years,—of dragging the coffin by swine to the place of execution, and of placing it in such a position that the blood of the criminals spurted into the face of the corpse.

Even at this time there was much popular discontent and hostile criticism of Peter. Not all of those who saw that reforms were absolutely necessary approved his measures and his conduct. A rumor was spread that the Tsar Iván had publicly proclaimed to all the people: "My brother does not live according to the Church. He goes to the German suburb, and is acquainted with Germans." There was talk, too, of the way in which Peter had abandoned his wife and family, and it was perhaps family affairs which caused the quarrel between Leo Naryshkin and the Lopúkhins, the relatives of Peter's wife. What exactly happened is not known,

PETER AT WORK IN HIS LODGINGS AT ZAANDAM. (FROM AN ETCHING BY BARON MICHEL KLODT.)

PETER'S HOUSE AT ZAANDAM.

but Peter Lopúkhin, the uncle of the Tsaritsa, and the Minister of the Palace, was accused of bribery and extortion, and for this, or some other cause, was exiled, together with his brothers, one of them the father of the Tsaritsa. A report was circulated among the common people, and was widely believed, that Peter had assisted with his own hands in applying the torture to his wife's uncle. One man, the monk Abraham, dared to make himself the exponent of the popular feeling, and presented to Peter a petition in which he made mention of the abandonment of his wife, of the relations which he had formed in the German suburb, and of the bad feeling which had been excited by the Tsar lowering himself to work at boats, and to appear on foot in the triumphal procession, instead of taking his proper place. As was natural, the petition gave rise to a trial, and Abraham was sent to a distant monastery, and three other men who were implicated were punished with the knout, and sent to Azof.

When these trials were completed, the embassy set out, on the 20th of March, 1697. It was intended to go first to Vienna, then to Venice and Rome, then to Holland and

PETER THE GREAT AT ZAANDAM. (FROM AN ENGRAVING BY WAPPERS.)

England, and to return by the way of Königsberg. The trouble in Poland, consequent on the interregnum, made traveling through that country dangerous, and the only way in which Vienna could be reached was by a roundabout journey through Riga, Königsberg and Dresden.

The first experience of the Tsar in a foreign country was an unfortunate one. The Governor of Pskov, who had been ordered to make the arrangements for Peter's journey through Livonia, had neglected to say in his letter to Eric Dalberg, the Governor of Riga, of how many persons the embassy was composed. Dalberg replied, asking the number of the persons in the embassy, and saying that, while he would do his best, he hoped they would overlook some inconveniences, as a great famine was unfortunately reigning in the country Major Glazenap was sent to the frontier to escort the embassy, but Peter was so impatient, and traveled so fast, that the embassy arrived at the frontier before the proper arrangements had been made to receive them. They therefore found no conveyances, and were obliged to go on to Riga in the carriages brought from Pskov, and trust to their own provisions. A short distance from Riga, light carriages and an escort were waiting for them, and they were ceremoniously received in the town with a military parade, while a guard of fifty men was placed near their lodgings. The next day the embassadors sent two of their nobles to thank the governor for his kindness, and a return visit was paid by one of his adjutants. Immediately afterward, Peter wrote to Vinius that they "were received with great honor, and with a salute of twenty-four guns, when they entered and left the fortress." Unfortunately, the embassy was detained at Riga for a whole week by the breaking up of the ice on the Düna, which made crossing impossible. Peter preserved his incognito, and went out to see the town. His military curiosity naturally led him to inspect the fortifications and measure the width and depth of the ditches, when he was somewhat rudely ordered away by the sentinel. Discontented at this, a complaint was made, and the governor apologized, assuring Lefort that no discourtesy was intended. Lefort was satisfied, and said that the sentinel had merely done his duty. It must be remembered that Riga was a frontier town; that Livonia was an outlying province of Sweden,

SHAM FIGHT AT AMSTERDAM IN HONOR OF PETER.

and that the embassy was not accredited to the Swedish court. Dalberg kept himself within the bounds of strict propriety, but did not err on the side of politeness. He knew perfectly well that the Tsar was in the embassy, but he respected his incognito. As the embassadors did not pay him a visit in person, he did not pay a personal visit to the embassadors. Nothing was done in the way of amusement or diversion for the Tsar, besides the first reception. The embassadors were left to pay for their lodgings and their provisions, and to get on as best they might. They paid high prices for everything, but times were hard, and the people naturally tried to make the most they could out of the distinguished strangers. As there was nothing to be seen, either in a military or naval way, as there were no feasts nor amusements of any kind prepared for him, Peter became bored, especially as he was anxious to continue his journey. He left the rest, and ventured across the river in a small boat, and remained two days on the other side, waiting for the embassy. In a letter to Vinius, of the 18th of April, he says: "Here we lived in a slavish way, and were tired with the mere sight of things." Nevertheless, the embassy took its leave with all form and ceremony, and crossed the river on a vessel carrying the royal flag of Sweden, and with a salute. When it was necessary to find a pretext for a war with Sweden, the reception at Riga was made one of the reasons, and even in 1709, when the siege of Riga was undertaken, Peter, after throwing the first three bomb-shells into the town, wrote to Menshikóf: "Thus the Lord God has enabled us to see the beginning of our revenge on this accursed place." We should add here that Peter's feelings about his reception at Riga probably increased with time. In other countries where he went, there was a sovereign with a court, and although, in a certain way, the Tsar was incognito, yet he was privately and familiarly received and entertained. It was unfortunate for him that his first venture was in an outlying province, the tenure of which was not too secure, and in a commercial rather than in an aristocratic town.

Mitau is now a dull provincial town, and the Hebrew signs on the street corners show the great Jewish population. Its greatest object of interest to travelers is the old Ducal Castle, almost entirely rebuilt in the last century, with its reminiscences of the residence and sudden departure of the exiled Louis XVIII., and the mummified body of the Duke John Ernest Biren (the lover of the Empress Anne, and the ances-

tor of the Sagan family), which lies in the coffin attired in velvet and ruffles, but by some malice lacking the tip of the nose. In 1697 Mitau was the capital of the little Duchy of Curland, which maintained a semi-independence by becoming a fief of the Polish crown. The reigning Duke, Frederic Casimir, was an old friend of Lefort. It was with him that Lefort had served in Holland. Although he was poor, he did everything that he could to make the time pass pleasantly for Peter and for the embassy. Here the Tsar consented to give up in part his incognito, made visits to the Duke, and received them in return. A week was quickly passed in amusement and pleasure, but even with this Peter found time to exercise himself in a carpenter's shop.

From Mitau Peter proceeded to Libau, where he was detained by bad weather for a week, when he finally took passage on a small ship going to Pillau, the port of Königsberg. During his stay at Libau, he passed for the skipper of a Russian privateer, though he was able to give no satisfactory explanation to an acquaintance who frequently met and drank with him in a small beer-shop as to why it was a privateer, and not a merchant vessel, that he commanded. Besides the beer-house, Peter often visited an apothecary's shop, and wrote to Vinius that he had seen there "a wonder which was ordinarily considered untrue, a real salamander preserved in spirits in a bottle," which he had taken out and held in his hand. The embassy proceeded by land. The Tsar went by sea, to avoid passing through Polish territory.

Blomberg, whom I have already cited about the election of Patriarch, met the embassy in Curland, and says of their entertainment: "Open tables were kept everywhere, with trumpets and music, attended with feasting and excessive drinking all along, as if his Tsarish Majesty had been another Bacchus. I have not seen such hard drinkers; it is not possible to express it, and they boast of it as a mighty qualification." Of Lefort's drinking he remarks: "It never overcomes him, but he always continues master of his reason." Leibnitz, writing from private information received from Königsberg, says much the same thing: "Lefort drinks like a hero; no one can rival him. It is feared that he will be the death of some of the Elector's courtiers. Beginning in the evening, he does not leave his pipe and glass till three hours after sunrise, and yet he is a man of great parts."

Frederick III., Elector of Brandenburg, then on the eve of transforming himself into the first King of Prussia, was greatly interested to know whether the Tsar was really among the embassy, and beside sending a secret agent into Curland to find out, he gave directions about the treatment of the embassy, in case it were simply intending to pass through his dominions, or in case it were directed also to him. Peter was therefore met at Pillau by an officer who proffered the hospitality of the Elector, but an answer was returned that there was no person of distinction on board, except the Prince of Imeritia, and that no visits could be received. A similar occurrence took place at the mouth of the Pregel, and it was not until Peter arrived at Königsberg itself that he was willing to allow himself to be known to the Elector. After taking small lodgings in a street on the Kneiphof, he went out in a close carriage, late at night, and paid a visit to the Elector, entering the palace by a private staircase. The interview lasted for an hour and a half, and the sovereigns were mutually pleased. Although, in order to keep his incognito, Peter refused to receive a return visit, yet he saw the Elector several times again, and was entertained by him at his country house, witnessed a bear fight, and appeared at a hunting party. His curiosity and vivacity, his readiness to be pleased, and his appreciation of the manners and habits of the country, made a favorable impression. He astonished by his natural capacity and his dexterity, even in playing the trumpet and the drum.

The embassy arrived eleven days after Peter, and was splendidly received. Great advantages were expected to Brandenburg from an intimacy with Russia, and the economical Elector, on this occasion, spared no money. Peter's visit is said to have cost him 150,000 thalers. Under the skillful guidance of Lefort and Von Besser, all ceremonial observances were strictly complied with, and, for the first time in the history of Russian missions abroad, there was no unseemly wrangling over points of precedence and etiquette. The members of the embassy appeared officially in Russian costume, though they wore foreign dress in private. The Elector told the Tsar afterward that he had hard work to keep from laughing, when, according to custom, he had to ask the embassadors how the Tsar was, and whether they had left him in good health. Peter had just before been standing at the window to see the entry of the

THE STONE JUG. (FROM THE ORIGINAL BY A. VAN OSTADE IN THE MUSEUM OF VIENNA.)

embassy, and was well satisfied. At a supper given in honor of the embassy, great pleasure was caused by the fire-works, one of the pieces of which represented the Russian arms, and another the victory at Azof.

The two rulers were so well disposed toward each other, that a treaty of friendship was speedily concluded. The Elector was greatly desirous that there should be inserted an article of alliance for mutual defense and protection; but the Russians were too cautious for this, and although the treaty contained clauses giving additional privileges to merchants, especially as regarded the Persian trade, and for the surrender of criminals and deserters, yet the Elector had to be satisfied with a verbal agreement to assist each other against those enemies who should attack either country in the interest or to the advantage of the enemies of Christianity. This was a plain allusion to the French intrigues in Poland.

On the 20th of June, after nearly a month's stay, Peter went to Pillau, with the intention of taking ship directly to Holland, for he found it more convenient to defer his visit to Vienna till his return. Before leaving, he sent a ruby of large size as a present to his host. At Pillau Peter was detained three weeks longer, by the necessity of watching affairs in Poland. The threatened intervention by the French, to support the Prince de Conti on the Polish throne, would have been greatly against the interest of Russia. The Tsar occupied his leisure with active and thorough studies in artillery, under the guidance of the chief engineer of the Prussian fortresses, Colonel Streitner Von Sternfeld, who gave him a certificate of remarkable progress and knowledge.

An unfortunate incident, arising from Peter's hasty temper, marked the conclusion of his stay. He had remained a day longer to celebrate his name's-day, and had expected the Elector to visit him. He had even made some fire-works for the occasion. Frederick had been obliged to go to Memel, to meet the Duke of Curland, and therefore sent Count von Kreyzen to the Landvogt von Schacken to present his compliments and his regrets. Peter was childishly vexed, and in his disappointment at not being able to show his fire-works, vented his rage on the envoys. He took it amiss that they had left the room after dinner to "refresh themselves" after their journey, and had them brought back. Looking "sourly" at Count von Kreyzen, he remarked in Dutch to Lefort, that "The Elector was very good, but his counsellors were the devil." Then, imagining he saw a smile steal over the face of Kreyzen, who was about to retire, he rushed at him, cried, "Go! go!" and twice pushed him backward. His anger did not cool until he had written to his "dearest friend," the Elector, a letter, half of complaint and half of apology.

Instead of going by sea from Pillau to Holland, Peter went no further than Colberg, as he was fearful of falling in with the French squadron, which was said to be escorting the Prince de Conti to Poland. From that place he traveled by land as speedily as possible, stopping only to look at the famous iron-works near Ilsenburg, and to ascend the Brocken for the view.

The journey of the Tsar produced as much commotion and excitement in the minds of curious people of that time as did those of the Sultan and the Shah in our own day.

TARTARS BURNING THE STEPPE IN ADVANCE OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY. (DRAWN BY VIERGE.)

Among those most anxious to form a personal acquaintance with the Tsar were the philosopher Leibnitz, who had long been interested in Russia, chiefly for philological reasons, and his friends, Sophia, the widowed Electress of Hanover, granddaughter of James I. of England, and her daughter Sophia Charlotte, wife of the Elector of Brandenburg. Sophia Charlotte was on a visit to her mother, and had therefore missed the visit of Peter to Königsberg, though she had had full accounts of it from a constant correspondent. Leibnitz was unable at this time to see the Tsar, but the

NICHOLAS WITSEN, BURGOMASTER OF AMSTERDAM.

two Electresses, attended by several young princes and members of their court, made a hasty journey from Hanover to Coppenbrugge, through which they found Peter was to pass. They invited him to sup with them, but it took a discussion of an hour to persuade him to accept, and he did so only on the assurance that he would be received in the simplest way. He finally succeeded in avoiding the curious eyes of the attendants, and in getting into the supper-room by the back staircase. After supper there was a dance, and the party did not separate until four in the morning. Perhaps the princesses can tell their own story best. Sophia Charlotte says, in a letter:

"My mother and I began to pay him our compliments, but he made Mr. Lefort reply for him, for he seemed shy, hid his face in his hands, and said: '*Ich kann nicht sprechen.*' But we tamed him a little, and then he sat down at the table between my mother and myself, and each of us talked to him in turn, and it was a strife who should have it. Sometimes he replied with the same promptitude, at others he made two interpreters talk, and assuredly he said nothing that was not to the point on all subjects that were suggested, for the vivacity of my mother put to him many questions, to which he replied with the same readiness, and I was astonished that he was not tired with the conversation, for I have been told that it is not much the habit in his country. As to his grimaces, I imagined them worse than I found them, and some are not in his power to correct. One can see also that he has not had any one to teach him how to eat properly, but he has a natural, unconstrained air which pleases me."

Her mother wrote, a few days afterward:

"The Tsar is very tall, his features are fine, and his figure very noble. He has great vivacity of mind, and a ready and just repartee. But, with all the advantages with which nature has endowed him, it could be wished that his manners were a little less rustic. We immediately sat down to table. Herr Koppenstein, who did the duty of marshal, presented the napkin to his Majesty, who was greatly embarrassed, for instead of a table-napkin at Brandenburg, they had given him an ewer and basin after the meal. He was very gay, very talkative, and we established a great friendship for each other, and he exchanged snuff-boxes with my daughter. We staid, in truth, a very long time at table, but we would gladly have remained there longer still without feeling a moment of *ennui*, for the Tsar was in very good humor, and never ceased talking to us. My daughter had her Italians sing. Their song pleased him, although he confessed to us that he did not care much for music.

"I asked him if he liked hunting. He replied that his father had been very fond of it, but that he himself, from his earliest youth, had had a real passion for navigation and for fire-works. He told us that he worked himself in building ships, showed us his hands, and made us touch the callous places that had been caused by work. He brought his musicians, and they played Russian dances, which we liked better than Polish ones.

"Lefort and his nephew dressed in French style, and had much wit. We did not speak to the other embassadors. We regretted that we could not stay longer, so that we could see him again, for his society gave us much pleasure. He is a very extraordinary man. It is impossible to describe him, or even to give an idea of him, unless you have seen him. He has a very good heart, and remarkably noble sentiments. I must tell you, also, that he did not get drunk in our presence, but we had hardly left when the people of his suite made ample amends."

In another letter, she says:

"I could embellish the tale of the journey of the illustrious Tsar, if I should tell you that he is sensible to the charms of beauty, but, to come to the bare fact, I found in him no disposition to gallantry. If we had not taken so many steps to see him, I believe that he would never have thought of us. In his country it is the custom for all women to paint, and rouge forms an essential part of their marriage presents. That is why the Countess Platen singularly pleased the Muscovites; but in dancing, they took the whalebones of our corsets for our bones, and the Tsar showed his astonishment by saying that the German ladies had devilish hard bones.

"They have four dwarfs. Two of them are very well proportioned, and perfectly well-bred; sometimes he kissed, and sometimes he pinched the ear of his favorite dwarf. He took the head of our little Princess (Sophia Dorothea, ten years old), and

OFFICIAL BUILDINGS AT THE HAGUE.

MEETING OF PETER AND WILLIAM III. OF ENGLAND. (DRAWN BY VICTOR NEHLIG.)

kissed her twice. The ribbons of her hair suffered in consequence. He also kissed her brother (afterward George II. of England, then sixteen years old). He is a prince at once very good and very *méchant*. He has quite the manners of his country. If he had received a better education, he would be an accomplished man, for he has many good qualities, and an infinite amount of natural wit."

CHAPTER II.

PETER IN HOLLAND.

A SHORT sail from Amsterdam, up the gulf of the Y, brings the traveler to the picturesque little town of Zaandam, extending along the banks of the river Zaan. From the windows of the coffee-house, built on the dam or dyke which connects the two parts of the town, one can see on one side the placid pool of the Binnenzaan, with gardens sloping to the shore, and cottages painted blue, green and pink, half concealed in the verdure, and on the other the port with its wharves and ship-yards, the many sails on the Y, and the multitudinous wind-mills, which surround the town like guardian towers. At the end of the seventeenth century, Zaandam, with the neighboring villages, was the center of a great ship-building business. There were not less than fifty private wharves in Zaandam, at which merchant vessels were constructed, and so great was the crowd of workmen, and so rapid the execution, that a vessel was often ready to go to sea in five weeks from the time the keel was laid. The wind-mills then, as now, supplied the motive power for sawing the necessary timber. At Vorónezh, at Archangel, and elsewhere, Peter had met shipwrights from Zaandam, who had praised so much their native town, that he was convinced that only there could he learn the art of ship-building in its perfection. His journey from Coppenbrugge and down the Rhine had been rapid, and passing through Amsterdam without halting, the Tsar reached Zaandam early on the morning of the 18th of August, having with him only six volunteers, including the Prince of Imeritia and the two brothers Menshikóf. On the way, he saw an old

VIEWS IN DRESDEN.

Moscow acquaintance, the smith Gerrit Kist, fishing in the river. He hailed him, and told him for what purpose he had come to Zaandam. Binding him to absolute secrecy, the Tsar insisted on taking up his quarters in his house; but it was necessary first to persuade the woman who already lodged in this small wooden hut to vacate it, and then to prepare it a little for the illustrious guest. Peter therefore took refuge in the "Otter" Inn, for it was Sunday, and the streets were thronged with people, and although he was in a workman's dress, with a tarpaulin hat, yet the Russian dress of his comrades excited the curiosity of the crowd. The next day, he entered himself as a ship-carpenter at the wharf of Lynst Rogge, on the Buitenzaan.

Peter's stay in Zaandam lasted a week only, and as, during this time, he visited nearly all the mills and factories in the neighborhood, at one of which he made a sheet of paper with his own hands, and as the next day after his arrival he bought a row-boat, and passed much of his time on the water, supped, dined, and talked famil-

iarly with the families and relations of men whom he had known in Russia, he could not have done much work. The popular curiosity proved too annoying for him. There were rumors that the Tsar was in the place. These rumors brought large and inquisitive crowds from Amsterdam. Finally, one day when Peter had bought a hatful of plums, and was eating them as he walked along the street, he met a crowd of boys, with some of whom he shared his fruit. Those to whom he had refused to give first began

1. PETER IN THE MUSEUM OF JACOB DE WILDE AT AMSTERDAM. 2. PETER'S LODGING AT LEYDEN.

to follow him, and, when he laughed at them, to throw mud and stones. The Tsar was obliged to take refuge in the "Three Swans" inn, and send for the Burgomaster. He had to make some sort of explanation to the Burgomaster, and an edict was immediately issued, forbidding insults to "distinguished personages who wished to remain unknown." One man, too, had received a letter from his son in Moscow, speaking of the great embassy, and saying that the Tsar was with it, and would in all probability visit Zaandam. The Tsar, it was said, could easily be recognized by his great height,—nearly seven feet,—by the twitching of his face, by his gesturing with his right hand, and by a small mole on the right cheek. This letter was seen by the barber Pomp. When, soon after, the Muscovites came into his shop, he immediately recognized Peter as answering to this description, and at once circulated the news. When Peter sailed on the Zaan in the new yacht which he had bought, and to which he had himself fitted a bowsprit, he was followed by crowds of curious people. This put him out of patience, and leaping ashore, he gave one of them a cuff on the cheek, to the delight of all the spectators, who called out: "Bravo! Marsje, you are made a knight." The angry Tsar shut himself up in an inn, and could only return late at night. The next day, Saturday, had been appointed for drawing a large ship built by Cornelius

Calf across the dyke, from the Binnenzaan to the Vorzaan, by means of rollers and capstans, an interesting and critical operation. Peter, who was greatly interested, had promised to come, and a place had been set apart for him. The news of his expected presence having spread, the crowd was so enormous that the guards were driven back, the palisade broken down, and the reserved place encroached upon. Seeing the crowd, Peter refused to leave his house, and although the Schout, the Burgomasters, and the other authorities came in person to him, they got nothing more than "*Straks, straks*" (immediately), and finally, when he had stuck his head out of the door and seen the crowd, a blunt refusal: "*Te veel volks, te veel volks*" (too many people). Sunday, it seemed as if all Amsterdam had come for a sight of him, and Peter, as a last resource, managed to get to his yacht, and although a severe storm was blowing, and every one advised him not to risk it, he sailed off, and three hours later arrived at Amsterdam, where his embassadors were to have a formal reception the next day. With some difficulty he made his way to the *Oude zijds Heeren logement*, where they were living.

After the embassadors had been received, Peter, in company with them, visited the town hall (now the Royal Palace), considered by all good burghers of Amsterdam as a *chef-d'œuvre* of architecture, inspected the docks and the admiralty, went to a special representation of a comedy and ballet, took part in a great dinner, and saw a splendid display of fire-works on the Amstel, and, what interested him most of all, witnessed a grand naval sham-fight on the Y, which lasted for a whole day, under the direction of the Vice-Admiral Giles Scheij.

The house in which Peter lived at Zaandam has been a place of pilgrimage for a century, beginning with a royal party, which included Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, Gustavus III., Adolphus, King of Sweden, and the Grand Duke of Russia (afterward the Emperor Paul), then traveling as the Comte du Nord. Even Napoleon went there. Bought in 1818 by a Russian princess, at that time Queen of Holland, it is now preserved with greatest care inside a new building. In itself it is no more worth visiting than any other house where Peter may have been forced to spend a week. It is only of interest as being the spot where the ruler of a great country sought to gain knowledge of an art which he thought would be beneficial to his people. His real life as a workman was all in Amsterdam.

During the *fêtes*, Peter asked the Burgomaster Witsen, whose personal acquaintance he had at last made, whether it would not be possible for him to work at the docks of the East India Company, where he could be free from the public curiosity which so troubled him at Zaandam. The next day, at a meeting of the directors of the East India Company, it was resolved to allow "a high personage, present here incognito," to work at the wharf, to assign him a house in which he could live undisturbed within the precincts, and that, as a mark of their respect, they would proceed to the construction of a frigate, in order that he might see the building of a ship from the beginning. This frigate was to be one hundred or one hundred and thirty feet long, according to the wish of the Tsar, though the Company preferred the length of one hundred feet. The Tsar was at the dinner of state given to the embassy by the city of Amsterdam, when he received a copy of this resolution. He wished to set to work immediately, and was with difficulty persuaded to wait for the fire-works and the triumphal arch prepared in his honor; but as soon as the last fires had burnt out, in spite of all entreaties, he set out on his yacht for Zaandam to fetch his tools. He returned early the next morning, the 30th of August, to Amsterdam, and went straight to the wharf of the East India Company, at Oostenburg.

For more than four months, with occasional absences, he worked here at ship-building, under the direction of the Baas Gerrit Claes Pool. Ten of the Russian "volunteers" set to work at the wharf with him. The rest were sent to other establishments to learn the construction of masts, boats, sails and blocks, while Prince Alexander of Imeritia went to the Hague to study artillery, and a certain number of others were entered as sailors before the mast. The first three weeks were taken up with the preparations of materials. The 19th of September, Peter laid the keel of the new frigate, one hundred feet in length, to be called "The Apostles Peter and Paul," and on the next day wrote to the Patriarch at Moscow, as follows:

"We are in the Netherlands, in the town of Amsterdam, and by the mercy of God, and by your prayers, are alive and in good health, and, following the divine command given to our forefather Adam, we are hard at work. What we do is not from any need, but for the sake of learning navigation, so that, having

A RUSSIAN NUN. (FROM A PAINTING BY TH. TCHOUMAKOFF.)

mastered it thoroughly, we can, when we return, be victors over the enemies of Jesus Christ, and liberators of the Christians who live under them, which I shall not cease to wish for till my latest breath."

Peter allowed no difference to be made between himself and the other workmen, and it is said that, when the Duke of Marlborough and the Earl of Portland came expressly from the king's château at Loo to have a sight of him, the overseer, in order to point him out, said: "Carpenter Peter of Zaandam, why don't you help your comrades?" and Peter, without a word, placed his shoulder under the timber which several men were carrying, and helped to raise it to its place. In the moments of rest, the Tsar, sitting down on a log, with his hatchet between his knees, was willing to talk to any one who addressed him simply as carpenter Peter, or Baas Peter, but turned away and did not answer those who called him Sire or Your Majesty. He never liked long conversations.

When Peter came home from the wharf,

he devoted much of his time to learning the theory of ship-building, for which he had to make additional studies in geometry. His note-books, which have been carefully preserved, show the thoroughness with which he worked. But, besides that, he had many letters to answer, and now that he was away from home he took more interest in at least the foreign policy of his Government. Every post from Moscow brought him a package of letters, some asking questions and favors, —for, in spite of the Supreme Regency, many matters were still referred to him,— some giving him news, and others containing nothing but good wishes or friendly talk about social matters. To all of these Peter endeavored to reply by each Friday's post, but, as he wrote once to Vinius, "sometimes from weariness, sometimes from absence, and sometimes from *Khmelnítzky*,* one cannot accomplish it." He was the first to communicate to Moscow news and congratulations on the battle of the Zenta, where Prince Eugene of Savoy defeated the Turks commanded by the Grand Vizier, for which he ordered *Te Deums* and festivities at home, and had a banquet given by his embassy in Holland. The defeat of the Tartars near Azof, and the splendid defense of Taván against the Turks, made an occasion for another feast. Until the Prince de Conti ignominiously returned by post from Danzig, after he had gone there with a French squadron, the Tsar was much troubled with Polish affairs. He had also to thank Charles XII. of Sweden for his timely gift of three hundred cannon to arm his infant fleet, while, at the same time, Lefort was asking the Chancellor Oxenstjerna for explanations about the attitude of Sweden in regard to Poland. He was in constant communication with the great embassy, and used his best efforts to persuade William III. to join in the league against the Turks. Partly for this purpose, together with Lefort and Witsen, he went to Utrecht, where he had an interview with the King in the Toelast Hotel. Although the details of this interview have never been known, it was thought worthy of a commemorative medal. The Government of the Netherlands, fearing for its Smyrna and Eastern trade, was unwilling to enter into any such alliance, and made no offer of money nor of a loan, which, indeed, the Russians had not asked, and it was with some difficulty even that men could be found to enter the Russian service as officials, engineers, or craftsmen. Those who went, did so without the recommendation of the Government, and on their own responsibility.

The Tsar was also greatly interested in the conferences at Ryswyk, which at last resulted in a treaty. He understood well that if the Emperor of Austria were freed from the war in the West, he could so much the more readily devote himself to operations against the Turks. Nevertheless, he had little confidence in the duration of the treaty, even before it was signed. Not understanding how necessary it was for England and the Netherlands, he believed it to be simply a maneuver on the part of France for gaining time, and expected a new war soon. We know the history of the negotiations at Ryswyk, the struggles for precedence, and the interminable disputes on etiquette. Now that Russia had made up her mind to enter upon regular diplomatic intercourse with other nations, it was important that she should make her *début* properly. No better stage could be found than the Hague, where the most skilled diplomates of all European countries were then assembled. On the whole, Russia did well. The embassy was splendidly received at the Hague, and lodged in the Oude Doelen Hotel, for the palace of Prince Maurice, the usual embassadorial lodging, was already full. The embassadors were men of good presence, Lefort had wit and good breeding, the liveries were new and gorgeous, the entertainments were sumptuous, the presence of the Tsar (for he had gone on to the Hague for a few days, to witness the ceremonies) added to the *éclat.* Visits were made to all the foreign embassadors except to the French. The feeling created by Prince Dolgorúky's report of his mission, in 1687, was still so strong, added to the irritation of Peter against the French intrigues in Poland and at Constantinople, that he would not permit his embassadors to call on the French. In this he was unwise, for it was in consequence of this that certain persons continually tried to cause difficulties in his negotiations, and that untrue and malicious reports with regard to the embassy, and to the Tsar in particular, had circulation then, and have since found credence.

In his hours of recreation, Peter's curiosity was insatiable. He visited factories, work-shops, anatomical museums, cabinets of coins, botanical gardens, theaters and hospitals, inquired about everything he saw,

* *Iváshka Khmelnítzky*, from *Khmel*, hops, is the Russian substitute for Bacchus.

and was soon recognized by his oft-repeated phrases: "What is that for? How does that work? That will I see." He journeyed to Texel, and went again to Zaandam to see the Greenland whaling fleet. In Leyden he made the acquaintance of the great Boerhave, and visited the celebrated botanical garden under his guidance, and in Delft he studied the microscope under the naturalist Leeuwenhoek. He made the intimate acquaintance of the Dutch military engineer Baron Van Coehorn, and of Admiral Van Scheij. He talked of architecture with Simon Schynvoet, visited the museum of Jacob de Wilde, and learned to etch under the direction of Schonebeck. An impression of a plate he engraved—for he had some knowledge of drawing—of Christianity victorious over Islam, is still extant. He often visited the dissecting and lecture room of Professor Ruysch, entered into correspondence with him, and finally bought his cabinet of anatomical preparations.* He made himself acquainted with Dutch home and family life, and frequented the society of the merchants engaged in the Russian trade. He became especially intimate with the Thessing family, and granted to one of the brothers the right to print Russian books at Amsterdam, and to introduce them into Russia. Every market day he went to the Botermarkt, mingled with the people, studied their trades, and followed their life. He took lessons from a traveling dentist, and experimented on his servants and suite; he mended his own clothes, and learned cobbling enough to make himself a pair of slippers. He visited the Protestant churches, and of an evening he did not forget the beer-houses, which we know so well through the pencils of Teniers, Brouwer and Van Ostade.

THE EVENING PIPE. (FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE POSSESSION OF SENATOR RAVINSKI).

The frigate on which Peter worked so long was at last launched, and proved a good and useful ship for many years, in the East India Company's service. But Peter, in spite of the knowledge he had acquired, as is shown by the certificate of his master Baas Pool, was not satisfied with the empirical manner in which the Dutch built ships. He had labored in vain to acquire a theory in ship-building which, with a given length, or the length and the width, would show him the necessary best proportions. For this he had written to Witsen, from Archangel, in 1694, and had then been told that every ship-builder made the proportions according to his experience and discretion. Peter's dissatisfaction was evident in two ways—by his sending an order to Vorónezh, that all the Dutch ship-carpenters there should no longer be allowed to build as they pleased, but be put under the supervision of Danes or Englishmen, and by resolving to go to England for several months, to see what he could learn in English ship-yards. He had, indeed, been recently delighted by receiving a truly royal present from King William. This was the King's best yacht, the *Transport Royal*, which had just been constructed on a new plan, was light, of beautiful proportions, and armed with twenty brass cannon. In answer to the letter of Lord Caermarthen, which spoke of it as the best and quickest vessel in England, Peter sent to London Major Adam Weyde, who had just come back from a special mission to Vienna, and from taking part in the battle of the Zenta. Weyde was also instructed to obtain the King's consent to the visit of the Tsar, with a request that his incognito should be as far as possible preserved. Together with a favorable answer, came English vessels for himself and the great embassy, and on the 17th of January, 1698, Peter, leaving his embassy in Holland, set out for England.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT OF THE TSAR TO ENGLAND.

THE weather was stormy, and the ships of Admiral Mitchell could carry but half

* It now forms part of the museum of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

their canvas, but the wind was in the right direction, and early in the morning of January 30th they were coasting along Suffolk, and the Tsar was saluted by the guns of the fort at Orford. Leaving its convoy at the mouth of the Thames, the yacht anchored at St. Katherine's, and Peter was rowed in a barge past the Tower and London Bridge, and landed at a house in Norfolk street, Strand, which had a few years before been the refuge of William Penn, when under accusation of treason and conspiracy.* The Tsar was immediately waited upon by a chamberlain, with the congratulations of the King, who, at his request, appointed Admiral Mitchell to be in constant attendance upon him. Three days later, the King came in person to see him. Peter was without his coat, made no ceremony, and received him in his shirt sleeves. He slept in one small room, together with the Prince of Imeritia and three or four others. When the King entered, the air was so bad that, notwithstanding the very cold weather, it was necessary to open a window. This visit the Tsar returned a few days afterward, when he made the acquaintance of the Princess Anne, the heiress to the throne, and her husband, Prince George of Denmark. The Princess Anne apparently made a deep impression, for four years after, when she had come to the throne, Peter remarked, in a letter to Apráxin, that she was "a veritable daughter of our church."

The first days of Peter's stay were occupied in seeing the sights of London, and making acquaintances. He visited the Royal Society, the Tower, the Mint, the Observatory, was much in the society of the eccentric Lord Caermarthen, with whom he used to sup at a tavern near the Tower, now the "Czar of Muscovy," visited Caermarthen's father, the Duke of Leeds, and frequently went to the theater. One of the favorite actresses of the day, Miss Cross, pleased him so much that his relations with her became very intimate, and continued so during his stay in England. More than all, he was attracted by the docks and the naval establishments, although "the exceeding sharp and cold season," which the Londoners jestingly said the Russians had brought with them, at first impeded his movements. For greater convenience, and to get rid of the crowds who watched for his appearance, he removed to Deptford, where he occupied Sayes Court, the house of John Evelyn, which was "new furnished for him by the King." For forty-five years, the accomplished author of "Sylva" had been making the plantations and laying out the gardens, and it grieved him to the heart to have such bad tenants as the Muscovites evidently were. While the Tsar was still there, Evelyn's servant wrote to him: "There is a house full of people, and right nasty. The Tsar lies next your library, and dines in the parlor next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the King's Yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected there this day; the best parlor is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has." The great holly hedge, the pride of the neighborhood, was ruined by the Tsar driving a wheelbarrow through it. The King had

CHRISTIANITY VICTORIOUS OVER ISLAM. (FROM AN ETCHING BY PETER THE GREAT.)

* Tradition says that at this time the door was never opened without the servant first reconnoitering through a loop-hole to see whether the visitor looked like a constable or a dun. The house is now No. 21 Norfolk street, and is converted into a lodging-house and private hotel, in which, by chance, the present writer spent his first days in London.

already remarked, after receiving Peter's first visit, that he was indifferent to fine buildings and beautiful gardens, and cared only for ships. After Peter had gone, Evelyn writes in his diary: "I went to Deptford to see how miserably the Tsar had left my house after three months making it his court. I got Sir Christopher Wren, the King's surveyor, and Mr. London, his gardener, to go and estimate the repairs, for which they allowed £150 in their report to the Lords of the Treasury."*

With the exception of a week spent in going to Portsmouth, where he was gratified by a review of the English fleet off Spithead, and in visiting Windsor and Hampton Court, and a couple of days at Oxford, where he received the degree of Doctor of Laws, Peter remained very steadily at work at Deptford until the beginning of May. He had come to England expecting to stay but a short time, but he found so much to interest and attract him, both at the shipbuilding establishments at Deptford and at the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, which he frequently visited, that, in spite of the rumors which reached him of troubles at Moscow, he constantly put off his departure, and only went when he had satisfied himself that he had acquired all the special knowledge which he could obtain in England. He evidently formed a high opinion of English shipbuilders, for he subsequently said to Perry that had it not been for his journey to England, he always would have remained a bungler. One thing, however, he could not learn there, and that was the construction of galleys and galliots, such as were used in the Mediterranean, and would be serviceable in the Bosphorus, and on the coast of the Crimea. For this he desired to go to Venice.

Peter, who prided himself on being a good judge of men, spent much of his time in England in looking for suitable persons to employ in Russia, and in examining their qualifications. The night after his return from Portsmouth, together with Golovín, who had come over from Holland for the purpose, he signed contracts with about sixty men, many of whom had been recommended by Lord Caermarthen. The chief of these were Major Leonard van der Stamm, a specialist in ship-designing, Captain John Perry, an hydraulic engineer, whom he appointed to construct a canal between the Volga and the Don (for Colonel Breckell, a German engineer who had already begun this work, had run away), and Professor Andrew Fergharson, from the University of Aberdeen, who was engaged to found a school of navigation at Moscow. For officers in the fleet, he seems to have preferred Dutchmen to Englishmen, and succeeded in persuading Captain Cornelius Cruys, a distinguished Dutch officer, a Norwegian by birth, to enter his service. Cruys brought with him three other captains, and officers, surgeons and sailors to the number of five hundred and seventy. The officers were chiefly Dutchmen; the sailors Swedes and Danes. Among the surgeons, who had been recommended by the anatomist Ruysch, were some Frenchmen. More than a hundred other officers, including Greeks, Venetians and Italians, who promised to find sailors acquainted with the navigation of the Black Sea, were also taken into the Russian service at this time. With mining engineers, however, Peter found it difficult to enter into any arrangements, as they demanded what he considered exorbitant salaries. He had at first endeavored to find such men through Witsen, but Witsen had always deferred giving advice from day to day, and nothing was done. Finally, the Tsar decided to find some, if possible, in Saxony. He was the more anxious for this, as during his absence Vinius had written to him that magnetic iron ore of the very best quality had been discovered in the Ural mountains, and was begging in every letter that mining engineers be sent as soon as possible.

The mere hand-money which had to be paid to the foreigners entering the Russian service was a great expense, and the treasury of the embassy became so reduced that it was necessary to draw on Moscow for very large sums. One method was found by Peter for obtaining a supply of ready money, and that was by a privilege which he gave to Lord Caermarthen for the monopoly of the tobacco trade in Russia. Smoking tobacco or using it in any form had been forbidden by the Tsar Michael in 1634, under pain of death, and religious and old-fashioned Russians had the greatest prejudices against this narcotic herb. Nevertheless, the use of tobacco spread so fast, in spite of pains and penalties, that before his departure for abroad, Peter made a decree authorizing its use, and even then entered into temporary arrangements for its sale, as

* In 1701, Sayes Court was let to Peter's friend, Lord Caermarthen, who had a similar taste for things maritime.

SAYES COURT, DEPTFORD.

he expected by the duties to realize a large sum for the treasury. A Russian merchant, Órlenka, had offered 15,000 rubles for the monopoly, and even General Gordon had offered 3,000 rubles in 1695, but the Marquis of Caermarthen was willing to give more than three times as much as Órlenka, viz., £28,000, or 48,000 rubles, and to pay the whole in advance. For this, he was to be allowed to import into Russia a million and a half pounds of tobacco every year, and Peter agreed to permit the free use of tobacco to all his subjects, notwithstanding all previous laws and regulations. Lord Caermarthen acted here as the representative of a group of capitalists. The monopoly had previously been offered by the Tsar to the Russia Company, and had been declined.

The personal relations of the Tsar and King William had become very cordial. Peter had always admired William, and a close personal intercourse caused the King to speak in much higher terms of Peter toward the end of his visit than he had at first. As a souvenir of the visit of the Tsar, the King persuaded him to have his portrait painted, and the remarkable likeness of him by Sir Godfrey Kneller, then in the height of his celebrity, still hangs in the Palace of Hampton Court.

The Austrian embassador, Count Auersperg, in a letter to the Emperor Leopold, says:

"As concerns the person of the Tsar, the Court here is well contented with him, for he now is not so afraid of people as he was at first. They accuse him only of a certain stinginess, for he has been in no way lavish. All the time here he went about in sailor's clothing. We shall see in what dress he presents himself to Your Imperial Majesty. He saw the King very rarely, as he did not wish to change his manner of life, dining at eleven o'clock in the morning, supper at seven in the evening, going to bed early, and getting up at four o'clock, which very much astonished those Englishmen who kept company with him."

Peter and Golovín took their leave of the King at Kensington Palace, on the 28th of April. We are told that, as a slight token of his friendship and his gratitude, not only for the kind reception he had had, but for the splendid yacht which had been presented to him, Peter took out of his pocket a small twisted bit of brown paper and handed it to the King, who opened it with some curiosity, and found a magnificent uncut diamond of large size. This may not be true, but it is thoroughly characteristic. The last days of Peter's stay he had again consecrated to sight-seeing. He was present at a meeting of Parliament, when the King gave his assent to a bill for raising money by a land tax, but he was so unwilling to have his presence known that he looked at it through a hole in the ceiling. This gave rise to a *bon mot* which circulated in London society. Some one remarked that he had "seen the rarest thing in the world, a king on the throne, and an emperor on the roof." Hoffmann wrote to the Austrian Court that Peter expressed himself unfavorably to the limitation of royal power by a parliament; but according to a Russian account he said: "It is pleasant to hear how the sons of the fatherland tell the truth plainly to the King; we must learn that from the English."

A spirit of proselytism, a desire to propagate one's own religious, social and political views, is implanted in the Anglo-Saxon breast at least, if indeed it be not common to the human race. A young monarch who was liberal or curious enough to visit Quaker meetings and Protestant cathedrals, became the natural prey of philanthropists and reformers, who saw a way opened by Providence for the introduction of their peculiar notions into remote Muscovy. Such an enthusiast was "the pious and learned Francis Lee, M. D.," who gave "proposals

to Peter the Great, etc., at his own request, for the right framing of his Government."*

That Peter should visit the churches of different denominations in Holland, made many simple-minded or fanatical Dutch believe that he was inclined to Protestantism, and that the object of his journey was to unite the Russian and Protestant churches. It was reported that he had already taken the communion with the Elector of Brandenburg, and that he was inviting doctors of all sciences to establish colleges and academies in his dominions. In like way, in Vienna, it was widely believed that Sheremétief had already become a Catholic, and that the Tsar was inclined to become one. When Peter was in Vienna, the nuncio reported to Rome that the Tsar had shown a special respect for the Emperor Leopold, as the head of Christianity, that he had dined with the Jesuits, and wished to be taken into the bosom of the true church. From Poland the Jesuit Votta wrote to Cardinal Spada, with great satisfaction, of the reverential demeanor of Peter during the Catholic service, and of the humility with which he accepted his blessing.

Churchmen in England were led into similar beliefs, and entertained hopes of a union of the two churches. It was probably not simple politeness that led the Archbishop of Canterbury and other English prelates to visit Peter. Among them was Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who, in his "History of his Own Time," gives the following opinion of the Tsar:

"I waited often on him, and was ordered, both by the King and the archbishop and bishops, to attend upon him, and to offer him such information of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive; I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him; he is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion; he raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently. He is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships; he told me he designed a great fleet at Azuph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy; he was, indeed, resolved to encourage learning and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There is a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world."

The phrase "he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy," evidently referred to the religious question, and Burnet, as well as others, was much surprised that this apparent free-thinker and liberal should hold so firmly to the orthodox faith. It has been the fashion, either from too little knowledge or from too great patriotism, sharply to criticise Burnet's opinion of Peter's character; but considering what Burnet knew of Peter, and even what we know of Peter, is it, after all, so far out of the way? Peter's tastes led him to navigation and to ship-building, and he sincerely believed that it was through having a fleet on the Black Sea that he would be able to conquer Turkey,—the idea at that time uppermost in his mind. But he did not show the same disposition to master the art of war as he did that of navigation. Many a wide-awake boy of fifteen will nowadays equal and surpass Peter in special accomplishments and general knowledge. Many a young man, with a far better education than Peter, has the same mechanical and scientific turn, carried even further. At this time only one idea possessed Peter's mind—navigation. His own studies, the fact that men of the best Russian families were sent abroad to become common sailors, and nothing else, are proof enough. Hoffmann writes to Vienna:

"They say that he intends to civilize his subjects in the manner of other nations. But from his acts here, one cannot find any other intention than to make them sailors: he has had intercourse almost exclusively with sailors, and has gone away as shy as he came."

During his journey abroad he saw something of the effects of a greater civilization;

* These proposals related to the institution of seven committees or colleges: 1. For the advancement of learning. 2. For the improvement of nature. 3. For the encouragement of arts. 4. For the increase of merchandise. 5. For reformation of manners. 6. For compilation of laws. 7. For the propagation of the Christian religion. They were printed in 1752 in a rare book entitled, "Ἀποτειπομενα, or dissertations, etc., on the Book of Genesis." It is hardly possible to take Lee's phrase, "at his own request," in its most literal interpretation.

he saw comforts and conveniences which he thought it would be well to introduce among his people, but he paid little or no attention to anything concerning the art of government, or to real civil and administrative reforms.

The stay of Peter in Holland and in England gave rise to numberless anecdotes. The stories of Dutch carpenters who had assisted him in Russia, the tales told by the English captain of his familiarity at Archangel, of his bathing with them in public, and of his drinking bouts and familiar conversation, had, in a measure, prepared the public mind, and the spectacle of the ruler of a great country who went about in sailor's clothing, and devoted himself to learning ship-building, rendered it possible and easy to invent. Many of these anecdotes are, in all probability, untrue. They are of the same class of stories as are told now of any remarkable individual—the Shah, the Sultan, the Khedive—on his travels. Sometimes there may be a basis of truth, but it has been distorted in the telling.

After the interview with King William, Peter delayed still three days, which were chiefly taken up with visiting the Mint, for he had been struck with the excellence of the English coinage, and had already ideas of recoining the Russian money. On the 2d of May, he left Deptford in the yacht, the *Transport Royal*, given to him by King William, but even then could not resist running up to Chatham to see the docks there, and arrived at Amsterdam on the 19th.*

Twice the embassy at Amsterdam had been in great distress about Peter, for after his departure for London the storms were so great and the colds so intense, that it was three weeks before any news was received from him. Again, from the 18th of February to the 21st of March, no letters arrived in Amsterdam. People in Moscow were still more troubled, and Vinius showed his consternation by writing to Lefort, instead of to Peter, to ask what the matter was. Peter replied on the 23d of May, blaming his friend very severely for being so troubled by a miscarriage of the post, and adding fuel to the flame at Moscow when he ought to have been more courageous and not to have doubted. Lefort had written sometimes several letters by every post, taken up with longing for his return, with inquiries about his health, with talk of the necessity of going to Vienna, and of his personal desire to visit Geneva, and begging him to send something fit to drink.

On arriving at Amsterdam, Peter found several relatives of Lefort who had come from Geneva for the purpose of seeing him. They had already been sumptuously entertained by the embassy, and now had the pleasure of being presented to the Tsar, and being amicably received by him. The accounts which they give in their letters home of the position of their uncle, and the ceremony which everywhere attended him, show the rank which he held above the other embassadors, as being the friend and favorite of Peter. With regard to the Tsar himself, Jacob Lefort writes:

"You know that he is a prince of very great stature, but there is one circumstance which is unpleasant,—he has convulsions, sometimes in his eyes, sometimes in his arms, and sometimes in his whole body. He at times turns his eyes so that one can see nothing but the whites. I do not know whence it arises, but we must believe that it is a lack of good-breeding. Then he has also movements in the legs, so that he can scarcely keep in one place. He is very well made, and goes about dressed as a sailor, in the highest degree simple, and wishing nothing else than to be on the water."

There was every reason now to hasten Peter's departure. Troubles at Moscow with some Streltsi who had run away from the army, troubles in Poland, where the Polish magnates were not as well disposed toward Russia as was the King himself, troubles at Vienna,—for it was reported to him that the Austrians were intending to make a peace with the Turks, without the slightest regard for the interests of either Poland or Russia,—all rendered him uneasy. In addition to this, he was both surprised and astonished to learn that King William had accepted a proposition made to him to act as mediator between Austria and Turkey, and that the States-General of Holland was to take part with him. The troubles at Moscow he believed to be over; at all events, they seemed no more serious than the troubles which arose in Moscow on the eve of his departure, but he felt it necessary

* The *Transport Royal* was sent to Archangel under the command of Captain Ripley, and took a part of the collections of curiosities and military stores which Peter had collected in Holland. By the Tsar's order, Franz Timmermann met it there, to take it to Vológda, and thence partly overland to Yaroslávl. It was intended afterward to convey it to the Sea of Azof, as soon as the canal between the Volga and the Don should be finished, but as the yacht drew nearly eight feet of water, Timmermann could not get it further than Holmogóry, and it went back to Archangel, where it remained ever after.

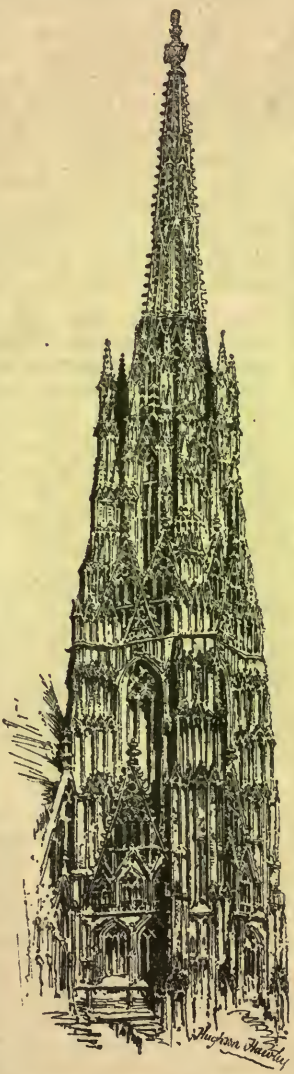
to get soon to Vienna, in order that he might have a personal interview with the Emperor Leopold, and ascertain the views of the Austrian court, and, if possible, make them fall in with his own. Beside that, he wished to go on to Venice, to complete his studies in naval architecture.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

In spite of his haste, it took Peter a month to reach Vienna, where he arrived on the 26th of June, and yet he traveled every day, with the exception of one day at Leipsic and two at Dresden. He also visited the linen factories at Bielefeld, surveyed the fortifications of Königstein, and walked through the beautiful park at Cleves, where he carved his name on a birch-tree. In Dresden he was delighted with the curiosities of the green vaults, where he went immediately after his arrival, and stayed all night. He also carefully examined the arsenal, and astonished his entertainers by displaying the knowledge he had acquired at Königsberg and Woolwich, and pointing out and explaining the defects in the artillery. He paid a visit to the mother of the Elector, for Augustus himself was then in Poland, and twice supped with Prince von Fürstenburg. At the Tsar's special request, ladies were invited, and among others the famous Countess Aurora von Königsmark, the mother of Maurice de Saxe, then a child in arms. Peter had met her accidentally on his way to the arsenal, and had doubtless been informed of her intimacy with Augustus. At these suppers, he was "in such good humor that in the presence of the ladies he took up a drum, and played with a perfection that far surpassed the drummers." Peter had a strange shyness which seemed to grow upon him. He hated to be stared at as a curiosity, and the more he met people of refinement, versed in social arts, the more he felt his own deficiencies. Nothing but the excitement of a supper seemed to render general society possible to him. His visits of ceremony were brief and formal. It was very hard at Dresden to keep people out of his way, and allow him to go about unobserved. After the Tsar had gone, Fürstenburg wrote to the King: "I thank God that all has gone off so well, for I feared that I could not fully please this fastidious gentleman." And General Jordan reported that the Tsar was well content with his visit, but that he himself was "glad to be rid of such a costly guest."

Strangely enough, in spite of Peter's desire to find mining engineers, he did not stop at Freiburg, where quarters had been got ready for him.



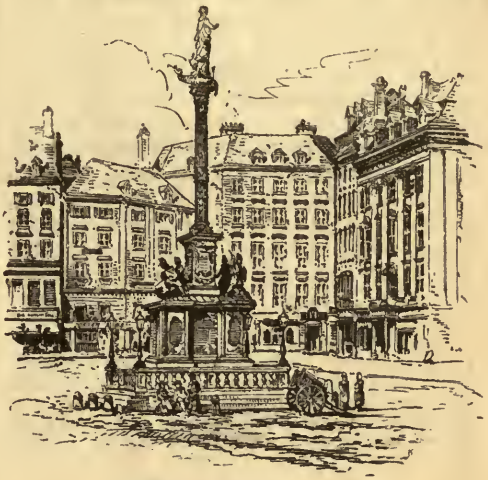
SPIRE OF ST. STEFANS CATHEDRAL.

WEST FRONT OF ST. STEFANS CATHEDRAL, VIENNA.

In Vienna, all the difficulties of ceremonial and etiquette were renewed. The Holy Roman Empire, as the only empire in the world, and as the lineal descendant of the old Empire of Rome, claimed for its sovereign a superior rank to other monarchs, and insisted greatly on punctilio. The authorities at Vienna were unwilling to grant to the Russian embassy the same honors which had been given to it in other countries, or to do anything which might seem to place the Tsar on the same level with the Emperor. For that reason, it took four days before the details of the entry into Vienna could be arranged, and even then, through a general coming from exercise on

TRINITY COLUMN, VIENNA.

the Prater insisting on marching all his troops across the route selected, it was night before the embassadors could take up their lodging in the villa of Count Königsacker, on the bank of the river Vienna at Humpendorf,—for Peter had particularly requested that his quarters should be in the suburbs, and not in the middle of the town. The Russians were little pleased at the manner of their reception, and even the Papal



COLUMN OF THE VIRGIN, VIENNA.

nuncio spoke of the slight pomp displayed. After this more than a month elapsed before the embassadors had their solemn reception by the Emperor, and it was only then on account of Peter's great desire to take Lefort and Golovín with him to Venice that he waived certain points of ceremonial which had up to that time been insisted upon. If the Congress of Vienna in 1815 did no other good, it at least accomplished much in putting all states on the same rank, abolishing national precedence, and simplifying court ceremonial as respects embassadors and ministers.

In the meantime, however, Peter had been privately received by the Emperor, the Empress, and their eldest son, Joseph, the King of Rome, in the imperial villa of Favoriten, where, with truly Austrian ideas of maintaining his incognito, he was not allowed to go in at the principal entrance, but was taken through a small door in the garden, and was led up a small spiral staircase into the audience-hall. Leopold also paid a personal visit to Peter, and, toward the end of his stay, entertained him at a great masquerade, called a *Wirthschaft*, in which all the society of Vienna, and many foreign princes sojourning there, took part, dressed in the costumes of different countries. Peter appeared as a Frisian peasant, and his partner, who was assigned to him by lot, and was dressed in the same costume, was the

Fräulein Johanna von Thurn, of the family now called Thurn und Taxis. The festivities were kept up until morning, and the Tsar was most merry, and danced "*senza fine e misura.*" At the supper-table, where there was no precedence, the Emperor and Empress sitting at the foot of the table, Leopold arose, and, filling his glass, drank to Peter's health. This was immediately responded to, and the same ceremony was performed with the King of Rome. The cup used for this purpose—which was of rock crystal, the work of di Rocca, and valued at 2000 guldens—was sent the next day to the Tsar, as a souvenir. This was the first great festivity given at court since the beginning of the war with Turkey. Economy had been the order of the day. Peter Lefort wrote to Geneva:

"I must admit that I was greatly disappointed on my arrival here, for I had expected to see a brilliant court; it is quite the contrary. There are neither the splendid equipages nor the fine liveries we saw at the court of Brandenburg. There are many great lords here, but they are all very modest in their dress."

On St. Peter's Day the embassy gave a great ball, with music and fire-works, which lasted all night, and at which a thousand guests were present.* It is worth notice that, at the state dinner which followed the solemn audience of the embassadors, the healths of the Empress and of the Tsarítsa were omitted, although it had been agreed beforehand to drink them. There were reasons for thinking it might be disagreeable to the Tsar. During the dinner, there being much talk about Hungarian wine, Baron Königsacker sent Lefort a salver, with six kinds as specimens. After tasting them, Lefort begged permission to pass them to his friend, who stood behind his chair. This was the Tsar himself, who had come in this way to witness the feast.

It has been already said that the Papal court was greatly excited at the possibility of converting Russia to Catholicism, and the dispatches of the nuncio and of the Spanish embassador show with what care every movement of the Tsar was watched. The deductions of these prelates seem to us now to be based on very narrow premises. They evidently believed what they wished to believe, and reported what they knew would please. The Cardinal Kollonitz, Primate of Hungary, gives, among other things, an account of the person and character of Peter:

"The Tsar is a youth of from twenty-eight to thirty years of age, is tall, of an olive complexion, rather stout than thin, in aspect between proud and grave, and with a lively countenance. His left eye, as well as his left arm and leg, was injured by the poison given him during the life of his brother; but there remain now only a fixed and fascinated look in his eye and a constant movement of his arm and leg, to hide which he accompanies this forced motion with continual movements of his entire body, which, by many people, in the countries which he has visited, has been attributed to natural causes, but really it is artificial. His wit is lively and ready; his manners rather civil than barbarous, the journey he has made having improved him, and the difference from the beginning of his travels and the present time being visible, although his native roughness may still be seen in him; but it is chiefly visible in his followers, whom he holds in check with great severity. He has a knowledge of geography and history, and—what is most to be noticed—he desires to know these subjects better; but his strongest inclination is for maritime affairs, at which he himself works mechanically, as he did in Holland; and this work, according to many people who have to do with him, is indispensable to divert the effects of the poison, which still very much troubles him. In person and in aspect, as well as in his manners, there is nothing which would distinguish him or declare him to be a prince."

Inquiries were made by the Tsar as to the intentions of the Emperor to conclude a peace with Turkey, to which the Emperor frankly replied that the Sultan had himself proposed a peace through the intervention of Lord Paget, the English embassador at Constantinople, and had requested that the King of England should be a mediator, to which he had assented. At the same time, he showed the Tsar the original letters. Peter then had an interview with Count Kinsky, in which he tried to convince him that it would be better for the Austrians to continue the war, that it was scarcely fair to the allies to make peace without consulting their interests, and that if peace were made, a war would be begun with France about the Spanish succession, and the Turks would take this occasion again to attack them. Kinsky explained that peace was not yet made; that nothing more had been agreed upon than to hold a congress; that it was expected that Russian and Polish representatives would be present at this congress, and would explain their demands; that the only condition which the Emperor had made for the conclusion of peace was that it should be on the basis of keeping what each one had possession of at the date of the treaty. Peter was so far convinced that

* Notwithstanding the statements in the dispatches of the nuncio as to the small amount of money given by the Austrian Government for the support of the embassy, we know, from Russian official documents, that the whole expense of the feast was paid by the Emperor's treasury.

he agreed to present his demands in writing, which were simply that, in addition to the places he already occupied, there should be ceded to him the fortress of Kertch, in order that he might have a port on the Black Sea, and thus keep the Tartars in order; that if this condition were not agreed to, the Emperor should not make peace, but continue the war until a more advantageous treaty, or until 1701, by which time he hoped to have gained great advantages over the Turks. The reply which Leopold sent to Peter was that, while he found the demand for the cession of Kertch to be a just one, he saw a great difficulty in the way, "for the Turks are not accustomed to give up their fortresses without a fight, and even what has been extorted from them by arms, they tried in every way to get back." He therefore urged Peter to use his efforts to get possession of Kertch before the treaty should be made, and to send a representative to the congress, and promised again that he would sign no peace without his consent. Peter was so satisfied with this that he was on the point of starting for Venice, and even had ideas of continuing his journey into Italy, and perhaps visiting France before his return.

Passports were obtained, and part of his small suite had already started for Venice, where great preparations were made for his reception, when suddenly a letter was received from Ramodanófsky, announcing that the Streltsi regiments on the frontier had revolted and had marched on Moscow, but that Shéin and Gordon had been sent to put them down. Nothing was said of the cause of the revolt, or of the intentions of the Streltsi. The letter had been on its way for a whole month, and the Tsar was still in ignorance as to whether the revolt had been put down, or whether the rioters were in possession of Moscow, and his sister Sophia ruling in his place. Nevertheless, he decided to start at once, and, to the astonishment of the Austrians, who knew nothing of this news, his post-horses took the road for Moscow, and not for Venice. Before he went, he wrote to Ramodanófsky:

"I have received your letter of the 27th of June, in which your grace writes that the seed of Iván Mikhaílovitch (Miloslávsky) is sprouting. I beg you to be severe; in no other way is it possible to put out this flame. Although we are very sorry to give up our present profitable business, yet, for the sake of this, we will be with you sooner than you think."

Peter traveled day and night, and refused even to stop in Cracow, where a banquet had been prepared for him. Immediately afterward, he received quieting intelligence that the insurrection had been put down, and the ringleaders punished. He was therefore able to travel more leisurely, looked carefully at the great salt-mines of Wieliczka and at Bochnia, and inspected the Polish army which was encamped there. At Rava, a small village of Galicia, he met King Augustus on the 9th of August, and was his guest for four days.

Peter had expected to pass by the way of Warsaw, and it was with great surprise that the King received a courier announcing the Tsar's visit for the same day. Arrangements were at once made, and "the King waited in vain for him all night, for he did not arrive until the next morning at dinner time. As he desired, he was conducted to his lodging without formality or ceremony, and shortly after was visited by the King. The tenderness and mutual embraces, the kisses, and the expressions of love and esteem which they gave each other, are scarcely credible. The Tsar, knowing well the esteem of the King, was carried away by sympathy, and immediately struck up with him a more than fraternal friendship, never ceasing to embrace and kiss him, and telling him that he had come almost alone, with very few followers, to put himself into his hands, and confide his life to him, being ready, however, to serve him in need with a hundred thousand men or more." Augustus and Peter dined and supped together, and the two following days were taken up with amusements, with reviews of troops, and sham fights, which greatly pleased the Tsar, and with political talk. The Jesuit Votta, who was introduced to the Tsar by the King himself, argued in favor of maintaining the Polish alliance, and continuing the war against Turkey. Peter, after saying that he thought the Russians, Poles and Saxons were sufficient, and that once Otchakóf were taken, Constantinople would be in the death struggle, applied the old fable that it was useless to divide the skin before the bear was killed. The impression produced on Peter by Augustus was strong and lasting: Peter had supported the candidacy of Augustus, and had sent an army to the frontier on political grounds, but the sympathy produced by personal contact had an important influence. It was greatly owing to this that Peter two years later was induced to enter the Northern League, and to declare war against Sweden. The day after the Tsar's arrival at Moscow,

in speaking of the foreign sovereigns he had visited, he made honorable mention of the King of Poland. "I prize him more than the whole of you together," he said, addressing his boyárs and magnates that were present, "and that not because of his royal pre-eminence over you, but merely because I like him." He still proudly wore the King's arms, which he had exchanged with that monarch for his own, in order to proclaim that their bond of friendship was more solid than the Gordian knot and never to be severed with the sword.

After leaving the King, Peter went on to Moscow through Zamosc, where he was entertained by the widow of the castellan. He met there the Papal nuncio, who begged permission for missionaries to pass through Russia on their way to China, and was much struck with the amiability of the Tsar, especially as Lefort had put him off with polite excuses. In thanking the Tsar for his promise, he asked him to give him a written document. Peter, replying that when he arrived at Moscow he would immediately send him a diploma, said: "My word is better than ten thousand writings." At Brest-Litófsky there was an unfortunate adventure with the Metropolitan of the Uniates, who, in talking to the Tsar, had the bad taste, to say the least, to use the word schismatic, in regard to the members of the Russian church. The Tsar replied that he could not stand such impertinences of language, and people as indiscreet as he in Moscow would have been whipped or hanged. Not content with this, Peter asked the Governor to send away the Metropolitan, saying that he was not sure that he would be master of his own hands if he met him again.

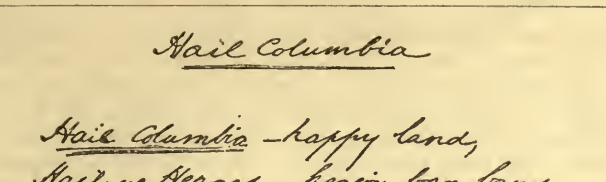
Notwithstanding these delays, Peter arrived at Moscow much sooner than he was expected—on the 4th of September, at six o'clock in the evening. He did not stop at the Krémlin, nor see his wife, but accompanied Lefort and Golovín to their houses, then called to inquire for General Gordon, who was away on his estate, and went that night to Preobrazhénsky.

BORDENTOWN AND THE BONAPARTES.

"THERE they come! Don't you see them? Look, look!" These words are caught up and loudly re-echoed, and, glancing in the direction indicated by a dozen shouting boys, we see the first of a line of dust-enveloped stages emerging from a hollow in the road. For a moment, the four horses are outlined against the foliage that borders the highway on either side, then, with eyes flashing and nostrils stretched, they rush forward at full speed. The driver cracks his whip and tightens his grasp on the reins, and with loud clattering of hoofs and rumbling of wheels, the heavily laden vehicle turns the corner before us, burying the yellow brick house opposite beneath a dusty cloud. Another follows, then another; and the children, who have been clinging to their mothers' skirts while the great wooden things rattle by, run out into the street to see the last of the line disappear down the cut which leads to the river's edge. There the passengers, who left the New York boat at Amboy this morning, will re-embark and, let us hope, be safely landed at Philadelphia before the fall of night.

The scene is one of half a century ago. As yet the first railroad from New York to Philadelphia is unlaid, and we are standing, not in the garish sunlight of some new-grown business town, but at the shaded corner of Main street and the Trenton road, in the romantic old village of Bordentown, New Jersey.* Though the arrival of "the line" is an event of daily occurrence, the excitement attending it has never lost its charm for old or young; and, the weather fair, one-half the children of the village school may be seen daily at this corner during their noon recess. To-day, as it happens, the gathering is dignified by the presence of some older citizens, whose names, for one reason or another, are familiar far beyond the limits of their town. For instance, in the face of that elderly man in the center of the group you have already

* A comprehensive history of the village was recently published as a serial in the Bordentown "Register," by Major E. M. Woodward, of Ellisdale, Monmouth county. A part of this work has since appeared in a slender volume bearing the title: "Bonaparte's Park and the Murats."


Hail Columbia
Hail Columbia – happy land,
Hail ye Heroes – heav'n born band,
who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was done,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won –

FAC-SIMILE OF A STANZA FROM "HAIL COLUMBIA," BY JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

caught a resemblance to Napoleon I.; nor is the likeness to be wondered at, for (as you have guessed) this is none other than the emperor's elder brother, sometime King of Naples and of Spain. Near him stands another aged man, whose face is smooth-shaven, and whose hair falls between his shoulders in a ribbon-bound queue. This peculiar head-dress sufficiently identifies its wearer as Judge Joseph Hopkinson, author of "Hail Columbia," and a friend of many of America's first great men. Less distinguished in appearance than either of his companions, though far more famous for his heroic qualities, is Commodore Charles Stewart, the third and last figure in our little group. Soon, however, the trio is joined by a dashing youth, whose words and bearing recall the memory of his unhappy father, the gallant Marshal Joachim Murat. And now, at the invitation of Judge Hopkinson, the new-comer and his friends disappear through the door-way of the yellow house. Leaving them within, in the enjoyment of their host's good cheer, let us overleap the years that separate us from the present day, and glance about us at a place made interesting by association with historic names.

The village of Bordentown (pronounced *Burdentown* by the old inhabitants of the place) stands on the eastern bank of the Delaware, a few miles below Trenton, at a point where the river bends sharply to the south-west on its course to Philadelphia and Delaware Bay. At one other place only between the cities named are the shores broken by rising ground. Long rows of trees bordering well-cultivated fields; smooth-shaven lawns and dark green groves surrounding old-fashioned houses; the wharves and steeples of low-lying villages on either side—these, elsewhere, relieve the monotony of the fertile plain. But here the bank rises abruptly to a height of sixty or seventy feet from a water front hardly as many yards in width. The approach by rail or water is not unpicturesque, and the scene from the village bluff is one of quiet beauty. Across the Delaware lies a wide expanse of Pennsylvania farm land, the water's edge shaded by shrubbery and overhanging trees. As far as the eye can reach, the landscape is dotted with birch and willow trees, rising singly or in groups from the green fields, and often throwing their protecting arms over some old, substantial farm-house. Midway in the stream, and threatening at some future day to destroy its present channel, lie two long, low islands of sand, sparsely covered with shrubs and river-grass. The Pennsylvania Railroad, encircling the base of the plateau on which the village stands, winds on its way from Trenton along the edge of a canal, which is skirted with willow trees. At this point, too, a beautiful creek flows under the railroad bridge, luring the eye along its grassy banks and dark, deep border of foliage. And all these charms are increased a thousand-fold by the gorgeous sunsets over the Pennsylvania shore.

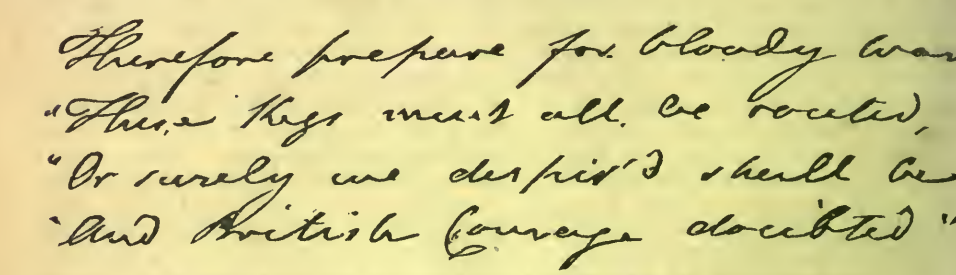
Probably the first white man who surveyed this pleasant scene was Thomas Farnsworth, an English Quaker, once imprisoned in the mother country for his faith. Arriving, in the year 1677, at the mouth of the then recently discovered Delaware, he and his fellow-voyagers built their cabins where Burlington now stands. His wife, Susannah, a preacher in the Society of Friends, followed him to the new world in the winter of 1678. Three years later, taking with them their children and their servants, they pushed a few miles further up the stream, and made the clearing which has

grown into an historic town. A quarter of a century after the pioneer's death, his rough log cabin, and many acres of land surrounding it, fell into the hands of Joseph Borden, of Shrewsbury, N. J., and thereafter Farnsworth's Landing was known as the Bordentown Ferry. But the name Bordentown was first written in the township records in 1739, when, we are told, "ye said meeting gave Bordings town people lve to buld a pare of stocks, provide ye people of Bordings Town bulds them at there own charge." Some years earlier (in 1729), though the fact was not deemed worthy of official notice, the settlement afforded a night's lodging to a printer's apprentice, who, in search of employment, was making his way to Philadelphia from New York. The youthful journeyman was Benjamin Franklin, who afterward described his host in the following paragraph, which appears in his autobiography:

"The next day, however, I continued my journey, and arrived in the evening at an inn, eight or ten miles from Burlington, that was kept by one Dr. Brown. This man entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and perceiving that I had read a little, he expressed toward me considerable interest and friendship. Our acquaintance continued during the remainder of his life. I believe him to have been what is called an itinerant doctor; for there was no town in England, or indeed in Europe, of which he could not give a particular account. He was deficient neither in understanding nor in literature; but was a sad infidel, and, some years after, wickedly undertook to travesty the Bible, in burlesque verse, as Cotton had travestied Virgil. He exhibited, by this means, many facts from a very ludicrous point of view, which would have given umbrage to weak minds had his work been published, which it never was. I spent the night at his house and reached Burlington the next morning."

Joseph Borden occupied the Farnsworth homestead till the year 1750, when the brick dwelling previously mentioned was erected where Main street crossed the Trenton road, and when its builder established a line of boats and stages between New York and Philadelphia. The termini of the new route were the "crooked billet wharf," in the Quaker City, and the "Whitehall slip, near the Half-Moon tavern," in New York. By this line, Mr. Borden assured his patrons, they might "pass the quickest thirty or forty hours" between the two cities, which are now but an hour and a half apart.

The founder of the village died at a ripe old age, leaving an only son and namesake to enjoy his ample means. Colonel Joseph Borden took an active part in the Revolution. The infernal machines for the famous "Battle of the Kegs" were made in his cooper-shop, and towed down the Delaware over night by a plucky villager. Though the British shipping at Philadelphia, which they were designed to destroy, had just been removed from its exposed position in the river, the killing of four men by the explosion of one of the kegs is said to have struck terror into the hearts of the invaders. Francis Hopkinson's "harmonious ditty," describing the scene which ensued, made his name popular throughout


Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These Kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despis'd shall be
And British Courage doubted"

FAC-SIMILE OF A STANZA FROM "THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS," BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

the land. It was not his first success in versification. Years before, he had scribbled amorous verses to "Delia, pride of Borden's Hill"; and, when the war broke out, he was living with her and her gallant father at Bordentown. There were few more zealous patriots than he. His pen was never idle in the cause of freedom, and his satirical verses did much to aggravate the popular feeling against Great Britain. Francis's father, an Englishman (born in London and educated at Oxford), came to America while young; and at Christ church, Philadelphia, one hundred and forty-four years ago, married Miss Mary Johnson, a niece of the Bishop of Worcester. Franklin, in a note to one of his letters on electricity, makes an interesting confession. "The power of points to throw off electrical fire," he says "was first communicated to me by my ingenious friend, Mr. Thomas Hopkinson, since deceased, whose virtue and integrity

n every station of his life, public and private, will ever make his memory dear to those who knew him, and knew how to value him." Francis was the first student entered at the College of Philadelphia, now the University of the State of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated with honor before his admittance to the bar. Early in the year 1766 he visited England, spending much of his time at Hartlebury Castle, the seat of his grand-uncle, the bishop, and returning to America toward the close of 1767. In the arts of music and painting, to which he devoted his leisure moments, Francis attained to a creditable degree of proficiency. Writing from Philadelphia in 1776, John Adams expresses a hope that he shall see a portrait of "Miss Keys, a famous New Jersey beauty;" which was "made by Mr. Hopkinson's own hand. * * * I have a curiosity," he adds, "to pry a little deeper into the bosom of his curious gentleman." Francis* died suddenly in May, 1791, having survived his father-in-law, Colonel Borden, but a few weeks.

The year after the fiasco of the kegs, a British force was sent from Philadelphia to White Hill, just below Bordentown, to capture a number of vessels which, in violation of Washington's orders, had not been sunk. When the flat-boats arrived, with six or eight hundred red-coats aboard, it was found that the shipping had been fired. An attack was then made on Bordentown, several shots from the river warning the villagers that resistance would be unwise. None was attempted, and the troops debarked. Colonel Borden's property, diagonally opposite his father's house, is said to have been pointed out by Polly Riché,† a beautiful girl, whose fiery proclivities had estranged her from the patriots of the place. Not only the colonel's residence and another dwelling nearer the bluff, but all the other buildings on the place, including stables and carriage-houses, were burned to the ground. While old Mrs. Borden sat in the middle of the street, watching the destruction of her home, an English officer stepped up, and with apparent sympathy said: "Madam, I have a mother, and can feel for you." "I thank you, sir," she replied; "but this is the happiest day of my life: I know you have given up all hope of reconquering my country, or you would not thus wantonly devastate it."

The British officers paid Mr. Hopkinson

JOSEPH KIRKBRIDE.

the compliment of dining at his house. But that worthy citizen, with other notorious whigs, had fled at the enemy's approach, and returned not till the danger was past. Meanwhile, the patriots of the outlying country, roused by the fire on the bluff, had begun to assemble in force, and the arrival of Colonel Baylor with his light-horse troop was the signal for a hasty departure of the foe. That night the British troops slept on their boats; and, rising betimes the next morning, they prepared for an attack upon Trenton. General Dickinson met them half-way, however, and their plans were changed. Remembering the part Colonel Joseph Kirkbride had played in the Battle of the Kegs, the retreating soldiers landed at Bellevue, the family seat, situated in Penn's Manor, Pennsylvania, and destroyed six valuable out-houses and two dwellings. Crossing over to Bordentown, on the loss of his old home, the colonel built a huge brick house, which now forms a part of the Bordentown Female College. Here he was often visited by his friend, Tom Paine, who conceived a singular affection for the place, and said, "I had rather see my horse Button eating the grass of Bordentown or Morrisania, than see all the pomp and show of Europe." It was here that Paine constructed the model of that iron bridge which had taken so strong a hold of his imagination;

* He was at one time Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, his appointment coming from Lord North, his mother's cousin; and he was the chief delegate from New Jersey to the Provisional Congress which adopted the Declaration of Independence, though his name has long since faded from that "immortal instrument." In after years, he procured the great seal of the State of New Jersey.

† Miss Polly is said to have been the belle of the British Meschianza, in Philadelphia, which Major André pronounced the most splendid entertainment ever given by an army to its general. She was particularly admired by that steadfast patriot, Benedict Arnold.

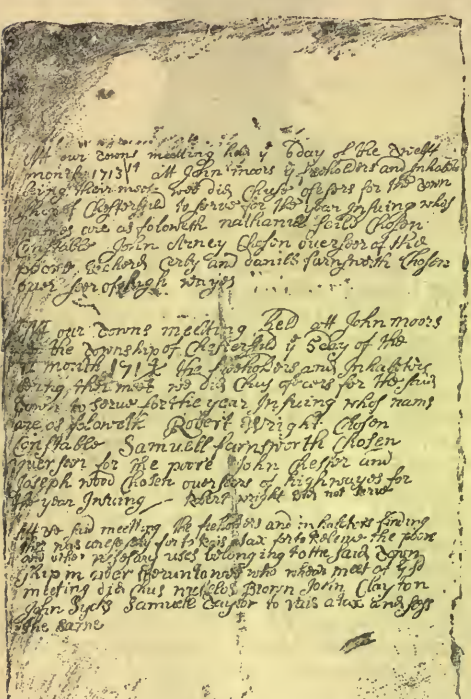
and here, too, he received the following kindly note:

"ROCKY HILL, Sept. 10, 1783.

"I have learned, since I have been at this place, that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement or economy, I know not. Be it for either, for both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you.

"Your presence may remind Congress of your past [illegible] this country; and, if it is in my power to improve them. command my best exertions with freedom, as [illegible] will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself, your sincere friend, G. WASHINGTON."

Paine finally made the purchase of a snug little house in Main street, and occupied it, with few intermissions, during a period of



A PAGE FROM THE TOWNSHIP RECORDS.

several years. His favorite resort was the bar-room of the Washington House; and visitors to that ancient hostelry are told that nothing but brandy and atheism ever passed his lips. On his return from Washington, in 1802, the disheartened patriot stopped for a few hours at Bordentown, and by his steadfast friend, who happened then to be the Republican candidate for Governor, he was driven thence to Trenton in time to catch the New York stage. At the latter place, strange as it may seem, he was subjected to the grossest indignities; nor did he escape without personal injury from the violence of the mob. And this, not for any infidelity to the cause of freedom, but simply because he had carried into theological discussions that liberty of thought and intrepidity of speech which, in times past. had made him widely popular. Colonel Kirkbride—whose popularity had been much diminished by his adherence to the author of "Common-sense" and the "Age of Reason"—was buried during the year following this episode. Near the marble slab which covers his remains has stood, for sixty years, the tombstone of "Harriet Luttrell, daughter of Henry Lawes Luttrell, Earl of Carhampton," and not far beyond sleeps the grandson of the founder of the town. Captain Joseph Borden, the colonel's only son, had two sisters, "Nancy" and Maria, who, in their prime, were famous for their beauty. "Nancy," as we have seen, married Judge Francis Hopkinson. Maria, whose hand was no less eagerly sought, made an equally happy choice. Few civilians won more distinguished honors during the Revolutionary war than fell to the share of her husband Judge McKean. He was not only one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and, at one time, President of Congress, but he held for twenty years the high office of Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania and, for a short time, that of Governor of the State; while Delaware, in emulation made him her President. The judge's daughter was given in marriage, some seventy years ago, to the Marquis of Casa Irujo, a Spanish grandee, who represented his nation at Washington.

Joseph Hopkinson inherited the Bordentown homestead when he came of age. This was in 1791. It was some years there after that his wife sang, for the first time, to the accompaniment of the harpsichord, the patriotic lines of "Hail Columbia," and still later that the poet Moore addressed to her his "Lines written on leaving Philadelphia." Ten years before he became a man, he might have stood at his father's door and watched a military procession moving briskly down the Trenton road to Main street. There a crowd had gathered, and cheers filled the air as Washington and Rochambeau, attended by their respective suites, swept by. The commander-in-chief was hurrying to Yorktown, where, as he well knew, the decisive movement of the war

AN ARRIVAL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

was to be made. So, as there is nothing to prove that Washington slept even a single night in Bordentown, the villagers have ever affected a profound contempt for Washingtonian head-quarters and minor relics of the great chieftain, and base their claim to distinction almost solely on the fact that here an exiled king spent many of his happiest years.

Napoleon was once heard to say that, if he were ever forced to abandon France, he would make his home in America, somewhere between New York and Philadelphia, where news from either port would reach him quickly. Two weeks after the battle of Waterloo, he and his elder brother met, for the last time, on the Isle of Aix, and Joseph, in vain, proposed to take the emperor's place. Confident of meeting again in this country, the brothers parted. Napoleon, finding the coast infested with British cruisers, surrendered to the captain of the *Bellerophon;* but Joseph, under the assumed name of M. Bouchard, boarded the brig *Commerce* at Royau, 25th July, 1815, and, though the vessel was thrice searched by

THE WASH-HOUSE.

English officers, came safely, on the 28th of August, to New York, where he was waited upon by the mayor, who believed him to be General Carnot. Having traveled throughout the country, and lived for a while at Lansdowne, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, King Joseph, who had taken the title of Comte de Survilliers, began the purchase of Point Breeze,* at Bordentown. Nowhere in the State could a more charming site have been found. For nearly a mile, the Crosswicks Creek winds along the northern boundary of the park, fifty feet below the level of the promontory from which, more than a century ago, the grounds received their name. On this promontory Joseph built his house, commanding a fine view of the Delaware, and, in its leafy setting, conspicuous to all who journeyed up and down the stream. Months were spent in clearing the woods of underbrush, rolling the lawn, bridging ravines, building summer-houses and rustic seats, and laying out walks and drives. A strip of marshy ground separated the point from the wood-crowned height at the western extremity of the park. Through this the creek ebbed and flowed as far as the Trenton road, where it was fed by a shallow, winding brook. Joseph threw a bridge across the bed of the brook, filled up the hollow in the highway, and transformed the marsh into a pretty lake. By the water-side, where the grassy bank was lowest, stood a large white house, with grass-green shutters,—the residence of Prince Charles and his wife Zénaïde. Elsewhere, save only on the willow-shaded causeway between the lake and creek, the ground rose abruptly to the level of the park. There were scattered about other dwellings and out-houses, and beyond was an inclosure well stocked with graceful deer. All around rose thousands of forest trees, arching over the drives and bridle-paths, filling the ravines with dark, dense foliage, and sheltering the hill-side down to the border of the creek. There nature was left untouched, for art could add nothing to her charms.

Much as he loved this country home, the exile passed a part of each year at his house in Philadelphia. But, from the first hard frost in winter till the first warm day in spring, the lake which he had made was the center of village sport and activity. Trim little pleasure-boats no longer darted from shore to shore, nor lay at rest near the broad stone steps that led to the water's edge, and the swans and wild aquatic fowl had sought more comfortable quarters; but,

ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL.

* This had long been the home of Stephen Sayre, an American, who went to England long before the Revolution and married a lady of rank. He became a banker, was Under Sheriff of London with William Lee, and enjoyed the friendship of the Earl of Chatham. Yet in October, 1775, he was thrown into the Tower, having been accused of high treason by a fellow-countryman, who was an officer of the Guards. On his release, utterly impoverished, he left the country. Franklin employed him on several missions, and he did yeoman service for the American cause abroad. Some years after peace was declared, he settled at Point Breeze, and was popularly known thereabouts as "the handsome Englishman."

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

in their stead, the frozen surface reflected a thousand graceful forms and ruddy faces, and swayed and groaned beneath the whirling crowd of revelers. On a little island, in the center of the lake, stands an old, gray-haired and kindly man, his back warmed by a blazing fire, and his face turned approvingly on the merry scene around. What a lark it would be to join the skaters in their mad scramble for the fruit rolled out by his direction! But as this may not be, the lord of the manor finds his account in presiding over the sports in which he may not mingle.

One winter morning, some three years after the house on the bluff was built, a visitor locked the door of his bedroom, put the key in his pocket, and started off to Philadelphia, leaving a wood fire blazing on the hearth. Soon a dense cloud of smoke rose above the surrounding trees; half the population of the village poured through the main entrance to the park; farmers and farmers' lads flocked in from miles around, and Joseph, who heard the news at Trenton on his return from a visit to New York, came dashing up the avenue to find his home in flames. Without engines of even the poorest sort, nothing could be done to save the burning walls; and village maids and matrons who, in the excitement of the moment, had formed in line and passed the leathern buckets from hand to hand, were forced, at last, to retire from the scene. Nothing of value was rescued from the upper floors but a few choice paintings, and the house itself was leveled with the ground. From the cellar to the face of the bluff ran a subterranean passage, through which the butler rolled his casks of wine. Some burst in falling, and reddened the waters of the creek. A spacious belvedere, untouched by the flames, stood on the hill-top for many years.

A new dwelling was immediately built much nearer the Trenton road, the Count's

stables being remodeled so as to form the body of the house. An underground passage to the eastern border of the lake came out at a point where the bluff rose but a few feet above the water-level. There the end wall, overhung by a broad stone arch, was pierced with three entrances, one leading to the first floor of the house, another to the cellar, a third to an adjoining ice-house. From the mouth of the tunnel a covered walk, faced with lattice-work, ran along the side of the bluff, and thence to the door of the lake-house. Through this Prince Charles and Zénaïde Bonaparte made their daily trips to the dining-hall without annoyance from the weather. It was also intended as a shelter for boating parties caught out in summer showers. That the subterranean passage itself was designed for the same practical purpose needed no better proof than the classic line inscribed above its entrance: "*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*" *

Yet the gossips of the village whispered, and their words found ready credence, that the exiled king lived in constant fear of abduction by British or Spanish spies, and had contrived a system of labyrinthine passages

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE, COMTE DE SURVILLIERS.

* Not ignorant of misfortune, I learn to succor the unfortunate.

MRS. FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

for concealment in the hour of danger. Many of the crown jewels of Spain were still in his possession, and, they reasoned, it was not unlikely some effort would be made to regain them. The jewels, which had been saved with so much pains, were guarded with jealous care. Few visitors were admitted to the room where they lay concealed, but one who had that mark of favor shown her wrote as follows:

"Several clusters looked like jeweled handles of swords; others, like portions of crowns, rudely broken off; others still, like lids of small boxes; many were ornaments entire. He [Joseph] showed us the crown and ring he wore when King of Spain; also the crown, robe and jewels in which Napoleon was crowned. When our eyes had been sufficiently dazzled with the display of diamonds and emeralds, he touched another concealed spring, which gave to view another set of drawers, and displayed to us many of Napoleon's valuable papers. His treaties and letters were carefully bound round with ribbons, and fastened with jeweled clasps."

Then the Count admitted them, through a secret door, into his summer sleeping apartment.

"The curtains, canopy and furniture were of light blue satin, trimmed with silver. Every room contained a mirror, reaching from the ceiling to the floor. * * * The walls were covered with oil paintings, principally of young females. * * * The Count next conducted us to his winter suite of apartments. They were much in the style of his summer ones, except that the furniture was in crimson and gold."

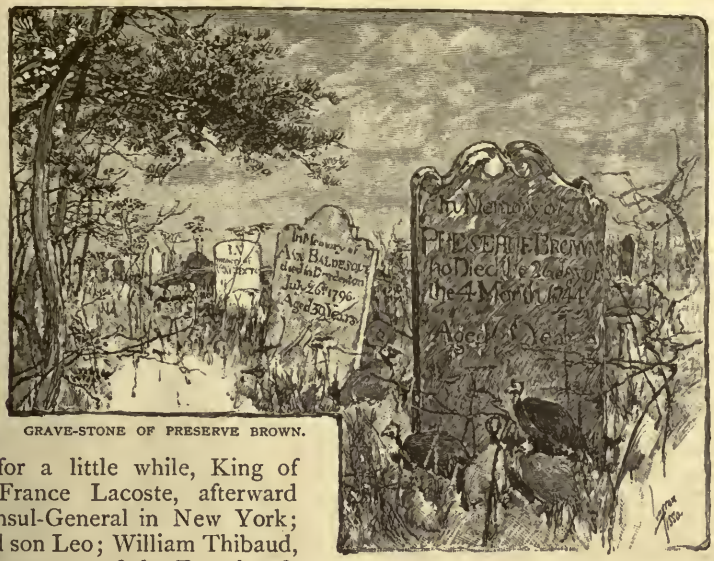
Summer and winter, the gates of the park were left unlatched, and no respectable person was refused admittance even to the house. The interior of that long, low, rough-cast building realized, to the country people roundabout, all that they had heard of kingly palaces. Richly carved folding-doors, opened by liveried servants, gave entrance to the main hall, with ample stairway leading to the floor above. On one side was the drawing-room; on the other, the dining-hall, each adorned with ornaments and bits of furniture from the Luxembourg. The library and

gallery contained the finest collection of paintings in America. Some were by Rubens; some by the famous Snyders. Raphael Meng's "Nativity," stolen from the altar of a Spanish cathedral, and afterward exhibited in Philadelphia and New York, hung there for years; and so did many landscapes and marine paintings by Joseph Vernet, now owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Rembrandt, Teniers the elder, Simon Denis, and one of the Caracci brothers were also represented. All these works of art were sold (for their full value) when Joseph left the country; but others, choicer still, went back with him to Europe. In the collection of statuary were busts, by Canova and Bartolini, of Napoleon and other members of the family. Many of these stood at intervals along a low marble wall inclosing a paved square before the house. Then there were statues, including Canova's "Venus Victrix," and bronzes, no less beautiful; besides two marble mantels, of exquisite workmanship, carved in Italy and presented to the Count by his uncle, Cardinal Fesch.

Nor were these treasures lost to the world when Joseph settled at Bordentown, for, during his long exile, he was visited by the most eminent Americans of the day; and many foreigners of note, while passing through the States, were hospitably entertained at the park. Lafayette, and Moreau, and General Bernard—one of Napoleon's aides at Waterloo, and afterward head of the corps of American military engineers—were there; and so were Webster, Adams and Clay, Commodore Stewart, General Scott and Commodore Richard Stockton. The other members of the Count's household were his daughter Zénaïde, and Prince Charles (the ornithologist), her husband, who lived in the house by the lake; his younger daughter Charlotte,* who returned to Europe in a few years and married her cousin, Napoleon Louis, brother of Napoleon

A SKATING PARTY.

* From Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte's letters, recently published in SCRIBNER, it seems that, instead of King Louis, the Princess Charlotte came near to having plain Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, for a husband. The Princess Borghese, her aunt and her grandmother, "Mme. Mère," both favored the match, having taken a great fancy to "Bo"; and it is also said to have been desired by Joseph, "who wrote it to the princess." As for the young man himself, said his match-making mother: "He feels the propriety of doing what I please on the subject of the marriage, and has no foolish ideas of disposing of himself in the way young people do in America."



GRAVE-STONE OF PRESERVE BROWN.

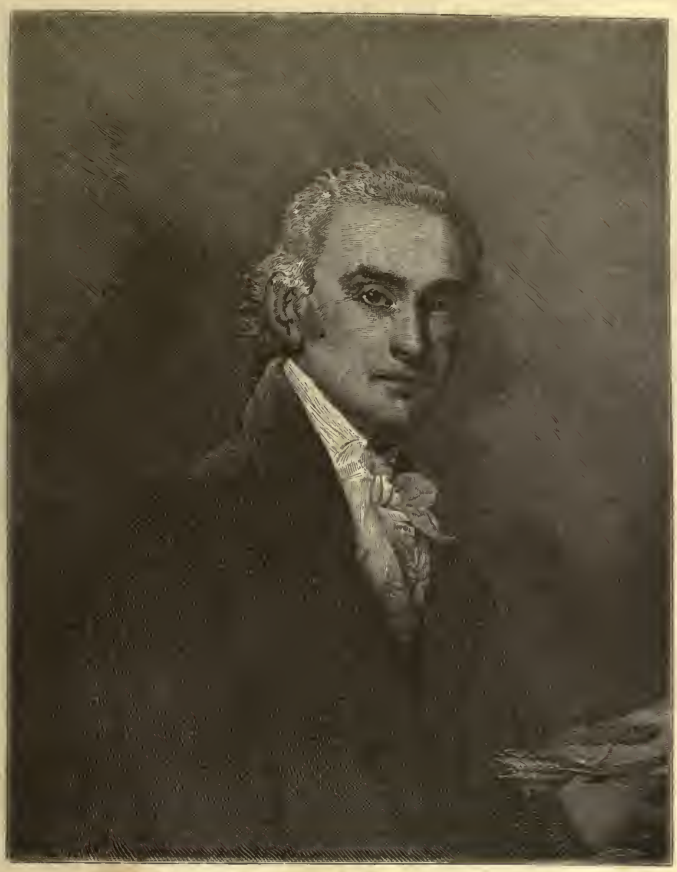
III., and, for a little while, King of Holland; France Lacoste, afterward French Consul-General in New York; his wife, and son Leo; William Thibaud, subsequently curator of the French gallery in Rome, and his daughter, now married and living in Paris; and Louis Mailliard, and his son Adolphe. Ill health prevented Queen Marie from joining her husband. But there was no such obstacle in the way of his nephew, Prince Lucien Murat, who lived for some time at the neighboring village of Columbus, and then settled on a farm near the park. Seldom has a wilder blade been thrown upon the hands of a rich, good-natured relative. Again and again did Joseph furnish his sister's son with money and advice; and again and again did that giddy youth squander the one and throw the other to the winds. Then came reproaches and retorts till time and the promise of reform softened the heart and loosened the purse-strings of the uncle. One day, a close carriage dashed past the park on its way to Trenton. Its occupants were Napoleon François Lucien Charles Murat and Caroline Georgina Fraser, daughter of a Scotch officer in the British army, who, having served in America during the Revolution, settled here and married a young Virginian. Before long, the carriage drove quietly back, the number of its occupants reduced (by an exchange of vows and the blessing of the church) to one. But the blessing of the Count did not follow. He had not only opposed the match, but declared that whoever married

PRINCE LUCIEN MURAT.

THE TOWN-MEETING.

his nephew would have to support him. And so it proved. The young man soon disposed of his wife's scanty fortune, and of her sisters'; and their quiet home in Park street was metamorphosed into a boarding-school. From all parts of the country, men and women sent their daughters to learn music and manners of the beautiful Mme. Murat. The sisters, Jane and Eliza, assisted in the class-room; and Lucien presided at the dinner-table, treating the more bashful girls with easy courtesy. His bearing then, as, indeed, whenever he chose that it should so appear, was that of a polished gentleman. Generally, however, he preferred the society and rougher manners of the bar-room and the course. Much of his time was spent in boating and shooting, and at the White Horse tavern, out on the Trenton road. There, it is said, he would play ten-pins for drinks with any one who chanced along, and sometimes, if he had the misfortune to lose, would persuade the landlord to make a memorandum of the account. He was always ready for a game of cards, no matter with whom; and, according to village report, would borrow a shilling from a negro, or toss a half-eagle to the boy who held his horse, with equal indifference. On one occasion, he got the better of a balky horse by lighting a bundle of straw between its legs. One night, he and a party of young men were playing billiards in the American House, when a violent storm arose. They continued the game till long after midnight, and then wondered how they should get home without a drenching. At last Murat took off his clothes, tied them in a bundle, and started on a dead run down the street. All followed his example, and, the night being dark, they reached home without detection. But soon the story was heard in every house.

In 1839, and again in '44, Louis Philippe allowed Murat to visit France; and, four years after the latter date, he hastened thither with his family, never to return. Friends in the village had to pay their traveling expenses, and his two little boys were dressed in garments made from a coachman's livery, with the buttons still attached. After the *coup d'état*, Murat was appointed a senator and made a prince of the empire by his cousin, Napoleon III. Nor did he neglect, in the hour of prosperity, to send money to Bordentown to reimburse his heaviest creditor, though, oddly enough, the others were all forgotten. When the repub-



JUDGE JOSEPH HOPKINSON, AUTHOR OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."

lic was restored, he crossed to England, where, in April, 1878, at the age of seventy-five, he died. Mme. Murat survived him less than a year. Their first four children, born in or near Bordentown, are Caroline, Baroness de Chassiron; Anna, Duchess de Mouchy; Achille, husband of the Princess Dadiani de Mingreli, and Joseph, a colonel of the Guards. A younger son, Louis Napoleon, has recently been graduated from the French Naval Academy. Achille Murat, an elder brother of the prince, married a Virginian lady, and lived in the south for many years. He and his wife are buried at Tallahassee.

In spite of Joseph's usual good temper, a spark of truly Napoleonic egotism sometimes betrayed itself when his anger was roused. The gamekeeper, once, when taken to task for having permitted poaching, protested in vain that he had warned the sportsman to stop firing, but that the culprit was one of the Count's folks, and claimed to have permission. "I have no folks!" exclaimed Joseph, "*I am everybody.* Hereafter, let no one but Mr. Mailliard shoot on these premises." An exception was again made in favor of his nephew, Louis Napoleon, the late emperor, who, during a sojourn in America, in the early summer of 1837, made, according to the testimony of the townspeople, a brief visit to the park. It is said by some that his depleted purse was replenished with a check for $20,000; others declare that he was coldly received. However that may be, long confinement in France, followed by a tedious voyage from Europe to South America, and from thence to the United States, had prepared him for the full enjoyment of country life and liberty. He and Adolphe Mailliard were both keen sportsmen, and, followed by a well-trained dog, they tramped the woods and meadows round in search of game. Once, when other sport was scarce, he is said to have bagged a luckless villager who rose between him

THE MURAT HOUSE.

and the only bird he had seen that day. On leaving Bordentown, he presented Mailliard with various mementos of their new-formed friendship, including, among other trifles, a number of water-color sketches.

When Lafayette made his triumphal progress through the States in 1824, he was received by the Count with open arms, notwithstanding the fact that he had been denounced as a traitor in Napoleon's will. The Marquis had been paying a visit to General Moreau at Trenton, and was escorted to Bordentown by a troop of Pennsylvania cavalry. His son, the Governor of Pennsylvania, and another gentleman sat with him in an open barouche, drawn by four white horses. While the military escort made merry at the park, Joseph and his guest drove through the village streets, followed by a cheering crowd.

In person, the Count more closely resembled his imperial brother than did any other member of the Bonaparte family, except, perhaps, his nephew Jerome, of Baltimore. But in character he was Napoleon's opposite. When waited upon at Bordentown by a deputation of Mexicans, who wished him to become their emperor, he remarked that he had worn two crowns, and would not lift his finger to secure a third. During his exile, he seldom or never alluded to his own career, but spoke often, and not without emotion, of Napoleon's fate.

Despite his long residence in America, he continued to speak English with an imperfect accent. Nearly all his friends (and all his servants, with the exception of a Hungarian valet) were French, and spoke their own language at the park.

Philip Bellemère—now an old man of more than seventy—served as a barber in the Count's household between fifty and sixty years ago. Sitting in front of his toy and candy shop in Main street, of a summer afternoon, he will tell you he has shaved more distinguished men than any other barber in the land. Beards and mustaches were less fashionable in the days of our forefathers than now, and the post of barber to a man who kept open house was anything but a sinecure. So Bellemère put away his razors, and found other and more profitable employment. He declares, however, that his old master was a man to be esteemed—generous, just, good-humored, devoted to his family, affable with strangers, dignified with his inferiors, and but little given to joking. He rose early the year round, taking toast and coffee in his room. Breakfast was served at half-past nine o'clock; luncheon at two; dinner—for which meal the family always dressed—between seven and eight; and supper from ten to eleven. The cooking was excellent and the wine-cellar unsurpassed, though the Count ate sparingly and drank neither wine nor liquor. In dress, he was plain though not careless. Sometimes, of an afternoon, he drove out with the Princess Charlotte in a handsome barouche; but when alone, or

MRS. JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

vith Mailliard, he preferred a light wagon. His own hand planted many of the trees in he park,—including a vast number of Norway pines,—and he found much amusement n rambling among them, lopping away uperfluous boughs, and destroying traps set n the shrubbery by village boys. He never ished and seldom shot, although Mailliard ept a kennel of thoroughbreds.

Joseph took a lively interest in everything ffecting France and the fortunes of his mily. It was Napoleon's particular wish hat he should publish in America the emeror's correspondence with the allied sovreigns. But this he failed to do. During he period of his exile he corresponded vith General Bernard, by whom he had been informed of Napoleon's death; with Lafayette, whom he acquitted of treason to he emperor; with his nephew, Napoleon II.; his sister-in-law, Maria Louisa; her father, the Emperor of Austria; and the famous diplomate, Prince Metternich. But his arguments and exhortations had but little effect. On the 18th of September, 1830, a long letter was forwarded from New York to the Chamber of Deputies. It declared Napoleon II. Emperor of France, and pledged his exiled uncle to any effort to compel his restoration by Austria "to the wishes of the French."

But before this appeal was written, Louis Philippe had ascended the throne. Partial amnesty was soon afterward extended to the exiles of the Napoleon dynasty; and on the 22d of July, 1832,—the day of the Duc de Reichstadt's death,—Joseph sailed for England. Every one followed him to the outskirts of the village and there waved what many thought a last farewell. His presence was felt to have been a public blessing. It had increased the prosperity of the town, and carried its name wherever that of St. Helena had been heard. Without its royal benefactor, the village seemed deserted. Great, therefore, were the rejoic-

MADAME LUCIEN MURAT.

ings when, five years later,—an old man, in his seventieth year,—Joseph suddenly re-appeared. But his stay was brief, and having traveled for some time and settled his affairs, he again sailed for Europe, never to return. This was in 1839. Before the year closed, a paralytic stroke, in London, well-nigh disabled him. His family were then in Italy, where, at Genoa, in 1841, he joined them. The closing years of a long and not uneventful life were passed at Florence. Nearly forty years before Joseph's death, which occurred July 27, 1844, his character had received a high tribute from Bernardin de St. Pierre, in the preface to "Paul and Virginia." He is there spoken of as one who "united in himself everything which distinguishes a son, a brother, a husband, a father and a friend to humanity; * * * a philosopher, worthy of a throne, were any throne worthy of him." Victor Hugo, addressing him in 1833, said: "The day in which I shall be permitted to press your hand in mine will be one of the most glorious of my life." Napoleon said of his elder brother, possibly with a touch of irony: "Joseph is an excellent man—he is much better educated than I am."

Mr. Mailliard had been with him for thirty-six long years, and toward the close he vied with Madame Bonaparte in devotion to the invalid.

The esteem in which he was held is shown by the Count's will, of which he and Judge Hopkinson (who, as it happened, died before the testator) were appointed joint executors. "No man," says Joseph, "has more right to my confidence, to my esteem." He would fain show his attachment by a greater legacy, but leaves him only the Groveville farm, near Bordentown, and a bagatelle of $6,000, besides a life annuity of $400—knowing that his "modesty equals his fidelity," and that such a bequest will more than gratify his wishes. To Mailliard's son, Adolphe, he also left $6,000; and a similar sum to Mr. Thibaud and Josephine. A check for 10,000 francs bore witness that the door-keeper at the park was not forgotten. Besides these various legacies, the Count left some tokens of a more personal character among his intimate friends.

Louis Mailliard was left in charge of the park till Joseph's grandchild, Zénaïde's son, should be twenty-five years of age. Prince Joseph, who inherited all the Count's real estate in this country, with the exception of the Groveville farm, stayed for a short time at Point Breeze. He was more reserved than his grandfather, and lived in comparative seclusion. After the revolution of '48, he visited France, and, two years later, barely escaped assassination in Rome where he died in 1865, at the age of forty-one.

From Prince Joseph's hands the park passed into the possession of Thomas Richards, a Philadelphian. Mr. Richards bought the place at auction in 1847, and sold it three years later to Henry Beckett, Esq. son of Sir John Beckett, of Lincolnshire England, and sometime British Consul at Philadelphia. Mr. Beckett, finding the Count's house in poor repair, had it destroyed and built a larger one, nearer the bluff. The marble mantels, which had been among the chief ornaments of the old building, were placed in the new, the walls of which were adorned with rare books and paintings inherited by Mr. Beckett's first wife, a descendant of old Governor Hamilton, of Pennsylvania. Their son, Hamilton Beckett (who married the daughter of Brougham's rival, Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst), now lives in England. The place at Bordentown was left by will to Mr. Beckett's grandchildren, and has been offered for sale at a nominal price. The gardener's house and the cook's remain, while the lake house (the lake itself no longer exists) has been converted into a summer boarding

house. Many of the trees have been cut down, the lawn is unkept, and there are few traces of the former beauty of the place. A few weeks since, it was used as a camping-ground by the New Jersey Division of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the many thousands who were attracted thither by the encampment itself, or the bombardment that marked its close, found the old place most wofully disfigured. It is not improbable that the "G. A. R.," aided by the railroad company, will purchase all that remains of the once extensive park, and make it the scene of similar reunions in the future.

No sketch of Bordentown would be complete without some account of "Old Ironsides," the officer to whom, with Commodore Bainbridge, America owes it that our navy went to sea in the war of 1812, and that the *Constitution* won her famous victory over the *Cyane* and *Levant*. It was this aged patriot who, when Fort Sumter was fired upon, pleaded in vain to be assigned to active service, exclaiming: "I am as young as ever to fight for my country!" The storm-worn veteran, whose declining years were spent in partial retirement on the Delaware, sailed thence, in November, 1869, to the unknown port, having reached the ripe old age of ninety-one. Though commissioned as rear-admiral in 1862, Stewart always clung to the title of commodore. In stature he was small; his features were regular and strong; his eyes large, bright and blue, and his expression singularly animated. With much good-humor and affability, he was never undignified. Many good anecdotes of his adventures are in vogue, and no one enjoyed them more or told them better than himself.

The commodore's home, Montpellier, stands on the high bluff just below Bordentown,—a fine old country mansion, overlooking the river and Pennsylvania shore, and hemmed in by lofty silver pines. Before Stewart purchased it, in 1816, the place belonged to François Frederici, "General of Surinam," who settled there some eighty years ago. Old Ironsides is remembered by the villagers as a little old man, with smooth-shaven face and snow-white hair, fond of flowers, birds and children, and enthusiastic in the cultivation of his farm. During the greater part of his stay at Montpellier, he occupied a weather-beaten little house not far from the main building, and gradually converted it into something more like a granary than a human habitation. The commodore's death was marked by a touching incident. He had suffered acutely for many weeks, and, as the end drew nigh, was unable even to give utterance to his wants. It had stormed throughout the day, but toward night the clouds were driven from the sky. The setting sun threw a flood of golden light on house and lawn and river, and as the windows were thrown open to admit the warm, fresh air, a little bird flew in, hopped to the bedstead of the dying man, and, perching near his head, filled the room with its melodious song.

Bordentown did reverence to the departed hero, watching, with tearful eyes, the vessel which bore his body to its resting-place by the Schuylkill River. The homestead on the Delaware is now owned by the commodore's daughter, whose son, Charles Stewart Parnell, is the leader of the Irish Home Rule party in the British Parliament. His sisters and their widowed mother divide their time between Bordentown and New York.

Among the other notabilities of the past whose names are in any way connected with that of Bordentown is the Mexican emperor, Iturbide, who was shot in 1824, while attempting to regain the throne which he had abdicated. The empress, having landed in Mexico with the imperial robes and scepter, was seized, but afterward released and pensioned by the Government, on condition of spending the rest of her life in South America or the United States. A son and two daughters of the emperor passed one or two summers in the village, over thirty years ago.

COMMODORE STEWART.

During the time of Prince Murat's residence in Park street, the house afterward occupied by Adolphe Mailliard was for two years the home of Don Pedro Alcantara Argaiz, Spanish Minister to the United States. Having invited a distinguished foreigner to dine with him one day, Murat besought Señor and Señora Argaiz to bring their dinner and servants across the way. They did so, and the prince presided in happy forgetfulness of his own empty larder.

It yet remains to say a few words of Dr. John Isaac Hawkins,—civil engineer, inventor, poet, preacher, phrenologist and "mentor-general to mankind,"—who visited the village toward the close of the last century, married and lived there for many years; then disappeared, and, after a long absence, returned a gray old man, with a wife barely out of her teens. "This isn't the wife you took away, doctor," some one ventured to remark. "No," the blushing girl replied, "and he's buried one between us." The poor fellow had hard work to gain a livelihood. For a time, the ladies paid him to lecture to them in their parlors. But when he brought a bag of skulls, and the heart and windpipe of his son, preserved in spirits, they would have nothing more to do with him. As a last resort, he started the "Journal of Human Nature and Human Progress," his wife "setting up" for the press her husband's contributions in prose and rhyme. But the "Journal" died after a brief and inglorious career. Hawkins claimed to have made the first survey for a tunnel under the Thames, and he invented the "ever-pointed pencil," the "iridium-pointed gold pen," and a method of condensing coffee. He also constructed a little stove, with a handle, which he carried into the kitchen to cook his meals, or into the reception-room when visitors called, and at night into his bedroom. He invented, also, a new religion, whose altar was erected in his own small parlor, where Dr. John Isaac Hawkins, priest, held forth to Mrs. John Isaac Hawkins, people. But a shadow stretched along the poor man's path from the loss of his only son,—"a companion in all of his philosophical researches,"—who died and was dissected at the early age of seven. Thereafter the old man wandered, as "lonely as a cloud," sometimes in England, sometimes in America, but attended patiently and faithfully by his first wife, then by a second, and finally by a third, who clung to him with the devotion of Little Nell to her doting grandfather.

"O SILVER RIVER FLOWING TO THE SEA."

O SILVER river flowing to the sea,
Strong, calm and solemn as thy mountains be!
Poets have sung thy ever-living power,
Thy wintry day, and summer sunset hour;
Have told how rich thou art, how broad, how deep;
What commerce thine, how many myriads reap
The harvest of thy waters. They have sung
Thy moony nights, when every shadow flung
From cliff or pine is peopled with dim ghosts
Of settlers, old-world fairies, or the hosts
Of Indian warriors that once plowed thy waves—
Now hurrying to the dance from hidden graves.
Thou pathway of the empire of the North,
Thy praises through the earth have traveled forth!
I hear thee praised as one who hears the shout
That follows when a hero from the rout
Of battle issues, "Lo, how brave is he,—
How noble, proud and beautiful!" But she
Who knows him best—"How tender!" So thou art
The river of love to me!

. . . Heart of my heart,
Dear love and bride—is it not so indeed!
Among your treasures keep this new-plucked reed.

WALT WHITMAN.

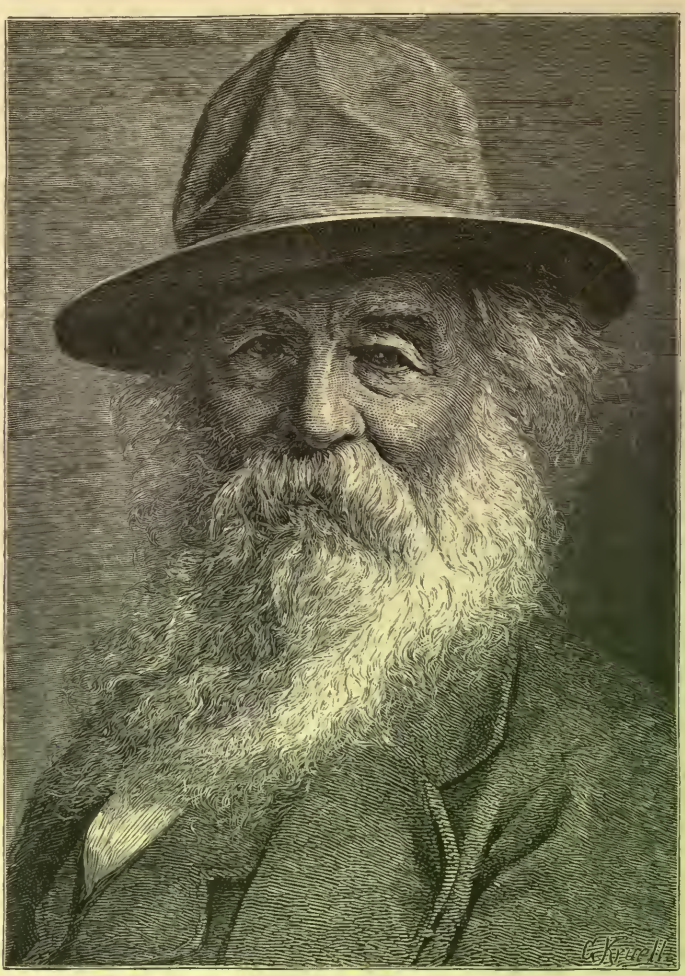
"Are not all real works of art themselves paradoxical? And is not the world itself so? * * * As I understand him, the truest honor you can pay him is to try his own rules."—*Whitman, on Emerson.*

In things counted dear to a minstrel's heart, and which can make him patiently endure the common ills of life, Mr. Whitman is fortunate among modern poets. No one more conspicuously shines by difference. Others are more widely read, but who else has been so widely talked of, and who has held even a few readers with so absolute a sway? Whatever we may think of his chantings, the time has gone by when it was possible to ignore him; whatever his ground may be, he has set his feet squarely and audaciously upon it, and is no light weight. Endeavor, then, to judge him on his merits, for he will and must be judged. He stands in the roadway, with his *Salut au Monde:*

'Toward all
I raise high the perpendicular hand,—I make the signal,
To remain after me in sight forever,
For all the haunts and homes of men."

There are not wanting those who return his salutation. He is in very good society, and has been so this long while. At the outset he was favored with the hand of Emerson, and, once acknowledged at court, allies quickly flocked around him. Let us be candid: no writer holds, in some respects, a more enviable place than burly Walt Whitman. As for public opinion of the professional kind, no American poet, save Longfellow, has attracted so much notice as he in England, France, Germany, and I know not what other lands. Here and abroad there has been more printed concerning him than concerning any other, living or dead, Poe only excepted. Personal items of his doings, sayings and appearance constantly have found their way to the public. In a collection of sketches, articles, debates, which have appeared during the last ten years, relating to American poets, the Whitman and Poe packages are each much larger than all the rest combined. Curiously enough, three-fourths of the articles upon Mr. Whitman assert that he is totally neglected by the press. Not only in that publicity which is akin to fame, and stimulating to the poet, has he been thus fortunate; but also in the faculty of exciting and sustaining a discussion in which he has been forced to take little part himself; in an aptitude for making disciples of men able to gain the general ear, and vying with one another to stay up his hands; in his unencumbered, easy way of life; finally, in a bodily and mental equipment, and a tact or artistic instinct to make the most of it, that have established a vigorous ideal of himself as a bard and seer. These incidental successes, which of course do not confirm nor conflict with an estimate of his genius, are brought to mind as the features of a singular career.

Such a poet must find a place in any review of the course of American song. Otherwise, however observant of his work from the beginning, I well might hesitate to write of him; not only distrusting my own judgment of thoughts and modes which, like questions in philology or medicine, seem to provoke contention in which men act very much like children, but also dreading to become a party to such contention, little to the advantage of all concerned. Doubtless I shall make errors, and write things subject to alteration. For these errors, not of the will but of the judgment, I might ask pardon in advance, were I not aware of the uselessness of such a prayer to either of two classes to which it should be addressed, and between which it is hardly possible that a criticism could be written upon Mr. Whitman, and the writer not be accused of both favoritism and injustice, or of trimming. The disputants who arise when an innovator comes along never were divided more sharply,—not even in that classico-romantic conflict which would have made the fortune of a lesser poet than the author of "Hernani." Perhaps it would be found, upon examination, that the class which declines to regard Whitman as a hero and poet has been content with saying very little about him. If his disciples are in a minority, it is they who chiefly have written the contents of the package mentioned, who never lose a point, who have filled the air with his name. Our acceptance of their estimate almost has seemed the condition,—not, I trust, of their good-will, since among them are several of my long-time friends,—but of their intellectual respect. At times we are



WALT WHITMAN.

constrained to infer that this poet is to be eulogized, not criticised,—that he, they and others may say to Emerson, Lowell, Tennyson, "Thou ailest here, and here"; but woe unto them that lay hands on the Ark of the Covenant. More than one offender has been punished in an effective, if not in a just and generous way. I mention this only with a feeling that honest criticism should not be restricted by those who deprecate restriction. Two points belong to my own mode of inquiry: How far does the effort of a workman relate to what is fine and enduring? and, how far does he succeed in his effort? Nor can I pay Mr. Whitman any worthier tribute than to examine fairly his credentials, and to test his work by the canons, so far as we discover them, that underlie the best results of every progressive art. If his poetry is founded in the simplicity and universality which are claimed for it, and which distinguish great works, the average man, who reads Shakspere and the English Bible ought to catch glimpses of its scope and meaning, and therefore I am guilty of no strange temerity, in my forming some opinion of these matters.

On the other hand, if there be any so impatient of his assumptions, or so tired of the manifestoes of his friends, as to refuse him the consideration they would extend to any man alive, against such also I would protest, and deem them neither just nor wise. Their course would give weight to the charge that in America Whitman has been subjected to a kind of outlawry. And those most doubtful of his methods, beliefs, inspiration, should understand that here is an uncommon and

somewhat heroic figure, which they will do well to observe; one whose words have taken hold in various quarters, and whose works should be studied as a whole before they are condemned. Not only a poet, but a personage, of a bearing conformed to his ideal. Whether this bearing comes by nature only, or through skillful intent, its possessor certainly carries it bravely, and, as the phrase is, fills the bill,—a task in which some who have tried to emulate him have disastrously failed. Not only a poet and personage, but one whose views and declarations are also worth attention. True, our main business is not so much to test the soundness of his theories as to ask how poetically he has announced them. We are examining the poets, not the sages and heroes, except in so far as wisdom and heroism must belong to poetry, and as the philosopher and poet fulfill Wordsworth's prediction and have become one. But Whitman is the most subjective poet on record, and it would be folly to review him wholly in the mood of those whose watch-word is Art for Art's sake. The many who look upon art solely as a means of expression justly will not be content unless the man is included in the problem. I, who believe that he who uses song as his means of expression is on one side an artist, wish to consider him both as an artist and a man.

What I desire to say, also, must be taken as a whole. Questions involving the nature of verse, of expression, of the poetic life, could not be adequately discussed in a single chapter; but a paragraph, at least, may be devoted to each point, and should be given its full weight of meaning. It is the fashion for many who reject Mr. Whitman's canticles to say: "His poetry is good for nothing; but we like him as a man," etc. To me, it seems that his song is more noteworthy than his life, in spite of his services in the hospitals during our civil war. His life, so noble at its best periods, was an emblem of the nobleness of a multitude of his countrymen and country-women; at other times, doubtless, and as his poem of "Brooklyn Ferry" fearlessly permits us to surmise, it has been no more self-forgetting than the lives of countless obscure toilers who do their best from day to day. If, then, I do not think his heroism so important as his art, nor admire him chiefly as an annunciator, but as an imaginative poet, it is because I know more than one village where each workman is a philosopher in his way, and something of a priest, and because poets are rarer among us than preachers and heroes,—and I wish to take him at his rarest. If this essay should pay just honor to his prophetic gift of song, those who minister to him should feel that I have given him, without reserve, such poor laurels as a mere reviewer can bestow. That there may be no doubt, from page to page (amid the seeming inconsistencies that must characterize a study of Whitman), as to my conclusion on this point, I may as well say now that both instinct and judgment, with our Greek choruses in mind, and Pindar, and the Hebrew bards, long since led me to count him, as a lyric and idyllic poet, and when at his best, among the first of his time. If any fail to perceive what I mean by this, let him take a single poem, composed in his finer mood,—"Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking,"—and read it with some care. Had he not sung like this, the exorbitant world would hear little of his philosophy and consecration, and care for them still less.

II.

THE first edition of "Leaves of Grass," now so valued by collectors, is a long, thin volume, curious to behold, with wide pages that give the author's peculiar lines their full effect. Here was a man with measureless bounce and ambition, but with a co-equal range of demands for his country, and professedly for all mankind. At that time (1855) the sale of most books of poetry or abstract thought was small enough; critical authorities were few, and of little weight. "Putnam's Magazine" certainly had influence, and was the periodical to which our favorite writers contributed some of their choicest work. Its reviewer gave the strange book the best reception possible, by filling three columns with extracts from its pages. He could not have selected any passages more original than those beginning with the lines, "I play not a march for victors only," and "A child said, What is the grass?"—than the death-scene of the mashed fireman, for whose sake is the pervading hush among the kneeling crowd,—the ringing story of the old-fashioned frigate and the little captain who won by the light of the moon and stars,—the proud humility, the righteous irony and wrath of "A Slave at Auction" and "A Woman at Auction,"—the Hebraic picture of the Quakeress with face clearer and more beautiful than the sky, "the justified mother of men." These,

and a few masterly bits of description and apostrophe, were given in a manner just to the poet, while rude and coarser parts, that might displease even a progressive reader, were kindly overlooked. The study of Emerson and Carlyle had bred a tolerance of whatever was true to nature and opposed to sham. "Leaves of Grass" was a legitimate offspring of the new movement. Howsoever differing from the latter, or going beyond it, the book would not have found life had not the Concord school already made for it an atmosphere. Whitman—a man of the people—applied the down-east philosophy to the daily walks of life, and sang the blare and brawn that he found in the streets about him. In his opening lines:

"I celebrate myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

"I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease * * * observing a spear of summer grass,"

he simply took Alcott and Emerson at their word. His radical demonstration, extended in later years even to rebuke of their own failure to go farther, has brought them, perchance, like Frankenstein, to regard with little complacence the strides of their prodigy. The difference between Emerson and Whitman illustrated that between certain modes of advanced thought in Massachusetts and New York. If the philosophy of the former professed to include the people, in its genesis and application it often was somewhat provincial and aristocratic; the other also was theoretically broad, professing to include the scholarly and refined, but in spirit was no less provincial,—suspicious of all save the masses. A true universalism yet may come from them both. It was in no unfriendly humor, but with perfect justice, that the "Putnam" critic declared the new poems to be a "mixture of Yankee transcendentalism and New York rowdyism," which here were "seen to combine in harmony." For their author prophesied in New York with a selfhood that observed but kept aloof from the West side; insensibly the East-sider was set above the man of training or affairs whose teams he drove, whose fires he subdued, whose boats he piloted, and whose manhood perchance was as sturdy and virile as his own. Hence, there was a just reason in the pleasantry of the reviewer, who, after acknowledging that the poet was "one of the roughs," said: "That he is a kosmos is a piece of news we were hardly prepared for. Precisely what a kosmos is, we trust Mr. Whitman will take an early occasion to inform the impatient world." Nothing worse than this sally befell our poet in the leading magazine, and it was added that there were to be found "an original perception of nature, a manly brawn, and an epic directness in the new poet, which belong to no other adept of the transcendental school." Here, at all events, the book was not treated after any Philistine mode.

Doubtless many young readers of those quotations felt as if they came with a fresh breeze from old Paumanok and the outer bay. I remember my own impression that here, whether his forms were old or new, was a real poet, one who stirred my pulses; and of whom—in spite of his conceit, familiarity, assumption that few could understand him and that all needed his ministrations—I wished to know more. I would not surrender that first impression of his genius for any later critical feeling. Nor since that time, having closely read him, have I found reason to disavow it. And I could fully sympathize with him, now that his old age really is nigh at hand, in the serene approval of his own work, read twenty years afterward, under some auspicious conjunction of Saturn and Mars:

"After an interval, reading, here in the midnight,
With the great stars looking on—all the stars of Orion looking,
And the silent Pleiades—and the duo looking of Saturn and ruddy Mars;
Pondering, reading my own songs, after a long interval (sorrow and death familiar now),
Ere closing the book, what pride! what joy! to find them
Standing so well the test of death and night,
And the duo of Saturn and Mars!"

The picture of Whitman in trowsers and open shirt, with slouched hat, hand in pocket, and a defiant cast of manner, resolute as it was, had an air not wholly of one who protests against authority, but rather of him who opposes the gonfalon of a "rough" conventionalism to the conventionalism of culture. Not that of the man "too proud to care from whence" he came, but of one very proud of whence he came and what he wore. Seeing him now, with his gracious and silvery beard, it is hardly possible that the sensual and unpromising mouth of the early portrait was at any time his own. But the picture has become historical, and properly is included with others in his recent collective edition.

The "Leaves of Grass" contained the gist of his opinions, and some of its episodes equal in beauty anything he has ever written. He was in his thirty-sixth year,—close upon the age at which more than one famous poet has ended his mission. His book was eminently one with a purpose, or purposes, to which he has been consistent. First, and chiefly, to assert the "Religion of Humanity,"—the mystery and development of man, of woman; the sufficiency of the general plan; the inherent and equal nobility of our organs, instincts, desires; the absolute equality of men, irrespective of birth and training. Secondly, to predict a superb illustration of this development in "These States," the great republic of the present, the pure democracy of the future. Thirdly, to portray an archetypal microcosm, a man embracing in his passionate and ideal sympathy all the joys, sorrows, appetites, virtues, sins, of all men, women and children,—himself being, doing and suffering with them,—and that man Walt Whitman. Finally, and to lay the groundwork for a new era in literature (in his view the most essential stimulant of progress), the "Leaves" were written in contempt of established measures, formal rhymes, stock imagery and diction,—and in a most irregular kind of dithyramb, which left the hack reviewer sorely in doubt whether it was verse broken off at hap-hazard, or prose run mad. Whatever motives led to these results, we must admire the courage of a poet who thus burned his ships behind him, and plunged into a wilderness thenceforth all his own. Various passages of the book were resolutely coarse in their "naturalism," and were thought by some, who perhaps knew little of the author, to reveal his tendencies. It seemed as if certain passions appeared to him more natural, certain sins more venial, than others, and that these were those which he felt to be most obstreperous in his own system,—that his creed was adjusted to his personal aptitudes. But many also found in him strength, color, love and knowledge of nature, and a capacity for lyrical outbursts,—the utterance of a genuine poet. Such was the "Leaves of Grass," although the book is hard to formulate in few and scientific terms; such, at least, it was, so far as I understand its higher meaning. This analysis is made with due humility, as by one in doubt lest he also may be subject to the scornful objurgation:

"What to such as you, anyhow, such a poet as I?
—therefore leave my works,
And go lull yourself with what you can understand
—and with piano-tunes;
For I lull nobody,—and you will never understand me."

If the successive editions of "Leaves of Grass" had the quiet sale accorded to books of verse, it did not lack admirers among radicals on the lookout for something new. Emerson, with one of his cheery impulses, wrote a glowing welcome, which soon was given to the public, and directed all eyes to the rising bard. No poet, as a person, ever came more speedily within range of view. His age, origin and habits were made known; he himself, in fastidiously wholesome and picturesque costume, was to be observed strolling up Broadway, crossing the ferries, mounting the omnibuses, wherever he could see and be seen, make studies and be studied. It was learned that he had been by turns printer, school-master, builder, editor; had written articles and poems of a harmless, customary nature, until, finding that he could not express himself to any purpose in that wise, he underwent conviction, experienced a change of thought and style, and professed a new departure in verse, dress, and way of life. Henceforward he occupied himself with loafing, thinking, writing, and making disciples and camerados. Among the young wits and writers who enjoyed his fellowship, his slow, large mold and rathe-grizzled hair procured for him the hearty title of "Old Walt." In the second year of the war his blood grew warm, and he went to Washington, whither all roads then led. His heart yearned toward the soldiery, and in the hospitals and camps he became the tenderest of nurses and the almoner of funds supplied to him by generous hands. After three years of this service, and after a sickness brought on by its exertions, he was given a place in the Interior Department. Then came that senseless act of a benighted official, who dismissed him for the immorality of the "Leaves of Grass." To Whitman it was a piece of good luck. It brought to a climax the discussion of his merits and demerits. It called out from the fervent and learned pen of O'Connor a surging, characteristic vindication, "The Good Gray Poet," in which the offending Secretary was consigned to ignominy, and by which the poet's talents, services and appearance were so fastened upon public attention that he took his place as a hoar and reverend minstrel. He then, with Lowell, Parsons, Holland, Brownell, and Mrs. Howe, had reached the

patriarchal age of forty-six. Another Cabinet officer, a man of taste and feeling, gave him a new position—which he held for nine years, and until somewhat disabled by a paralytic affliction. Meanwhile, influential writers, on both sides of the ocean, skillful in polemic criticism, had avowed allegiance to himself and his works. In England, W. M. Rossetti edited a selection of his poems, and Swinburne, Dowden, Clifford, Symonds, Buchanan, Clive, have joined in recognizing them. In America,—besides O'Connor,—Linton, Conway, Sanborn, the Swintons, Benton, Marvin, the sure-eyed and poetic Burroughs, and others, in turn have guarded his rights or ministered to him, some of them with a loyalty unprecedented in our literary annals. Like Fourier, he may be said to have his propagandists in many lands.* Making allowance for the tendency to invest with our own attributes some object of hero-worship, a man must be of unusual stuff to breed this enthusiasm in such men; and under any privations the life is a success which has created and sustained such an ideal.

The appearance of Whitman's "Centennial edition," and his needs at the time, gave occasion for an outcry concerning American neglect and persecution of the poet, and for a debate in which both London and New York took part. After some diligence, I find little evidence of unfriendliness to him among the magazine-editors, to whom our writers offer their wares. Several of them aver that they would rather accept than decline his contributions, and have declined them only when unsuited to their necessities. What magazine-writer has a smoother experience? In a democracy the right most freely allotted is that of every man to secure his own income. Nor am I aware that, with two exceptions, any American has been able to derive a substantial revenue from poetry alone. A man ahead of his time, or different from his time, usually gathers little of this world's goods. Whitman's fellow-countrymen regard him kindly and with pride. An English poet has declared that it is not America, but the literary class in America, that "persecutes" him. Who constitute such a class I know not: the present writer is not one of them, nor has he ever been. For the moment, I am what he himself would call his "diagnoser,"—nor with the intellect only, but with the heart as well as the head. What opposition the poet really has incurred has done him no harm. The outcry led to plain-speaking, and the press gave the fullest hearing to Whitman's friends. I hope it was of benefit, in showing that our writers were misunderstood, in stimulating his friends to new offices in his behalf, and especially in promoting the sale of the unique centennial or "author's" edition of his collected poems. Never was a collection more aptly named. The two volumes bear the material as well as the spiritual impress of their author. Of the many portraits for which he has sat, they give, besides the earliest, a bold photograph of his present self, and the striking wood-cut by his friend Linton—that master of the engraver's craft. Here and there are interpolated recent poems, printed on slips, and pasted in by the poet's own hand. The edition has an indescribable air; one who owns it feels that he has a portion of the author's self. It is Whitman, His Book, and should he print nothing more, his work is well rounded.*

The collection embraces the revised series of "Leaves of Grass," preceded by "Inscriptions," and divided by a group of poems, "Children of Adam," on the sexual conditions of life; by another group, "Calamus," on the love of comrades, and by certain pieces, of which "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" is a good specimen, in which the aspect and occupations of the people at large, the glory of the American race, and of the dwellers in Mannahatta, are specifically chanted by this bard of New York. Then follow the "Drum-Taps," so full of lyrical fervor that Whitman may be called the chief singer of that great conflict to which the burning songs of other poets had been an overture. There also are "Marches Now the War is Over," with a few pieces that celebrate the Republican uprisings in Europe, and the first volume closes with "Songs of Parting." The second, after a general preface, opens with "Two Rivulets," parallel streams of prose

* Dr. R. M. Bucke, superintendent of the lunatic asylum in London, Ontario, whom Whitman visited last summer, is preparing a book upon the poet's life and works. In his printed circular, requesting information, he says: "I am myself fully satisfied that Walt Whitman is one of the greatest men, if not the very greatest man, that the world has so far produced."

* Mr. Whitman's address is Camden, New Jersey. The two volumes are sold by him for ten dollars. If book-collectors understood the quality of this limited edition, and how valuable it must become, the poet's heart would be cheered with so many orders that not a copy would be left on his shelves.

and verse, followed by a prose essay of a Carlylese type, possibly suggested by Carlyle's strictures on America. Much of all this portion, prose and verse, is the least satisfactory of Whitman's writings, although greatly in earnest and of most import to the author. "The Centennial Songs" (1876) and the poems of 1872 (including that fine burst, "The Mystic Trumpeter") come next. Reverting to his prose "Rivulet" and the "Democratic Vistas," I do not find in these contradictory views of the present, notices of weak joints in our armor, and dreams of the future, much that doubtless has not been considered by many who have helped to guide our republic thus far, much that has not occurred to the poet's fellow-thinkers, or is not, at least, within their power to understand and amend. Neither are they expressed in that terse and sufficient language common to rare minds,—nor in a way at all comparable to the writer's surer way of expressing himself in his chosen verse. Well-written articles like his recantation of Emerson lead one to suspect that his every-day prose is distorted intentionally, otherwise I should say that, if he is a poet of high rank, he is an exception to the conceit that the truest poets write also the most genuine and noble prose; for certainly his usual style is no nearer that of healthy, self-sustained English, than his verse is to ordinary rhythm. A poet's genius may reconcile us to that which Cosmo Monkhouse terms poetry in solution, but prose in dissolution is undesirable. A continuous passage of good prose, not broken up with dashes and parentheses, and other elements of weakness, nor marred by incoherent and spasmodic expressions, is hard to find in his "Rivulets" and "Vistas." Both his prose and verse have one fault in common, that he virtually underrates the intelligence of readers. This is visible in constant repetition of his thoughts, often in forms that grow weaker, and in his intimation that we are even unwilling to comprehend ideas which are familiar to all radical thinkers in modern times.

More impressive in their vivid realism, and as evidence not to be gainsaid of Mr. Whitman's personal qualities, are the "Memoranda during the War," homely and fragmentary records of his labors among the soldiers. Three years and more were covered by these acts of self-offering, and it is well they should be commemorated. Their records constitute a picture of his life at its highest moment; they are heroic interludes between his poems of life and those upon death. The latter, under the title, "Passage to India," express the maturest yearning of his soul. Chastened by illness and wise through experience, the singer whose pulses have beaten with life's full tide now muses upon Death,—the universal blessing. With lofty faith and imagining he confronts the unknown. To one so watchful of his own individuality, any creed that involves a merger of it is monstrous and impossible. He bids his soul voyage through death's portals, sure to find

"The untold want, by life and land ne'er granted."

He is at the farthest remove from our modish Buddhism, nor can any *nirvâna* satisfy his demands. In this section his song is on a high key, and less reduced than elsewhere by untimely commonplace. Here are the pieces inspired by the tragic death of Lincoln. The burial hymn, "When Lilacs last," etc., is entitled to the repute in which it is affectionately held. The theme is handled in an indirect, melodious, pathetic manner, and I think this poem and Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," each in its own way, the most notable elegies resulting from the war and its episodes. Whitman's is exquisitely idyllic, Lowell's the more heroic and intellectual. Even the "Genius of These States" might stoop for an instant to hear the Cambridge scholar, and I can yield the "Burial Hymn" no truer homage than to associate it with his Ode.

A "Poem of Joys" makes an artistic contrast with these death-carols, and a group of "Sea-shore Memories," with their types and music of the infinite, add to the climacteric effect of this division. Unable here to cite passages from Whitman, I can at least direct the reader how to get at his real capabilities. For his original mood, and something of his color, imagination, hold upon nature, lyric power, turn then to the broad harmonies of the "Sea-shore Memories"; to "Lincoln's Burial Hymn," and the shorter poems beyond it; to "The Mystic Trumpeter," and "The Wound-Dresser"; and then, after reading the sixth section of the poem, "Walt Whitman,"

"A child said, 'What is the grass?'"

find the two hundred and sixth paragraph,

"I understand the large hearts of heroes,"

and read to the end of the frigate-fight. These passages are a fair introduction to the

poet, and you will go with him farther, until checked by some repulsive exhibition, or wearied by pages cheap in wisdom and invective or—intolerably dull. Often where he utters truths, it is with an effort to give offense, or with expressions of contempt for their recipient that well might make even the truth offensive. A man does not care to be driven with blows and hard names, even to a feast, nor to have the host brag too much of the entertainment.

III.

HERE we may as well consider a trait of Mr. Whitman's early work that most of all has brought it under censure. I refer to the blunt and open manner in which the consummate processes of nature, the acts of procreation and reproduction, with all that appertain to them, are made the theme or illustration of various poems, notably of those with the title "Children of Adam." Landor says of a poet that, "on the remark of a learned man that irregularity is no indication of genius, he began to lose ground rapidly, when on a sudden he cried out in the Haymarket, 'There is no God.' It was then rumored more generally and more gravely that he had something in him. * * * 'Say what you will,' once whispered a friend of mine, 'there are things in him strong as poison, and original as sin.'" But those who looked upon Whitman's sexuality as a shrewd advertisement, justly might be advised to let him reap the full benefit of it, since, if he had no more sincere basis, it would receive the earlier judgment—and ere long be "outlawed of art." This has not been its fate, and therefore it must have had something of conviction to sustain it. Nevertheless, it made the public distrustful of this poet, and did much to confine his volumes to the libraries of the select few. Prurient modesty often is a sign that people are conscious of personal defects; but Whitman's physical excursions are of a kind which even Thoreau, refreshed as he was by the new poet, found it hard to keep pace with. The fault was not that he discussed matters which others timidly evade, but that he did not do it in a clean way,—that he was too anatomical and malodorous withal; furthermore, that in this department he showed excessive interest, and applied its imagery to other departments, as if with a special purpose to lug it in. His pictures sometimes were so realistic, his speech so free, as to excite the hue and cry of indecent exposure; the display of things natural, indeed, but which we think it unnatural to exhibit on the highway, or in the sitting-room, or anywhere except their wonted places of consignment.

On the poet's side it is urged that the ground of this exposure was, that thus only could his reform be consistent; that it was necessary to celebrate the body with special unction, since, with respect to the physical basis of life, our social weakness and hypocrisy are most extreme. Not only should the generative functions be proclaimed, but, also, —to show that "there is in nature nothing mean or base,"—the side of our life which is hidden, because it is of the earth, earthy, should be plainly recognized in these poems; and thus, out of rankness and coarseness, a new virility be bred, an impotent and squeamish race at last be made whole.

Entering upon this field of dispute, what I have to say—in declaring that Whitman mistakes the aim of the radical artist or poet—is perhaps different from the criticism to which he has been subjected. Let us test him solely by his own rules. Doing this, we presuppose his honesty of purpose, otherwise his objectionable phrases and imagery would be outlawed, not only of art but of criticism. Assume, then, first, that they were composed as a fearless avowal of the instincts and conditions which pertain to him in common with the race which he typifies; secondly, that he deems such a presentation essential to his revolt against the artifice of current life and sentiment, and makes it in loyal *reliance upon the excellence, the truth of nature.* To judge him in conformity with these ideas lessens our estimate of his genius. Genius is greatly consistent when most audacious. Its instinct will not violate nature's logic, even by chance, and it is something like obtuseness that does so upon a theory.

In Mr. Whitman's sight, that alone is to be condemned which is against nature, yet, in his mode of allegiance, he violates her canons. For, if there is nothing in her which is mean or base, there is much that is ugly and disagreeable. If not so in itself (and on the question of absolute beauty I accept his own ruling, "that whatever tastes sweet to the most perfect person, that is finally right"), if not ugly in itself, it seems so to the conscious spirit of our intelligence. Even Mother Earth takes note of this, and resolves, or disguises and beautifies, what is repulsive upon her surface. It is well said that an artist shows inferiority by placing

the true, the beautiful, or the good above its associates. Nature is strong and rank, but not externally so. She, too, has her sweet and sacred sophistries, and the delight of Art is to heighten her beguilement, and, far from making her ranker than she is, to portray what she might be in ideal combinations. Nature, I say, covers her slime, her muck, her ruins, with garments that to us are beautiful. She conceals the skeleton, the frame-work, the intestinal thick of life, and makes fair the outside of things. Her servitors swiftly hide or transform the fermenting, the excrementitious, and the higher animals possess her instinct. Whitman fails to perceive that she respects certain decencies, that what we call decency is grounded in her law. An artist should not elect to paint the part of her to which Churchill rashly avowed that Hogarth's pencil was devoted. There is a book—"*L'Affaire Clémenceau*"—in which a Frenchman's regard for the lamp of beauty, and his indifference to that of goodness, are curiously illustrated. But Dumas points out, in the rebuke given by a sculptor to a pupil who mistakenly elevates the arm of his first model, a beautiful girl, that the Underside of things should be avoided in art,—since Nature, not meaning it to be shown, often deprives it of beauty. Finally, Mr. Whitman sins against his mistress in questioning the instinct we derive from her, one which of all is most elevating to poetry, and which is the basis of sensations that lead childhood on, that fill youth with rapture, impress with longing all human kind, and make up, impalpable as they are, half the preciousness of life. He draws away the final veil. It is not squeamishness that leaves something to the imagination, that hints at guerdons still unknown. The law of suggestion, of half-concealment, determines the choicest effects, and is the surest road to truth. Grecian as Mr. Whitman may be, the Greeks better understood this matter, as scores of illustrations, like that of the attitude of the Hermaphroditus in the Louvre, show. A poet violates nature's charm of feeling in robbing love, and even intrigue, of their esoteric quality. No human appetites need be pruriently ignored, but coarsely analyzed they fall below humanity. He even takes away the sweetness and pleasantness of stolen waters and secret bread. *Furto cuncta magis bella.* Recalling the term "over-soul," the reader insensibly accuses our poet of an over-bodiness. The mock-modesty and effeminacy of our falser tendencies in art should be chastised, but he misses the true corrective. Delicacy is not impotence, nor rankness the sure mark of virility. The model workman is both fine and strong. Where Mr. Whitman sees nothing but the law of procreation, poetry dwells upon the union of souls, devotion unto death, joys greater for their privacy, things of more worth because whispered between the twilights. It is absolutely true that the design of sexuality is the propagation of species. But the delight of lovers who now inherit the earth is no less a natural right, and those children often are the finest that were begot without thought of offspring. There are other lights in which a dear one may be regarded than as the future mother of men, and these—with their present hour of joy—are unjustly subordinated in the "Leaves of Grass." Marked as the failure of this pseudo-naturalism has been hitherto, even thus will it continue,—so long as savages have instincts of modesty,—so long as we draw and dream of the forms and faces, not the internal substance and mechanism, of those we hold most dear,—so long as the ivy trails over the ruin, the southern jessamine covers the blasted pine, the moss hides the festering swamp,—so long as our spirits seek the spirit of all things; and thus long shall art and poesy, while calling every truth of science to their aid, rely on something else than the processes of science for the attainment of their exquisite results.

From the tenor of Mr. Whitman's later works, I sometimes have thought him half-inclined to see in what respect his effort toward a perfect naturalism was misdirected. In any case, there would be no inconsistency in a further modification of his early pieces,—in the rejection of certain passages and words, which, by the law of strangeness, are more conspicuous than ten times their amount of common phraseology, and grow upon the reader until they seem to pervade the whole volume. The examples of Lucretius, Rabelais, and other masters, who wrote in other ages and conditions, and for their own purposes, have little analogy. It well may be that our poet has more claim to a wide reading in England than here, since his English editor, without asking consent, omitted entirely every poem "which could with tolerable fairness be deemed offensive." Without going so far, and with no falseness to himself, Mr. Whitman might re-edit his home-editions in such wise that they would not be counted wholly among those books which are meat for strong men, but would

have a chance among those greater books that are the treasures of the simple and the learned, the young and the old.

IV.

THE entire body of his work has a sign-metrical by which it is recognized—a peculiar and uncompromising style, conveyed in a still more peculiar unrhymed verse, irregular, yet capable of impressive rhythmical and lyrical effects.

The faults of his method, glaring enough in ruder passages, are quite his own; its merits often are original, but in his chosen form there is little original and new. It is an old fashion, always selected for dithyrambic oracular outpourings,—that of the Hebrew lyrists and prophets, and their inspired English translators,—of the Gaelic minstrels,—of various Oriental and Shemitic peoples,—of many barbarous dark-skinned tribes,—and in recent times put to use by Blake, in the "Prophetic Visions," and by other and weaker men. There are symptoms in Whitman's earlier poems, and definite proof in the later, that his studies have included Blake,—between whose traits and his own there is a superficial, not a genuine, likeness. Not as an invention, then, but as a striking and persistent renaissance, the form that has become his trademark, and his extreme claims for it, should have fair consideration. An honest effort to enlarge the poet's equipment, too long unaided, by something rich and strange, deserves praise, even though a failure; for there are failures worthier than triumphs. Our chanter can bear with dignity the provincial laughter of those to whom all is distasteful that is uncommon, and regard it as no unfavorable omen. From us the very strangeness of his chant shall gain for it a welcome, and the chance to benefit us as it may. Thereby we may escape the error pointed out by Mr. Benjamin, who says that people in approaching a work, instead of learning from it, try to estimate it from their preconceived notions. Hence, original artists at first endure neglect, because they express their own discoveries in nature of what others have not yet seen,—a truth well to bear in mind whenever a singer arrives with a new method.

Probably the method under review has had a candid hearing in more quarters than the author himself is aware of. If some men of independent thought and feeling have failed to accept his claims and his estimate of the claims of others, it possibly has not been through exclusiveness or malice, but upon their own impression of what has value in song.

Mr. Whitman never has swerved from his primal indictment of the wonted forms, rhymed and unrhymed, dependent upon accentual, balanced and stanzaic effects of sound and shape,—and until recently has expressed his disdain not only of our poets who care for them, but of form itself. So far as this cry was raised against the technique of poetry, I not merely think it absurd, but that when he first made it he had not clearly thought out his own problem. Technique, *of some kind*, is an essential, though it is equally true that it cannot atone for poverty of thought and imagination. I hope to show that he never was more mistaken than when he supposed he was throwing off form and technique. But first it may be said that no "form" ever has sprung to life, and been handed from poet to poet, that was not engendered by instinct and natural law, and each will be accepted in a sound generalization. Whitman avers that the time has come to break down the barriers between prose and verse, and that only thus can the American bard utter anything commensurate with the liberty and splendor of his themes. Now, the mark of a poet is that he is at ease everywhere,—that nothing can hamper his gifts, his exultant freedom. He is a master of expression. There are certain points—note this—where expression takes on rhythm, and certain other points where it ceases to be rhythmical,—places where prose becomes poetical, and where verse grows prosaic; and throughout Whitman's productions these points are more frequent and unmistakable than in the work of any other writer of our time. However bald or formal a poet's own method, it is useless for him to decry forms that recognize the pulses of time and accent, and the linked sweetness of harmonic sound. Some may be tinkling, others majestic, but each is suited to its purpose, and has a spell to charm alike the philosopher and the child that knows not why. The human sense acknowledges them; they are the earliest utterance of divers peoples, and in their later excellence still hold their sway. Goethe discussed all this with Eckermann, and rightly said there were "great and mysterious agencies" in the various poetic forms. He even added that if a sort of poetic prose should be introduced, it would only show

that the distinction between prose and poetry had been lost sight of completely. Rhyme, the most conventional feature of ballad verse, has its due place, and will keep it; it is an artifice, but a natural artifice, and pleases accordingly. Milton gave reasons for discarding it when he perfected an unrhymed measure for the stateliest English poem; but what an instrument rhyme was in his hands that made the sonnets and minor poems! How it has sustained the whole carnival of our heroic and lyric song, from the sweet pipings of Lodge and Chapman and Shakspere, to the undertones of Swinburne and Poe. There are endless combinations yet in the gamut. The report is that Mr. Whitman's prejudice is specially strong against our noblest unrhymed form, "blank-verse." Its variety and freedom, within a range of accents, breaks, cæsural effects,—its rolling organ-harmonies,—he appreciates not at all. Rhythmical as his own verse often can be, our future poets scarcely will discard blank-verse in its behalf—not if they shall recall "The Tempest," "Hail, Holy Light," "Tintern Abbey," "Hyperion," the "Hellenics," "Ulysses," and "Thanatopsis." Mr. Parke Godwin, in a recent private letter, terms it "the grandest and most flexible of English measures," and adds, with quick enthusiasm: "Oh, what a glory there is in it, when we think of what Shakspere, Milton, Wordsworth and Landor made of it, to say nothing of Tennyson and Bryant!" I doubt not that new handlings of this measure will produce new results, unsurpassed in any tongue. It is quite as fit as Mr. Whitman's own, if he knows the use of it, for "the expression of American democracy and manhood." Seeing how dull and prolix he often becomes, it may be that even for him his measure has been too facile, and that the curb of a more regular unrhymed form would have spared us many tedious curvetings and grewsome downfalls.

Strenuous as he may be in his belief that the old methods will be useless to poets of the future, I am sure that he has learned the value of technique through his long practice. He well knows that whatever claims to be the poetry of the future speedily will be forgotten in the past, unless consonant with the laws of expression in the language to which it belongs; that verse composed upon a theory, if too artificial in its contempt of art, may be taken up for a while, but, as a false fashion, anon will pass away. Not that his verse is of this class; but it justly has been declared that, in writing with a purpose to introduce a new mode or revolutionize thought, and not because an irresistible impulse seizes him, a poet is so much the less a poet. Our question, then, involves the spontaneity of his work, and the results attained by him.

His present theory, like most theories which have reason, seems to be derived from experience: he has learned to discern the good and bad in his work, and has arrived at a rationale of it. He sees that he has been feeling after the irregular, various harmonies of nature, the anthem of the winds, the roll of the surges, the countless laughter of the ocean waves. He tries to catch this "under-melody and rhythm." Here is an artistic motive, distinguishing his chainless dithyrambs from ordinary verse, somewhat as the new German music is distinguished from folk-melody, and from the products of an early, especially the Italian, school. Here is not only reason, but a theoretical advance to a grade of art demanding extreme resources, because it affords the widest range of combination and effect.

But this comprehension of his own aim is an after-thought, the result of long groping. The genesis of the early "Leaves" was in motives less artistic and penetrating. Finding that he could not think and work to advantage in the current mode, he concluded that the mode itself was at fault; especially, that the poet of a young, gigantic nation, the prophet of a new era, should have a new vehicle of song. Without looking farther, he spewed out the old forms, and avowed his contempt for American poets who use them. His off-hand course does not bring us to the conclusion of the whole matter. So far as the crudeness of the *juventus mundi* is assumed by him, it must be temporal and passing, like the work of some painters, who, for the sake of startling effects, use ephemeral pigments. A poet does not, perforce, restore the lost foundations of his art by copying the manner natural to an aboriginal time and people. He is merely exchanging masters, and certainly is not founding a new school. Only as he discovers the inherent tendencies of song does he belong to the future. Still, it is plain that Whitman found a style suited to his purposes, and was fortunate both as a poet and a diplomatist. He was sure to attract notice, and to seem original, by so pronounced a method. Quoth the monk to Gargantua, "A mass, a matin, or vesper,

well rung, is half said." It was suited to him as a poet, because he has that somewhat wandering sense of form, and of melody, which often makes one's conceptions seem the more glorious to himself, as if invested with a halo or blended with concurrent sound, and prevents him from lessening or enlarging them by the decisive master-hand, or at once perfecting them by sure control.

A man who finds that his gloves cripple him does right in drawing them off. At first, Whitman certainly meant to escape all technique. But genius, in spite of itself, makes works that stand the test of scientific laws. And thus he now sees that he was groping toward a broader technique. Unrhymed verse, the easiest to write, is the hardest to excel in, and no measure for a bardling. And Mr. Whitman never more nearly displayed the feeling of a true artist than when he expressed a doubt as to his present handling of his own verse, but hoped that, in breaking loose from ultramarine forms, he had sounded, at least, the key for a new pæan. I have referred to his gradual advances in the finish of his song. Whether he has revived a form which others will carry to a still higher excellence, is doubtful. Blank-verse, limitless in its capacities, forces a poet to stand without disguise, and reveals all his defects. Whitman's verse, it is true, does not subject him to so severe a test. He can so twist and turn himself, and run and jump, that we are puzzled to inspect him at all, or make out his contour. Yet the few who have ventured to follow him have produced little that has not seemed like parody, or unpleasantly grotesque. It may be that his mode is suited to himself alone, and not to the future poets of These States,—that the next original genius will have to sing "as Martin Luther sang," and the glorious army of poetic worthies. I suspect that the old forms, in endless combinations, will return as long as new poets arise with the old abiding sense of time and sound.

The greatest poet is many-sided, and will hold himself slavishly to no one thing for the sake of difference. He is a poet, too, in spite of measure and material, while, as to manner, the style is the man. Genius does not need a special language; it newly uses whatever tongue it finds. Thought, fire, passion, will overtop everything,—will show, like the limbs of Teverino, through the clothes of a prince or a beggar. A cheap and common instrument, odious in foolish hands, becomes the slave of music under the touch of a master. I attach less importance, therefore, to Mr. Whitman's experiment in verse than he and his critics have, and inquire of his mannerism simply how far it represents the man. To show how little there is in itself, we only have to think of Tupper; to see how rich it may be, when the utterance of genius, listen to Whitman's teacher, William Blake. It does not prove much, but still is interesting, to note that the pieces whose quality never fails with any class of hearers—of which "My Captain" is an example—are those in which our poet has approached most nearly, and in a lyrical, melodious manner, to the ordinary forms.

He is far more original in his style proper than in his metrical inventions. His diction, on its good behavior, is copious and strong, full of surprises, utilizing the brave, homely words of the people, and assigning new duties to common verbs and nouns. He has a use of his own for Spanish and French catch-words, picked up, it may be, on his trip to Louisiana or in Mexican war times. Among all this is much slang that now has lived its life, and is not understood by a new generation with a slang of its own. This does not offend so much as the mouthing verbiage, the "ostent evanescent" phrases, wherein he seems profoundest to himself, and really is at his worst. The titles of his books and poems are varied and sonorous. Those of the latter often are taken from the opening lines, and are key-notes. What can be fresher than "Leaves of Grass" and "Calamus"? What richer than "The Mystic Trumpeter," "O Star of France!" "Proud Music of the Storm," or simpler than "Drum-Taps," "The Wound-Dresser," "The Ox-Tamer"? or more characteristic than "Give me the Splendid Silent Sun," "Mannahatta," "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free," "Joy, Shipmate, Joy"? Some are obscure and grandiose—"Eidolons," "Chanting the Square Deific," but usually his titles arrest the eye and haunt the ear; it is an artist that invents them, and the best pieces have the finest names. He has the art of "saying things"; his epithets, also, are racier than those of other poets; there *is* something of the Greek in Whitman, and his lovers call him Homeric, but to me he shall be our old American Hesiod, teaching us works and days.

V.

His surest hold, then, is as an American poet, gifted with language, feeling, imagina-

tion, and inspired by a determined purpose. Some estimate, as I have said, may be made of his excellence and short-comings, without waiting for that national absorption which he himself declares to be the test.

As an assimilating poet of nature he has positive genius, and seems to me to present his strongest claims. Who else, in fact, has so true a hand or eye for the details, the sweep and color, of American landscape? Like others, he confronts those superb physical aspects of the New World which have controlled our poetry and painting, and deferred the growth of a figure-school, but in this conflict with nature he is not overcome; if not the master, he is the joyous brother-in-arms. He has heard the message of the pushing, wind-swept sea, along Paumanok's shore; he knows the yellow, waning moon and the rising stars,—the sunset, with its cloud-bar of gold above the horizon,—the birds that sing by night or day, bush and brier, and every shining or swooning flower, the peaks, the prairie, the mighty, conscious river, the dear common grass that children fetch with full hands. Little escapes him, not even "the mossy scabs of the worm fence, and heap'd stones, mullen and poke-weed"; but his details are massed, blended,—the wind saturates and the light of the American skies transfigures them. Not that to me, recalling the penetrative glance of Emerson, the wood and way-side craft that Lowell carried lightly as a sprig of fir, and recalling other things of others, does Whitman seem our "only" poet of nature; but that here he is on his own ground, and with no man his leader.

Furthermore, his intimacy with nature is always subjective,—she furnishes the background for his self-portraiture and his images of men. None so apt as he to observe the panorama of life, to see the human figure,—the hay-maker, wagoner, boatman, soldier, woman and babe and maiden, and brown, lusty boy,—to hear not only "the bravuras of birds, bustle of growing wheat, gossip of flames, clack of sticks cooking my meals," but also "the sound I love, the sound of the human voice." His town and country scenes, in peace or in war, are idyllic. Above the *genre*, for utter want of sympathy, he can only name and designate—he does not depict. A single sketch, done in some original way, often makes a poem; such is that reminiscence (in rhyme) of the old Southern negress, "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors," and such the touching conceit of Old Ireland—no fair and green-robed Hibernia of the harp, but an ancient, sorrowful mother, white-haired, lean and tattered, seated on the ground, mourning for her children. He tells her that they are not dead, but risen again, with rosy and new blood, in another country. This is admirable, I say, and the true way to escape tradition; this is imaginative,—and there is imagination, too, in his apostrophe to "The Man-of-War-Bird" (carried beyond discretion by this highest mood, he finds it hard to avoid blank-verse):

"Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,
Waking renewed on thy prodigious pinions!
* * * * * *
Thou, born to match the gale (thou art all wings)!
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane;
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks, untried and onward, through spaces—realms gyrating.
At dark that look'st on Senegal, at morn, America;
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud!
In these—in thy experiences—hadst thou my soul,
What joys! What joys were thine!"

Imagination is the essential thing; without it poetry is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Whitman shows it in his sudden and novel imagery, and in the subjective rapture of verse like this, but quite as often his vision is crowded and inconsistent. The editor of a New York magazine writes to me: "In so far as imagination is thinking through types *(eidullia)*, Whitman has no equal," adding that he does not use the term as if applied to Coleridge, but as limited to the use of types, and that "in this sense it is really more applicable to a master of science than to a poet. In the poet the type is lodged in his own heart, and when the occasion comes * * * he is mastered by it, and he must sing. In Whitman the type is not so much in his heart as in his thought. * * * While he is moved by thought, often grand and elementary, he does not give the intellectual satisfaction warranted by the thought, but a moving panorama of objects. He not only puts aside his 'singing robes,' but his 'thinking-cap,' and resorts to the stereopticon." How acute, how true! There is, however, a peculiar quality in these long catalogues of types,—such as those in the "Song of the Broad-Axe" and "Salut au Monde," or, more poetically treated, in "Longings for Home." The poet appeals to our synthetic vision. Look through a window; you see not only the framed landscape, but each tree and stone and living thing. His

page must be seized with the eye, as a journalist reads a column at a glance, until successive "types" and pages blend in the mind like the diverse colors of a swift-turning wheel. Whitman's most inartistic fault is that he overdoes this method, as if usually unable to compose in any other way.

The tenderness of a strong and robust nature is a winning feature of his song. There is no love-making, no yearning for some idol of the heart. In the lack of so refining a contrast to his realism, we have gentle thoughts of children, images of grand old men, and of women clothed with sanctity and years. This tenderness, a kind of natural piety, marks also his poems relating to the oppressed, the suffering, the wounded and dying soldiers. It is the soul of the pathetic, melodious threne for Lincoln, and of the epilogue—"My Captain!" These pieces remind us that he has gained some command of his own music, and in the matter of tone has displayed strength from the first. In revising his early poems he has improved their effect as a whole. It must be owned that his wheat often is more welcome for the chaff in which it is scattered; there is none of the persistent luxury which compels much of Swinburne's unstinted wealth to go unreckoned. Finally, let us note that Whitman, long ago, was not unread in the few great books of the world, nor inapt to digest their wisdom. He was among the first to perceive the grandeur of the scientific truths which are to give impulse to a new and loftier poetic imagination. Those are significant passages in the poem "Walt Whitman," written by one who had read the xxxviiith chapter of Job, and beginning, "Long I was hugg'd close—long and long."

The "Leaves of Grass," in thought and method, avowedly are a protest against a hackney breed of singers, singing the same old song. More poets than one are born in each generation, yet Whitman has derided his compeers, scouted the sincerity of their passion, and has borne on his mouth Heine's sneer at the eunuchs singing of love. In two things he fairly did take the initiative, and might, like a wise advocate, rest his case upon them. He essayed, without reserve or sophistry, the full presentment of the natural man. He devoted his song to the future of his own country, accepting and outvying the loudest peak-and-prairie brag, and pledging These States to work out a perfect democracy and the salvation of the world. Striking words and venturesome deeds, for which he must have full credit. But in our studies of the ideal and its votaries, the failings of the latter cannot be lightly passed over. There is an inconsistency, despite the gloss, between his fearful arraignment, going beyond Carlyle's, of the outgrowth of our democracy, thus far, and his promise for the future. In his prose, he sees neither physical nor moral health among us: all is disease, impotency, fraud, decline. In his verse, the average American is lauded as no type ever was before. These matters renew questions which, to say the least, are still open. Are the lines of caste less sharply divided every year, or are the high growing higher, and the low lower, under our democracy? Is not the social law of more import than the form of government, and has not the quality of race much to do with both? Does Americanism in speech and literature depend upon the form and letter, or upon the spirit? Can the spirit of literature do much more than express the national spirit as far as it has gone, and has it not, in fact, varied with the atmosphere? Is a nation changed by literature, or the latter by the former, in times when journalism so swiftly represents the thought and fashion of each day? As to distinctions in form and spirit between the Old-World literature and our own, I have always looked for this to enlarge with time. But with the recent increase of travel and communication, each side of the Atlantic now more than ever seems to affect the other. Our "native flavor" still is distinct in proportion to the youth of a section, and inversely to the development. It is an intellectual narrowness that fails to meditate upon these things.

Thus we come to a defect in Mr. Whitman's theories, reasoning and general attitude. He professes universality, absolute sympathy, breadth in morals, thought, workmanship,—exemption from prejudice and formalism. Under all the high poetic excellences which I carefully have pointed out, I half suspect that his faults lie in the region where, to use his own word, he is most complacent: in brief, that a certain *narrowness* holds him within well-defined bounds. In many ways he does not conform to his creed. Others have faith in the future of America, with her arts and letters, yet hesitate to lay down rules for her adoption. These must come of themselves, or not at all. Again, in this poet's specification of the objects of his sympathy, the members of every class, the lofty and the lowly, are duly named; yet there always is an implica-

tion that the employer is inferior to the employed,—that the man of training, the civilizee, is less manly than the rough, the pioneer. He suspects those who, by chance or ability, rise above the crowd. What attention he does pay them is felt to be in the nature of patronage, and insufferable. Other things being equal, a scholar is as good as an ignoramus, a rich man as a poor man, a civilizee as a boor. Great champions of democracy—poets like Byron, Shelley, Landor, Swinburne, Hugo—often have come from the ranks of long descent. It would be easy to cite verses from Whitman that apparently refute this statement of his feeling, but the spirit of his whole work confirms it. Meanwhile, though various editions of his poems have found a sale, he is little read by our common people, who know him so well, and of whose democracy he is the self-avowed herald. In numberless homes of working-men—and all Americans are workers—the books of other poets are treasured. Some mental grip and culture are required, of course, to get hold of the poetry of the future. But Whittier, in this land, is a truer type of the people's poet,—the word "people" here meaning a vast body of freemen, having a common-school education, homes, an honest living, and a general comprehension far above that of the masses in Europe. These folk have an instinct that Whittier, for example, has seized his day with as much alertness and self-devotion as this other bard of Quaker lineage, and has sung songs "fit for the New World" as he found it. Whitman is more truly the voice and product of the culture of which he bids us beware. At least, he utters the cry of culture for escape from over-culture, from the weariness, the finical precision, of its own satiety. His warmest admirers are of several classes: those who have carried the art of verse to super-refined limits, and seeing nothing farther in that direction, break up the mold for a change; those radical enthusiasts who, like myself, are interested in whatever hopes to bring us more speedily to the golden year; lastly, those who, radically inclined, do not think closely, and make no distinction between his strength and weakness. Thus he is, in a sense, the poet of the over-refined and the doctrinaires. Such men, too, as Thoreau and Burroughs have a welcome that scarcely would have been given them in an earlier time. From the discord and artifice of our social life we go with them to the woods, learn to name the birds, note the beauty of form and flower, and love these healthy comrades who know each spring that bubbles beneath the lichened crag and trailing hemlock. Theocritus learns his notes upon the mountain, but sings in courts of Alexandria and Syracuse. Whitman, through propagandists who care for his teachings from metaphysical and personal causes, and compose their own ideals of the man, may yet reach the people, in spite of the fact that lasting works usually have pleased all classes in their own time.

Reflecting upon his metrical theory, we also find narrowness instead of breadth. I have shown that the bent of a liberal artist may lead him to adopt a special form, but not to reject all others; he will see the uses of each, demanding only that it shall be good in its kind. Swinburne, with his cordial liking for Whitman, is too acute to overlook his formalism. Some of his eulogists, those whom I greatly respect, fail in their special analysis. One of them rightly says that Shakspere's sonnets are artificial, and that three lines which he selects from "Measure for Measure" are of a higher grade of verse. But these are the reverse of "unmeasured" lines,—they are in Shakspere's free and artistic, yet most measured, vein. Here comes in the distinction between art and artifice; the blank-verse is conceived in the broad spirit of the former, the finish and pedantry of the sonnet make it an artificial form. A master enjoys the task of making its artifice artistic, but does not employ it exclusively. Whitman's irregular, manneristic chant is *at the other extreme of artificiality*, and equally monotonous. A poet can use it with feeling and majesty; but to use it invariably, to laud it as the one mode of future expression, to decry all others, is formalism of a pronounced kind. I have intimated that Whitman has carefully studied and improved it. Even Mr. Burroughs does him injustice in admitting that he is not a poet and artist in the current acceptation of those terms, and another writer simply is just in declaring that when he undertakes to give us poetry he can do it. True, the long prose sentences thrown within his ruder pieces resemble nothing so much as the comic recitativos in the buffo-songs of the concert-cellars. This is not art, nor wisdom, but sensationalism. There is narrowness in his failure to recast and modify these and other depressing portions of various poems, and it is sheer Philistinism for one to coddle all the weaknesses of his experimental period, because they have been a product of himself.

One effect of the constant reading of his poetry is that, like the use of certain refections, it mars our taste for the proper enjoyment of other kinds. Not, of course, because it is wholly superior, since the subtlest landscape by Corot or Rousseau might be utterly put to nought by a melodramatic neighbor, full of positive color and extravagance. Nor is it always, either, to our bard's advantage that he should be read with other poets. Consider Wordsworth's exquisite lyric upon the education which Nature gives the child whom to herself she takes, and of whom she declares:

> "The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her; and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place,
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face."

It happens that Whitman has a poem on the same theme, describing the process of growth by sympathy and absorption, which thus begins and ends:

> "There was a child went forth every day;
> And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became;
> And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain part of the day, or for many years, or stretching cycles of years.
> * * * * * * *
> The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of salt-marsh and shore-mud;
> These became part of that child who went forth every day, and who now goes, and will always go forth every day."

Plainly there are some comparative advantages in Wordsworth's treatment of this idea. It would be just as easy to reverse this showing by quoting other passages from each poet: the purpose of my digression is to declare that by means of comparative criticism any poet may be judged unfairly, and without regard to his general claims.

So far as Mr. Whitman's formalism is natural to him, no matter how eccentric, we must bear with it; whenever it partakes of affectation, it is not to be desired. The charge of attitudinizing, so often brought against his writings and personal career, may be the result of a popular impression that the border-line is indistinct between his self-assertion as a type of Man, and the ordinary self-esteem and self-advancement displayed by men of common mold. Pretensions have this advantage, that they challenge analysis, and make a vast noise even as we are forced to examine them. In the early preface to the "Leaves" there is a passage modeled, in my opinion, upon the style of Emerson, concerning simplicity,—with which I heartily agree, having constantly insisted upon the test of simplicity in my discussion of the English poets. Yet this quality is the last to be discerned in many portions of the "Leaves of Grass." In its stead we often find boldness, and the "pride that apes humility,"—until the reader is tempted to quote from the "Poet of Feudalism" those words of Cornwall upon the roughness which brought good Kent to the stocks. Our bard's self-assertion, when the expression of his real manhood, is bracing, is an element of poetic strength. When it even seems to be "posing," it is a weakness, or a shrewdness, and 'tis a weakness in a poet to be unduly shrewd. Of course a distinction must be carefully made between the fine extravagance of genius, the joy in its own conceptions, and self-conscious vanity or affectation,—between, also, occasional weaknesses of the great, of men like Browning, and like the greatest of living masters, Hugo, and the afflatus of small men, who only thus far succeed in copying them. And it would be unjust to reckon Whitman among the latter class.

Doubtless his intolerant strictures upon the poets of his own land and time have made them hesitate to venture upon the first advances in brotherhood, or to intrude on him with their recognition of his birthright. As late as his latest edition, his opinion of their uselessness has been expressed in withering terms. It may be that this is merely consistent, an absolute corollary of his new propositions. There is no consistency, however, in a complaint of the silence in which they have submitted to his judgments. They listen to epithets which Heine spared Platen and his clique, and surely Heine would have disdained to permit a cry to go up in his behalf concerning a want of recognition and encouragement from the luckless victims of his irony. There is ground enough for his scorn of the time-serving, unsubstantial quality of much of our literature. But I should not be writing this series of papers, did I not well know that there are other poets than himself who hear the roll of the ages, who look before and after, above and below. The culture which he deprecates may have done them an ill turn in lessening their worldly tact. I am aware that Mr. Whitman's poems are the drama of his own life and passions. His subjectivity is so great that he not only absorbs all others into himself, but insists upon being absorbed by whomsoever he ad-

dresses. In his conception of the world's equality, the singer himself appears as the one Messianic personage, the answerer and sustainer, the universal solvent,—in all these respects holding even "Him that was crucified" to be not one whit his superior. It is his kiss, his consolation, that all must receive,—whoever you are, these are given especially to you. But men are egotists, and not all tolerant of one man's selfhood; they do not always deem the affinities elective. Whitman's personality is too strong and individual to be universal, and even to him it is not given to be all things to all men.

VI.

But there is that in venerableness which compels veneration, and it is an instinct of human nature to seek the blessing and revere the wisdom of the poet or peasant transfigured by hoary hairs:

"Old age superbly rising! O welcome, ineffable grace of dying days!"

A year or more ago I was one of a small but sympathetic audience gathered in New York to hear Mr. Whitman, at the cordial request of many authors, journalists and artists, deliver a lecture upon Abraham Lincoln. As he entered, haltingly, and took the seat placed for him, his appearance satisfied the eye. His manly figure, clothed in a drab suit that loosely and well became him, his head crowned with flowing silvery hair, his bearded, ruddy and wholesome face, upon which sat a look of friendliness, the wise benignity that comes with ripened years, all these gave him the aspect of a poet and sage. His reminiscences of the martyr President were slight, but he had read the hero's heart, had sung his dirge, and no theme could have been dearer to him or more fitly chosen. The lecture was written in panoramic, somewhat disjointed, prose, but its brokenness was the counterpart of his vocal manner, with its frequent pauses, interphrases, illustrations. His delivery was persuasive, natural, by turns tender and strong, and he held us with him from the outset. Something of Lincoln himself seemed to pass into this man who had loved and studied him. A patriot of the honest school spoke to us, yet with a new voice—a man who took the future into his patriotism, and the world no less than his own land.

I wished that the youths of America could hear him, and that he might go through the land reading, as he did that night, from town to town. I saw that he was, by nature, a rhapsodist, like them of old, and should be, more than other poets, a reciter of the verse that so aptly reflects himself. He had the round forehead and head which often mark the orator, rather than the logician. He surely feels with Ben Jonson, as to a language, that "the writing of it is but an accident," and this is a good thing to feel and know. His view of the dramatic value of Lincoln's death to the future artist and poet was significant. It was the culminating act of the civil war, he said: "Ring down the curtain, with its muses of History and Tragedy on either side." Elsewhere his claim to be an American of the Americans was strengthened by a peculiarly national mistake, that of confounding quantity with quality, of setting mere size and vastness above dramatic essence. When the brief discourse was ended, he was induced to read the shorter dirge, "O Captain! My Captain!"* It is, of his poems, among those nearest to a wonted lyrical form, as if the genuine sorrow of his theme had given him new pinions. He read it simply and well, and as I listened to its strange, pathetic melodies, my eyes filled with tears, and I felt that here, indeed, was a minstrel of whom it would be said, if he could reach the ears of the multitude and stand in their presence, that not only the cultured, but "the common people heard him gladly."

Although no order of talent or temperament, in this age, can wholly defy classification, there nevertheless is a limbo of poets, artists, thinkers, men of genius, some of

* We reprint, from the "Centennial Edition," the text of this favorite poem.—Ed. Scribner.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;

whose creations are so expressive, and others so feeble and ill-conceived, that any discussion of their quality must consist alternately of praise and adverse criticism. Reviewing what has been written, I see that the career and output of the poet under notice are provocative of each in some extreme, and unite to render him a striking figure in that disputed estate.

Walt Whitman, then, has seemed to me a man who should think well of Nature, since he has received much at her hands; and well of Fortune, since his birth, training, localities, have individualized the character of his natural gifts; and well of Humanity, for his good works to men have come back to him in the devotion of the most loyal and efficient band of adherents that ever buoyed the purpose and advanced the interests of a reformer or poet. He has lived his life, and warmed both hands before its fire, and in middle-age honored it with widely praised and not ignoble deeds. Experience and years have brought his virile, too lusty nature to a wiser harmony and repose. He has combined a sincere enthusiasm with the tact of a man of the world, and, with undoubted love for his kind, never has lost sight of his own aim and reputation. No follower, no critic, could measure him with a higher estimate than that which from the first he has set upon himself. As a poet, a word-builder, he is equipped with touch, voice, vision, zest,—all trained and freshened, in boyhood and manhood, by genuine intercourse with Nature in her broadest and minutest forms. From her, indeed, he is true-born,—no bastard child nor impostor. He is at home with certain classes of men; but here his limitations begin, for he is not great enough, unconscious enough, to do more than assume to include *all* classes in his sympathy and brotherhood. The merits of his works are lyrical passion and frequent originality,—a copious, native, surprising range of diction,—strong feeling, softened by consummate tenderness and pity,—a method lowered by hoarseness, coarseness, and much that is very pointless and dull, yet at its best charged with melody and meaning, or so near perfection that we are irked to have him miss the one touch needful,—a skill that often is art but very seldom mastery. As a man of convictions, he has reflected upon the idea of a true democracy, and sought to represent it by a true Americanism; yet, in searching for it and for the archetypal manhood, chiefly in his own personality, it is not strange that he has frequently gratified his self-consciousness, while failing to present to others a satisfactory and well-proportioned type of either. His disposition and manner of growth always have led him to overrate the significance of his views, and inclined him to narrow theories of art, life and song. He utters a sensible protest against the imitativeness and complacency that are the bane of literature, yet is more formal than others in his non-conformity, and haughtier in his plainness than many in their pride. Finally, and in no invidious sense, it is true that he is the poet of a refined period, impossible in any other, and appeals most to those who long for a reaction, a new beginning; not a poet of the people, but eminently one who might be, could he in these days avail himself of their hearing as of their sight. Is he, therefore, not to be read in the future? Of our living poets, I should think him most sure of an intermittent remembrance hereafter, if not of a general reading. Of all, he is the one most sure—waiving the question of his popular fame—to be now and then examined; for, in any event, his verse will be revived from time to time by dilettants on the hunt for curious treasures in the literature of the past, by men who will reprint and elucidate him, to join their names with his, or to do for this distinctive singer what their prototypes in our day have done for François Villon, for the author of "Joseph and his Brethren," and for William Blake.

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will:
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship, comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

THE SECRET OF SECOND-SIGHT.

BY AN EX-CONJURER.

Some years ago, when New York was more of an old-fashioned city than now, there stood on Broadway, between Walker and Canal streets, a hall known as the Minerva Rooms. It was a cozy old place, used principally for those mild forms of amusement known as "family entertainments," and occasionally as a ball-room. It was here that the "Original Swiss Bell Ringers" made their first appearance in New York, and here, about the year 1845, I saw for the first time in my life a conjurer, or "magician." He was a dapper little man, whose name, Herr Alexandre, was suggestive of a German-French origin, but whose unmistakably cockney accent proclaimed him an Englishman. His tricks were well done, his audience was pleased. As for myself, I sat from first to last in a delightful dream. Dream, do I say? Nothing of the sort; I was wide awake, but living in fairy-land, and such an impression did that performance make on me, that I believe I could, even now, repeat the entire programme. That night's performance shaped my life, for I mentally resolved that at some future day I too would become a magician, astonish the gaping crowd, and reap wealth. And I did; that is, I entered the "profession," and have done my share at mystifying the public, but the wealth ——!

Among the many wonders of that night, one impressed me more than any, in fact than all the others. It was modestly set down on the bills as "an illustration of Mlle. Bertha's clairvoyant power while under mesmeric influence," and consisted of a minute description of such articles as the audience chose to offer, by a young girl who sat blindfolded and at a distance on the stage.

The trick made a hit, and Alexandre was on the road to success, when Bertha, who was his daughter, died quite suddenly. This closed the entertainments, and the heart-broken conjurer returned to England.

After him came Macallister, the Scotch conjurer, with his wife, and then Anderson, the *soi-disant* "Wizard of the North." They both advertised heavily for those days, but as a performer neither equaled Alexandre, nor did they do the "clairvoyant" trick. That was the problem I was trying to work out, and when, in the fall of 1852, John Hall Wilton, a well-known theatrical agent, brought Robert Heller to this country, I was naturally anxious to see what he had to show. Poor Heller! clever conjurer and prince of good fellows! How well I remember his first poster:

> "Shakspere wrote well,
> Dickens wrote Weller;
> Anderson was ——,
> But the greatest is Heller."

His first bow to a New York audience was made just before Christmas, 1852, in the basement of the Chinese Assembly Rooms. It was an invitation affair, and the company was made up, almost exclusively, of journalists and actors. Heller had been led to suppose that a Frenchman would draw better than an Englishman; accordingly, he appeared in a black wig, with his mustache colored to match, and began his performance with a short address in French. Then he continued in broken English, did a few simple tricks, and finally reached the crowning feat of the evening,—one which eventually made his fortune,—"Second-sight." His assistant was a young man whose answers were precision itself, and the trick was received with an enthusiasm for which Heller was altogether unprepared.

The audience was of the character of a family gathering; all were acquainted, and many were the loud and outspoken suggestions as to how "second-sight" was done.

Finally, a well-known newspaper man started from his seat, and called the "Professor" to him.

"Let your man tell what that is," he said, handing Heller a card.

"That is a ticket—a ball ticket," came the answer.

"Right so far, my boy; but tell me the name of the ball," insisted the journalist.

The assistant hesitated for a moment, and said—"The Thistle Ball."

"Ventriloquism, by ——!" shouted the excited journalist, and this explanation was very generally accepted by the audience, who soon dispersed, pleased with the performance, and still more with the consciousness of having solved a clever trick.

Since that day, more than one explanation of the trick has been offered, the favorite one

being that it is a system of arbitrary questions and answers. This theory is easily disposed of, if we will only stop to consider how impossible it would be to have a set question for any and every article which might be offered. Such a system would be very limited, while by the proper method, as will be seen, *anything* can be described, even curious names, long numbers, etc.

Another so-called explanation is that, before mentioned, of ventriloquism, and to this theory a weekly journal once devoted nearly three columns. As a *theory* it is good—I may say, first-rate; but let any one attempt to *practice* it, and its absurdity will be apparent.

My readers may be astonished when I state that there is no such thing as ventriloquism, at least in the generally accepted idea of it. That which passes for it is merely mimicry, aided by certain modulations of the voice, and rendered successful by the imagination of the audience. This talk of *throwing the voice* is nonsense. No ventriloquist ever lived who, standing on a stage, could throw his voice *toward* or *beyond* his audience. It is invariably in the opposite direction.

It follows, then, that "Second-sight" cannot be done by ventriloquism.

By far the most reasonable explanation is that of electric-telegraphy, put forward by a popular scientist. Speaking of the trick, he says:

"Proceeding from the stage might be two wires which pass underneath the carpets in the aisles to all parts of the house. These wires are connected with the tacks which hold down the carpets, and in this case these tacks do actually have large, bright heads. Wire No. 1 being connected with one pole, and wire No. 2 with the other, each alternate tack is connected with a different wire. If, therefore, any two adjoining tacks be connected, the circuit will be complete.

"To make use of this arrangement, the operator might have shoes or slippers with soles of wire gauze, or very thickly sewed with wire, or pegged with fine metal nails, and to these soles might be connected a wire which would pass up one leg of his trowsers and down the other. Therefore, whenever the operator stood so that his feet rested on the heads of two consecutive tacks, the circuit would be complete. A small circuit-breaker could, of course, be easily placed in one shoe, so as to be operated by the toes, and in this way telegraphic communication could be established with the stage, or the circuit-breaker might be carried on some other part of the person. The receiving instrument on the stage might be merely a vibrating armature, the movement of which would be felt by the foot of the person on the stage, and several of these might be placed on different parts of the stage, so as to allow a considerable range of movement to the person who acts as seer."

None are right, however, and it has been reserved for SCRIBNER to give the first and only correct explanation of this wonderful trick.

It is now more than twenty years since I learned "second-sight" from the man who taught it to Heller. He was an illiterate fellow, a Polish Jew, and I always doubted his statement that he invented it.

"Max," I once said to him, "tell me the truth, if you can. Where did you get 'second-sight'? I know you didn't invent it, for it's too deep for you."

"Vell, me tear poy," he answered, "as I hobe to liff, *I treamd id.*"

Whether he "treamd id" or not, I think all who read the following details will admit that it is a highly ingenious trick.

"Second-sight" is a combination of five different methods, which accounts for the fact that it has baffled the most astute investigators.

The first step toward acquiring the trick is to learn the position or number of each letter in the alphabet so perfectly that the moment a letter presents itself to the mind, its number is at once associated with it. For instance, if I is thought of, 9 will instantly be suggested; if M, 13; T, 20; and so throughout.

Having thoroughly mastered this, which can be done in half an hour, the next step is to memorize certain arbitrary words or cues, which represent the letters of the alphabet and their corresponding numbers. A long experience proves that the following are the best words for the purpose:

Come	represents	*A*	and	*1*
Look	"	*B*	"	*2*
Hurry up or *Tell me*	"	*C*	"	*3*
Make haste or *Tell us*	"	*D*	"	*4*
Well	"	*E*	"	*5*
Please	"	*F*	"	*6*
Say	"	*G*	"	*7*
Answer, Call or *Called*	"	*H*	"	*8*
Now	"	*I*	"	*9*
Let me know	"	*J*	"	*10*
Can you see	"	*K*	"	*11*
Try	"	*L*	"	*12*
Right away	"	*M*	"	*13*
Do you know	"	*N*	"	*14*
Go on	"	*O*	"	*15*
Let us hear	"	*P*	"	*16*
At once	"	*Q*	"	*17*
See	"	*R*	"	*18*
Look sharp	"	*S*	"	*19*
Let us know	"	*T*	"	*20*
Quick	"	*U*	"	*21*
Will you look	"	*V*	"	*22*
Do you see	"	*W*	"	*23*
Be smart	"	*X*	"	*24*
I'd like to know	"	*Y*	"	*25*
What is it	"	*Z*	"	*26*
There	"			*0*
I want to know	"			*100*

With this short vocabulary properly committed to memory, any two aspiring amateurs could easily astonish their friends, for there is nothing which they could not describe. For instance, let us suppose that a *watch* is handed to the performer. He would ask a question something like this:

"*Do you see* (W) what this is? *Come* (A), *let us know* (T)." Then a short pause, followed by an impatient "*Hurry up* (C), *answer* (H)."

The assistant catches the cues,—the other words, added merely for effect, he pays no attention to,—and answers, "A watch."

"*Now* (9) *tell us* (4) *the time. Well* (5)?"

"It is a quarter of ten."

"*Tell me* (C) what this is. *Go on* (O), *now* (I). *Do you know* (N)?"

"That is a piece of money."

"*Come* (1), what is it *worth*?"

"One dollar."

Had the question been "What is its *value*?" the answer would be "One *cent*," the words *value* and *worth* representing respectively *cents* and *dollars*.

In this way, as will be seen, anything can be *spelled out*, and for amateur entertainments, where no great time can be devoted to study, this will be found to answer every purpose.

For professional conjurers, however, something more is necessary. With us it is business, which means hard work and continual study. We use the *spelling system* occasionally; but for general use it is too long, and so we employ a second method. This consists of a list of such articles as are commonly offered by an audience. This list is alphabetically arranged, and divided into triplets, each triplet having a distinguishing number. Now, were I to ask one of my readers to make out such a list, the result, in all probability, would be one containing about a third of what is necessary. It is wonderful how many things are brought out; but, that my readers may judge for themselves, let them read the following, compiled from actual experience:

1. Accordion, Album, Almanac.
2. Anchor, Apple, Apron.
3. Awl, Badge, Bag.
4. Ball, Banana, Beads.
5. Bean, Bell, Belt.
6. Bill of Exchange, Bodkin, Bonnet.
7. Book, Memorandum-book, Boot.
8. Bouquet, Bouquet-holder, Bottle.
9. Smelling-bottle, Box, Cap-box.
10. Dredging-box, Match-box, Music-box.
11. Snuff-box, Tobacco-box, Bracelet.
12. Bread, Brooch, Brush.
13. Nail-brush, Tooth-brush, Buckle.
14. Bullet, Bullet-mold, Burner.
15. Button, Button-hook, Sleeve-button.
16. Cable-charm, Cake, Calipers.
17. Candle, Candy, Cane.
18. Cap, Card, Card-case.
19. Piece of Carpet, Cartridge, Caustic.
20. Certificate, Chain, Chalk.
21. Charm, Check, Baggage-check.
22. Saloon-check, Checker, Chessmen.
23. Chisel, Chocolate, Cigarette.
24. Cigarette-holder, Circular, Clam.
25. Clarionet, Cloth, Coal.
26. Colander, Collar, Comb.
27. Compass, Contract, Cork.
28. Corkscrew, Counter, Coupon.
29. Cracker, Crayon, Crayon Drawing.
30. Cross, Cuff, Dagger.
31. Diary, Die, Domino.
32. Draft, Ear-pick, Ear-ring.
33. Emblem, Envelope, Epaulet.
34. Fan, Feather, File.
35. Fish-hook, Flag, Flint.
36. Flower, Flute, Fork.
37. Tuning-fork, Fruit of some kind, Gauge.
38. Gimlet, Eye-glass, Looking-glass.
39. Magnifying-glass, Opera-glass, Opera-glass case.
40. Glove, Gouge, Grain.
41. Grapes, Graver, Guide.
42. Railway Guide, Steam-boat Guide, Gum.
43. Gum-drop, Gun, Gunpowder.
44. Hair, Hair-dye, Hair-net.
45. Hammer, Handbill, Handkerchief.
46. Hat, Head, Animal's Head.
47. Dog's Head, Human Head, Heart.
48. Hinge, Hook, Ice.
49. Ice-cream, India-ink, India-rubber.
50. Inkstand, Jelly, Jew's-harp.
51. Key, Bunch of Keys, Door-key.
52. Night-key, Safe-key, Watch-key.
53. Knife, Knife with 1 blade, Knife with 2 blades.
54. Knife with 3 blades, Knife with 4 blades, Bowie-knife.
55. Knob, Lace, Lancet.
56. Lease, Legal document, Lemon.
57. Letter, Likeness, Licorice.
58. Locket, Lozenge, Magnet.
59. Mallet, Map, Marble.
60. Match, Medal, Meerschaum.
61. Piece of Metal, Microscope, Mineral.
62. Mitten, Mouth-harmonicon, Muff.
63. Sheet-music, Monogram, Nut-pick.
64. Nail, Nail-trimmer, Necklace.
65. Necktie, Needle, Needle-case.
66. Knitting-needle, Note, Nut.
67. Nut-cracker, Oil-silk, Ointment.
68. Orange, Oyster, Ornament.
69. Paint, Paper, Blotting-paper.
70. Newspaper, Sand-paper, Passport.
71. Parasol, Peach, Pear.
72. Pen, Pen-holder, Pencil.
73. Pencil-case, Pencil-cover, Pencil-sharpener.
74. Slate-pencil, Perfume, Photograph.
75. Pickle, Pill, Pin.
76. Pin-cushion, Hair-pin, Safety-pin.
77. Scarf-pin, Shawl-pin, Pipe.
78. Pistol, Plaster, Pliers.
79. Pocket-book, Pop-corn, Portfolio.
80. Postal-card, Powder, Powder-horn.
81. Prescription, Programme, Punch.
82. Purse, Picture, Quill.
83. Rattan, Receipt, Reticule.
84. Reward of Merit, Ribbon, Ring.
85. Snake-ring, Seal-ring, Rivet.

86. Rubber Band, Rule, Printer's Rule.
87. Sand, Sash, Sausage.
88. Saw-set, Scarf, Scissors.
89. Screw, Screw-driver, Seal.
90. Sealing-wax, Cigar, Cigar-case.
91. Cigar-holder, Cigar-lighter, Sewing-silk.
92. Shawl, Shell, Shoe.
93. Shoe-peg, Shoe-string, Shot.
94. Slate, Slung-shot, Snuff.
95. Soap, Spectacles, Spectacle-case.
96. Sponge, Spool of Cotton, Spoon.
97. Spring, Stamp, Postage-stamp.
98. Revenue-stamp, Stick, Stone.
99. Strap, String, Stud.
100. Sugar, Surgical Instrument, Swivel.
101. Sword, Syringe, Tablet.
102. Tack, Tag, Tape.
103. Tape-measure, Tassel, Thermometer.
104. Thimble, Thread, Ticket.
105. Ball-ticket, Bath-ticket, Excursion-ticket.
106. Ferry-ticket, Lottery-ticket, Pawn-ticket.
107. Pool-ticket, Railway-ticket, Tinder.
108. Tin-foil, Tobacco, Tobacco-pouch.
109. Tippet, Tool of some kind, Toothpick.
110. Toy, Trimming, Trowsers.
111. Tumbler, Tweezers, Type.
112. Umbrella, Umbrella-cover, Veil.
113. Vest, Violin, Violin-bow.
114. Violin-string, Vegetable, Wafer.
115. Watch-guard, Water-color Sketch, Wax.
116. Whalebone, Whip, Whistle.
117. Window-catch, Wire, Wrench.

If the *first article* in any triplet is offered by the audience, the performer merely gives the cue corresponding to the distinguishing number of the triplet, affixing some such sentence as "What is this?" to make the question natural. If it be the *second article* of the triplet, he adds the word *here;* and if the *third article*, he substitutes or uses *that.*

To give an example: Suppose a *glove* is offered. This is the *first article* of the *fortieth triplet.* The question would be: "*Tell us* (4) what this is, *there* (0)."

Should the *second article* in the *fifteenth triplet* be offered, the question would be either, "*Here*, what's this? *Go on* (15)," or "*Come* (1), what's this *here? Well* (5)?" and the answer in either case "*A button-hook.*"

It sometimes happens that two articles of the same kind are offered either in immediate succession or in the same performance, for the purpose of detecting whether the question is identical in each instance. But we are prepared for this, and avoid the snare. If, for example, two fans should be offered, one immediately after the other, for the first we would give the *number cue*, and for the second use merely "This?" which is known as *a repeating question.* If the second fan should not be offered until later on, it may be politely declined on the ground that "we had that same article but a little while ago"; or, if the owner be persistent, the word can be spelled out.

It may be urged by those who have never exercised their memory to any extent, that it would be almost impossible to memorize such a list as the one given. But that practice makes the memory wonderfully acute, we have plenty of proof. Many actors have such a "quick study" that they can learn the longest part in two days, and the late J. W. Wallack, Jr., on one occasion appeared in a character, the "lines" of which he had neither heard nor read until the afternoon of the day on which the play was produced. In our own day we see many cases of excellent memories, notably that of Mr. Burbank, the elocutionist, who recites the entire play of Rip Van Winkle without once referring to a book. For my own part, my memory has so improved by constant practice in "Second-sight," that, after three readings, I can repeat any hundred words, selected at random by an audience, not only from first to last and *vice versa*, but also give the numbers of the order in which particular words are placed, as the tenth, twentieth, etc. Most wonderful of all is the work of the "assorters" at the New York Post-office, each of whom remembers about 20,000 names, can tell at a glance what letters belong to box-holders, or can give the number of any business firm's box.

In exhibiting "Second-sight," a very wonderful effect is reached by combining the two systems of the triplets and of spelling. Suppose a *necklace*, bearing the name "Jane," is offered; this is the way in which the question would be asked: (Remember that *necklace* is the *third in order* of the *sixty-fourth triplet.*)

"What is *that, please* (6)? *Make haste* (4)."

"That is a locket."

"*Yes*, that's *good!*"

"It is a *gold* locket, and has a *name* on it."

The *yes* and *good*, which sound merely ejaculatory, being respectively the cues for *gold* and *name.*

"*Let me know* (J) the name. *Come* (A), *do you know* (N) it? *Well* (E)?"

These questions may look strange on paper, but when asked in an abrupt, disjointed way, sound perfectly natural.

So much for spelling and the triplets. Of course, there are many other cues which are not here given; as those for a torn or broken article, colors, dates, countries and initials; these are simply matters of pre-arrangement.

In order to still further mystify the audience, the performer picks up a call-bell, with the remark: "As many imagine that my

questions convey the name of what is offered to me, I shall dispose of that theory."

Picking up some article, he taps the bell, and the answer comes as readily as if a question had been asked. This is continued six or seven times, and then even the bell is put aside. The assistant on the stage turns his back to the audience, and the performer merely points at or picks up the articles. And yet they are described.

For the first of these methods, it is merely necessary to memorize six or seven ordinary articles, such as are found in every audience, as a hat, fan, handkerchief, etc. These are taken up in a pre-arranged order, and constitute the *bell-questions*. In a mixed audience so many things are offered that a choice is very easy. For the *dumb business*, a third person is brought in. This person is in some position where he can see whatever is offered to the performer,—generally at a "peep-hole" under the stage,—and, by means of a speaking-tube leading to the assistant on the stage, communicates the names of the articles.

The fifth and last method—the one with which the trick is generally concluded—is what is technically known as the *hat-fake*, "fake" being showman's slang for "trick." Although introduced at the end, this part of the trick is begun when the performer first comes on the stage, and before the assistant appears. A soft felt hat is borrowed, and the performer requests the loan of a few articles. Considerable fuss is made in collecting these, and they are gathered from various parts of the house. As a rule, not more than three or four things are taken; but with them are placed four or five odd articles belonging to the performer, such as a curious coin, a pincushion with a certain number of pins in it. Finally, the hat is placed where all can see it, and the performer goes off for the assistant. As he passes behind the wings, he whispers to his assistant the names of the three borrowed articles. The trick is now introduced; it proceeds through its various phases of spelling, triplets, bell-questions and dumb business, until at length the hat is reached.

"As a final and conclusive test," says the performer, "let us go back to the hat, which has never once left your sight. Will some lady or gentleman ask the questions?"

The articles are handed out singly; of the borrowed ones, merely the name is given; but of those belonging to the performer, of course, the minutest details are furnished.

The trick is done. The assistant retires, and the performer comes down to the footlights for his concluding speech.

"Now, how is this done?" he asks. "Well, I don't mind telling you, with the express understanding that it goes no further. It is neither mesmerism, spiritism, ventriloquism, rheumatism, or any other ism. It is brought about by the action of arcane-dynamics, subjectively submitted to the action of the passive agent, and the result, as you have seen, is a stentorophonic reproduction of the original idea! I'm afraid it's not yet quite clear to some of you. Well, then, in other words, it's a system of mental telephony. When an article is offered to me, I seize it; and then my assistant, he sees it. Ah! you smile—you understand it; but, remember, not a word outside as to how it's done."

The performer bows, the curtain falls, and the audience retire as much in the dark as ever, except those who have read this explanation of the secret.

TWO SINGERS.

SOMETIMES, dear Love, you murmur, "O, could I
But snare with words the thoughts that flutter through
The thickets of my heart! Could I, like you,
Bind with sweet speech the moods of earth and sky;
Or turn to song a smile, a tear, a sigh!
Alas! My springs of thought but serve to do
The mill-stream's common work. I may but view
Afar, the heights of song to which you fly."
For me, I shape from all my heart's best gold
These skill-less cups of verse. They have, I know,
No grace save this,—unto your lips they hold
Love's dearest draught. I hear your praise, but lo!
One smile of yours, one kiss all-eloquent,
Shames my poor songs to silence. *Be content!*

TIGER-LILY.

IN THREE PARTS: PART I.

THE shrill treble of a girl's voice, raised to its highest pitch in anger and remonstrance, broke in upon the scholarly meditations of the teacher of the Ridgemont grammar school. He raised his head from his book to listen. It came again, mingled with boyish cries and jeers, and the sound of blows and scuffling. The teacher, a small, fagged-looking man of middle age, rose hastily, and went out of the school-house.

Both grammar and high school had just been dismissed, and the bare-trodden playground was filled with the departing scholars. In the center a group of boys had collected, and from this group the discordant sounds still proceeded.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" the master asked, coming near.

At the sound of his voice the group fell apart, disclosing, as a central point, the figure of a girl of thirteen or fourteen years. She was thin and straight, and her face, now ablaze with anger and excitement, was a singular one, full of contradictions, yet not inharmonious as a whole. It was fair, but not as blondes are fair, and its creamy surface was flecked upon the cheeks with dark, velvety freckles. Her features were symmetrical, yet a trifle heavy, particularly the lips, and certain dusky tints were noticeable about the large gray eyes and delicate temples, as well as a peculiar crisp ripple in the mass of vivid red hair which fell from under her torn straw hat.

Clinging to her scant skirts was a small hunchbacked boy, crying dismally, and making the most of his tears by rubbing them into his sickly face with a pair of grimy fists.

The teacher looked about him with disapproval in his glance. The group contained, no doubt, its fair proportion of future legislators and presidents, but the raw material was neither encouraging nor pleasant to look upon. The culprits returned his wavering gaze, some looking a little conscience-smitten, others boldly impertinent, others still (and those the worst in the lot) with a charming air of innocence and candor.

"What is it?" the master repeated. "What is the matter?"

"They were plaguing Bobby, here," the girl broke in, breathlessly,—"taking his marbles away and making him cry—the mean, cruel things!"

"Hush!" said the teacher, with a feeble gesture of authority. "Is that so, boys?"

The boys grinned at each other furtively, but made no answer.

"Boys," he remarked, solemnly, "I—I'm ashamed of you!"

The delinquents not appearing crushed by this announcement, he turned again to the girl.

"Girls should not quarrel and fight, my dear. It isn't proper, you know."

A mocking smile sprang to the girl's lips, and a sharp glance shot from under her black, up-curling lashes, but she did not speak.

"She's allers a-fightin'," ventured one of the urchins, emboldened by the teacher's reproof; at which the girl turned upon him so fiercely that he shrank hastily out of sight behind his nearest companion.

"You are not one of *my* scholars?" the master asked, keeping his mild eyes upon the scornful face and defiant little figure.

"No!" the girl answered, shortly. "I go to the high school!"

"You are small to be in the high school," he said, smiling upon her kindly.

"It don't go by sizes!" said the child, promptly.

"No; certainly not, certainly not," said the teacher, a little staggered. "What is your name, child?"

"Lilly, sir; Lilly O'Connell," she answered, indifferently.

"Lilly!" the teacher repeated, abstractedly, looking into the dusky face, with its flashing eyes and fallen ruddy tresses,—"Lilly!"

"It *ought* to have been *Tiger*-Lily!" said a pert voice. "It would suit her, I'm sure, more ways than one!" and the speaker, a pretty, handsomely dressed blonde girl of about her own age, laughed, and looked about for appreciation of her cleverness.

"So it would!" cried a boyish voice. "Her red hair and freckles and temper! Tiger-Lily! That's a good one!"

A shout of laughter, and loud cries of

"Tiger-Lily!" immediately arose, mingled with another epithet more galling still, in the midst of which the master's deprecating words were utterly lost.

A dark red surged into the girl's face. She turned one eloquent look of wrath upon her tormentors, another, intensified, upon the pretty child who had spoken, and walked away from the place, leading the cripple by the hand.

"Oh, come now, Flossie," said a handsome boy, who stood near the blonde girl, "I wouldn't tease her. *She* can't help it, you know."

"Pity she couldn't know who is taking up for her!" she retorted, tossing the yellow braid which hung below her waist, and sauntering away homeward.

"Oh, pshaw!" the boy said, coloring to the roots of his hair; "that's the way with you girls. You know what I mean. She can't help it that her mother was a—a mulatto, or something, and her hair red. It's mean to tease her."

"She can help quarreling and fighting with the boys, though," said Miss Flossie, looking unutterable scorn.

"She wouldn't do it, I guess, if they'd let her alone," the young fellow answered, stoutly. "It's enough to make anybody feel savage to be badgered and called names and laughed at all the time. It makes me mad to see it. Besides, it isn't always for herself she quarrels. It's often enough for some little fellow like Bobby, that the big fellows are abusing. She is good-hearted, anyhow."

They had reached by this time the gate opening upon the lawn which surrounded the residence of Flossie's mother, the widow Fairfield. It was a small but ornate dwelling, expressive at every point of gentility and modern improvements. The lawn itself was well kept, and adorned with flower-beds and a tiny fountain. Mrs. Fairfield, a youthful matron in rich mourning of the second stage, sat in a wicker chair upon the veranda, reading and fanning herself with an air of elegant leisure.

Miss Flossie paused. She did not want to quarrel with her boyish admirer, and, with the true instinct of coquetry, instantly appeared to have forgotten her previous irritation.

"Wont you come in, Roger?" she said, sweetly. "Our strawberries are ripe."

The boy smiled at the tempting suggestion, but shook his head.

"Can't," he answered, briefly. "I've got a lot of Latin to do. Good-bye."

He nodded pleasantly and went his way. It lay through the village and along the fields and gardens beyond. Just as he came in sight of his home,—a square, elm-shaded mansion of red brick, standing on a gentle rise a little farther on, he paused at a place where a shallow brook came creeping through the lush grass of the meadow which bounded his father's possessions. He listened a moment to its low gurgling, so full of suggestions of wood rambles and speckled trout, then tossed his strap of books into the meadow, leaped after it, and followed the brook's course for a little distance, stooping and peering with his keen brown eyes into each dusky pool.

All at once, as he looked and listened, another sound than the brook's plashing came to his ears, and he started up and turned his head. A stump fence, black and bristling, divided the meadow from the adjoining field, its uncouth projections draped in tender, clinging vines, and he stepped softly toward it and looked across. It was a rocky field, where a thin crop of grass was trying to hold its own against a vast growth of weeds, and was getting the worst of it,—a barren, shiftless field, fitly matching the big shiftless barn and small shiftless house to which it appertained.

Lying prone among the daisies was Lilly O'Connell, her face buried in her apron, the red rippling mane falling about her, her slender form shaking with deep and unrestrained sobs.

Roger looked on a moment and then leaped the fence. The girl rose instantly to a sitting position, and glared defiance at him from a pair of tear-stained eyes.

"What are you crying about?" he asked, with awkward kindness.

Her face softened, and a fresh sob shook her.

"Oh, come!" said Roger; "don't mind what a lot of sneaks say."

The girl looked up quickly into the honest dark eyes.

"It was Florence Fairfield that said it," she returned, speaking very rapidly.

Roger laughed uneasily.

"Oh! you mean that about the 'Tiger-Lily'?"

"Yes," she answered, "and it's true. It's true as can be. See!" And for the first time the boy noticed that her gingham apron was filled with the fiery blossoms of the tiger-lily.

"See!" she said again, with an unchildish laugh, holding the flowers against her face.

Roger was not an imaginative boy, but he could not help feeling the subtle likeness between the fervid blossoms, strange, tropical outgrowth of arid New England soil, and this passionate child of mingled races, with her wealth of vivid hair, and glowing eyes and lips. For a moment he did not know what to say, but at last, in his simple, boyish way, he said:

"Well, what of it? I think they're splendid."

The girl looked up incredulously.

"I wouldn't mind the—the *hair!*" he stammered. "I've got a cousin up to Boston, and she's a great belle—a beauty, you know. All the artists are crazy to paint her picture, and her hair is just the color of yours."

Lilly laid the flowers down. Her eyes fell.

"You don't understand," she said, slowly. "Other girls have red hair. It isn't that."

Roger's eyes faltered in their friendly gaze.

"I—I wouldn't mind—the *other* thing, either, if I were you," he stammered, rather faintly.

"You don't know *what* you'd do if you were *me!*" the girl cried, passionately. "What would you do if you were hated, and despised, and laughed at, every day of your life? How would you like the feeling that it could never be any different, no matter where you went, or how hard you tried to be good, or how much you learned? Never, *never* any different! Ah, it makes me hate myself, and everybody! I could tear them to pieces, like this, and this!"

She had risen, and was tearing the scarlet petals of the lilies into pieces, her white teeth set, her eyes flashing.

"Look at them!" she cried, wildly. "How like me they are, all red blood like yours, except those few black drops which never can be washed out! Never! Never!"

And again the child threw herself upon the ground, face downward, and broke into wild, convulsive sobbing.

Young Roger was in an agony of pity. He found his position as consoler a trying one. An older person might well have quailed before this outburst of unchild-like passion. He knew that what she said was true—terribly, bitterly true, and this kept him dumb. He only stood and looked down upon the quivering little figure in embarrassed silence.

Suddenly the girl raised her head, with a flash of her eyes.

"What does God mean," she cried, fiercely, "by making such a difference in people?"

Roger's face became graver still.

"I can't tell you that, Lilly," he answered, soberly. "You'll have to ask the minister. But I've often thought of it myself. I suppose there *is* a reason, if we only knew. I guess all we can do is to begin where God has put us, and do what we can."

Lilly slowly gathered her disordered hair into one hand and pushed it behind her shoulders, her tear-stained eyes fixed sadly on the boy's confused, troubled face.

The tea-bell, sounding from the distance, brought a welcome interruption, and Roger turned to go. He looked back when half across the meadow, and saw the little figure standing in relief upon a rocky hillock, the sun kindling her red locks into gold.

A few years previously, O'Connell had made his appearance in Ridgemont with wife and child, and had procured a lease of the run-down farm and buildings which had been their home ever since. It was understood that they had come from one of the Middle States, but beyond this nothing of their history was known.

The wife, a beautiful quadroon, sank beneath the severity of the climate, and lived but a short time. After her death, O'Connell, always a surly, hot-headed fellow, grew surlier still, and fell into evil ways. The child, with a curious sort of dignity and independence, took upon her small shoulders the burden her mother had laid aside, and carried on the forlorn household in her own way, without assistance or interference.

That she was not like other children, that she was set apart from them by some strange circumstance, she had early learned to feel. In time she began to comprehend in what the difference lay, and the knowledge roused within her a burning sense of wrong, a fierce spirit of resistance.

With the creamy skin, the full, soft features, the mellow voice and impassioned nature of her quadroon mother, Lilly had inherited the fiery Celtic hair, gray-green eyes and quick intelligence of her father.

She contrived to go to school, where her cleverness placed her ahead of other girls of her age, but did not raise her above the unreasoning aversion of her school-mates; and the consciousness of this rankled in the child's soul, giving to her face a pathetic

hunted look, and to her tongue a sharpness which few cared to encounter.

Those who knew her best, her teachers, and a few who would not let their inborn and unconquerable prejudice of race stand in the way of their judgment, knew that, with all her faults of temper, the girl was brave and truthful and warm-hearted. They pitied the child, born under a shadow which could never be lifted, and gave her freely the kind words for which her heart secretly longed.

There was little else they could do, for every attempt at other kindness was repelled with a proud indifference which forbade further overtures. So she had gone her way, walking in the shadow which darkened and deepened as she grew older, until at last she stood upon the threshold of womanhood.

It was at this period of her life that the incidents we have related occurred. Small as they were, they proved a crisis in the girl's life. Too much a child to be capable of forming a definite resolve, or rather, perhaps, of putting it into form and deliberately setting about its fulfillment, still the sensitive nature had received an impression which became a most puissant influence in shaping her life.

A change came over her, so great as to have escaped no interested eyes; but interested eyes were few.

Her teachers, more than any others, marked the change. There was more care of her person and dress, and the raillery of her school-mates was met by an indifference which, however hard its assumption may have been, at once disarmed and puzzled them.

Now and then the low and unprovoked taunts of her boyish tormentors roused her to an outburst of the old spirit, but for the most part they were met only with a flash of the steel-gray eyes, and a curl of the full red lips.

One Sunday, too, to the amazement of pupils and the embarrassment of teachers, Lilly O'Connell, neatly attired and quite self-possessed, walked into the Sunday-school, from which she had angrily departed, stung by some childish slight, two years before. The minister went to her, welcomed her pleasantly, and gave her a seat in a class of girls of her own age, who, awed by the mingled dignity and determination of his manner, swallowed their indignation and moved along—a trifle more than was necessary—to give her room.

The little tremor of excitement soon subsided, and Lilly's quickness and attentiveness won for her an outward show, at least, of consideration and kindness, which extended outside of school limits, and gradually, under the influence of good example, and the effect of her own personality, all demonstrations of an unpleasant nature ceased.

When she was about sixteen her father died. This event, which left her a homeless orphan, was turned by the practical kindness of Parson Townsend—the good old minister who had stood between her and a thousand annoyances and wrongs—into the most fortunate event of her life. He, not without some previous domestic controversy, took the girl into his own family, and there, under kind and Christian influences, she lived for a number of years.

At eighteen, her school-life terminated, and, by the advice of Parson Townsend, she applied for a position as teacher of the primary school.

The spirit with which her application was met was a revelation and a shock. The outward kindness and tolerance which of late years had been manifested toward her had led her into a fictitious state of content and confidence.

"I was foolish enough," she said to herself, with bitterness, "to think that, because the boys do not hoot after me in the street, people had forgotten, or did not care."

She withdrew more and more into herself, turned her hands to such work as she could find to do, and went her way again, stifling as best she might the anguished cry which sometimes would rise to her lips:

"What does God mean by it?"

Few saw the beauty of those deep, clear eyes and pathetic lips, or the splendor of her burnished hair, or the fine curves of her tall, upright figure. She was only odd, and "queer looking"—only Lilly O'Connell; very pleasant of speech, and quick at her needle, and useful at picnics and church fairs, and in case of sickness or emergencies of any kind,—but Lilly O'Connell still,—or "Tiger-Lily," for the old name had never been altogether laid aside.

Ten years passed by. The good people of Ridgemont were fond of alluding to the remarkable progress and development made by their picturesque little town during the past decade, but in reality the change was not so great. A few new dwellings, built in the modern efflorescent style, had sprung up, to the discomfiture of the prim, square houses, with dingy white paint and dingier green

blinds, which belonged to another epoch; a brick block, of almost metropolitan splendor, cast its shadow across the crooked village street, and a soldiers' monument, an object of special pride and reverence, adorned the center of the small common, opposite the Hide and Leather Bank and the post-office.

Beside these, a circulating library, a teacher of china-painting and a colored barber were casually mentioned to strangers as proofs of the slightness of difference in the importance of Ridgemont and some other towns of much more pretension.

Over the old Horton homestead hardly a shadow of change had passed. It presented the same appearance of prosperous middle age. The great elms about it looked not a day older; the hydrangeas on the door-step flowered as exuberantly; the old-fashioned roses bloomed as red and white and yellow against the mossy brick walls; the flower-plots were as trim, and the rustic baskets of moneywort flourished as green, as in the days when Mrs. Horton walked among them, and tended them with her own thin white hands. She had lain with her busy hands folded these five years, in the shadow of the Horton monument, between the grave of Doctor Jared Horton and a row of lessening mounds which had been filled many, many years—the graves of the children who were born—and had died—before Roger's birth.

A great quiet had hung about the place for several years. The blinds upon the front side had seldom been seen to open, except for weekly airings or semi-annual cleanings.

But one day—a fair, midsummer day—the parlor windows are seen wide open, the front door swung back, and several trunks, covered with labels of all colors, and in many languages, are standing in the large hall.

An unwonted stir about the kitchen and stable, a lively rattling of silver and china in the dining-room, attest to some unusual cause for excitement. The cause is at once manifest as the door at the end of the hall opens, and Roger Horton appears, against a background composed of mahogany side-board and the erect and vigilant figure of Nancy Swift, the faithful old housekeeper of his mother's time.

The handsome, manly lad had fulfilled the promise of his boyhood. He was tall and full-chested; a trifle thin, perhaps, and his fine face, now bronzed with travel, grave and thoughtful for his years, but full of a winning sweetness, and capable of breaking into a smile like a sudden transition in music.

He looked more than thoughtful at this moment. He had hardly tasted the food prepared by Nancy with a keen eye to his youthful predilections, and in the firm conviction that he must have suffered terrible deprivations during his foreign travels.

Truly, this coming home was not like the comings-home of other days, when two dear faces, one gray-bearded and genial, the other pale and gentle-eyed, had smiled upon him across the comfortable board. The sense of loss was almost more than he could bear; the sound of his own footsteps in the cool, empty hall smote heavily upon his heart.

The door of the parlor stood ajar, and he pushed it open and stepped into the room. Everything was as it had always been ever since he could remember—furniture, carpets, curtains, everything. Just opposite the door hung the portraits of his parents, invested by the dim half-light with a life-like air which the unknown artist had vainly tried to impart.

Roger had not entered the room since his mother's funeral, which followed close upon that of his father, and just before the close of his collegiate course.

Something in the room brought those scenes of bitter grief too vividly before him. It might have been the closeness of the air, or, more probably, the odor rising from a basket of flowers which stood upon the center-table. He remembered now that Nancy had mentioned its arrival while he was going through the ceremony of taking tea, and he went up to the table and bent over it. Upon a snowy oval of choicest flowers, surrounded by a scarlet border, the word "Welcome" was wrought in purple violets.

The young man smiled as he read the name upon the card attached. He took up one of the white carnations and began fastening it to the lappel of his coat, but put it back at length, coloring deeply, and with a glance at the painted faces, whose eyes seemed following his every motion, he took his hat and went out of the house and through the town.

His progress was slow, for it was just after the early tea of village life, and many of the citizens were on the street. Nearly every one he met was an old acquaintance or friend. It warmed his heart, and took away

the sting of loneliness which he had felt before, to see how cordial were the greetings. Strong, manly grips, kind, womanly hand-pressures, and shy, blushing greetings from full-fledged village beauties, whom he vaguely remembered as lank, sunburned little girls, met him at every step.

He noticed, and was duly impressed by, the ornate new dwellings, the stately business block, and the soldiers' monument. He observed with considerable interest the manipulations of Professor Commeraw, who was deftly shaving a callow youth in full sight of all the world.

Next to this, in a small, tumble-down frame structure, was the post-office, carried on in connection with the sale of petrified candy, withered oranges, fly-specked literature, and ginger-pop. The postmaster being a genial old reprobate, very liberal as to treats, and very non-committal as to politics, had remained unmolested through several changes of administration. His leisure hours, which comprised most of the twenty-four, were spent in fishing, and in sitting in front of his establishment upon a well-balanced chair, relating his war experiences in a manner creditable to his imagination. Meanwhile, his official duties were being discharged within by a sallow daughter of uncertain age.

He was sitting there now, bland and genial as ever, and rose hastily to bestow upon Horton a greeting worthy of the occasion.

Deacon White's sorrel mare was hitched before the leading grocery-store in precisely the same spot, and blinking dejectedly at precisely the same post, he could have taken his oath, where she had stood and blinked as he was on his way to the station four years ago. And, a little further on, Fud (short for Alfred) Hanniford, the village cobbler, vocalist and wit, sat pegging away in the door of his shop, making the welkin ring with the inspiring strains of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," just as in the old days. True, the brilliancy of his tones was somewhat marred by the presence of an ounce or so of shoe-pegs in his left cheek, but this fact had no dampening effect upon the enthusiasm of a select, peanut-consuming audience of small boys on the steps.

He, too, suspended work and song to nod familiarly to his somewhat foreignized young townsman, and watched him turn the corner, fixing curious and jealous eyes upon the receding feet.

"Who made your boots?" he remarked *sotto voce*, as their firm rap upon the plank sidewalk grew indistinct, which profound sarcasm having extracted the expected meed of laughter from his juvenile audience, Mr. Hanniford resumed his hammer, and burst forth with a high G of astounding volume.

As young Horton came in sight of Mrs. Fairfield's residence, he involuntarily quickened his steps. As a matter of course, he had met in his wanderings many pretty and agreeable girls, and, being an attractive young man, it is safe to say that eyes of every hue had looked upon him with more or less favor. It would be imprudent to venture the assertion that the young man had remained quite indifferent to all this, but Horton's nature was more tender than passionate; early associations held him very closely, and his boyish fancy for the widow's pretty daughter had never quite faded. A rather fitful correspondence had been kept up, and photographs exchanged, and he felt himself justified in believing that the welcome the purple violets had spoken would speak to him still more eloquently from a pair of violet eyes.

He scanned the pretty lawn with a warm light in his pleasant brown eyes. Flowers were massed in red, white and purple against the vivid green; the fountain was scattering its spray; hammocks were slung in tempting nooks, and fanciful wicker chairs, interwoven with blue and scarlet ribbons, stood about the vine-draped piazza. He half-expected a girlish figure to run down the walk to meet him, in the old childish way, and as a fold of white muslin swept out of the open window his heart leaped; but it was only the curtain after all, and just as he saw this with a little pang of disappointment, a girl's figure did appear, and came down the walk toward him. It was a tall figure, in a simple dark dress which let all its fine curves appear. As she came nearer, he saw a colorless, oval face, with downcast eyes, and a mass of ruddy hair, burnished like gold, gathered in a coil under the small black hat. There was something proud, yet shrinking, in the face and in the carriage of the whole figure. As the latch fell from his hand the girl looked up, and encountered his eyes, pleased, friendly and a trifle astonished, fixed full upon her.

She stopped, and a beautiful color swept into her cheeks, a sudden upleaping flame filled the luminous eyes, and her lips parted.

"Why, it is Lilly O'Connell!" the young man said, cordially, extending his hand.

The girl's hand was half-extended to meet his, but with a quick glance toward the house she drew it back into the folds of her black dress, bowing instead.

Horton let his hand fall, a little flush showing itself upon his forehead.

"Are you not going to speak to me, Miss O'Connell?" he said, in his frank, pleasant way. "Are you not going to say you are glad to see me back, like all the rest?"

The color had all faded from the girl's cheeks and neck. She returned his smiling glance with an earnest, almost appealing look, hesitating before she spoke.

"I am very glad, Mr. Horton," she said, at last, and, passing him, went swiftly out of sight.

The young man stood a moment with his hand upon the gate, looking after her; then turned and went up the walk to the door, and rang the bell. A smiling maid admitted him, and showed him into a very pretty drawing-room.

He had not waited long when Florence, preceded by her mother, came in. She had been a pretty school-girl, but he was hardly prepared to see so beautiful a young woman, or one so self-possessed, and so free from provincialism in dress and manner. She was a blonde beauty, of the delicate, porcelain-tinted type, small, but so well-made and well-dressed as to appear much taller than she really was. She was lovely to-night in a filmy white dress, so richly trimmed with lace as to leave the delicate flesh-tints of shoulders and arms visible through the fine meshes.

She had always cared for Roger, and, being full of delight at his return and his distinguished appearance, let her delight appear undisguisedly. Although a good deal of a coquette, with Roger coquetry seemed out of place. His own simple, sincere manners were contagious, and Florence had never been more charming.

"Tell us all about the pictures and artists and singers you have seen and heard," she said, in the course of their lively interchange of experiences.

"I am afraid I can talk better about hospitals and surgeons," said Horton. "You know I am not a bit æsthetic, and I have been studying very closely."

"You are determined, then, to practice medicine?" Mrs. Fairfield said, with rather more anxiety in her tones than the occasion seemed to demand.

"I think I am better fitted for that profession than any other," Horton answered.

"Y-yes," assented Mrs. Fairfield, doubtfully, looking at her daughter.

"I should never choose it, if I were a man," said Florence, decidedly.

"It seems to have chosen me," Horton said. "I have not the slightest bent in any other direction."

"It is such a hard life," said Florence. "A doctor must be a hero."

"You used to be enthusiastic over heroes," said Horton, smiling.

"I am now," said Florence, "but ——"

"Not the kind who ride in buggies and wield lancets instead of lances," laughed Horton, looking into the slightly vexed but lovely face opposite, with a great deal of expression in his tender dark eyes.

"Of course you would not think of settling in Ridgemont," remarked Mrs. Fairfield, blandly, "after all you have studied."

"I don't see why not," he answered.

"But for an ambitious young man," began Mrs. Fairfield.

"I'm afraid I am not an ambitious young man," said Horton, shaking his head. "There is a good opening here, and the old home is very dear to me."

Florence was silently studying the toe of one small sandaled foot.

"Well, to be sure," said Mrs. Fairfield, who always endeavored to fill up pauses in conversation,—"to be sure, Ridgemont *is* improving. Don't you find it changed a good deal?"

"Why, not very much," Horton answered. "Places don't change so much in a few years as people. I met Lilly O'Connell as I came into your grounds. *She* has changed —wonderfully."

"Y-yes," said Mrs. Fairfield, rather stiffly "She *has* improved. Since her father died she has lived in Parson Townsend's family. She is a very respectable girl, and an excellent seamstress."

Florence had gone to the window, and was looking out.

"She was very good at her books, I remember," he went on. "I used to think she would make something more than a seamstress."

"I only remember her dreadful temper," said Florence, in a tone meant to sound careless. "We called her 'Tiger-Lily,' you know."

"I never wondered at her temper," said Horton. "She had a great deal to vex her poor girl. I suppose it is not much better now."

"Oh, she is treated well enough," said

Mrs. Fairfield. "The best families in the place employ her. I don't know what more she can expect, considering that she is—a—"

"Off color," suggested Horton. "No. She cannot expect much more. But it is terrible—isn't it?—that stigma for no fault of hers. It must be hard for a girl like her—like what she seems to have become."

"Oh, as to that," said Florence, going to the piano and drumming lightly, without sitting down, "she is very independent. She asserts herself quite enough."

"Why yes," broke in her mother, hastily. "She actually had the impudence to apply for a position as teacher of the primary school, and Parson Townsend, and Hickson of the School Board, were determined she should have it. The 'Gazette' took it up, and for a while Lilly was the heroine of the day. But of course she did not succeed. It would have ruined the school. A colored teacher! Dreadful!"

"Dreadful, indeed," said Horton. He rose and joined Florence at the piano, and a moment later Mrs. Fairfield was contentedly drumming upon the table, in the worst possible time, to her daughter's performance of a brilliant waltz.

The evening terminated pleasantly. After Horton had gone, mother and daughter had a long, confidential talk upon the piazza, which it is needless to repeat. But at its close, as Mrs. Fairfield was closing the doors for the night, she might have been heard to say:

"You could spend your *winters* in Boston, you know."

To which Florence returned a dreamy "Yes."

(To be continued.)

THE THOUGHT OF ASTYANAX BESIDE IULUS.

AFTER READING VIRGIL'S STORY OF ANDROMACHE IN EXILE.

Yes, all the doves begin to moan,
But it is not the doves alone.
Some trouble, that you never heard
In any tree from breath of bird,
That reaches back to Eden, lies
Between your wind-flower and my eyes.

I fear it was not well, indeed,
Upon so sad a day to read
So sad a story. But the day
Is full of blossoms, do you say,—
And how the sun does shine? I know.
These things do make it sadder, though.
You'd cry, if you were not a boy,
About this mournful tale of Troy?
Then do not laugh at me, if I—
Who am too old, you know, to cry—
Just hide my face awhile from you,
Down here among these drops of dew.

* * * Must I for sorrow look so far?
This baby headed like a star,
Afraid of Hector's horse-hair plume
(His one sweet child, whose bitter doom
So piteous seems)—oh, tears and tears!—
Has he been dust three thousand years?

Yet when I see his mother fold
The pretty cloak she stitched with gold
Around another boy, and say:
"He would be just your age to-day,
With just your hands, your eyes, your hair"—
Her grief is more than I can bear.

ZERVIAH HOPE.

PRELUDE.

In the month of August, in the year 1878, the steamer *Mercy*, of the New York and Savannah line, cast anchor down the channel, off a little town in South Carolina which bore the name of Calhoun. It was not a regular part of her "run" for the *Mercy* to make a landing at this place. She had departed from her course by special permit to leave three passengers, two men and one woman, who had business of a grave nature in Calhoun.

A man, himself a passenger for Savannah, came upon deck as the steamship hove to, to inquire the reason of the delay. He was a short man, thin, with a nervous hand and neck. His eyes were black, his hair was black, and closely cut. He had an inscrutable mouth, and a forehead well-plowed rather by experience than years. He was not an old man. He was cleanly dressed in new, cheap clothes. He had been commented upon as a reticent passenger. He had no friends on board the *Mercy*. This was the first time upon the voyage that he had been observed to speak. He came forward and stood among the others, and abruptly said:

"What's this for?"

He addressed the mate, who answered with a sidelong look, and none too cordially:

"We land passengers by the Company's order."

"Those three?"

"Yes, the men and the lady."

"Who are they?"

"Physicians from New York."

"Ah-h!" said the man, slowly, making a sighing noise between his teeth. "That means—that means ——"

"Volunteers to the fever district," said the mate, shortly, "as you might have known before now. You're not of a sociable cast, I see."

"I have made no acquaintances," said the short passenger. "I know nothing of the news of the ship. Is the lady a nurse?"

"She's a she-doctor. Doctors, the whole of 'em. There aint a nurse aboard."

"Plenty to be found, I suppose, in this place you speak of?"

"How should I know?" replied the mate, with another sidelong look.

One of the physicians, it seemed, overheard this last question and reply. It was the woman. She stepped forward without hesitation, and, regarding the short passenger closely, said:

"There are not nurses. This place is perishing. Savannah and the larger towns have been looked after first—as is natural and right," added the physician, in a business-like tone. She had a quick and clear-cut, but not ungentle voice.

The man nodded at her curtly, as he would to another man; he made no answer then with a slight flush his eye returned to her dress and figure; he lifted his hat and stood uncovered till she had passed and turned from him. His face, under the influence of this fluctuation of color, changed exceedingly, and improved in proportion as it changed.

"Who is that glum fellow, Doctor?"

One of the men physicians followed and asked the lady; he spoke to her with an air of *camaraderie*, at once frank and deferential; they had been class-mates at college for a course of lectures; he had theories averse to the medical education of women in general, but this woman in particular having outranked him at graduation, he had made up his mind to her as a marked exception to a wise rule, entitled to a candid fellow's respect. Besides, despite her diploma, Marian Dare was a lady—he knew the family.

"*Is* he glum, Dr. Frank?" replied Dr. Dare.

But the other young man stood silent. He never consulted with doctresses.

Dr. Dare went below for her luggage. A lonely dory, black of complexion and skittish of gait, had wandered out and hung in the shadow of the steamer, awaiting the passengers. The dory was manned by one negro, who sat with his oars crossed, perfectly silent.

There is a kind of terror for which we find that animals, as well as men, instinctively refrain from seeking expression. The face and figure of the negro boatman presented a dull form of this species of fear. Dr. Dare wondered if all the people in Calhoun would have that look. The negro regarded the *Mercy* and her passengers apathetically.

It was a hot day, and the water seemed to be blistering about the dory. So, too, the stretching sand of the shore, as one raised the eyes painfully against the direct noon-light, was as if it smoked. The low, gray palmetto leaves were curled and faint. Scanty spots of shade beneath sickly trees seemed to gasp upon the hot ground, like creatures that had thrown themselves down to get cool. The outlines of the town beyond had a certain horrible distinctness, as if of a sight that should but could not be veiled. Overhead, and clean to the flat horizon, flashed a sky of blue and blazing fire.

"Passengers for Calhoun!"

The three physicians descended into the dory. The other passengers—what there were of them—gathered to see the little group depart. Dr. Frank offered Dr. Dare a hand, which she accepted, like a lady, not needing it in the least. She was a climber, with firm, lithe ankles. No one spoke, as these people got in with the negro, and prepared to drift down with the scorching tide. The woman looked from the steamer to the shore, once, and back again, northwards. The men did not look at all. There was an oppression in the scene which no one was ready to run the risk of increasing by the wrong word.

"Land me here, too," said a low voice, suddenly. It was the glum passenger. No one noticed him, except, perhaps, the mate (looking on with the air of a man who would feel an individual grievance in anything this person would be likely to do) and the lady.

"There is room for you," said Dr. Dare. The man let himself into the boat at a light bound, and the negro rowed them away. The *Mercy*, heading outwards, seemed to shrug her shoulders, as if she had thrown them off. The strip of burning water between them and the town narrowed rapidly, and the group set their faces firmly landwards. Once, upon the little voyage, Dr. Frank took up an idle pair of oars, with some vaguely humane intent of helping the negro—he looked so.

"I wouldn't, Frank," said the other gentleman.

"Now, Remane—why, for instance?"

"I wouldn't begin by getting overheated."

No other word was spoken. They landed in silence. In silence, and somewhat weakly, the negro pulled the dory high upon the beach. The four passengers stood for a moment upon the hot, white sands, moved toward one another, before they separated, by a blind sense of human fellowship. Even Remane found himself touching his hat. Dr. Frank asked Dr. Dare if he could serve her in any way; but she thanked him, and, holding out her firm, white hand, said, "Good-bye."

This was, perhaps, the first moment when the consciousness of her sex had made itself oppressive to her since she ventured upon this undertaking. She would have minded presenting herself to the Relief Committee of Calhoun, accompanied by gentlemen upon whom she had no claim. She walked on alone, in her gray dress and white straw hat, with her luggage in her own sufficient hand.

The reticent passenger had fallen behind with the negro boatman, with whom he walked slowly, closing the line.

After a few moments, he advanced and hesitatingly joined the lady, beginning to say:

"May I ask you ——"

"Ah," interrupted Dr. Dare, cordially, "it is you."

"Will you tell me, madam, the best way of going to work to offer myself as a fever nurse in this place? I want the *best* way. I want real work."

"Yes, yes," she said, nodding; "I knew you would do it."

"I came from the North for this purpose, but I meant to go on to Savannah."

"Yes, I know. This is better; they need *everything* in this place."

She looked toward the gasping little town through the relentless noon. Her merciful blue eyes filled, but the man's look followed with a dry, exultant light.

"There is no porter," he said, abruptly, glancing at her heavy bag and shawl-strap. "Would you permit me to help you?"

"Oh, thank you!" replied Dr. Dare, heartily, relinquishing her burden.

Plainly, this poor fellow was not a gentleman. The lady could afford to be kind to him.

"I know nothing how we shall find it," she chatted, affably, "but I go to work to-night. I presume I shall need nurses before morning. I'll have your address."

She took from her gray sacque pocket a physician's note-book, and stood, pencil in hand.

"My name," he said, "is Hope—Zerviah Hope."

She wrote without comment, walking as she wrote; he made no other attempt to

converse with her. The two physicians followed, exchanging now and then a subdued word. The negro dragged himself wearily over the scorching sand, and thus the little procession of pity entered the town of Calhoun.

My story does not deal with love or ladies. I have to relate no tender passages between the fever-physicians, volunteers from New York, for the afflicted region of Calhoun. Dr. Marian Dare came South to do a brave work, and I have no doubt she did it bravely, as a woman should. She came in pursuit of science, and I have no doubt she found it, as a woman will. Our chief interest in her at this time lies in the fact that certain missing fragments in the history of the person known as Zerviah Hope we owe to her. She hovers over the tale with a distant and beautiful influence, pervading as womanly compassion and alert as a woman's eye.

I have nothing further to say about the story before I tell it, except that it is true.

That night, after the physicians had gone about their business, Zerviah Hope wandered, a little forlornly, through the wretched town. Scip, the negro boatman, found him a corner to spend the night. It was a passable place, but Hope could not sleep; he had already seen too much. His soul was parched with the thirst of sympathy. He walked his hot attic till the dawn came. As it grew brighter he grew calmer; and, when the unkindly sun burst burning upon the land, he knelt by his window and looked over the doomed town, and watched the dead-carts slinking away toward the everglades in the splendid color of the sky and air, and thought his own thoughts in his own way about this which he had come to do. We should not suppose that they were remarkable thoughts; he had not the look of a remarkable man. Yet, as he knelt there,—a sleepless, haggard figure blotted against the sunrise, with folded hands and moving lips,—an artist, with a high type of imagination and capable of spiritual discernment, would have found in him a design for a lofty subject, to which perhaps he would have given the name of "Consecration" rather than of "Renunciation," or of "Exultance" rather than of "Dread."

A common observer would have simply said: "I should not have taken him for a praying man."

He was still upon his knees when Dr. Dare's order came, "Nurse wanted for a bad case!" and he went from his prayer to his first patient. The day was already deep, and a reflection, not of the sunrise, moved with him as light moves.

Doctor Dare, in her gray dress, herself a little pale. met him with keen eyes. She said:

"It is a *very* bad case. An old man—much neglected. No one will go. Are you willing?"

The nurse answered:

"I am glad."

She watched him as he walked away—a plain, clean, common man, with unheroic carriage. The physician's fine eyes fired.

To Doctor Frank, who had happened in, she said:

"He will do the work of ten."

> "His strength was as the strength of ten,
> Because his heart was pure,"

quoted the young man, laughing lightly. "I don't know that I should have thought it, in this case. You've taken a fancy to the fellow."

"I always respect an unmixed motive when I see it," she replied, shortly. "But I've been in practice too long to take sudden fancies. There is no profession like ours, Doctor, for putting the sympathies under double picket guard."

She stiffened a little in her manner. She did not like to be thought an over-enthusiastic woman—womanish, unused to the world.

The weather, soon after the arrival of the *Mercy*, took a terrible mood, and a prolonged drought settled upon Calhoun. The days dawned lurid and long. The nights fell dewless and deadly. Fatal and beautiful colors lurked in the swamps, and in the sifting dust, fine and hard, blown by siroccos across the glare of noon, like sands on the shores of the Lake of Fire. The pestilence walked in darkness, and the destruction wasted at midday. Men died, in that little town of a few thousand souls, at the rate of a score a day—black and white, poor and rich, clean and foul, saint and sinner. The quarantine laws tightened. Vessels fled by the harbor mouth under full sail, and melted like helpless compassion upon the fiery horizon. Trains upon the Shore Line shot through and thundered past the station; they crowded on steam; the fireman and his stoker averted their faces as they whirled by. The world turned her back upon Calhoun, and the dying town was shut in with her dead. Only, at long intervals, the *Mercy*,

casting anchor far down the channel, sent up by Scip, the weak, black boatman, the signs of human fellowship—food, physician, purse, medicine—that spoke from the heart of the North to the heart of the South, and upheld her in those well-remembered days.

Zerviah Hope, volunteer nurse, became quickly enough a marked man in Calhoun. He more than verified Doctor Dare's prognosis. Where the deadliest work was to be done, this man, it was observed, asked to be sent. Where no one else would go, he went. What no one else would do, he did. He sought the neglected, and the negroes. He braved the unclean, and the unburied. With the readiness of all incisive character acting on emergencies, he stamped himself upon the place and time. He went to his task as the soldier goes to the front under raking fire, with gleaming eyes and iron muscles. The fever of the fight was on him. He seemed to wrestle with disease for his patients, and to trample death beneath his feet. He glowed over his cures with a positive physical dilation, and writhed over his dead as if he had killed them. He seemed built of endurance more than mortal. It was not known when he slept, scarcely if he ate. His weariness sat upon him like a halo. He grew thin, refined, radiant. In short, he presented an example of that rare spectacle which never fails to command spectators—a common man possessed by an uncommon enthusiasm.

What passed with him at this time in that undiscovered sea which we call a man's inner life, it would not be easy to assert. So far as we can judge, all the currents of his nature had swelled into the great, pulsing tide of self-surrender, which swept him along. Weakness, wrong, memory, regret, fear, grief, pleasure, hope,—all the little channels of personal life,—ran dry. He was that most blessed of human creatures, a man without a past and without a future, and living in a present nobler than the one could have been or the other could become. He continued to be a silent man, speaking little, excepting to his patients, and now and then, very gently, to the lady, Dr. Dare. He was always pliable to the influence of a woman's voice or to womanly manner. He had, in the presence of women, the quick responsiveness and sudden change of color and sensitiveness of intonation which bespeak the man whose highest graces and lowest faults are likely to be owing to feminine power.

This was a quality which gave him remarkable successes as a nurse. He was found to be infinitely tender, and of fine, brave patience. It was found that he shrank from no task because it was too small, as he had shrunk from no danger because it was too great. He became a favorite with the sick and with physicians. The convalescent clung to him, the dying heard of him and sent for him, the Relief Committee leaned upon him, as in such crises the leader leans upon the led. By degrees, he became greatly trusted in Calhoun; this is to say, that he became greatly loved.

I have been told that, to this day, many people personally unknown to him, whose fate it was to be imprisoned in that beleaguered town at that time, and who were familiar with the nervous figure and plain, intense countenance of the Northern nurse, as he passed, terrible day after terrible day, to his post, cannot hear of him, even now, without that suffusion of look by which we hold back tears; and that, when his name took on, as it did, a more than local reputation, they were unable to speak it because of choking voices. I have often wished that he knew this.

It was the custom in Calhoun to pay the nurses at short, stated intervals,—I think once a week, on Saturday nights. The first time that Hope was summoned to receive his wages, he evinced marked emotion, too genuine not to be one of surprise and repugnance.

"I had not thought,——" he began, and stood, coloring violently.

"You earn your five dollars a day, if anybody in Calhoun does," urged the official, with kindly brusqueness.

"It is not right; I do not wish to take the money," said the nurse, with agitation. "I do not wish to be paid for—saving—human life. I did not come to the fever district to make money; I came to save life—*to save life!*" he added, in a quick whisper.

He had not slept for four nights, and seemed, they noticed, more than usually nervous in his manner.

"The money is yours," insisted the treasurer.

"Very well," said Hope, after a long silence; and no more was said about it. He took his wages and walked away up the street, absorbed in thought.

One morning, he went to his lodgings to seek a little rest. It was about six o'clock, and people were already moving in the hot,

thirsty streets. The apothecaries' doors were open, and their clerks were astir. The physicians drove or walked hastily, with the haggard look of men whose days and nights are too short for their work, and whose hope, and heart as well, have grown almost too small. Zerviah noticed those young Northern fellows among them, Frank and Remane, and saw how they had aged since they came South,—brave boys, both of them, and had done a man's brave deed. Through her office window, as he walked past, he caught a glimpse of Dr. Dare's gray dress and blonde, womanly head of abundant hair. She was mixing medicines, and patients stood waiting. She looked up and nodded as he went by; she was too busy to smile. At the door of the Relief Committee, gaunt groups hung, clamoring. At the telegraph office, knots of men and women gathered, dully inspiring the heroic young operator,—a slight girl,—who had not left her post for now many days and nights. Her chief had the fever last week, —was taken at the wires,—lived to get home. She was the only person alive in the town who knew how to communicate with the outer world. She had begun to teach a little brother of hers the Morse alphabet,—"That somebody may know, Bobby, if I—can't come some day." She, too, knew Zerviah Hope, and looked up; but her pretty face was clouded with the awful shadow of her own responsibility.

"We all have about as much as we can bear," thought Zerviah, as he went by. His own burden was lightened a little that morning, and he was going home to get a real rest. He had just saved his last patient—the doctor gave him up. It was a young man, the father of five very little children, and their mother had died the week before. The nurse had looked at the orphans, and said: "*He's got to live.*" This man had blessed him this morning, and called the love of heaven on his head and its tender mercy on his whole long life. Zerviah walked with quick step. He lifted his head, with its short, black, coarse hair. His eyes, staring for sleep, flashed, fed with a food the body knows not of. He felt almost happy, as he turned to climb the stairs that led to the attic shelter where he had knelt and watched the dawn come on that first day, and given himself to God and to the dying of Calhoun. He had always kept that attic, partly because he had made that prayer there. He thought it helped him to make others since. He had not always been a man who prayed. The habit was new, and required culture. He had guarded it rigidly since he came South, as he had his diet and regimen of bathing, air, and other physical needs.

On this morning that I speak of, standing with his almost happy face and lifted head, with his foot upon the stairs, he turned, for no reason that he could have given, and looked over his shoulder. A man behind him, stepping softly, stopped, changed color, and crossed the street.

"I am followed," said the nurse.

He spoke aloud, but there was no one to hear him. A visible change came over his face. He stood uncertain for a moment; then shut the door and crawled upstairs. At intervals he stopped on the stairs to rest, and sat with his head in his hands, thinking. By and by he reached his room, and threw himself heavily upon his bed. All the radiance had departed from his tired face, as if a fog had crept over it. He hid it in his long, thin, humane hands, and lay there for a little while. He was perplexed—not surprised. He was not shocked—only disappointed. Dully he wished that he could get five minutes' nap; but he could not sleep. Not knowing what else to do, he got upon his knees presently, in that place by the window he liked to pray in, and said aloud:

"Lord, I didn't expect it; I wasn't ready. I should like to sleep long enough to decide what to do."

After this, he went back to bed and lay still again, and in a little while he truly slept. Not long; but to those who perish for rest, a moment of unconsciousness may do the work of a cup of water to one perishing of thirst. He started, strengthened, with lines of decision forming about his mouth and chin; and, having bathed and cleanly dressed, went out.

He went out beyond the town to the hut where Scip the boatman lived. Scip was at home. He lived quite alone. His father, his mother and four brothers had died of the plague since June. He started when he saw Hope, and his habitual look of fear deepened to a craven terror; he would rather have had the yellow fever than to have seen the Northern nurse just then. But Zerviah sat down by him on the hot sand, beside a rather ghastly palmetto that grew there, and spoke to him very gently. He said:

"The *Mercy* came in last night, Scip,—I know. And you rowed down for the supplies. You heard something about me on board the *Mercy*. Tell me, Scip."

"He's a durn fool," said Scip, with a dull show of passion.

"Who is a durn fool?"

"That dem mate."

"So it was the mate? Yes. What did he say, Scip?"

"I never done believe it," urged Scip, with an air of suddenly recollected virtue.

"But you told of it, Scip."

"I never told nobody but Jupiter, the durn fool!" persisted Scip.

"Who is Jupiter?"

"Doctor Remane's Jupiter, him that holds his hoss, that he brung up from the fever. He said he wouldn't tell. I never done believe it, *never!*"

"It seems to me, Scip," said Zerviah, in a low, kind voice, "that I wouldn't have told if I'd been you. But never mind."

"I never done mean to hurt you!" cried Scip, following him into the road. "Jupiter the durn, he said he'd never tell. I never told nobody else."

"You have told the whole town," said Zerviah Hope, patiently. "I'm sorry, but never mind."

He stood for a moment looking across the stark palmetto, over the dusty stretch of road, across the glare, to the town. His eyes blinded and filled.

"It wouldn't have been a great while," he said. "I wish you hadn't, Scip, but never mind!"

He shook the negro gently off, as if he had been a child. There was nothing more to say. He would go back to his work. As he walked along, he suddenly said to himself:

"She did not smile this morning! Nor the lady at the telegraph office, either. Nor—a good many other folks. I remember now. * * * Lord!" he added aloud, thought breaking into one of his half-unconscious prayers, which had the more pathos because it began with the rude abruptness of an apparent oath,—"Lord! what in the name of heaven am I going to do about it?"

Now, as he was coming into the little city, with bowed head and broken face, he met Doctor Dare. She was riding on her rounds upon a patient, Southern tackey, and she was riding fast. But she reined up and confronted him.

"Mr. Hope! There is a hateful rumor brought from New York about you. I am going to tell you immediately. It is said ——"

"Wait a minute!" he pleaded, holding out both hands. "Now. Go on."

"It is said that you are an escaped convict," continued the lady, distinctly.

"It is false!" cried the nurse, in a ringing voice.

The doctor regarded him for a moment.

"I may be wrong. Perhaps it was not so bad. I was in a cruel hurry, and so was Doctor Frank. Perhaps they said a discharged convict."

"What else?" asked Zerviah, lifting his eyes to hers.

"They said you were just out of a seven years' imprisonment for manslaughter. They said you killed a man—for jealousy, I believe; something about a woman."

"What else?" repeated the nurse, steadily.

"I told them I *did not believe one word of it!*" cried Marian Dare.

"Thank you, madam," said Zerviah Hope, after a scarcely perceptible pause; "but it is true."

He drew one fierce breath.

"She was beautiful," he said. "I loved her; he ruined her; I stabbed him!"

He had grown painfully pale. He wanted to go on speaking to this woman, not to defend or excuse himself, not to say anything weak or wrong, only to make her understand that he did not want to excuse himself; in some way, just because she *was* a woman, to make her feel that he was man enough to bear the burden of his deed. He wanted to cry out to her, "You are a woman! Oh, be gentle, and understand how sorry a man can be for a deadly sin!" but his lips were parched. He moved them dryly; he could not talk.

She was silent at first. She was a prudent woman; she thought before she spoke.

"Poor fellow!" she said, suddenly. Her clear blue eyes overflowed. She held out her hand, lifted his, wrung it, dropped it, and softly added, "Well, never mind!" much as if he had been a child or a patient, —much as he himself had said, "Never mind!" to Scip.

Then Zerviah Hope broke down.

"I haven't got a murderer's heart!" he cried. "It has been taken away from me. I aint so bad—*now*. I meant to be—I wanted to do ——"

"Hush!" she said. "You have, and you shall. God is fair."

"Yes," said the penitent convict, in a dull voice, "God is fair, and so he let 'em tell of me. I've got no fault to find with *Him*. So nigh as I can understand Almighty God, He means well. * * * I guess He'll pull me through some way. * * *

But I wish Scip hadn't told just now. I can't *help* being sorry. It wasn't that I wanted to cheat, but"—he choked—"*the sick folks used to like me.* Now, do you think I'd ought to go on nursing, Doctor? Do you think I'd ought to stop?"

"You are already an hour late," replied the woman of science, in her usual business-like voice. "Your substitute will be sleepy and restless; that affects the patient. Go back to your work as fast as you can. Ask me no more foolish questions."

She drew her veil; there was unprofessional moisture on her long, feminine lashes. She held out her hearty hand-grasp to him, touched the tackey, and galloped away.

"She is a good woman," said Zerviah, half aloud, looking down at his cold fingers. "She touched me, and she knew! Lord, I should like to have you bless her!"

He looked after her. She sat her horse finely; her gray veil drifted in the hot wind. His sensitive color came. He watched her as if he had known that he should never see her again on earth.

A ruined character may be as callous as a paralyzed limb. A ruined and repentant one is in itself an independent system of sensitive and tortured nerves.

Zerviah Hope returned to his work, shrinking under the foreknowledge of his fate. He felt as if he knew what kind of people would remind him that they had become acquainted with his history, and what ways they would select to do it.

He was not taken by surprise when men who had lifted their hats to the popular nurse last week, passed him on the street to-day with a cold nod or curious stare. When women who had reverenced the self-sacrifice and gentleness of his life as only women do or can reverence the quality of tenderness in a man, shrank from him as if he were something infectious, like the plague,—he knew it was just, though he felt it hard.

His patients heard of what had happened, sometimes, and indicated a feeling of recoil. That was the worst. One said:

"I am sorry to hear you are not the man we thought you," and died in his arms that night.

Zerviah remembered that these things must be. He reasoned with himself. He went into his attic, and prayed it all over. He said:

"Lord, I can't expect to be treated as if I'd never been in prison. I'm sorry I mind it so. Perhaps I'd ought not to. I'll try not to care too much."

More than once he was sure of being followed again, suspiciously or curiously. It occurred to him at last that this was most likely to happen on pay-days. That puzzled him. But when he turned, it was usually some idler, and the fellow shrank and took to his heels, as if the nurse had the fever.

In point of fact, even in that death-stricken town, to be alive was to be as able to gossip as well people, and rumor, wearied of the monotonous fever symptom, found a diverting zest in this shattered reputation.

Zerviah Hope was very much talked about in Calhoun; so much, that the Relief Committee heard, questioned, and experienced official anxiety. It seemed a mistake to lose so valuable a man. It seemed a severity to disturb so noble a career. Yet who knew what sinister countenance the murderer might be capable of shielding beneath his mask of pity? The official mind was perplexed. Was it humane to trust the lives of our perishing citizens to the ministrations of a felon who had so skillfully deceived the most intelligent guardians of the public weal? There was, in particular, a chairman of a sub-committee (on the water supply) who was burdened with uneasiness.

"It's clear enough what brought *him* to Calhoun," said this man. "What do you suppose the fellow does with his five dollars a day?"

The Committee on the Water Supply promptly divided into a Sub-Vigilance, and to the Sub-Vigilance Committee Zerviah Hope's case was referred. The result was, that he was followed on pay-day.

One Saturday night, just as the red-hot sun was going down, the sub-committee returned to the Relief Office in a state of high official excitement, and reported to the chief as follows:

"We've done it. We've got him. We've found out what the fellow does with his money. He puts it ——"

"Well?" for the sub-committee hesitated.

"Into the relief contribution-boxes on the corners of the street."

"*What!*"

"Every dollar. We stood and watched him count it out—his week's wages. Every mortal cent that Yankee's turned over to the fund for the sufferers. He never kept back a red. He poured it all in."

"Follow him next week. Report again."

They followed, and reported still again. They consulted, and accepted the astounding truth. The murderer, the convict, the miserable, the mystery, Zerviah Hope,—volunteer nurse, poor, friendless, discharged from Sing Sing, was proved to have surrendered to the public charities of Calhoun, every dollar which he had earned in the service of her sick and dying.

The Committee on the Water Supply, and the Sub-Vigilance Committee stood, much depressed, before their superior officer. He, being a just man, flushed red with a noble rage.

"Where is he? Where is Zerviah Hope? The man should be sent for. He should receive the thanks of the committee. He should receive the acknowledgments of the city. And we've set on him like detectives! hunted him down! Zounds! The city is disgraced. Find him for me!"

"We have already done our best," replied the sub-committee, sadly. "We have searched for the man. He cannot be found."

"Where is the woman-doctor?" persisted the excited chief. "She recommended the fellow. She'd be apt to know. Can't some of you find her?"

At this moment, young Dr. Frank looked haggardly into the Relief Office.

"I am taking her cases," he said. "She is down with the fever."

It was the morning after his last pay-day —Sunday morning, the first in October; a dry, deadly, glittering day. Zerviah had been to his attic to rest and bathe; he had been there some hours since sunrise, in the old place by the window, and watched the red sun kindle, and watched the dead-carts slink away into the color, and kneeled and prayed for frost. Now, being strengthened in mind and spirit, he was descending to his Sabbath's work, when a message met him at the door. The messenger was a negro boy, who thrust a slip of paper into his hand, and, seeming to be seized with superstitious fright, ran rapidly up the street and disappeared.

The message was a triumphal result of the education of the freedmen's evening school, and succinctly said:

"ive Gut IT. Nobuddy Wunt Nuss me. Norr no Docter nEther.

"P. S. Joopiter the Durn hee sed he'd kerry This i dont Serpose youd kum. SCIP."

The sun went down that night as red as it had risen. There were no clouds. There was no wind. There was no frost. The hot dust curdled in the shadow that coiled beneath the stark palmetto. That palmetto always looked like a corpse, though there was life in it yet. Zerviah came to the door of Scip's hovel for air, and looked at the thing. It seemed like something that ought to be buried. There were no other trees. The everglades were miles away. The sand and the scant, starved grass stretched all around. Scip's hut stood quite by itself. No one passed by. Often no one passed for a week, or even more. Zerviah looked from the door of the hut to the little city. The red light lay between him and it, like a great pool. He felt less lonely to see the town, and the smoke now and then from chimneys. He thought how many people loved and cared for one another in the suffering place. He thought how much love and care suffering gave birth to, in human hearts. He began to think a little of his own suffering; then Scip called him, sobbing wretchedly. Scip was very sick. Hope had sent for Dr. Dare. She had not come. Scip was too sick to be left. The nurse found his duty with the negro. Scip was growing worse.

By and by, when the patient could be left for a moment again, Zerviah came to the air once more. He drew in great breaths of the now cooler night. The red pool was gone. All the world was filled with the fatal beauty of the purple colors that he had learned to know so well. The swamps seemed to be asleep, and to exhale in the slow, regular pulsations of sleep. In the town, lamps were lighted. From a hundred windows, fair, fine sparks shone like stars as the nurse looked over. There, a hundred watchers tended their sick or dead, or their healing, dearly loved, and guarded ones. Dying eyes looked their last at eyes that would have died to save them; strengthening hands clasped hands that had girded them with the iron of love's tenderness, through the valley of the shadow, and up the heights of life and light. Over there, in some happy home, tremulous lips that the plague had parted met to-night in their first kiss of thanksgiving.

Zerviah thought of these things. He had never felt so lonely before. It seemed a hard place for a man to die in. Poor Scip!

Zerviah clasped his thin hands and looked up at the purple sky.

"Lord," he said, "it is my duty. I came South to do my duty. Because he told of

me, had I ought to turn against him? It is a lonesome place; he's got it hard, but I'll stand by him. * * * Lord!"—his worn face became suddenly suffused, and flashed, transfigured, as he lifted it—"Lord God Almighty! You stood by me! *I* couldn't have been a pleasant fellow to look after. You stood by *me* in my scrape! I hadn't treated *You* any too well. * * * * You needn't be afraid I'll leave the creetur."

He went back into the hut. Scip called, and he hurried in. The nurse and the plague, like two living combatants, met in the miserable place and battled for the negro.

The white Southern stars blazed out. How clean they looked! Zerviah could see them through the window, where the wooden shutter had flapped back. They looked well and wholesome—holy, he thought. He remembered to have heard some one say, at a Sunday meeting he happened into once, years ago, that the word holiness meant health. He wondered what it would be like, to be holy. He wondered what kinds of people would be holy people, say, after a man was dead. Women, he thought, —good women, and honest men who had never done a deadly deed.

He occupied his thoughts in this way. He looked often from the cold stars to the warm lights throbbing in the town. They were both company to him. He began to feel less alone. There was a special service called somewhere in the city that night, to read the prayers for the sick and dying. The wind rose feebly, and bore the sound of the church-bells to the hut. There was a great deal of company, too, in the bells. He remembered that it was Sunday night.

It was Monday, but no one came. It was Tuesday, but the nurse and the plague still battled alone together over the negro. Zerviah's stock of remedies was as ample as his skill. He had thought he should save Scip. He worked without sleep, and the food was not clean. He lavished himself like a lover over this black boatman; he leaned like a mother over this man who had betrayed him.

But on Tuesday night, a little before midnight, Scip rose, struggling on his wretched bed, and held up his hands and cried out:

"Mr. Hope! Mr. Hope! I never done mean to harm ye!"

"You have not harmed me," said Zerviah, solemnly. "Nobody ever harmed me but myself. Don't mind me, Scip."

Scip put up his feeble hand; Zerviah took it; Scip spoke no more. The nurse held the negro's hand a long time; the lamp went out; they sat on in the dark. Through the flapping wooden shutter the stars looked in.

Suddenly, Zerviah perceived that Scip's hand was quite cold.

He carried him out by starlight, and buried him under the palmetto. It was hard work digging alone. He could not make a very deep grave, and he had no coffin. When the earth was stamped down, he felt extremely weary and weak. He fell down beside his shovel and pick to rest, and lay there in the night till he felt stronger. It was damp and dark. Shadows like clouds hung over the distant outline of the swamp.

The Sunday bells in the town had ceased. There were no sounds but the cries of a few lonely birds and wild creatures of the night, whose names he did not know. This little fact added to his sense of solitude.

He thought at first he would get up and walk back to the city in the dark. An intense and passionate longing seized him to be among living men. He took a few steps down the road. The unwholesome dust blew up through the dark against his face. He found himself so tired that he concluded to go back to the hut. He would sleep, and start in the morning with the break of the dawn. He should be glad to see the faces of his kind again, even though the stir of welcome and the light of trust were gone out of them for him. They lived, they breathed, they spoke. He was tired of death and solitude.

He groped back into the hut. The oil was low, and he could not relight the lamp. He threw himself in the dark upon his bed.

He slept until late in the morning, heavily. When he waked, the birds were shrill in the hot air, and the sun glared in.

"I will go now," he said, aloud. "I am glad I can go," and crept to his feet.

He took two steps—staggered—and fell back. He lay for some moments, stricken more with astonishment than alarm. His first words were:

"Lord God! After all—after all. I've gone through—Lord God Almighty, if You'll believe it—I've *got it!*"

This was on Wednesday morning. Night fell, but no one came. Thursday—but outside the hut no step stirred the parched, white dust. Friday—Saturday—no voice but his own moaning broke upon the sick man's straining ear.

His professional experience gave him an excruciating foresight of his symptoms, and their result presented itself to him with horrible distinctness. As one by one he passed through the familiar conditions whose phases he had watched in other men a hundred times, he would have given his life for a temporary ignorance. His trained imagination had little mercy on him. He weighed his chances, and watched his fate with the sad exactness of knowledge.

As the days passed, and no one came to him, he was aware of not being able to reason with himself clearly about his solitude. Growing weak, he remembered the averted faces of the people for whom he had labored, and whom he had loved. In the stress of his pain their estranged eyes gazed at him. He felt that he was deserted because he was distrusted. Patient as he was, this seemed hard.

"They did not care enough for me to miss me," he said, aloud, gently. "I suppose I was not worth it. I had been in prison. I was a wicked man. I must not blame them."

And again:

"They would have come if they had known. They would not have let me *die* alone. I don't think *she* would have done that. I wonder where she is? Nobody has missed me—that is all. I must not mind."

Growing weaker, he thought less and prayed more. He prayed, at last, almost all his time. When he did not pray, he slept. When he could not sleep, he prayed. He addressed God with that sublime familiarity of his, which fell from his lips with no more irreverence than the kiss of a child falling upon its mother's hand or neck.

The murderer, the felon, the outcast, talked with the Almighty Holiness, as a man talketh with his friends. The deserted, distrusted, dying creature believed himself to be trusted by the Being who had bestowed on him the awful gift of life.

"Lord," he said, softly, "I guess I can bear it. I'd like to see somebody—but I'll make out to get along. * * * Lord! I'm pretty weak. I know all about these spasms. You get delirious next thing, you know. Then you either get better or you never do. It'll be decided by Sunday night. Lord! Dear Lord!" he added, with a tender pause, "don't *You* forget me! I hope *You'll* miss me enough to hunt me up."

It grew dark early on Saturday night. The sun sank under a thin, deceptive web of cloud. The shadow beneath the palmetto grew long over Scip's fresh grave. The stars were dim and few. The wind rose, and the lights in the city, where watchers wept their sick, trembled on the frail breeze, and seemed to be multiplied, like objects seen through tears.

Through the wooden shutter, Zerviah could see the lights, and the lonely palmetto, and the grave. He could see those few cold stars.

He thought, while his thoughts remained his own, most tenderly and longingly of those for whom he had given his life. He remembered how many keen cares of their own they had to carry, how many ghastly deeds and sights to do and bear. It was not strange that he should not be missed. Who was he?—a disgraced, unfamiliar man, among their kin and neighborhood. Why should they think of him? he said.

Yet he was glad that he could remember them. He wished his living or his dying could help them any. Things that his patients had said to him, looks that healing eyes had turned on him, little signs of human love and leaning, came back to him as he lay there, and stood around his bed, like people, in the dark hut.

"*They loved me*," he said; "Lord, as true as I'm alive, they did! I'm glad I lived long enough to save life, *to save life!* I'm much obliged to You for that! I wish there was something else I could do for them. * * * Lord! I'd be willing to die if it would help them any. If I thought I could do anything that way, toward sending them a frost ——

"No," he added, "that aint reasonable. A frost and a human life aint convertible coin. He don't do unreasonable things. May be I've lost my head already. But I'd be glad to. That's all. I suppose I can *ask* You for a frost. *That's* reason.

"Lord God of earth and heaven! that made the South and North, the pestilence and destruction, the sick and well, the living and the dead, have mercy on us miserable sinners! Have mercy on the folks that pray to You, and on the folks that don't! Remember the old graves, and the new ones, and the graves that are to be opened if this hellish heat goes on, and send us a blessed frost, O Lord, *as an act of humanity!* And if that aint the way to speak to You, remember I haven't been a praying man long enough to learn the language very well,—and that I'm pretty sick,—but that I would be glad to die—to give them—a great, white, holy frost. Lord, a frost! Lord, a cool, white, clean frost, for these poor devils that have borne so much!"

At midnight of that Saturday he dozed

and dreamed. He dreamed of what he had thought while Scip was sick: of what it was like, to be holy; and, sadly waking, thought of holy people—good women and honest men, who had never done a deadly deed.

"I cannot be holy," thought Zerviah Hope; "but I can pray for frost." So he tried to pray for frost. But by that time he had grown confused, and his will wandered pitifully, and he saw strange sights in the little hut. It was as if he were not alone. Yet no one had come in. *She* could not come at midnight. Strange—how strange! Who was that who walked about the hut? Who stood and looked at him? Who leaned to him? Who brooded over him? Who put arms beneath him? Who looked at him, as those look who love the sick too much to shrink from them?

"I don't know You," said Zerviah, in a distinct voice. Presently he smiled. "Yes, I guess I do. I see now. I'm not used to You. I never saw You before. You are Him I've heered about—God's Son! God's Son, You've taken a great deal of trouble to come here after me. Nobody else came. You're the only one that has remembered me. You're very good to me.

"* * * Yes, I remember. They made a prisoner of *You*. Why, yes! They deserted *You*. They let *You* die by Yourself. What did You do it for? I don't know much about theology. I am not an educated man. I never prayed till I come South. * * * I forget —— *What did You do it for?*"

A profound and solemn silence replied.

"Well," said the sick man, breaking it in a satisfied tone, as if he had been answered, "I wasn't worth it * * * but I'm glad You came. I wish they had a frost, poor things! *You* wont go away? Well, I'm glad. Poor things! Poor things! I'll take Your hand, if You've no objections."

After a little time, he added, in a tone of unutterable tenderness and content:

"*Dear* Lord!" and said no more.

It was a quiet night. The stars rode on as if there were no task but the tasks of stars in all the universe, and no sorrow keener than their sorrow, and no care other than their motion and their shining. The web of cloud floated like exhaling breath between them and the earth. It grew cooler before the dawn. The leaves of the palmetto over Scip's grave seemed to uncurl, and grow lax, and soften. The dust still flew heavily, but the wind rose.

The Sunday-bells rang peacefully. The sick heard them, and the convalescent and the well. The dying listened to them before they left. On the faces of the dead, too, there came the look of those who hear.

The bells tolled, too, that Sunday. They tolled almost all the afternoon. The young Northerner, Dr. Remane, was gone,—a reticent, brave young man,—and the heroic telegraph operator. Saturday night they buried her. Sunday, "Bobby" took her place at the wires, and spelled out, with shaking fingers, the cries of Calhoun to the wide, well world.

By sunset, all the bells had done ringing and done tolling. There was a clear sky, with cool colors. It seemed almost cold about Scip's hut. The palmetto lifted its faint head. The dust slept. It was not yet dark when a little party from the city rode up, searching for the dreary place. They had ridden fast. Dr. Frank was with them, and the lady, Marian Dare. She rode at their head. She hurried nervously on. She was pale, and still weak. The chairman of the Relief Committee was with her, and the sub-committee and others.

Dr. Dare pushed on through the swinging door of the hut. She entered alone. They saw the backward motion of her gray-sleeved wrist, and came no farther, but removed their hats and stood. She knelt beside the bed, and put her hand upon his eyes. God is good, after all. Let us hope that they knew her before they closed.

She came out, and tried to tell about it, but broke down, and sobbed before them all.

"It is a martyr's death," said the chief; and added solemnly, "Let us pray."

He knelt, and the others with him, between the buried negro and the unburied nurse, and thanked God for the knowledge and the recollection of the holy life which this man had lived among them in their hour of need.

They buried him, as they must, and hurried homeward to their living, comforting one another for his memory as they could.

As for him, he rested, after her hand had fallen on his eyes. He who had known so deeply the starvation of sleeplessness, slept well that night.

In the morning, when they all woke, these of the sorrowing city here, and those of the happy city yonder; when they took up life again with its returning sunrise,—the sick and the well, the free and the fettered, the living and the dead,—the frost lay, cool, white, blessed, on his grave.

THE LOST HELLAS.

O FOR a breath of myrtle and of bay,
And glints of sunny skies through dark leaves flashing,
And dimpling seas beneath a golden day,
Against the strand with soft susurrus plashing!
And fair nude youths, with shouts and laughter dashing
Along the shining beach in martial play!
And rearing 'gainst the sky their snowy portals,
The temples of the glorious Immortals!

Thus oft thou risest, Hellas, from my soul—
A vision of the happy vernal ages,
When men first strove to read life's mystic scroll,
But with the torch of joy lit up its pages;
When with untroubled front the cheerful sages
Serenely wandered toward their shadowy goal,
And praised the gods in dance of stately measure,
And stooped to pluck the harmless bud of pleasure.

Out of the darkness of the primal night,
Like as a dewy Delos from the ocean,
Thy glory rose—a birthplace for the bright
Sun-god of thought. And freedom, high devotion,
And song, sprung from the fount of pure emotion,
Bloomed in the footsteps of the God of light.
And Night shrank back before the joyous pæan,
And flushed with morning rolled the blue Ægean.

Then on Olympus reigned a beauteous throng:
The heavens' wide arch by wrathful Zeus was shaken;
Fair Phœbus sped his radiant path along,
The darkling earth from happy sleep to waken;
And wept when by the timorous nymph forsaken,
His passion breathing in complaining song;
And kindled in the bard the sacred fire,
And lured sweet music from the silent lyre.

Then teemed the earth with creatures glad and fair;
A calm, benignant god dwelt in each river,
And through the rippling stream a naiad's bare
White limbs would upward faintly flash and quiver;
Through prisoning bark the dryad's sigh would shiver,
Expiring softly on the languorous air;
And strange low notes, that scarce the blunt sense seizes,
Were zephyr voices whispering in the breezes.

Chaste Artemis, who guides the lunar car,
The pale nocturnal vigils ever keeping,
Sped through the silent space from star to star;
And, blushing, stooped to kiss Endymion sleeping.
And Psyche, on the lonely mountain weeping,
Was clasped to Eros' heart and wandered far
To brave dread Cerberus and the Stygian water,
With that sweet, dauntless trust her love had taught her.

On Nature's ample, warmly throbbing breast,
Both God and man and beast reposed securely;

And in one large embrace she closely pressed
The sum of being, myriad-shaped but surely
The self-same life; she saw the soul rise purely
Forever upward in its groping quest,
For nobler forms; and knew in all creation
The same divinely passionate pulsation.

Thus rose the legends fair, which faintly light
The misty centuries with their pallid glimmer,
Of fauns who roam on Mount Cithairon's height,
Where through the leaves their sunburnt faces shimmer;
And in cool copses, where the day is dimmer,
You hear the trampling of their herded flight;
And see the tree-tops wave their progress after,
And hear their shouts of wild, immortal laughter.

The vast and foaming life, the fierce desire
Which pulses hotly through the veins of Nature—
Creative rapture and the breath of fire
Which in exalting blight and slay the creature;
The forces seething 'neath each placid feature
Of Nature's visage which our awe inspire—
All glow and throb with fervid hope and gladness
In Dionysus and his sacred madness.

Each year the lovely god with vine-wreathed brow
In dreamy transport roves the young earth over;
The faun that gayly swings the thyrsus bough,
The nymph chased hotly by her satyr lover,
The roguish Cupids 'mid the flowers that hover,—
All join his clamorous train, and upward now
Sweep storms of voices through the heavens sonorous
With gusts of song and dithyrambic chorus.

But where great Nature guards her secret soul,
Where viewless fountains hum in sylvan closes,
There, leaned against a rugged oak-tree's bole,
Amid the rustling sedges, Pan reposes.
And round about the slumberous sunshine dozes,
While from his pastoral pipe rise sounds of dole;
And through the stillness in the forest reigning,
One hears afar the shrill, sad notes complaining.

Thus, in the olden time, while yet the world
A vale of joy was, and a lovely wonder,
Men plucked the bud within its calyx curled,
Revered the still, sweet life that slept thereunder;
They did not tear the delicate thing asunder
To see its beauty wantonly unfurled,—
They sat at Nature's feet with awed emotion,
Like children listening to the mighty ocean.

And thus they nobly grew to perfect bloom,
With gaze unclouded, in serene endeavor.
No fever-vision from beyond the tomb
Broke o'er their bright and sunlit pathway ever.
For gently as a kiss came Death to sever
From spirit flesh, and to the realm of gloom
The pallid shades with fearless brow descended
To Hades, by the winged god attended.

Why sorrow, then,—with vain petitions seek
The lofty gods in their abodes eternal?
To live is pleasant, and to be a Greek:
To see the earth in garments fresh and vernal;
To watch the fair youths in their sports diurnal,
To feel against your own a maid's warm cheek,
To see from sculptured shrines the smoke ascending,
And with the clouds and ether vaguely blending.

And sweet it is to hear the noble tongue,
Pure Attic Greek with soft precision spoken!
And ah! to hear its liquid music flung,
In rocking chords and melodies unbroken,
From Homer's stormy harp—the deathless token
That Hellas' Titan soul is strong and young—
Young as the spring that's past, whose name assuages
The gloom and sorrow of the sunless ages.

Her fanes are shattered and her bards are dead,
But, like a flame from ruins, leaps her glory
Up from her sacred dust, its rays to shed
On alien skies of art and song and story.
Her spirit, rising from her temples hoary,
Through barren climes dispersed, has northward fled;
As, though the flower be dead, its breath may hover,
A homeless fragrance sweet, the meadows over.

A CHAPTER ON TABLEAUX.

TABLEAUX—all have seen them, and very few have seen them good. Many have taken part in them, but few intelligently. It is very difficult to give a receipt for tableaux as if one gave it for a pudding, but many suggestions may be made.

To begin with, it is suggested that art and not personal display be the first object. It is not even necessary that people shall be beautiful to look so in a tableau, for it is wonderful how beautiful nature, properly posed and lighted,—in fact, seen under the greatest advantages,—always is.

Intelligence, energy, gauze and lights, an eye quick to see types and use them advantageously,—these are the materials for the stage manager who has undertaken tableaux. They need not be expensive; they do not demand real jewels or much rich material, or a troupe of Venuses and Adonises. In choosing a person to assume a character in your picture, ignore age, and look for type. Mademoiselle Mars, at fifty, played the "Ingénue" to delighted audiences. Some of Peg Woffington's greatest successes in youth were in elderly parts. Your work is a work of fiction, of representation, of suggestion. I have seen a beautiful girl of an English type in the part of Miriam, dancing, with her timbrel held aloft with plump, white arms. I have seen an aristocratic Marguerite in white satin, and a Rebecca with an Anglo-Saxon profile, chosen for her black hair. I have seen a young, blooming woman, decidedly inclined to *embonpoint*, take the part of Psyche, chosen for her pretty face! There were women of forty in the audience who could have looked the part better, with the aid of a little paint or powder, and a good deal of gauze between them and the audience.

There are faces that are capable of taking on more than one type—that is, of bringing into relief, by one arrangement or another of hair, or costume, or light, one of the several types that they are composed of. Some actors have had such faces, and we find them among our acquaintance sometimes—in slight degree what was true in great degree of the face of Shakspere, as we found by studying what there is reason to

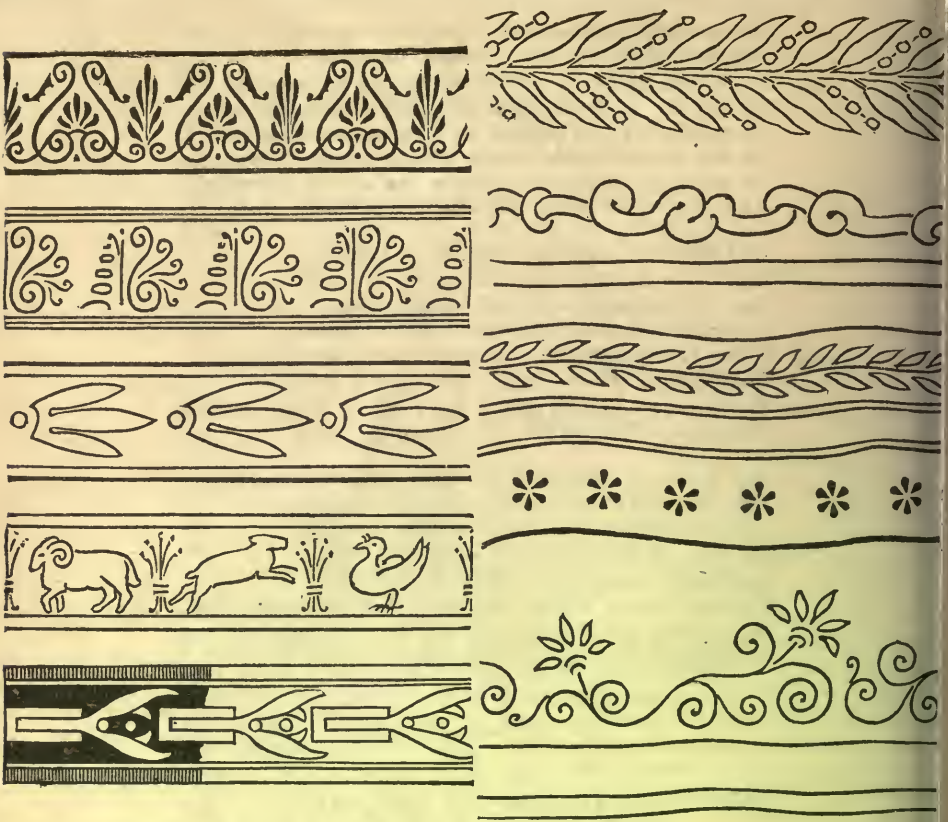


FIG. 1.—SUGGESTIONS FOR GREEK BORDERS.
Work solidly with silk or gold thread, or lay on with braid or outline in chain-stitch.

believe is his death mask.* In one view it was French, in another German, in another Greek; there were even African traits.

One is often deceived by color. Some very dark people have less relation in type of form to the Eastern and Southern races than some fair people, and color is a more manageable quality than form in tableaux, though what may be done to apparently change form, you may see by experiments with a candle on a bust of plaster or marble. You may shorten the nose by so casting the light as to throw the lower cartilage into shadow; you may seem to double the size of the eyes by judicious shadows; a touch of paint beneath the nose may lengthen it by throwing the cartilage into relief. All this is mere truism to the artist, but there are many clever people not artists who never thought of these little things. A dress of black unrelieved will make some faces appear very thin, while the same face in a whi dress, on account of the reflected lights, whic eat up the shadows, will appear plump.

It is to be observed, also, that there great difference in the modeling and finis of different faces of the same type. Som are "carried much further," as the painte say, than others. We see often, among rac where there has been ease and cultivatic for generations, ugly types refined up almost to the point of making them beau ful, while frequently among peasants we s very beautiful types, as among the Irish a the Italian (probably the two handsome races in the world), where there is subtlety of modeling, and close analy makes the face uninteresting. To give fu est effect to a face where the type is fi and the finish imperfect, the strong colc should be used—black, dark red and bl colors, that absorb and do not reflect ligl while to give the greatest effect to fac where the finish is finer than the type, t pale tones (provided the tint of skin c

* See SCRIBNER for July, 1874, and September, 1875.

ear them)—the glint of satin, the soft reection of transparent white, the surrounding f lace—give the face the very opposite uality of severe line.*

The stage should be not less than fifteen eet in depth (with as much space behind as possible) and ten feet in width. It hould be laid with planks or "joists," three y ten inches. Ask any carpenter for three-y-ten joists, and he will easily supply you. hey should be laid on the narrow side, and ndwise to the audience, and a plank nailed cross the front to keep them firm, and a plank id flat on the top at the other end, and ailed. Now on this lay another plank on s narrow side across the whole, and upon hat lay planks that shall form your stage ke an inclined plane, with ten inches eleva-on. To represent banks or other elevation, here must be movable benches or plat-orms. Have a post like those used for lothes-lines, set on a stand not necessarily ider than two feet, and placed on castors. et some plain frames of pine, two inches ick, and as large as the stage, be hinged pon this post. Let each frame have a astor on the end furthest from the post. t would be well to have as many as six, r even eight or ten, of these frames, and *ot* fewer than four. Upon these you may tretch the gauze for backgrounds. For reater care in changing the gauze, you ay have holes made in the frame, through hich the gauze may be thrust with a ooden pin like an easel-pin, or "thumb-acks" can be used. A light placed upon e top of the post, with a reflector, will ast rays in a very effective way through e gauze. All the frames shut tightly to-ether, and, running across the stage, will orm a solid, dark, yet atmospheric back-round, different from that composed of icker material; while two of them to-ether crossing the stage, the third at an ngle, like a half-open door, the fourth t an acuter angle, the fifth at one still ore acute, etc., will give an exquisite rading of color hardly to be otherwise ttained. A large barn is more favorable r tableaux than the usual country parlor, hile in the city there are many parlors uite adequate, especially where two or ore rooms are connected by folding doors; a whole room may be taken for the stage, and the audience seated in the adjoining one. Each row of seats should be three inches higher than the one before it. The usual difficulty at private performances is that only those who sit in front see anything at all.

Imagine that your stage is in a room, connecting with the room that serves as auditorium by folding doors. Let the entire space of the folding doors be stretched with black gauze, and your foot and top lights placed behind the gauze to avoid the sheen cast by lights placed before it. In this way, the gauze becomes only an atmosphere. If the gauze be tulle, it should be at least double; if it be tarletan, perhaps one thickness would suffice. For some effects it may be good to have the gauze as thick as large-meshed grenadine, but not for all. Upon this black gauze, more than upon what is put behind it, depends the atmospheric effect of the pictures. This is to be taken for granted with each tableau; we need not mention it again. It is to be used in all cases. It is no more to be dispensed with than the stage.

The stage must of course be raised above the audience; a good deal above them is better for tableaux. One prefers a picture hung on the wall on the "eye line," as we say, rather than set on the floor.

First, then, the black gauze; secondly, the raised stage; thirdly, and this is very important, a frame to include the picture. Since all the tableaux cannot be of the same size, more than one frame is needed. Some might be hired; a simple one, of molding by the foot, can be made with very little expense. The frame should be surrounded with baize or cambric, or cloth of a subdued tone of red or green (see Fig. 3, B). If you must use the folding doors as curtains,

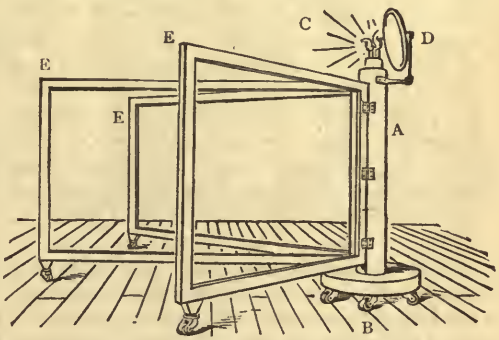


FIG. 2.—SCREENS FOR THE STAGE.

A, post; B, stand; C, lamp; D, reflector; E, E, E, gauze-covered screens.

* When we speak of color in relation to tableaux, e mean, of course, as it may appear by gas-light. ome purples are brown, some pinks yellow, some lues green by gas-light; and when we say blue, we ean a color that appears blue by gas-light, and o on.

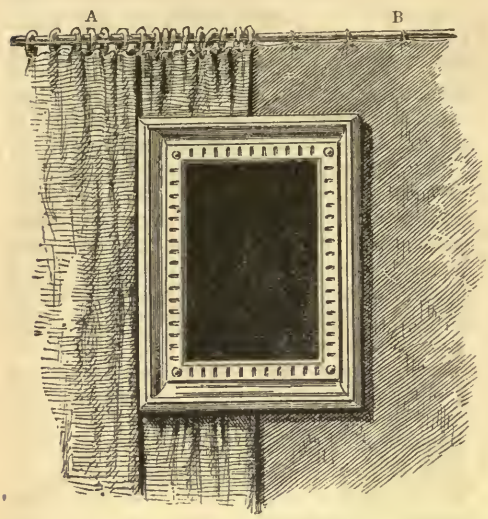


FIG. 3.—CURTAIN AND FRAME.

A, cloth fluted and hung with rings on a rod; B, cloth hanging straight about frame.

then in each frame the black gauze must be stretched. You may arrange the surrounding red or green as curtains easily adjustable to the size of the frame, either on rollers, or if with wings (as in Fig. 3, A), then from a firm rod it may be drawn in flutes and give a very good effect.

In any case, since the curtain cannot drop behind your frame, but only above and below and at the sides, it would be best to form the curtain of four parts—one to fall upon the right-hand side of the frame; one to fall upon the left-hand side; a third one above the frame, with the sides covered by the right and left hand curtain; a fourth one below the frame, running upon a rod with rings like the upper curtain, but having the rod covered by the edge of the frame, and the sides by the right and left hand curtains.

There must be in the folding door, or whatever acts as proscenium, foot-lights and top-lights, either of gas or lamps, and not too strong, but adjustable so that they modify without interfering with the lights cast from the sides upon the pictures; but, as we have said before, the lights must be behind the black gauze—never before it, as that gives a glaze upon the surface. We give a few illustrations, that we present less as effective pictures than as suggestions, for often we have sacrificed the more subdued effects that we should recommend in the tableaux—the mystery of shadow, etc.—to clearness of drawing, which shall leave no pose nor arrangement ambiguous.

. It must be remembered that often a very small part of satin or velvet will suffice to represent a whole dress, when but a small portion is to be seen.

If flowers are needed, arrange them in pots beneath the carpet in the hollow platform, and let them come up through a slit in the carpet.

The parabolic reflector is such as is used by every locomotive, to cast a light before it at night; the light is concentrated brilliantly upon one point. The hemispherical reflector is a section of a globe, though it may be of so large a globe as to appear almost flat. This reflector, of tin or quick silver, can be easily procured at any gas fitter's. It casts a diffused light—more or less diffused according to the distance or closeness of the flame to the reflector.

If the light is made to fall upon the tableau through colored glass, the effect of softening glaze is produced. But only one kind of glass can be safely used—"rolled cathedral." A small piece suffices. The ordinary "pot-metal glass" is only superficially colored, and casts spots of color instead of a glow.

To give the effect of sky, hang a gauze curtain on rings from a string or rod, letting it hang full, and reaching only half way down toward the stage, and six feet behind the gauze screen described above; a few feet behind the first curtain another of the same

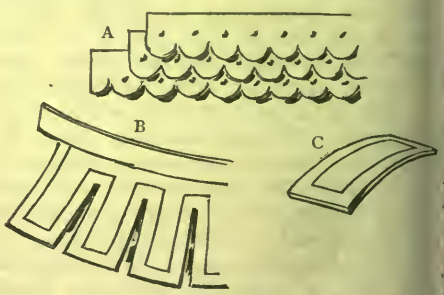


FIG. 4.—SILVER PAPER ARMOR.

A, armor made of silver paper stiffened with thin pasteboard cut in scallops and sewed upon a woven undershirt; B, belt of pasteboard covered with silver paper; C, shoulder-strap armor made of silver paper on pasteboard.

gauze, but half the depth of the first. The light must shine through without any flare being visible.

Once let the lights, the stage, the gauze be all that is to be desired, and the main difficulty is over. The intelligent stage manager sees a thousand possibilities in the silent actors of his troupe. One caution let me speak in time: do not be deceived

by prettiness. Many a pretty person is quite ineffective in a tableau, and many a one that you have called plain may make a charming picture. Grace will go further than any other quality to suggest beauty, proportion will go further than detail, the type of form further than color, which in some degree you will be able to supply. Keep always in mind that your work is a matter of art. You will not find even your actors ready made; you must bring art to the assistance and explanation of nature. We all know that, setting aside grace, nothing in every-day life will make a woman appear so beautiful as a fine complexion. Across the room it blooms like a flower; but many a handsome woman is hidden beneath an ugly complexion. Do not let beauty escape you for an accident like this. Powder and paint, so hideous in real life, may, used with discretion and softened by

FIG. 5.—FLORENTINE FASHION OF HAIR.

Hair crèpéd if it does not curl naturally. Fillet about hair to fall loose over bow at side of face, hair flowing down over shoulders.

gauze, give value to a fine form of feature. But use them cautiously. In many cases a skin of fine, even tone, though it be thick like the beautiful skin the French call *matte*, is more brilliant by night than the transparent, roseate, thin complexions, and always those complexions inclining to the yellow tone are more effective by gas-light than any other.

It should also be remembered that size is a very relative matter. To represent height or weight, let judicious contrasts serve you. We have seen a woman less than five feet in height so perfectly proportioned that she did not look small till she stood by other women, but, by the queenly carriage of her head, seemed tall. Isolated in a frame, dressed with ruffs and jewels, she might well have passed for a stately, commanding personage.

The Greeks sometimes exaggerated the

FIG. 6.—GREEK FASHION OF HAIR.

A, Greek fashion with broad fillet and curls. Bind only upper portion of hair as in B, and then dress in curls. Bring up lower portion and twist, fastening it invisibly with hair-pins.

smallness of their statues' heads to give grace and elegance, particularly to the women; but to give force and dignity, the head should not be very small. Jupiter should have a large head, Mercury a small one. One-eighth the length of the entire body is the perfect proportion for the head. The most famous Greek statues measure thus, but some of their small studies and some statues measure even ten heads. This is always and only used where grace, lightness, and elegance are of paramount importance.

People look taller on the stage than in a room, partly because they are seen on a

FIG. 7.—GREEK FASHION OF HAIR.

A, a Greek fashion of hair dressed on top of head with bow and curls. B, profile view of same. Bind as in C, with ribbon in one mass at top of head. Divide in two parts (D and E). Ribbon F. Make bow of upper lock E. Subdivide lower lock D and curl, bringing curls forward and in middle of bow, as in A and B.

higher level and appear larger as figures do seen against the sky, on the brow of a hill, or on a house-top. But in bulk they seem less, because of the sharper lights and shadows. Thus a slender leg, very handsome in reality, may appear thin, while one a trifle too heavy may seem gracefully slender. A black silk stocking on the stage should be worn over a white one, as next to the skin it makes the leg appear very small. An exaggeration in fact is more effective than over-refinement, unless an excessive spirituality is the effect aimed at. Jewels on the stage should be larger than would be worn in real life. For this reason, paste

jewels are often more telling on the stage than jewels of the finest quality.

I will first describe two tableaux for which a frame six feet by four can be used—"Undine" and "Ophelia at the Brook." For the Ophelia we present an illustration. For both of these, especially for the first, to give an unreal, misty effect, a double thickness of black gauze should be used. Place a mirror at an inclination which you can determine by experiment. Cover it with one thickness of black gauze, surround it with water-plants, vines, ivy,—anything to make it appear a natural piece of water; let there be tall flowers at the back, like lilies and iris, and low trees of picturesque form to represent bushes. These you can get of any florist, in pots, and the pots can easily be hidden behind the mirror in the hollow platform. A bough of pine nearer the foreground can be easily introduced by nailing it to a screen. The background should be gauze of a subdued green, and lilies on the surface of the mirror, pinned to the black gauze stretched upon it, will cast soft reflections. Have real flowers if in season, artificial ones if not.

The Undine should be slender and fair; her dress of diaphanous white; her hair long and wet, and dripping. From her hands drops of water falling may be represented by drops of crystal strung upon a hair or fine silk thread. Let a mild, suffused light shine dimly through the background, and let the cast light be placed at the left front corner of the picture, with a hemispherical reflector, and shining through a green glass. The reflection of the Undine in the mirror seems to make a movement with her own body like a fountain.

For the Ophelia, it would be well to alter the character of the surroundings a little to give it a wilder expression. Notice very carefully the direction of lines in the drawing, the gauzy-white drapery of the overskirt pulled to the right out of the picture as if it had caught on a briar. Let the hair of the Ophelia be very dark, and her face very pale, and her figure tall, slender, graceful; her eyes must look at nothing, and the action of her hand seem automatic as she drops the flower at which she does not look. Here a hair or invisible silk must be used to hold the flower; fasten the hair or silk to the root of the middle finger, that the action of the finger-tips may be unencumbered. For this character you must choose a woman with some dramatic talent.

Let there be no color in the picture but a dull green, and perhaps a little purple among the flowers; let the rest be white, and let the light in the background be extremely faint, and the cast light at the right-hand upper corner in front be very brilliant, and cast directly upon the upper portion of Ophelia's face and body, and let a parabolic reflector be used and no glass, but the light pure and simple.

"Memory" rests her hand upon a sun-dial and gazes in the mirror of imagination. The tone of this picture should be pale green and gold. The background of yellowish green gauze softly lighted with a diffused light on the right-hand corner; the branches of an orange tree, introduced as nearly as possible in the composition given in the drawing. The column of the sun-dial a yellowish tone like weather-stained marble; the hand of the sun-dial gilded. Let the hair of the woman be golden or golden brown, and the fillets in the hair green or gold, and the dress of very pale green *crèpe*, with a border of green and gold, and the glass in her hand set in ivory or in gold. Cast the light from the upper left-hand corner at the front, use the hemispherical reflector, and let the light shine through a green glass.

A frame about four feet six inches square —varying a little with the size of the actor— will be large enough for the next two pictures. The first is a "Monk in his Cell" by

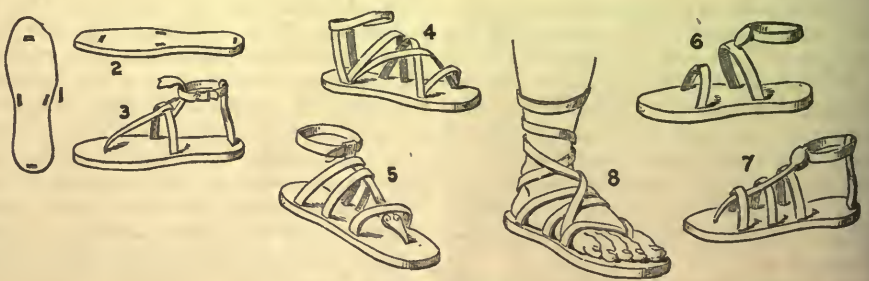


FIG. 8.—VARIOUS KINDS OF SANDALS.

OPHELIA AT THE BROOK.

moonlight, meditating upon a skull. The window used in this should be a latticed frame containing no glass, and there should be neither top nor foot lights used here. Every light should be extinguished but one to the right of the picture, which shines through the window; a parabolic reflector should be used, the rays cast directly upon the white-hued cowl of the monk, and making a shadow on the wall. The light must shine through glass of a cold shade of green "cathedral rolled." The wall of the cell can be perfectly represented by a screen papered with that coarse, heavy, gray paper, rough in surface, used sometimes without wadding beneath carpets,—a very thick paper, very cheap, and of a stone-gray. The actor can easily find at a wig-shop a wig to represent a shaven head with the monkish fringe of hair; the dress can be made of black and white flannel or serge; the table of unpainted pine, made at any carpenter's, oiled down into a dull tone or made of weather-stained plank; there should be a rough seat of the same. A skull can be procured at any medical college, or of almost any physician. This is one of the simplest of all the tableaux, and one of the most effective, if the light be well arranged and the air of mystery be given to the shadows. In the drawing, we have made the effect a little lighter than desirable, in order to make the pose and general mechanism clearly defined.

A charming contrast to this somber picture is "Pandora" opening the box the gods confided to her care. The woman chosen to take this part should be capable of looking very young, and should be of a youthful type, small features, delicate round arms, and a slender figure. Let the hair

MEMORY.

be, or be made, golden, with a flush of excitement on the cheek. The dress should be of *crèpe*, cream-colored, a ribbon of the same color used for the fillets of the hair; the sandals and sandal-thongs of gold. Let the floor be gray or dun color, the curtain amber, the plain curtain nearest the front of a brighter, richer tone of the same. The screen set back of the curtain should represent distance, not a wall, and therefore should be of gauze, dark amber or rich brown, and very faintly lighted, not to give light, but only transparency. You will be a little limited, probably, in the choice of a box. If you have no very handsome carved one, an ordinary wooden box, lined with yellow, and covered at the end toward the audience by some bass-relief, easily got at any plasterer's, of a classic design, and gilded with Bessemer's gold paint—a border manufactured in the same way—would make the effect very handsome. Let this tableau be lighted from a point not yet tried with the others, viz.: the front at the top, slightly to the right; use the hemispherical reflector, and cast the light through a rose-colored glass.

"A Nun at her Devotions" is one of the simplest of all. It hardly needs description. A background of dark brown gauze, very faintly lighted at the upper right-hand corner; a dress of black serge or stuff, with black veil and white coif; a crucifix and rosary,—these are the very simple materials needed. Let the light fall from the left-hand upper corner in front, and use the parabolic reflector. Choose your nun for the beauty of her eyes, the regularity and refinement of feature, and the elegance of her hands.

This tableau was performed many years ago, in a series of tableaux managed by an artist of great reputation. The young girl who took the part of the nun was very beautiful, and the audience were so enthusiastic that they would not allow the curtain to be dropped. The light shining full in the upturned eyes of the maiden for so prolonged a period made the tears gather, and a great, shining drop, catching the light, rolled down her cheek, while the bright tears glistened, brimming over the lower lids. The effect was electrical. The tableau was encored and encored, and long-continued applause followed its last appearance.

A frame, approximately twenty-nine by thirty-four inches, should include this picture, and also the following one.

This is called "The Maskers." The costume is Florentine, of the Petrarch period, very simple to make. The man should be dark, and wear a full wig of half-long black hair; a cap of dark green velvet set on the back of the head; a cloak of brown, or dark amber, almost brown, a sleeve of dark green, with a yellow satin facing. He should hold a little rose-colored mask, which he has just plucked from the face of the woman, whose hair must be blonde and dressed in the Florentine fashion, with a fillet, as in the working drawing (Fig. 5). The small portion of dress that shows should be of deep red, with a high collar lined with a rose-color paler than the mask. Her cloak should be of blue, or golden brown. Let the background be of a rich tone of yellow. Cast the light from the front upper left-hand corner, using the parabolic reflector and a yellow glass.

"The Harvesters" is capable of very exquisite effect, if given with artistic sense and a judicious selection of actors.

It is by no means difficult, and of a most trifling cost. The frame is seven feet by five, or a little less. The stage should be at a slightly sharper inclination than the ten inches we have heretofore set down, and in depth not less than the whole fifteen feet, at which point two of the frames of the screen, covered with gray-blue gauze, should stretch across the entire stage. At least four feet behind that, hang a full curtain of gauze

A MONK IN HIS CELL BY MOONLIGHT.

across, falling from the top to within three feet of the stage. Two or three feet behind this, hang a curtain of cambric or thick cloth, coming within four feet of the stage. Several feet behind this, have an absolutely opaque screen,—if convenient, wood, otherwise paper,—which shall leave an open space of three or four feet above the stage across its whole length, and let the space behind it be very brilliantly lighted with lights shining through yellow glass. This will give you the effect of a sunset sky.

On your stage at the back, set a bush—a wild bush, like a small thorn-tree, or furze-bush. Cover your stage with cloth, flannel or velvet, of a dull old gold, or golden brown, to represent a reaped field. Let a sheaf of wheat be set here and there, at judicious distances, and your scene will be complete.

For actors, choose those capable of looking the part of French peasants,—not too slender in figure, rather muscular; let the complexion be, or be painted, dark, with color in the cheek. Let the actress on the right appear the youngest and be the slenderest, the feet bare or dressed in sabots. (How many ladies import gloves or dresses! It would be easy to import sabots; your dress-maker could import them for you.) The stockings should be blue woolen or cotton, the skirt of blue woolen or cotton, and a little woolen bodice of brown, laced in front; the cotton chemise is best of the yellowish tone called unbleached; a broad ribbon of black may be tied on the top of the head, in a flaring bow. She holds beneath her left arm a sheaf of wheat, and winds the right arm around the waist of her taller neighbor, who may be dressed in a deeper shade of blue, with a still deeper blue bodice, a handkerchief on her head of plaid cotton, in which the chief color shall be yellow. Let the stockings be gray, and the feet in sabots, or bare. The third peasant should wear a brown dress with a blue cotton apron, in which she carries a few blades of wheat. The handkerchief on the head should be pink, and that over her shoulders plaid, with pink introduced, and some purple tones, if practicable. Let the stockings be of a yellow-brown. You may vary the group by placing behind the group of women a dark, muscular youth carrying a sheaf of wheat on his left shoulder, bare-headed and with black hair. His shirt, if white, should be of a yellowish, dirty tone, or it should be gray, open at the throat. The whole group must have the action of moving forward and singing as they go. Let the light be cast from the left upper

PANDORA.

A NUN AT HER DEVOTIONS.

corner in front, through a yellow glass, and with the use of a hemispherical reflector the light will be diffused gently over the whole. The main light should be from the back, as if from the sunset.

A very interesting study is to copy in your *tableaux vivants* some famous picture. Choose the actors for the resemblance they are capable of bearing to the subject. You will be surprised to see how the dress of the hair, the lines of the dress, change the appearance, bringing into relief characteristics not easily seen in the habitual costume.

How easily one could give in tableaux the "Madonna della Seggiola," by Raphael. Remember that the picture was painted on the top of a barrel, and that the circular frame is as important as the pose of the Madonna. All the lines of the picture are composed upon that circle, and, as composition of line, it is one of the finest things in the world. Arrange the picture with a photograph of the original by your side. Be careful with every fold of drapery, every line of the pose; not one is unimportant. Every finger must be in its right position. It would be safer, of course, if some one of the company had seen the original, and remembered vividly the tone of green of the mantle and the red of the sleeve. To make the halo around the head of the St. John, use brass wire. The flame about the head of the infant Christ is less easy to represent, though experiments might be tried with tinsel; but the wire might be substituted, if all else fails.

The flow of unsupported drapery, as in Raphael's Dresden Madonna, in mantle and skirt, can be arranged by means of buckram or wire pinched into the right line; but a person quite unused to the artistic had best not attempt this, though one with a little knowledge may learn much by experimenting in this way. Canton flannel, thick, unbleached cotton, and many cheap materials not too thin, may be made to look like much richer ones if well draped.

There is no end to the charming classic subjects one might give in tableaux, such as "Greek girls laying garlands on the shrine of Cupid," "Penelope at her web," "Arcadian lovers with doves." Let the dresses be care-

fully copied from some plates of Greek costume,—"Flaxman's Outlines," any good mythology with plates, or any of the several works on Greek costume to be found in a large library. The material used may be Canton flannel, unbleached cotton, or merino, or *crèpe*, with gold borders worked in patterns. For the shrine of Cupid, have a bower of shrubs and a little altar with a burning lamp. Let the statue of Cupid be a boy or youth, dressed in white tights and rubbed with flour, the hair floured or powdered, or a wig floured. Of course, the hair must curl.

Romantic subjects, like "The Lady of Shalott" at her mirror with her loom, might suggest a host in the same line, or several treatments of the same,—in order to see, not the face of the lady, but her reflection in the mirror, and also the dimmer reflection of what she sees. The last can be done by means of a trap-door in the stage, and figures below that are reflected in the mirror, which must be tipped forward. This can only be easily done if your stage were in the loft of a barn. Another way would be to have figures reflected in a mirror, so placed as to reflect again into the mirror of the Lady of Shalott. Another conception of this subject would be effective if a very dramatic person would assume the character of the Lady of Shalott. Let the mirror be placed with its back to the audience. The lady, jumping up from her loom, drags with her the woven web, making confusion; with one hand pressed to her heart she eagerly looks in the mirror, and her face must reflect the joy of what she sees, and the coming tragedy.

THE MASQUERS.

Many other subjects suggest themselves, such as two lovers getting their fortune told by an old hag in a gypsy camp; or a young cavalier listening to a beautiful gypsy girl, who holds cards in her hand; an old Italian woman, lifting a child to lay flowers on the Virgin's shrine,—all the light coming from the lamp that burns above the shrine. A hundred sub-

THE HARVESTERS.

jects from "Faust" could be charmingly given: Marguerite at her spinning-wheel, Faust and Marguerite in the garden in sunlight, she pulling the leaves from the daisy, he watching her, while on the wall behind them, crossing their shadows, is cast the shadow of Mephistopheles, with his three cock's-plumes, he not otherwise appearing in the picture.

We are well aware that we may, in the course of these pages, have suggested many questions that we have left unanswered, but we hope that the explanations which have been given will prove clear and practical. At least, we may trust that some of our thoughts may set intelligent people, who have not given themselves an artistic training, thinking in the right direction. It is not instruction but *provocation*, Emerson says, that one mind may receive from another.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET—PEASANT AND PAINTER. III.

THE REAPER.

WHILE studying with patience the action of his reapers, Millet produced a figure which had long occupied his thoughts. We know what a serious affair the sowing is to an agricultural people. Plowing, manuring and harrowing are done with comparative indifference, at any rate without heroic passion; but when a man puts on the white grain-bag, rolls it around his left arm, fills it with seed, the hope of the coming year, that man exercises a sort of sacred ministry. He says nothing, looks straight before him, measures the furrow, and, with a movement cadenced like the rhythm of a mysterious song, throws the grain, which falls to the earth and will soon be covered by the harrow. The rhythmic walk of the sower and his action are superb. The importance of the deed is real, and he feels his responsibility. If he is a good laborer, he will know how much seed to throw with every fling of his hand, adjusting the amount sown to the nature of the soil. I have seen sowers who, before they put foot upon the field, would toss a handful of grain into the air in the sign of a cross; then, stepping upon the

THE DIGGERS.

field, they would pronounce, in a low voice, some indistinct words which sounded like a prayer.

Millet had the idea of the sower in his heart without knowing how to define it. Barbizon formulated the work for him, but the scene is laid at Gruchy. Although "The Sower" was conceived and executed at Barbizon, it was entirely with the remembrance of Normandy. In point of fact, the first "Sower" by Millet was a young fellow of a wild aspect, dressed in a red shirt and blue breeches, his legs wrapped in wisps of straw, and his hat torn by the weather. It is not at all a man of Barbizon—it is a young fellow of Gréville, who, with a proud and serious step, finishes his task on the steep fields, in the midst of a flock of crows, which fly down upon the grain. It is himself, Millet, who remembers his early life, and finds himself once more upon his native soil. Later, he made several drawings and pastels of a "Sower," all having the look of the people at Barbizon. The action is less dignified, the man is more weighed down, like the people about Paris; and in order that there should be no mistake, Millet made as a frame about him the portrait of the country—the old tower and plain of Chailly.

The first "Sower"* (1850) was executed with fury, but having reached the end of his work, Millet found, like Michael Angelo with his statues, that the stuff was insufficient, the canvas was too short. He traced the lines of his figure exactly and produced the twin brother, which appeared in the exhibition which opened at the end of the year 1850. The *Salon* was then at the Palais Royal. With "The Sower" Millet sent "The Sheaf-Binders." "The Sower" made some noise, the young school talked about it, copied it, reproduced it in lithography, and it has remained in the memory of artists as Millet's *chef-d'œuvre*. Théophile Gautier was touched by it. In the following quotation we see the impression made by this virile work:

"'The Sower,' by M. J.-F. Millet, impresses us as the first pages of the 'Mare au Diable' of George Sand, which are about labor and rustic works. The night is coming, spreading its gray wings over the earth; the sower marches with a rhythmic step,

* The first "Sower" is owned by Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, who owns also a number of other works by Millet.

flinging the grain in the furrow; he is followed by a cloud of pecking birds; he is covered with dark rags, his head by a curious cap. He is bony, swart and meager, under this livery of poverty; yet it is life which his large hand sheds, and, with a superb gesture, he who has nothing pours upon the earth the bread of the future. On the other side of the slope, a last ray of the sun shows a pair of oxen at the end of their furrow, strong and gentle companions of man, whose recompense will one day be the slaughter-house. This is the only light of the picture, bathed in shadow; and presenting to the eye, under a cloudy sky, nothing but newly plowed earth. Of all the peasants sent to the *Salon* this year, we greatly prefer 'The Sower.' There is something great and of the grand style in this figure, with its violent gesture, its proud raggedness, which seems to be painted with the very earth that the sower is planting."

It was at this time that Millet confided to me his divorce from mythology and naked female figures. He wrote from Barbizon:

"I received yesterday colors, oil, canvas and the sketch. These are the names of the pictures for the sale in question:

"1. Woman pounding hemp.

"2. Peasant man and woman going to work in the field.

"3. Pickers of wood in the forest.

"I don't know whether *pickers* can be printed. 'Peasant man and woman gathering wood,' or anything you choose. * * * But, to tell the truth, the peasant subjects suit my temperament best; for I must confess, even if you think me a socialist, that the human side of art is what touches me most, and if I could only do what I like,—or, at least, attempt it,—I should do nothing that was not an impression from nature, either in landscape or figures. The gay side never shows itself to me. I don't know where it is. I have never seen it. The gayest thing I know is the calm, the silence, which is so delicious, either in the forest or in the cultivated land—whether the land be good for culture or not. You will admit that it is always very dreamy, and a sad dream, though often very delicious.

"You are sitting under a tree, enjoying all the comfort and quiet of which you are capable; you see come from a narrow path a poor creature loaded with fagots. The unexpected and always surprising way in which this figure strikes you, instantly reminds you of the common and melancholy lot of humanity —weariness. It is always like the impression of La Fontaine's 'Wood-cutter,' in the fable:

"'What pleasure has he had since the day of his birth?
Who so poor as he on the whole wide earth?'"

"Sometimes, in places where the land is sterile, you see figures hoeing and digging. From time to time one raises himself and straightens his back, as they call it, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. 'Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.' Is this the gay, jovial work some people would have us believe in? But, nevertheless, to me it is true humanity and great poetry!

"But I stop, lest I should end by tiring you. Forgive me; I am all alone, with no one to whom I can speak of my impressions, and I let myself go without thinking. I will not do so again. Oh, now I think of it, send me from time to time some fine letters with the Minister's seal,—a red seal and all the prettiness possible. If you could only see the respect with which the postman gives them to me, hat in hand (a thing quite out of the common), saying with the greatest unctuousness, 'From the Minister!' It gives me a position, it increases my credit, for to them a letter with the Minister's seal is, of course, from the Minister. * * * Is there any chance of an order? Is that one of Jacques' getting on at all?

"I shake your hand. J.-F. MILLET.

"Do Rousseau's pictures make a good effect? Are they a success?"

This precious letter shows at once the programme and the character of Millet. His rustic art is at last proclaimed, as well as all his philosophy, or rather his æsthetic theories. It is a corner of his heart which he opens; he shows us what he loves,—and a gay, even comic note ends his letter; for he does not want to be thought a complainer, and, like all dreamy and impressionable spirits, soon quits the melancholy tone to laugh a little at the foibles of humanity.

In the beginning of 1857, his grandmother died without having embraced her "Benjamin," her François who had grown up under her wing, and whom she thought of until her last breath. Millet was overcome with grief. He did not speak for days, and it was pitiful to see his mute pain. "Ah, if I could have seen her once more," were the only words he could say.

The existence of the mother of Millet was now painful enough. Loneliness crept upon her,—her daughters were married, and her sons had left the village.

"My dear child," she wrote, "you say you are very anxious to come to see us and stay a little while with us. I am very anxious, too, but it seems you have not much means. How do you manage to live? My poor child, when I begin to think of this I am very uncomfortable. Ah, I hope you will come and surprise us some time when we expect it the least. For myself, I can neither live nor die, I am so anxious to see you. * * * I have neglected writing to you, because I thought to see you during the summer, but now it is past and indeed we are very anxious to see you. * * * I have nothing now left me but to suffer and die. My poor child, if you could only come before the winter! I have such a great desire to see you one single time more. I think of you oftener than you imagine. I am tired of suffering in body and soul. When I wonder how you will get on in the future without money, I can neither rest nor sleep. * * * * *

"Tell us how you do, whether you have work and make money, and sell your pictures. It is surprising that you don't speak of the revolutions in Paris. Is it true that there are any? Tell us something about them. I am so afraid that you will get caught in all this business. Will you come soon? * * * Ah, if I had wings to fly to you! As soon as you get this letter, write again. I end by kissing you with all my heart, and I am with all possible love you mother,

"WIDOW MILLET."

It is not surprising that one son combined the religious ardor of the grandmother with the tenderness of the mother.

She did not last much longer. A suffocating asthma made her as weak as an octogenarian. Life remained in her only in the thought of her children,—the hope of seeing her François, who had always given her respect and affection. She waited like the mothers in the old legends,—listening for his footfall, hoping vainly for a surprise which never came. Poor François, too, waited; poverty, the fatal companion of his life, did not give him a moment's grace.

She waited two years, until 1853, and died in prayer and hope. Her son, a hundred leagues off, traced on paper the sorrows of his mother. He thought of Tobit and his wife, who also waited, and he realized the story there, where the old people hope for the return of their child. He found the plastic expression of their suffering, and sketched a scene where two old people look toward the sky, and try to find a human form amid the glories of the setting sun. The "Waiting," a picture exhibited some years later, was here begun.

Is art a natural language which all can understand? Is a particular education and aptitude necessary to appreciate its beauties? The common man, and even very poetic intelligences, do they rebel against the thoughts of painters and sculptors? We leave to others the work of answering these questions. Certainly our modern geniuses have not shown an understanding of plastic art, and, among the shepherds of men, many seem to us blind in this matter. The state, the natural protector of art, long went astray, both in its public manifestations, and in the choice of its acquisitions or orders. "And yet," said Millet, "it seems to me that the Pharaohs did not let the genius of ancient Egypt die, and that Pericles was lucky in the choice of a builder of the Parthenon; Alexander did not make humiliating demands upon Praxiteles; the Antonines allowed art, in their day, to attain to the greatest beauty. But in our day it is nothing but an accessory, a pleasing talent; whereas, of old, and in the Middle Ages, it was a pillar of society, its conscience, and the expression of its religious sentiment.

"What have the great men of our day done for the arts? Less than nothing. Lamartine (I saw him choose his favorite picture in the *Salon* of 1848) cared only for a subject which related to his political or literary preoccupations. He would never have found a place in his house for a picture by Rembrandt. Victor Hugo puts Louis Boulanger and Delacroix on the same line. George Sand has a woman's prudence, and gets out of the difficulty by beautiful words. Alexandre Dumas is in the hands of Delacroix, but he cannot think freely outside of the painter of Shakspere and Goethe. I have never discovered a single well-felt page in Balzac, Eugène Sue, Frederic Soulié, Barbier, Méry, etc.,—one page which could guide us or show a real comprehension of art; and that is the reason I was cold in meeting Prudhon when he came to see Diaz."

In 1850, or '51, Millet had been in a dark corner of Diaz's studio, when Prudhon came in. Millet turned a moment to look at the new-comer, and immediately began to work again at his picture.

In the *Salon* of 1853, Millet painted "Ruth and Boaz," "The Sheep-shearer" and "The Shepherd," all highly praised by Gautier, Paul de Saint Victor and Pelloquet. Millet received a second-class medal. His "Ruth and Boaz" was bought by an American, and his two other pictures were purchased by Mr. William Morris Hunt. The latter had lived for several years in Paris. A pupil of Couture, he had become seriously enamored of Millet's works, and, to study quietly the man and the painter, made himself a comfortable home in Barbizon, and led the gay life of every American who lives in the good land of France. Other strangers, such as Mr. Hearn, painter, and Mr. Babcock, to whom Millet had given some lessons in 1848, came to visit Mr. Hunt. There was thus formed a sort of colony of artists, fervent disciples of Millet, who, by their purchases, lightened his poverty. But these windfalls could scarcely fill the holes made by a life which had always been hard. Like Rousseau, Millet had around him a group of tradesmen, anxious and almost fierce, whom he had to appease. A baker, the only one in the place, threatened with oaths to withdraw the daily bread. A grocer had become his bailiff. A country tailor—the antipodes of the patient Parisian tradesman—sent the sheriff's officer to sell the furniture in his studio, and he would not allow the artist a day's, or even an hour's, grace. Such scenes were repeated over and over during many years.

When I re-read the letters of Millet, written in these unfortunate times, I find them always a dignified, calm statement of his sufferings. He hides nothing, com-

plains of nothing, merely tells the bald fact, and the sad truth is all the more touching. All these cruel confidences end by these words: "Try, my dear Sensier, to coin some money with my pictures; sell them at any price, but send me one hundred francs, fifty, or even thirty, for the time approaches . . . ." Then I trotted all over Paris, offering dealers and amateurs the paintings of my friend. Some grinned, or sent me off as a madman; others, more rarely, bought, but at laughable prices. I went to my comrades. I told them they could buy with confidence, and that I would take the picture back if, later, they came to the conclusion that they had made a bad bargain. In this way, I made some sales, and, after a month or two, back would come the painting, with a "Decidedly, I don't care for this artist; I like anything else better" —a new embarrassment for me. I honored my promises, but only by superhuman efforts, loans, combinations,—all the series of youthful difficulties. Thus I acquired many pictures of Millet, in spite of myself as it were, and by the mere force of circumstances. Later, some of these stubborn amateurs came to me for the same pictures, but I refused, saying: "It is too late; your pictures are in my harem, and I will just let you see them, like Candaules and Gyges. But the mold is not broken. Go to Millet; he will serve you." That was a time of trials, struggles and humiliating, picturesque inventions to get us out of difficulties. I see it all through a mist, which changes sometimes into splendid rainbows: for I was as convinced as of a mathematical fact that Millet was a great painter.

I do not speak of the man. I was attached to Millet as to an elder brother, who revealed to me all the beauties and attractions of life,—a sage whose temper was ever even, whose welcome was always kind, and who taught me to rid myself of superfluities, and showed me the true paths of life. These times are gone. Millet is dead, —glorious, but killed before his time by the endless battles in which his strength could not but fail. "In art," he used to say, "you have to 'give your skin.'" In spite of everything, Millet did not despair. He felt that he had a great career, if he only could get bread enough to hold out.

Rousseau at this time was scarcely more favored. Their intimacy was very slow to form. Millet, more straitened than he, only let him know, in a joking way, part of his troubles. Rousseau, defiant, always on his guard, only later opened his heart to Millet; but at last they began to believe in each other, and they then commenced an exchange of impressions and ideas which had a great influence on Rousseau. Toward 1852, the latter used to consult his friend on the subject of his pictures and his projects. Millet sometimes dared to tell him point-blank his opinions,—a difficult thing for Rousseau to accept. They even had some notions about working together.

In 1853 Millet lost his mother, and it was absolutely necessary for him to go home and attend to the division of the inheritance. Happily, he was fortunate enough to sell some canvases, and left Barbizon the first days of May. Meeting at Gruchy, the eight children of Jean Louis Nicholas Millet divided his inheritance. François only asked for the books that had belonged to his great-uncle, and the great wardrobe of oak, which from father to son had come down uninjured. He left his part of the house and the land to be enjoyed by one of his brothers, who lived at Gruchy. And so, the family wealth being reduced to the smallest fractions, Millet started again for Barbizon, impatient to rejoin his wife and children.

Times became a trifle better. Some amateurs liked his drawings, and were never tired of increasing their collection. These drawings had not yet reached the beauty of those of a later date retouched with pastel, nor of those other admirable compositions which were seen after his death; but the artist then, as always, saw the fundamental characteristic of all country scenes, and rendered them in a style of his own and with a striking individuality. Most of these drawings are on gray or blue paper, with the lights touched in with Chinese white, with the shadows in stump, and are swiftly done, as by a man master of his subject. They are almost all the first thought of a composition, and if later they became pastel or painting, the disposition and effect were not changed. The image was instantly fixed in the mental vision of Millet, for he did nothing that was not deliberate, thoughtful, sought out, and when the picture came, it was complete and definite in a few strokes. But it distressed Millet to be reduced to work which fatigued his brain by constant invention. At this moment good luck arrived in the shape of a buyer, who was welcomed as a savior.

Perhaps it may seem that I unveil too much of the secret corner of Millet's

THE ANGELUS.

life,—of his poverty. But of such a man everything is of value, and to see him always dignified and serene amid the storms of life, meeting his fate by work, calm love of his art and such persistent self-abnegation, it will be admitted that his poverty ought to raise him in our esteem.

The new buyer was not a casual passer-by. Rousseau had discovered him, and, according to his discreet fashion, had sent him to Millet. M. Letrône did not stop; he ordered two more pictures, among others the beautiful composition of the woman feeding chickens, whose price was the enormous one of 2000 francs. Millet worth 2000 francs! and how would he use this treasure? To make his house comfortable and enjoy his wealth? Not at all. He thinks of home, and goes off, in June, 1854, with all his children, to La Hague. He went for one month and staid four.

At Gréville, he found neither his father nor his two mothers. Only his eldest sister and one of his brothers remained in the village—a new generation. The old friends of his childhood were under the grass of the cemetery. The first days were sad enough, but the fields, the active life of the house, and the pure air from the cliffs, restored his tone. He wanted to paint, and he drew, with a son's affection, everything which the family had owned: the house, the garden, the cider-mill, the stables, the orchard, the hedges, the pastures and covered ways of the ancestral house. These sketches and notes, taken in all the neighborhood, served him later for his compositions.

One evening he was returning to Gruchy, the "Angelus" was just ringing, and he found himself at the door of the little church of Eulleville. He went in; at the altar an old man was praying. He waited, and when the old priest rose, he struck him gently on the shoulder, and said: "François." It was the Abbé Jean Lebrisseux, his first teacher.

"Ah, is it you, dear child, little François?" and they embraced, weeping.

"And the Bible, François, have you for-

gotten it? and the Psalms, do you ever read them?"

"They are my breviary," said Millet. "I get from there all that I do."

"These are rare words to hear nowadays, but you will be rewarded. You used to love Virgil."

"I love him still."

"It is well. I am content. Where I sowed, good grain has grown, and you will reap the harvest, my son."

At night-fall they separated. Millet started again for Paris, where new work and new disappointments awaited him, but his stay at Gruchy was profitable to his future. He never exhausted the stock of characteristic subjects which he brought back with him. His name began to grow. The new rustic art of Millet had made the young men think; at once literal and imaginative, it roused in some minds a whole world of political and social problems. Some called him the brother of Pierre Dupont, the singer of peasants, eloquent ally of Lachambeaudie, the novelist of the sorrows of the people. "The Sower" cursed the rich, they said, because he flung his grain with anger toward the sky. Every one talked of the artist's work, and tried to make it a weapon. But Millet did not consider himself so important or so revolutionary. No subversive idea troubled his brain. Socialistic doctrines he would not listen to; the little that came to his ears, he said, was not clear. He often said: "My programme is work. 'Thou shalt gain thy bread in the sweat of thy brow,' was written centuries ago. Immutable destiny, which none may change! What every one ought to do is to find progress in his profession, to try ever to do better, to be strong and clever in his trade, and be greater than his neighbor in talent and conscientiousness in his work. That for me is the only path. The rest is dream or calculation."

(To be continued.)

O TELL ME NOT OF HEAVENLY HALLS.

O TELL me not of heavenly halls,
Of streets of pearl and gates of gold,
Where angel unto angel calls
'Mid splendors of the sky untold:

My homesick heart would backward turn
To find this dear, familiar earth,
To watch its sacred hearth-fires burn,
To catch its songs of care or mirth.

I'd lean from out the heavenly choir
To hear once more the red cock crow,
What time the morning's rosy fire
O'er hill and field began to glow.

To hear the ripple of the rain,
The summer waves at ocean's brim,
To hear the sparrow sing again
I'd quit the wide-eyed cherubim!

I care not what heaven's glories are!
Content am I. More joy it brings
To watch the dandelion's star
Than mystic Saturn's golden rings.

And yet, and yet,—O dearest one,
My comfort from life's earliest breath,
To follow thee where thou art gone,
Through those dim, awful gates of Death,—

To find thee,—feel thy smile again,
To have Eternity's long day
To tell my grateful love,—why, then,
Both heaven and earth might pass away!

ELIHU VEDDER.

THE LAIR OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

WERE it possible to collect together, in a single gallery, all the pictures of an artist who has worked industriously at his profession for twenty years, it would be hard if a certain number were not admirable on one account or another. Suppose him a man of most ordinary make; still, there will be one or two paintings out of the common, one or two which contain enough thought, enough expression of personal identity, enough individuality, to warrant a second examination. But suppose him specially endowed with a creative imagination, sportive every now and then, willful, ready, it may be, to overshoot the mark, and, at times, to disappoint his friends by crudities: comparison of all the pictures of such a painter will be sure to make a deep impression, all the more profound, perhaps, should it be felt that along with his extraordinary natural gifts run defects which hinder the full expansion of his genius. His brilliant qualities will shine the more for the contrast they make with the darker side. For have you not observed that symmetry, to be tolerable, has to belong to the very greatest of things and of men? Seldom, nowadays, painters are found with the imaginations, grotesque but powerful, of the workmen on the Gothic cathedrals of France and Germany. Imagine one of those old sculptors of gargoyles in the thirteenth century come to life again, and submitted to the depressing influences of the haste and waste of the present day, which characterize life in the United States more completely, perhaps, than elsewhere in the world. The painter whose genius I shall try to appreciate, and whose development trace, in the following pages, sometimes appears to me such a master-workman, born in a time not quite suited to his talents, and struggling to express himself in ways that are less easy to his natural temperament than might have been of old. He is one whose pictures stand out in strong relief from those of others, the longer one passes in review the artists of his own land and of Europe. Moreover, at the present day, does it not look as if he would stand a better chance of success in Europe, where work of the old imaginative school has had its epoch, and still possesses its hereditary honors and emoluments, rather than in the United States, where of Gothic art next to nothing exists, save the wild absurdities of local architects? It might look so. And yet Mr. Elihu Vedder, whose peculiar genius I would like to compare to those which accomplished the grandeurs and extravagances of Gothic art, was born in the United States, of people long settled there, and was there mainly brought up and educated in art. It is he who has painted scenes which are quite original and unexampled, whatever may be the objections to be made to them on other grounds. This holds good of his

work previous to 1870. And even in respect to later work, it may be said that although in Europe for many years, he has never ceased to be an American; he has even shown what may be termed extraordinary incapacity to assimilate the conventionalities of the art by which he has been surrounded.

First impressions are not safe guides in anything out and out, but they often contain a germ of living truth. Coming suddenly upon an array of paintings by Mr. Vedder, the first sight is overwhelming. There seems so much thought expended upon them, so many stories are told, such strange regions of heaven and earth, of the waters above and waters below, have been explored for motives, that, used to the uneventful frames hanging on the walls in ordinary exhibitions, one is fairly taken off one's feet. But how with the second impression? The mind's eye having got adjusted meantime to the manner of the artist, the stories known, the strange regions become somewhat familiar,—a singular case of self-deception is apprehended. For behold, half the glamour is fled! The very pictures that delighted at first are suddenly grown strangely empty, ringing to the eye's touch like hollow cymbals, hard and bare as the canvases against which critics of academy work protest, rapid as the art of a second-rate Düsseldorf painter! A third inspection carries one back a little way toward the first stand-point, and establishes a certain equilibrium between the too favorable and too adverse opinions. How is this? What magic has the artist used to fool the critic into an enthusiasm of which he had to feel ashamed?

Rome attracts the artist as naturally as a flower lures a bee. Her museums are full of statues belonging to the golden age of Hellenic art, or of copies of them hardly inferior to the originals; her palaces contain some of the most glorious paintings finished during the intellectual epoch which reached its highest mark in the fifteenth century. From her ruins an inkling of the grandeur of classic architecture may be obtained; her churches show how the moderns have been able to equal the ancients in splendor, and in some respects even to surpass them. It is true that the picturesqueness of the street-life of Rome is on the wane. One sees no more those birds of gay plumage, the cardinals; while the monkish habits, which used to afford one of the most piquant effects in the narrow ways and alleys of the old city, no longer strike one's eye. These streets, too, are undergoing changes which may improve the health and add to the comfort of the inhabitants, but do away

THE CUMÆAN SIBYL.

THE QUESTIONER OF THE SPHINX.

entirely with their former picturesqueness; in place of tortuous, dirty ways there are now boulevards lined with clean buildings of stucco, even in size, subdued as to tint, it is true, but grievously uniform and fatiguing to the sight. Yet these changes are only superficial. Rome remains what it was—a city which the artistic mind looks to as a paradise. Has not France a great palace on the Pincian for the special use of her students elect? Is not Germany represented almost as well, and has not Spain a fine new château, on a commanding height, for the use and encouragement of her chosen artists? These picked men from three of the greatest nations of the world ought alone to form an "atmosphere," a "*milieu*," such as artists like to have about them. But in Rome there are Scandinavian artists; besides, there are English, Russian, Polish. The Italians are naturally plenty, and America sends her usual number of students and professors of the fine arts,—perhaps more than her share. Add to all these advantages the presence of a royal court, with its obligatory uniforms, reviews and cavalcades, and of a papal court, shorn of its former splendor, indeed, but still forced on certain occasions to contribute something to the pageants of the year, and it is no wonder that, in the minds of all devout painters and sculptors, Rome should assume the proportions of an artistic Mecca.

It is one thing to make a pilgrimage to Mecca; another to settle there. I do not know whether it has ever occurred to any one to contrast the Italian artist who plies his profession in other countries than his own, with the foreigner who works in Italy. The expatriated Italian supplies a demand in the nation where he resides; the foreign artist in Italy, however, sells his work in the main to his own countrymen, who are there on their travels. At first blush it may seem that, so long as an artist disposes of his work, it makes little difference to whom he sells it. Nothing, however, is more untrue. It makes all the difference in the world whether he sells to persons who reflect long before they buy, and then take a picture for the

love of it, or to persons who are on the move, have plenty of money in their pocket, and are taking a rose-colored view of everything. In the former case he has exacting buyers, who are not to be caught by chaff; in the latter he has undiscriminating purchasers, who, by large prices and frequent orders, encourage him to do undigested or slovenly work. This is the difficulty which besets the foreign artist, who, allured by the marvels of art in Rome, and delighted with the novelty, variety, and ease of life abroad, lingers on until he has become in some sort a fixture. If he have any native force, he is sure to be too individual, too national, to become a citizen of his adoptive land; he remains a foreigner while he loses his grasp on the current of thought at home. If he be a weak man, the results are fatal to his advance in art; he remains stationary, if he does not actually retrograde and lapse into a mechanical fabricator of pictures or statues on a few fixed types. In art, stagnation is tantamount to degeneracy.

If Mr. Elihu Vedder were of this latter class, to speak of him at all would be useless. But although he has been submitted to the influences mentioned, there has fortunately been too much that is original in his composition to allow him to succumb entirely. During and shortly after the war of secession, Mr. Vedder showed his original turn of mind in a very unmistakable fashion. He was then in the early prime of life; his head was full of ideas; he had seen Europe and got what could be got on a short visit, namely, suggestions. His hand was ready up to a certain point, in fact too ready, as it turns out, for his own good in the long run. It was then that we hailed with pleasure the products of his teeming fancy, the imps and kobolds, shadowy faces in clouds, original views of characters in the old mythologies. To this creative stage belong "The Lair of the Sea-serpent," defective only in the absence of some object by which, approximately, the size of the monster could be measured; "Gulnare of the Sea," "The Djinn of the Bottle," "The Questioner of the Sphinx," a picture worthy of Emerson's great poem on the same subject; "The Roc's Egg," "The King of the Salamanders," "Memory," the exquisite little sketch called "Twilight," and many more which the memory of the reader will supply. Here belong "The Shadow of the Cypress," afterward amplified into "The Lost Mind," a most noble and expressive work, which may well rank among the first paintings by Americans during the present century. Here is to be also placed "Old Mortality," a landscape expressive of melancholy on its noble side. It is not maintained that every one of these was strictly original, but even those like the charming sketch from the fabulous lore of the Middle Ages called "The King of the Salamanders,"—which happens to be the same as the firm-mark of a Venetian publisher of the sixteenth century,—and the picture of the "Medusa," even those which are only novel applications of old ideas, bore the stamp of spontaneousness; they were like Nathaniel Hawthorne's play with mythological subjects—not, of course, new found, but newly arranged, newly spun. What similarity existed was

THE ROC'S EGG.

plainly only the duplication of thought inevitable in all art, but in nowise plagiarism. And the backgrounds which Mr. Vedder loves so much, the desolate wastes, the hard, sterile mountains, and long, stern lines of plain that vanish in the distance, struck a true chord in the popular heart. The element of grandeur in them was felt at once, and felt all the more widely because, as a general rule, the public neither cared to nor could examine critically the methods by which they were presented. And the ideas which the figures in the landscapes suggested were in keeping with the scene—generally easy enough to understand, but, where outside the range of the fancy of most men, so odd, that the dullest could not fail to have his curiosity stimulated and his wits set to puzzling out what the painter could have meant.

And yet the fecundity of Mr. Vedder's fancy was almost too great; it interfered with a thorough grounding in the rudiments of his art, because what he did was so striking that even fellow-artists were ready to put aside in his case their common fault-finding in regard to technique, and agree with laymen in admiration for the idea designed.

It may have been, in part, consciousness of his want in this particular that urged Mr. Vedder abroad; certainly in 1866 the severe discipline of foreign schools might well have seemed the very influence he needed most. Yet he was too firmly established in his own profession, if not too old a man, to go to school again. The Atlantic and Central States had produced a large crop of landscape painters known, not entirely without a touch of malice, as the Hudson River School. Now art is like a butterfly which has crept out of its shell in the morning; it needs sun to warm it—but it must not have too much. If it is forced into activity by too great heat, the chances are that its life is not long. If it be warmed gradually into activity by a judicious amount of sun and shade, then, "like a strong bird on pinions free," as Walt Whitman sings, it launches itself for a full and strong period of existence. One hears complaints from artists that their fellow-citizens do not encourage American work. It may be true that they do not encourage good work as they should, but it is denied that they have not been generous and even lavish in buying American pictures, such as they were. At the time we speak of, Americans were ruining American art by over-encouragement. The inflation of revenues incident upon the civil war encouraged the making of landscapes as well as figure pictures generally crude in treatment and color. As a natural result, the large and indiscriminate demand brought with it superficiality. Mr. Vedder was not entirely exempt. He was too strong to be ruined by the patronage of the ignorant rich. But no one can escape the influence of his neighbors entirely, nor of his own countrymen, even though he expatriate himself. Even as Mr. Vedder had to suffer for the sins of his own land when he was in it, so when he is out of it he is forced to remain an American. The sturdy Hollandish race from which he springs has shown its power in tilling and enriching the great State of New York; he himself could not make anything but an American of himself, even if he tried. Moreover, to this day, Mr. Vedder, in spite of his array of figure pictures, and of his preference for those which tell a human story directly, that is to say, for pictures which may not belong to *genre*, perhaps, but are certainly not in aim landscape, is most powerful, most unconscious, most himself, in purely landscape work, or those pictures which have landscape for a chief part of the composition.

Examine, for instance, the landscape in "The Lost Mind," and notice how much effect is produced by the background. With its severity and gloom the scene does more than assist the troubled face of the woman who is walking in the desolate spot. And so with "Old Mortality," "The Roc's Egg," "The Cumæan Sibyl," "The Siren"; the landscape is fully as important relatively as the figures; in "The Dead Abel" it holds a larger place than the figure of the slain man—which might be that of a sleeper as well as anything more tragic. The landscape is as striking in all these pictures as the figure itself; in some cases it is more original and effective. And when we come to consider the newer development of Mr. Vedder's work, we will see that it is again the landscape which first attracts him.

If his greatest strength is landscape, like the fellow-artists among whom he grew up, similarly his weakness was, if it be not still, drawing of the figure. It would be pleasant to think that Mr. Vedder felt this lack in his work, and went to Europe mainly for the purpose of studying the figure among men who make it their profession, and carry proficiency a great way. His powers in that direction have certainly improved, since the careful finish and good modeling found

GREEK ACTOR'S DAUGHTER.

in some of his figure studies of recent years—such, for instance, as the half-nude model of beautiful form who holds a cup in her hand and reflects her chin and shoulder in a glass, the easy, dignified pose and careful finish in "The Greek Tragedian's Daughter," the careful modeling of the nude in "The Spirit of the Water-fall," in its larger and later edition—were certainly beyond his scope previous to his last stay in Europe. Compare these and similar pictures with his earlier imaginative work, and see how dry and imperfect his drawing used to be, compared with what it is now. Another trait of this artist should not be forgotten, out of gratitude. Because it is found to be both easier and more profitable, many painters repeat their pictures nearly, or after the same general type, until their canvases become a weariness to the flesh. The opposite is true of this one: he has seldom repeated himself. The few cases where he has done so, apparently thinking to improve upon his first idea, prove to be variations which may possibly have some slight gain in grace, but are certainly weaker than the originals. Such are "The Young Phorkides" and "The Young Medusa."

To understand Mr. Vedder better, let us look closer at his antecedents. What intellectual life the United States possessed before the civil war had for its chief center of activity New England. From her went out the great body of earlier sculptors and painters, although New York, her neighbor, had a fair share. The cold and formal philosophy of New England, which strove to humanize itself all the more strenuously for the very reason that it felt its own coldness, but strove in vain, produced a cold and formal blossom in art, exhibiting a special predilection for sculpture of an unemotional and frigid kind. With these antecedents arose a school of painters, mainly of the landscape, in New York, who, finding no stimulus in the literature of New England, no criticism worth listening to, and little or no pabulum in the overwhelmingly commercial outgrowth of New York city, turned to nature with all of our national energy, but without the artistic surroundings or traditions which belong to lands having old civilizations. In the full bloom of this school, nourished on nothing better outside itself than the arid paintings of Düsseldorf, and the example of English artists settled in New York, Mr. Vedder made his appearance. After a course of drawing and landscape in a forced and formal system, he traveled in Germany, France, and Italy, and was at once remarked for the quickness and originality of his imagination. He seemed to have more ideas than all his fellow-artists put together,—ideas, that is to say, which were striking, original, unhackneyed. It was a time of excitement and turmoil when he came back from Europe. There was more hurry in the United States than ever; more money, apparently, being made, more false progress in literature and art. A mania for spending seized the nation, and pictures brought high prices. Is it strange that a man who felt himself possessed of unusual powers should be content with what he did, and, as long as he sold his pictures tolerably well, think little of the future? All this while, Mr. Vedder had forgot that he possessed only one side of art, and that one the most dangerous, because the untutored public was dazzled by it, craved it, paid for it gladly. He had extraordinary imagination, or call it merely fancy, if you will, but he was not fully an artist.

Last year, a writer in "L'Art" said harsh things about Mr. Vedder's pictures at the Exposition, the attack being aggravated by the fact that permission to reproduce his work in that journal had been asked as a favor, and that the engraver of the pictures was complimented at the foreign artist's expense. One was the large painting of "The Cumæan Sibyl," a conception of that mythological figure quite at variance with the received notions, but eminently expressive of the character according to modern realistic ideas. The sibyl is a strange, swarthy hag, striding along with a roll of script under her arm. Her clothes are blown forward by the wind that sweeps the desolate, harsh landscape, and curl in lines suggestive of the drapery seen on the old sarcophagi at Rome. Smoke from the books which she has burned is also seen blowing wildly, and the whole picture is stern and strange. Perhaps nowhere else has Mr. Vedder subdued his natural leaning to the merely odd into something more restrained, but higher. He may be said to reach the grand, and come but little short of the sublime. The other was his "Marsyas," also a large picture, and still more different from the preconceived idea of the piper whom Apollo flayed. I do not remember that Marsyas has ever been represented as a satyr, with full legs of a goat, except in a fresco, of doubtful parentage, in the Borghese Palace at Rome.

Nevertheless, Mr. Vedder had a right to consider Marsyas under that guise, and certainly made a very charming picture of the young satyr, distending his cheeks with his reed, while a half-score of rabbits, lured from their warren, gather around him in the snowy glade. It may be that exception should be taken to the length of leg which the satyr shows; if he stood upright he would certainly be a person built after the general lines of a kangaroo, rather than of a human being or a four-footed beast. But for excessive length of satyrs, both ancient and mediæval art may be searched for precedents not in vain. However this may be, these pictures exercised an irritating effect upon the French critic, an effect not to be understood on seeing the photograph of them, or their reproductions in "L'Art." His criticism seemed more than harsh; it was entirely unjust, viewed from the stand-point of the reader. But when one comes to look at the pictures themselves, and examine their style and color, then one understands the strictures which the French critic felt they deserved, but which he was too careless or too forgetful to define. Beautiful conceptions, beautifully composed, they are in one sense "*méchantes toiles*." For, while they show the force of the imaginative element in their author, they are also of an artistic quality, merely as paintings, that is likely enough to exasperate persons used to the deep and truthful painting of realists of the present day, who may possibly be far inferior to Mr. Vedder in inventiveness and originality. For they are thin and "canvasy" in touch, quite wanting in vigor of tones, and as far as may be from really strong color. No wonder the modern critic disapproved! And yet they are fine pictures. And yet even the element of grandeur is not lacking in them.

Before the war, the inventive power and imagination of Mr. Vedder were not bound together and fused with the materials of his profession. His figures did not live under his brush; their textures did not glow alive in paint; they had at best a quiet and serene, or a vague, demoniac existence, according as the subject was more realistic or less. It was later that he developed feeling for noble contours such as we see in his Greek girls and nude figures from the life. But even yet the literary side outbalances the artistic. The handiwork, the painter's side, has not yet reached the level of the other. And if one allows this fact to get the upper hand in one's mind, if one is impatient of such things, and more concerned — as most artists are — with the method rather than the story, one is led into saying — but surely most unjustly — that even in imagination Mr. Vedder is crude. For it is most difficult to keep separate the various impressions produced by the story, by the composition, the handling, the color. In Mr. Vedder, a painter is apt to feel the mechanism too much, and the critic, now that we have developed to so high a degree the merely painter's side of painting, notices an awkwardness in his touch. Nature, manner, style — these are the three grades of merit which Goethe has acutely drawn. Mr. Vedder has a manner of his own, but he has still farther to go in long, patient, self-abnegating study of nature before he can consider himself fully graduated from manner into style.

To say this much about an artist and not say more, would be to leave a false impression. If slow in altering his work to suit the times, Mr. Vedder cannot be accused of ignoring the difficulties under which he has labored. He is already a good way on the road to their conquest. As landscape was his first care, so in the change of manner observable in much of his later work, landscape takes the lead. To any one who may be impatient with his earlier manner, I would point out certain open-air sketches, which not only show that the mere technical handling of modern painters has not escaped his notice, but that he is looking to improvement in color as well. Perhaps readers may remember, in the collection shown in New York and Boston, landscapes such as that with an end of ruin and spring-like tree, a view up the straggling street of an Italian village, a pile of old dwellings with donkey and man, peasant girls with pitcher and distaff, views of grassy hill-sides, topped by trees. Most of these are not unsuccessful trials of his strength on the unimaginative, mechanical side. Has he discovered the need of them himself, or has some one undertaken the ungrateful task of telling him? A charming bit for refinement of color and able treatment was a piece of "still life," representing several ancient books gnawed by a mouse, and the culprit himself stretched out dead in front of them. The picture is of the greater importance since, contrary to the opinion sometimes expressed in print, I hold that Mr. Vedder was never a colorist. Not that he lacked a sense of color, but that his early associations had

been with painters who lacked the gift, and that he had not in his own nature enough power in that direction to break through the double difficulty. It is therefore very satisfactory to see recent work of his which is not wanting in able combinations of color, perhaps not equal to those which the young artists of the day learn at Munich, but quite possibly all the better and more real because slowly self-taught.

Considering the length of time he has been abroad, it may seem strange that a man of so much original force should not have profited more by the example of European workmen, and so left hardly a flaw to be picked by the most industrious critic. To account for such effects there may always be personal reasons belonging to the private life of the individual; these the critic cannot be expected to know. There are others belonging to the profession which it is his duty to discover if he can. For the tardy use of his opportunities in regard to technique, and particularly for the slow development in color which Mr. Vedder shows, there is reason in abundance to be found elsewhere than in any personal matter. His residence in Rome is enough to explain them.

Mecca is all very well as a place of pilgrimage, but the less you know of the residents of Mecca the better. And how much good does the reader suppose the resident artists of Rome get from the museums and public works of art? A great deal at first, then less, then none. But put it this way: How much ill does the resident artist get from the peculiar situation of Rome as a stopping-place for tourists of all nationalities, who have only one common trait, that of being able to spend some money? Little at first, then more, then a great deal. Thus, as the advantages of Rome in a prolonged sojourn decrease, the disadvantages increase as rapidly. This relates to one side of artistic life, the practical and commercial. Take another. Rome, although the Eternal City, the center of Catholism, and the capital of Italy, is not on the highway of development to-day. She sits apart on her seven hills, full of new youth, it is true, and admirably determined to struggle once more for the first rank in the arts and sciences. But long arrearages will have to be made up before she can compete, as a *milieu* for artists, with Paris, Munich, London, New York. She must always be visited, in order that the artist shall see masterpieces of classic art and architecture. But she is no longer in the current. Rome is therefore a poor place to make one's work in, and a poor place in which to sell it. Rome is also inferior as a place in which to learn the finishing touches of the profession; it is especially no place in which to study color. A born colorist will, of course, find, in the delicate hues of the Campagna and its encircling hills, in the somber walls, gray stretches of aqueduct and green-brown orchards of olive, the most subtile effects, and can extract from Italian scenery as much color as the eye can bear. But learners are not given trigonometry before they reach vulgar fractions, and the secrets of Italian coloring are too recondite for any but the greatest masters. It may be said to offer too many problems to the painter, rendering him confused at the choice presented, and, unless he has pushed the delicate mechanism of his art to its very farthest mark, at a loss what among so many fine shades and distinctions of hue to abandon and what to keep.

The Italian artists with whom foreigners are likely to come in contact are far from being colorists. I do not say that Italy nowadays produces no colorists. It would be hard to select any one thing in the fine arts and not find that branch represented in Italy by some one of very much more than respectable attainments. It is enough to visit the comparatively small National Exhibition at Turin to convince oneself that the charge of want of taste brought against the modern Italians is quite unfounded. On the contrary, it is just the high average of good taste which forms the distinctive beauty of the exhibition, rather than any vivid examples of genius. And among the painters are those disciples of the school called after Fortuny, who, living for the most part in Naples and Rome, fairly run riot in brilliant color. There may be difference of opinion as to whether these carnival painters are true colorists or not; at any rate, they show that not all the Italian artists are lacking in the sense. But, for the most part, formality and sterility seem to have them still in their clutches, as is, indeed, likewise the case so largely with us, with the Germans, with the English, the French. Among painters of this kind it is only too easy for a foreigner of talent to feel at ease. He is not molested in his own self-complacency by too evident traces of superiority in the native art, since such technical excellence as his Italian friends exhibit is more than outweighed by the coldness of their

THE LOST MIND.

work and their want of novelty in design. So that, as regards the influence of Italian art in general upon the foreign workman, it may be said that, like the color of Italian cities and landscapes, in results it has little that is living and striking, little that insists upon being loved or copied. Like the bulk of modern French art, it has a monotony, a certain hardness. Perhaps both of these may be explained by a want of boldness. Italy does not present vivid contrasts of color, and her artists, with the exception of certain Neapolitans and their followers, seem to be afraid to paint even as vividly as the nature about them might warrant. Moreover, what with the restraint they exercised in the use of color, and the subduing effects of time, even the great masters are of use mainly as standards and suggestions to graduates in the art. Yet it is better to dogmatize as little as possible in art matters, especially in regard to the old masters. Suffice it to give as an opinion that neither Italian landscape, modern art nor

THE YOUNG MARSYAS. (DRAWN BY MR. VEDDER AFTER HIS PAINTING IN THE PARIS EXPOSITION.)*

teaching has the vital quality which brings out to the best advantage the genius or talent latent in painters or sculptors. This is not to say that the future may not have a quite different account to give. But of to-day it seems to me so true that it stands for one of the chief reasons why foreign artists, settled in Italy long, lose headway in their profession, and become fixed in manner instead of developing into style.

Mr. Vedder also occasionally shows traces of the influence of the pre-Raphaelite movement, a movement by no means confined to England, but probably reaching America through British rather than German or Italian channels. It has left a hint of consciousness in many of his figures, notably in that long panel with many figures called, if I remember rightly, "A Florentine Festa," and the scene by the shore in which a number of Greek girls are playing in a stately fashion, dancing, or looking out to sea. They have an air of posing like that which we see so often among the pre-Raphaelites, and if it be not the same as theirs in pitch, is still unfortunate where it occurs at all.

It may seem to the reader that very little space is bestowed upon pointing out the beauty of this artist's work compared to that employed in criticising it and accounting for its defects. But, in the first place, this paper is not meant for a eulogy. Notices of that kind are only calculated to please the artist —and they please him only relatively and for a time. In the second place, Mr. Vedder does not need—as indeed what really fine artist does?—the aid of words to call attention to what he himself says in his pictures with far more intensity. But thirdly, Mr. Vedder's temperament and the circumstances surrounding his career are too interesting to be passed over with the usual string of empty compliments. His is not an isolated case. There are plenty of artists suffering the effects of just his circumstances, without, it is to be feared, his capacity to get the better of them. Artists are continually mistaking the praise of uncritical friends for true gold, and evading the qualified approval of those who know, because the latter does not warm them enough. It is better to let the able engravers and printers tell how fine a genius we have in Mr. Vedder by showing the pictures themselves, so far as black and white can show them, and reserve the text for such examination of their weak points as may be discov-

* Reprinted from SCRIBNER for June, 1879.

erable, trusting that the mere discussion of such questions, if the conclusions themselves be ever so valueless, will prove suggestive to artists and amateurs.

In the opinion of the writer, Mr. Vedder needs to look to impressionism for the next step in his profession. This may seem strange advice to those who regard impressionists as artists who, too lazy to make serious study of their art, finish their eccentric pictures suddenly by a mixture of bravura and trickery. There may be such men among them, but that the serious and thoughtful artists called impressionists are not of the number is quite certain. What Mr. Vedder would gain by impressionism is just that freedom from stiffness and coldness which forms the charm of the impressionist; he might possibly render delicate, and render mobile, the vehicles of his conceptions in the manner which we see in the work of Mr. Whistler. The latter, for instance, is a fine contrast to Mr. Vedder, possessing, as he does, the artistic instinct to his very finger-tips, and yet apparently lacking entirely the creative, the solidly imaginative side, if I may be allowed the expression, which is the chief force of Mr. Vedder. What Mr. Vedder has already done is to turn more seriously than before to realism. All that is asked is that he shall go farther over into the domain of impressionism, and see if in that field there is not something which will break up what remains of that coldness, that stiffness of his, legitimately gained from unfortunate early associations.

Instead of learning first to paint in the way in which painters now must, and then bringing in his ideas, he has poured out his ideas before learning to paint in the highest sense. Is this a crime? Is it even a misfortune? The man is bold who is ready to say that it is even to be deplored. For there is many an artist who starts with plenty of ideas in his head, but, by too narrow and too narrowing a devotion to technique, stultifies himself in some occult way. The longer one looks at art, the plainer it seems that dogmas as to art education are pitfalls. One man proceeds best from ideas to workmanship, from the general to the particular. Another would be wrecked by that passage, and finds that, for him, the only safe course is in working from paint to thought, from the particular to the general. It is evident that Mr. Vedder belongs to the former category.

What a grand conception is his "Star of Bethlehem"! Over a landscape (in which the desert is represented with his usual truth), go the Magi. But the terrestrial scene is surpassed by the celestial. A shadowy circle of cloud figures are grouped about a brilliant light in their center, from which a stream of fiery vapor descends straight down to the plain, to indicate the spot where Christ is born. What a fine sense of distance and desolation in "The Last Sun-worshiper," and what a combination of the horror of desert and sea-shore in the "Siren"! A small sketch of the "Crucifixion" contains a good idea. The dead, walking in the crowd of cloaked Jews, Arabs, and Romans, are just beginning to be noticed by the living. As they pass, wrapped in their long mantles, some of the multitude start, others are horror-struck, convinced that specters are beneath, but many are quite unconscious. In the distance are Calvary and the crosses. Mr. Vedder is also a humorist, once in a way,

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING.

AN OLD SAINT.

albeit not of the most delicate touch. A series of panel sketches in oil show very amusingly the vicissitudes of the famous man of old who took people's advice too quickly in regard to his donkey, and ended by losing the beast outright. Perhaps Mr. Vedder means in this series to make one common portrait of all his critics and advisers in art. Another brace of panels show three mediæval jesters having a musical picnic near a stream, and luring several plump naiads out of the water; their flirtations are rudely broken up by the sudden appearance of Triton astride of a dolphin, and winding his "wreathèd horn" in the faces of the terrified clowns. Good as the "Cumæan Sibyl" is, a sketch for another "Sibyl" is better in some regards. The latter sits on a rough spit of land surrounded by water, and lets the wind blow her unheeded writings far away to sea. The drapery and movement of the sketch are most telling. It is not a bit of humor, like the foregoing, unless, indeed, Mr. Vedder means to symbolize, in the "Sibyl," the critic, whose advice is taken very much in the same way as was that of the wise women of old.

Mr. Vedder is still a young man, considering the length of time needed to perfect oneself in art. He has a vigorous and prolific genius, and shows the most encouraging signs of knowing what his present condition lacks. His worst enemy heretofore was the chorus of admirers who were led astray by the impressiveness of his ideas. His worst now is a trait common to great talents, and rudely represented by the term laziness, for want of a better. But it is not common laziness I mean. It is the laziness of genius, laziness of quality, not of quantity. It is not a question of the number of hours a day such a man works, but of his will to concentrate himself, to work with intensity. That is Mr. Vedder's complaint at present, unless appearances greatly deceive. As to the anomaly which we see in his work, the presence side by side of imaginative pictures poorly painted and unimaginative well done, I trust to have found the reason in the fact that Mr. Vedder belongs to two epochs in

American art, and is engaged in the interesting problem of reconciling the earlier with the later teaching. To the merely literary work of the war time he is adding the merely artistic work of to-day. He has now to complete the juncture by fusing the two styles together, and carrying out his brilliant conceptions with the art learned abroad.

ON TWO PICTURES BY VEDDER.

I. THE YOUNG MARSYAS.

THE secrets that alone the south wind knew,
By summer hid in green reeds' jointed cells,
To wait imprisoned for the south wind's spells,
From out his reedy flute the player drew;
And as the music clearer, louder grew,
Wild creatures from their winter nooks and dells,
Sweet furry things, with eyes like starry wells,
Crept wondering out; they thought the south wind blew.
With instant, joyous trust, they flocked around
His feet who such a sudden summer made;
His eyes, more kind than men's, enthralled and bound
Them there.
No wonder, when this magic sound
Reached upper heavens, that swift Apollo laid
The doom of death on him who thus had played.

II. THE CUMÆAN SIBYL.

O ROME, thou blinded Rome, I come once more!
Refuse me if thou dar'st refuse again!
Scorn, if thou dar'st, my soul's prophetic pain!
See yonder sky pour down its attic store
Of wasted warmth. All stone and ice at core,
The changeless, mighty, snow-crowned peaks disdain
To melt. Midsummer fires along the plain,
Relentless, deadly, creep and hiss and roar.
Naught changes me; nor slacks nor hastes my speed
Swift driven, scourged by soundless winds of Fate
Borne onward to a dire and desperate need;
The prices of the gods do not abate;
The madmen dearest buy who longest wait;
O Rome, blind Rome, I come once more—take heed!

MR. GLADSTONE.

On the 29th of December last Mr. Gladstone reached his seventieth year, immediately after performing, during a midwinter political tour of Scotland, a series of physical and intellectual feats—speeches which few men of forty could have attempted. The admiration of his friends has never been so fervent, the hostility of his opponents never so bitter, the astonishment of all at his energy and vehemence never so profound, as they were during the general election which came three months later, and whose echoes are just dying away from us in England. Although not nominally the leader of his party in that great struggle, he was its real hero, and was called by the voice of the nation to resume his place as head of the new Liberal ministry. He is now again the practical ruler of England, exercising a personal influence even wider than that which the highest office carries with it, his zeal unabated, his faculties showing no trace of decay, his smallest deeds and words watched with eager curiosity, not only by his own countrymen, but by those foreign countries also whose political relations to one another his action may so much affect. The moment is therefore a seasonable one for endeavoring to convey to American readers some more precise impressions than the newspapers have given them regarding the character and powers of one who has long been the foremost figure in English public life, and is perhaps, taking him all in all, the most remarkable man that the English-speaking race has produced in this century.

Although the object of this article is rather to sketch Mr. Gladstone's character and position than to write his biography, still some notice of the facts of his life must be prefixed to explain how he has come to be what he is.

His father was a Scotch merchant, a native of Leith, but settled at Liverpool, where he had established a great West Indian house; his mother, a Miss Robertson from Dingwall, a pretty little town on the far north-east coast of Scotland. In 1809, the year of his birth, England was carrying on her great struggle with Napoleon—a struggle which made Toryism supreme at home, and confirmed its dominion down till 1832. All his early years were spent in the midst of Tory influences. His father, though personally a follower of Canning, voted for nine years in Parliament on the Tory side. Of all the great towns of England, Liverpool was the one in which Toryism then was and has till now continued to be strongest. Eton, where young Gladstone was educated for five years, was of course a Tory school, whose traditions as well as the sentiments of its teachers bound it closely to the Church of England, the monarchy, and the aristocracy. At the age of eighteen, William Gladstone proceeded to the University of Oxford and became a member of Christ Church, the largest of the colleges, and the one then most frequented by young men of rank and wealth. A great university ought to be a home not only of learning and science but also of free thought and enlightenment,—a place where the first principles of statesmanship as well as of philosophy are investigated, where the minds of students are encouraged to think for themselves, and are stimulated by the speculations of their teachers. But the University of Oxford was in those days—for it has changed wonderfully in the fifty years that have since elapsed—the stronghold of bigotry and prejudice. Nearly all its tutors and professors were clergymen of the Established Church, who looked upon Dissent as a sin, and who repelled with the contempt that is born of ignorance the movements of theological and critical inquiry which had been going on in the continent of Europe, and were beginning to be felt even in England. They had opposed the admission of Roman Catholics and Non-conformists to political rights. They clung to the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and lamented the overthrow of the Bourbons in France. They had little sympathy even for the efforts which Wilberforce, Clarkson, Brougham and others were making for the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies. They knew comparatively little of the world beyond their own cloisters, but whenever an opportunity arose, they did what they could to support and defend a policy of oppression and the retention of those gross political inequalities and social abuses from which England was soon afterward delivered by a reformed Parliament. That there were good men, as well as learned and able men, among

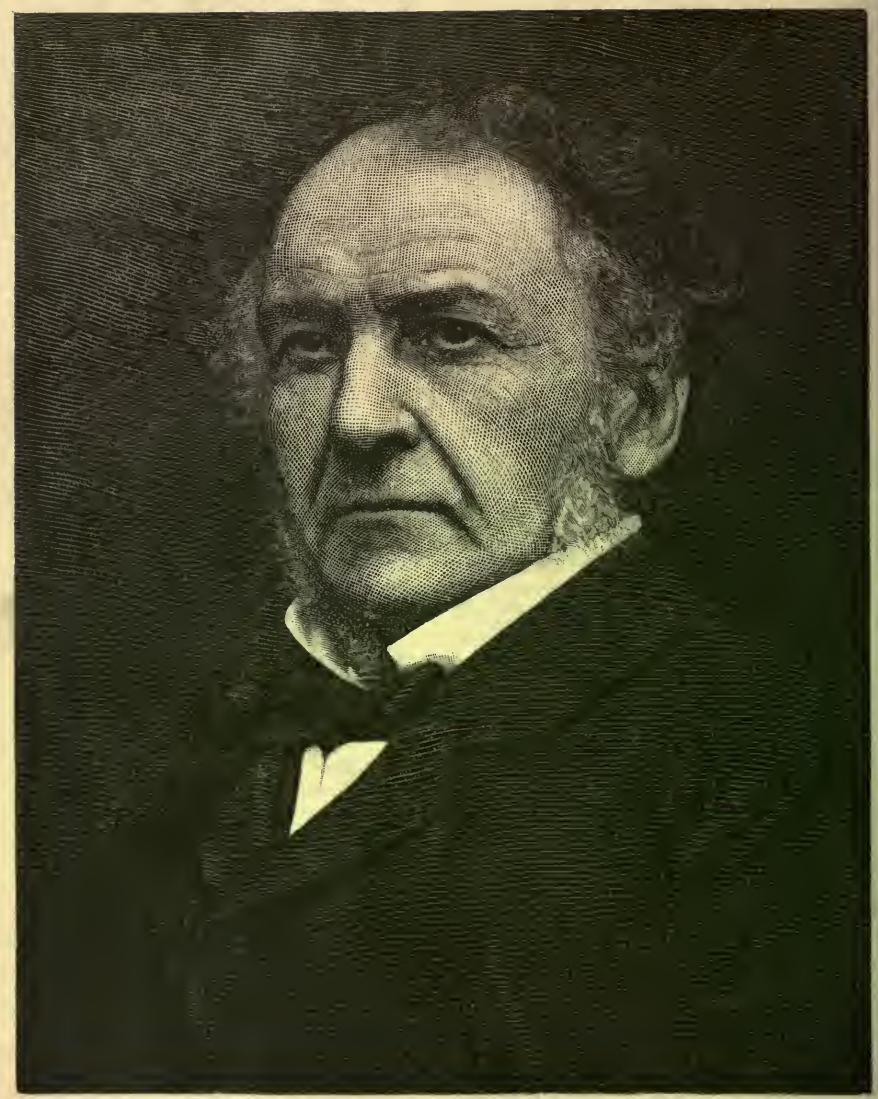
them need hardly be said. But they were as ill-fitted as any learned men could be to train the youth of a country for the duties of public life. These, however, were the men who had the forming of Mr. Gladstone's mind. He threw himself with characteristic eagerness into the studies of the place, and soon became famous, not only as the best speaker at the university debating society (the Union), which has produced so many orators, but also as the most remarkable undergraduate of his generation. In the university examinations he gained the highest honors, both in classics (including ancient philosophy and history) and in mathematics. Some of his few surviving contemporaries still tell how, when he was examined *viva voce* for his degree, an immense throng gathered to hear him; how all attempts to puzzle him by questions on the minutest details of Herodotus only brought out his knowledge more fully; how the excitement reached its climax when the examiner, after testing his mastery of some point of theology, said: "We will now leave that part of the subject," and was for passing on to something else, when the candidate, carried away by his interest in the subject, answered: "No, sir; if you please, we will not leave it yet"; and began to pour forth a fresh stream of learning and argument.

From Oxford, Mr. Gladstone carried away not only a strong attachment (which the changes of half a century have not weakened) to the University and the Church of England, but also a passionate love of ancient literature, especially of the poetry of Greece, and a taste for the history of Christian theology, which was not so common among laymen in those days as it has since become, and which was, of course, deeply tinged by the Anglo-Catholic views of the eminent Oxford men who afterward grew into the Tractarian school. Both by its external aspect and through the studies which it then exclusively cultivated, the University of Oxford was specially fitted to stimulate the imagination of a young and ardent mind, to dispose him to regard all questions from their imaginative and emotional side. This was a great service to render, especially to Englishmen, whose besetting fault it is to look at things too much in their practical aspect, losing sight of their larger historical relations. But against this service is to be set the narrow and unreal view of the modern world which Oxford strove to impress upon her children. So far appreciating the great intellectual forces which had produced the reformation, and had been at work in politics since the beginning of the American revolution, she repelled and denounced them, seeking to represent the aristocratic system of English society and the haughty exclusiveness of the English Established Church, as the two citadels of England's greatness.

These were the influences under which Mr. Gladstone started on the voyage of life. They were shared by a band of brilliant youths, many of them contemporaries, and some of them intimate friends of his own. Among them may be named Sidney Herbert, Samuel Wilberforce (afterward famous as Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester), Cardwell, Hamilton (afterward Bishop of Salisbury), Milnes Gaskell, Lord Lincoln (afterward Duke of Newcastle), R. Phillimore and George Anthony Denison. Their courses in after life have diverged widely, but for many years they kept together, and continued powerfully to affect one another's conduct and ideas.

In December, 1832, when he was only twenty-three years of age, Mr. Gladstone entered the House of Commons as member for Newark, a borough in which the Duke of Newcastle, father of one of his college friends, exercised a predominant influence. He attached himself to the Conservative party, then led by Sir Robert Peel, who so quickly discovered his powers that within two years he was admitted to office as a Junior Lord of the Treasury.

He lost this place when the ministry fell, in 1835, but was summoned back to work as vice-president, and afterward as president, of the Board of Trade, when Sir Robert Peel returned to power, in 1841. His reputation, high even when he left Oxford, had been steadily rising during these years. But the first great piece of work by which his capacities were tested was the revised tariff of customs duties scheme, which he prepared and carried through the House of Commons in 1842, showing then, already, at thirty-three years of age, that mastery of finance and figures, that extraordinary fertility of resource in debate, which were to make him the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer that England has yet seen. Led by the duties of his office to deal with commercial questions, it was natural that he should be one of the first of the Conservative party who was converted to the doctrines of free trade, and that he should have borne a considerable part in accelerating and confirming



W. E. Gladstone

the conversion of his leader. This change of opinion, however, cost him his place in Parliament. As he had been elected as a Protectionist, he thought himself bound in conscience to resign his seat at Newark; and was left out of the House of Commons for more than a year, till returned as member for the University of Oxford.

Having been separated from the Conservative party by his adoption of free trade, Mr. Gladstone, like the rest of Sir Robert Peel's school, remained in opposition until, in 1852, a coalition ministry was formed under Lord Aberdeen, which included some Liberals and some Peelites; nor did he begin to be reckoned as a Liberal till, in 1859, he joined Lord Palmerston's second government. Two years before he had shown, by his strenuous opposition to the Divorce Bill, how strong a hold his original ecclesiastical views still retained on him. It would, of course, have been greatly to his own interest to have remained a Conservative, for in the dearth of administrative and oratorical power from which that party then suffered he must inevitably have become their leader in the House of Commons. However, the constant expansion of his views was during these years drawing him always more and more away from the system of doctrines and prejudices with which he had started. His old views on the principles of commercial policy were the first to go; then, but more slowly, he was led to modify his opinions on church questions. Finally, by the publication in 1850 of the letter on Neapolitan prisons, in which he attacked the government of King Ferdinand of Naples, he became known as a warm sympathizer with the efforts of the Italian patriotic party to expel domestic and foreign tyrants from the soil of Italy. It was this, more than anything else, which gained for him the confidence of English Radicals, and formed a tie between him and a statesman in many respects so unlike him as was Lord Palmerston. From 1859 to 1866, he produced, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, a series of budgets which eclipsed all the efforts of previous English financiers. Tax after tax was remitted; the customs duties were greatly simplified; the price of many of the necessaries of life was sensibly reduced. During that time of prosperity and peace, when comparatively few great party struggles took place, the great oratorical sensation of the year was usually his financial statement, for he possessed the rare art of making figures pictorial. The large and luminous views which he presented of the movements of English commerce and the influence of legislation upon them, made these speeches not only fascinating to the listeners, but studies of permanent value in economic science. He had now risen to be confessedly the first debater in Parliament. Lord Palmerston was more skillful as a tactician; Mr. Bright was perhaps more impressive and imaginative in his highest flights; Mr. Disraeli could put a finer edge on his rankling epigrams; but Mr. Gladstone was above them all in the amazing readiness, as well as power, with which he could handle every subject that came up; he was quicker at understanding and mastering its difficulties, more ingenious in argument, more lucid in exposition. It was, therefore, a matter of course that when Lord Palmerston died, in 1865, he should become leader of the House of Commons in Lord Russell's ministry. After its defeat, in 1866, he led the opposition till, in 1868, he resumed office as Prime Minister. By this time his action on the two prominent questions of Parliamentary reform and the disestablishment of the Episcopalian Church in Ireland had made him the favorite of the more advanced section of the Liberal party, while in the same measure they had gained for him the fear and hatred of the Tories and the scarcely concealed suspicion of a certain part of the more aristocratic, or (as it is sometimes called) the Whig division of the Liberals. The great general election of 1868, though nominally fought on the question of Irish disestablishment, was in reality a trial of personal popularity between him and Mr. Disraeli. It gave Mr. Gladstone an enormous majority, by whose aid he was able to carry several very sweeping measures, among them the disestablishment of the Established Church in Ireland, the resettlement of the Irish land laws, the creation of a general system of elementary education in England, and the reform of a similar system in Scotland; the abolition of purchase, with other concomitant reforms, in the army; the reform and consolidation of the English superior courts of law and equity. A reaction, strengthened by the hostility of several important classes who had been affected by these changes, or thought themselves threatened by the reforming zeal of the ministry, was not long in following. At the election of 1874 a Conservative majority was returned, and Mr. Gladstone resigned office. A year later he retired from the leadership of the Liberal party, announcing his wish to take

but little share thenceforth in party struggles. This intention, however, yielded to the displeasure and alarm with which the conduct of Lord Beaconsfield's government in the affairs of the East inspired him in 1876. From that time on, though he steadily refused to resume the position of leader, he bore a foremost part in assailing the policy of Lord Beaconsfield's government in Turkey and Afghanistan, as well as their management of the national finances.

He is now by far the greatest political force in England. Political feeling there ran higher during the late general election than it had done for many years before. It was around his name chiefly that the fight raged. Most of the speeches delivered and articles written on the Tory side were onslaughts upon him. Now, and for a long time past, every political discussion at a dinner-table or in a club smoking-room ends by becoming, if it has not begun by being, a discussion of his motives and character. Among the rank and file of the Liberals, and especially among the Dissenters, the more advanced part of the High Church section of the Anglican clergy, and the working classes, he kindles such an enthusiasm as no English statesman has kindled before—an enthusiasm such as is generally reserved for conquering heroes like Nelson or Garibaldi. The hatred of the opposite party is correspondingly bitter, and is often expressed with the ferocity that springs from fear. Nor is it confined to mere politicians; it embraces the great majority of the upper classes, the moneyed men, the land-owners, and in London (though not equally in the rest of the country) most of the professional and literary men. "Well, but," some one may remark, "of course, whenever party spirit is hot, hard things are said about the party leaders on both sides." True enough. But the peculiarity of the present case is that Mr. Gladstone's personality is just what makes party feeling so hot. It is not because men are already excited that he is lauded and reviled; it is because he rouses such feelings of antagonism and admiration that their excitement has risen so high.

This sketch does not aim at discussing the burning questions of English politics, nor at criticising Mr. Gladstone as a politician. What it proposes is to convey to readers beyond the Atlantic some notion of him as a man, a famous man, of their own blood and speech. But as this blaze of passion which surrounds him is one of the most curious problems which his career presents, it must be realized at starting. A second such problem is suggested by the remarkable change in his political position. He began life as a high Tory. He is now, though not himself what is called a Radical, yet certainly the favorite of the radical party. How has such a transformation been wrought? It is not due to any selfish ambition, for even his worst enemies have never suggested that he has been governed by self-interest; and he would indeed have found it far easier to rise to supremacy in the ranks of his old party than in those of his present one. Nor is it as though he were of a changeable temper. On the contrary, he has clung, and still clings with a singular fidelity, to some of his earliest ecclesiastical views, and occasionally finds them throw him out of harmony with the vast majority of his party. And a third problem which we must try to solve is this: How comes it that with such gifts he has made such mistakes?—that with such wonderful oratorical power he has so often failed to discern the temper of the assembly where he has sat for nearly fifty years?—that with such administrative knowledge and skill he is so much distrusted by the very class in the midst of whom his life has been spent?

These are questions which can be answered only by getting a distinct impression of his character and nature as a whole. It is hard to separate them from his political position, it is still harder not to seem to be influenced by political bias. But American readers are more likely than Englishmen could be at this crisis to give a writer credit for honestly trying to be dispassionate, for seeking to discover and appreciate the true outlines of the human figure under the armor and plumes of the party leader. Mr. Gladstone's mind is a very peculiar one, which must have made his career peculiar, in whatever country or under whatever conditions he had been started to run it. But that career has been rendered more peculiar by two accidents, as one may call them, whose importance has been seldom appreciated by his censors.

He is a Scotchman who has been called to deal with and govern Englishmen.

He began life with a set of political and religious opinions which did not suit his character. Education had impressed them so deeply that they continue to affect him still. But his intellect has struggled to throw them off. Some have disappeared, some have been turned in new directions,

some stand unshaken side by side with opinions of a very different type.

Despite affinity of blood, despite the influences of a common literature and long-continued social intercourse, the Scottish mind remains, in many points, very unlike the English. The English are a Low-German people, modified, no doubt, by Celtic, Danish and Norman-French influences, but still in the main Low-German. The Scotch are sprung from a mixture of Teutonic (chiefly Scandinavian) with Celtic blood, and the Celtic element, which has largely tinged their intellect, shows itself even more strongly in the emotional part of their character. They are more logical than the English, more interested by abstractions and abstract reasonings, fonder of general principles, and more disposed to trust to them and carry them out consistently. Their minds are not only more active, but more active in a speculative direction, more ready to surrender themselves to a theory, whatever its consequences. And on the emotional side they are more eager, ardent, excitable, than their Southern neighbors, more liable to fits of enthusiasm, with a greater tendency to fanaticism, superstition, and all the influences which come from or look to an unseen world. The beauties or terrors of nature affect them more powerfully.* In mixed races, combinations of apparently opposite qualities are not uncommon. The Scotch are, at the same time, logical and imaginative. With their proverbial caution they unite (those who deal with Scotch merchants know it) a singular kind of audacity.

To say this is not to say that they are superior either in intellectual or moral force to the English. On the contrary, the Scottish mind, at its best, has never risen so high as the English. Scotland has produced no Shakspere, or Milton, or Bacon, or Locke, or Newton, or Darwin. And the Scotch are comparatively deficient in some of the most useful qualities of the English character—its moderation, its breadth, its balance, its firm grasp of facts in the concrete, its healthy worldliness. One need not stop to appraise the value of the two types; it is enough to indicate their fundamental difference—a difference which can best be understood by those who have lived among both nations, but which may also be discerned by the students of their respective histories. Compare, for instance, the Reformation in England in the sixteenth century with the same movement in Scotland. The Roman Catholic Church was stronger in Scotland, yet her destruction was far more sudden, far more complete, accompanied by a far hotter fire of national enthusiasm. The compromises which were accepted in England, and have been maintained there till our own time, were rejected by the more thorough-going and passionate spirit of the Scottish reformers. So it was with the second outburst of religious vehemence in 1638; so it has been ever since. Even at this day, the temper with which the two nations view political problems, and throw themselves into political contests, is widely different.

Now, Mr. Gladstone is a Scotchman on both his father's and mother's side, and half a Highland (that is to say, a Celtic) Scotchman. He is (with the insignificant exception of Lord Bute, who was a mere royal favorite), the first Prime Minister of England who has come from the northern half of the island. He is, indeed, the first Scotchman, except Brougham, who has ever played a leading part in English politics. Bolingbroke, Walpole, Pulteney, Chatham, Lord North, Charles James Fox, William Pitt, Lord Liverpool, Canning, Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Derby, were all of them Englishmen by blood. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Palmerston, though nominally Irish, were really Englishmen. Burke was an Irishman, and Burke's career (unlike as in many respects he is to Mr. Gladstone) strikingly illustrates some of the features of the Celtic character. This Scottish strain in Mr. Gladstone has had two remarkable effects. It has kept him from ever quite understanding and being in full sympathy with the ordinary English character, and it has prevented the English from ever quite understanding him. It is not merely because Scotland is Liberal that he is welcomed there with such transports of enthusiasm. It is because, in spite of the contrast between his High Churchism and their Presbyterianism, the Scotch enter into and enjoy his modes of thinking and feeling in a way which Englishmen, and especially Englishmen of the upper class, do not and cannot. He is not a typical Scotchman; but his intellect belongs so much more to the Scottish than to the English type that the average educated Englishman is perplexed, even frightened, by features he cannot account for because

* This has been acutely remarked of Scottish poets by Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his history of English literature.

he finds nothing in them like himself. Let us see how this comes out.

The distinguishing note of Mr. Gladstone's nature is the combination in it of extraordinary intellectual activity with extraordinary emotional warmth. For fifty years he has given himself no rest. When he is not studying, he is talking or writing, and that not merely upon public affairs, but upon theology, history, scholarship, art or social topics. His apprehension is wonderfully quick. Long training enables him to seize in a moment the salient points of a question; his mind falls to work upon them, spins a web of argument, clothes the argument with words—words that come fast as the snow-flakes driven before a storm. While he is piercing to the heart of a subject he is also working all around it, discovering a multitude of reasons for and against each of the views which, in succession, presents itself—a string of limitations and qualifications under which each of the propositions he accepts must be stated. This ingenuity or fertility of mind gives his speeches and writings an air of complexity which many people find bewildering. They often call it subtlety. But he is not unduly subtle,—that is to say, addicted to fine distinctions of thought. In one of his pieces of sustained argument each sentence or paragraph is sufficiently clear: it is the perspective of the whole which confuses the mind of a listener who cannot recollect the relation which all these windings and turnings and by-paths bear to the main direction of the track along which he is being led.

Together with this manifoldness of mind, he has, like most men whose intellectual interests are keen, a fondness for abstract principles and a passion for working them logically out. Where other men see only scattered facts he discerns a principle, enjoys it, follows it boldly. In a person with a less wide experience of the world and a less complete mastery of facts, this tendency would be dangerous. Even he is sometimes led by it to discern a principle where none discernible by other eyes exists, to lay upon a minor principle more than it will bear, to travel faster and farther toward some momentous practical conclusion than his audience or his party are prepared to follow. Still it is a splendid faculty, the sure index of a penetrating intellect, a weapon with which, when wisely used, brilliant execution can be done in debate.

Now let us see how these powers of thought are wielded by his emotional nature. Active, marvelously active, as his intelligence is, it is not so remarkable as is the intensity of feeling which he throws into everything he does. He is all aglow, and always aglow. Any one meeting him in company, or hearing him speak for the first time, would think that the subject he might happen to be descanting on was one which had been uppermost in his thoughts for years, such is the earnestness of his manner. When the same person heard him again and again equally fervent upon other subjects, he would naturally take this fervor for a mere oratorical habit or device. At last our observer would perceive that it is neither, but the spontaneous expression of a nature which throws its whole weight upon whatever it touches, and which has such a reservoir of force behind as never to suffer from this continual drain. It is this power of concentration, of being wholly absorbed by what is for the moment before him, that is perhaps the main source of his effectiveness. Nearly all great men have this gift; it is not so much a sign as a cause of their greatness. Some, however, exercise it, so to speak, consciously and deliberately. Being blessed with cold hearts or blunt feelings, they turn on the full stream of their power as a mere matter of business. To do so is, as it was with Napoleon, merely an expression of their remorseless will, which controls their own intellectual resources no less completely than it does everything else. But with Mr. Gladstone, strenuous as his volitions are, it is rather emotion, and her sister, imagination, that intensify and spur the action of the intellect. To him principles do not remain abstractions; they are realized in form; they are clothed with color; his feelings are excited by them; he passes swiftly from thinking a proposition true or false to loving and hating it, embracing it as noble or condemning it as wicked. For his feelings are mated with a keen moral sensitiveness. Tyranny, cruelty, falsehood excite his indignation. Even those vainglorious vauntings of themselves and misrepresentations of their opponents which are the stock-in-trade of ordinary politicians, and which most people get accustomed to discount, seem to him nothing short of wicked. With all his love for Greek literature and admiration of the Greek religion, no one is less of a Greek in temperament. The strife of good and evil is always before his eyes. He is a Puritan in his sense of duty, in the scrupulousness of his own conscience, in his judgment of other men's words and deeds. This moral seriousness gives immense weight

to his opinion, as well as a sustained elevation to his thought and style. But some of its results are unfortunate. It has unduly repressed his natural flow of humor. Not that he wants a sense of fun, though most of his critics will not allow it to him. He can enjoy a joke, and often makes one in private. In public he rarely does, and then in rather too grave a fashion. Now, the humorous view of things is not only sometimes the truest view, but it relieves a man from that extreme tension in which Mr. Gladstone appears to live, and which, leading him to expect too high a standard of virtue from the men among whom he is cast, makes him somewhat over-strict in marking their faults and follies.

Such activity as his needs great physical strength to support it; and his physical powers, both of exertion and of endurance, would be remarkable even in a person who had nothing else to distinguish him. He can labor all day at his desk or speak for three hours at a stretch without exhaustion. He is a vigorous pedestrian, born before Alpine climbing came into fashion, but with legs approved by many a long day's tramp over wild Scottish mountains. To what is called "sport"—shooting, fishing, hunting or racing, the favorite amusements of the English upper class—he is, or at least has in maturer life become, characteristically indifferent. Tree-felling, a laborious exercise in which he has made himself skillful, is almost his only outdoor recreation. His electoral campaign in Scotland last November gave extraordinary proof of the strength of his constitution, for it was conducted in bitter winter weather, and with scarcely an interval of rest between cold journeys and long speeches.

Let us now see what these capacities and tendencies have made Mr. Gladstone as an orator, a writer, and a statesman. The man is more interesting than any of the parts he has been called to play; but we come to understand the man better by seeing how he shapes and molds these parts. As an orator, his conspicuous merits, besides his striking countenance, dignified action, and a voice full, rich and admirably modulated, are fertility and readiness. He seems to have always at command an inexhaustible store of ideas, reasons, illustrations, whatever be the subject which he is required to deal with. Of all great English speakers, probably no one, not even William Pitt, has been so independent of preparation. Even Fox, swift and rushing as he was, was great only in reply, when his feelings were heated by the atmosphere of battle, whereas Mr. Gladstone is just as animated and forcible in an opening, or in a purely ornamental and uncontentious harangue, as in the midst of parliamentary strife. Of the many anecdotes that are current illustrating his amazing power of rising to an occasion, one may be given which has the merit of being true. On the afternoon when he was to make an important motion in the House of Commons, a friend, happening to call on him between two and three oclock, found him just sitting down to make some notes of the coming speech. He laid aside his pen and talked for a while, then jotted down a few heads on paper, went down to the House before four o'clock, found himself drawn into a preliminary controversy of a very trying nature, in which he had to repel so many questions and attacks that it was past six before he rose to make the great speech. He then discovered that, as he had left his eye-glasses at home, his notes were practically useless, put them quietly back into his coat pocket, and delivered with no aid to his memory, and upon that one hour's preparation, a powerful argument interspersed with passages of wonderful passion and pathos, which lasted for three hours, and will always rank among his finest efforts.*

These qualities have made him by far the greatest parliamentary debater (using the word in its strict sense) of the present generation. No one can deal with complicated facts, can expound his own case, and refute his adversaries, with anything like the same ease, clearness, force. On the other hand, this very facility prevents him from often rising to the highest summits of eloquence. In speaking, as in everything else, time and pains are indispensable to the production of the most finished work. Even a genius cannot improvise more than three or four absolutely perfect sentences at a time. Hence, though his good work is far greater in quantity than that of Edmund Burke or Macaulay or John Bright, there are few among his speeches which can be put in comparison with their best performances. Even his fertility is a snare, for it makes abundance pass into super-

* A very acute (medical) observer once remarked to the writer that nothing struck him so much in Mr. Gladstone's oratory as his power of thinking ahead while he was actually speaking. "When I look into his deep brown eye," he said, "I seem to see going on in his brain the gathering of thoughts and polishing of sentences which will not descend to his lips for ten minutes to come."

abundance. He often gives his hearers more than they want or the occasion requires, is too anxious to pour out his whole mind, to present his view under all its restrictions and qualifications, when two or three plain reasons leading up to a definite conclusion would have been more effective. It is hardly less dangerous in oratory than in literature to appear to be exhaustive. Finally, he has made his eloquence too cheap, partly from the wide range of his interests, partly from a sort of noble simplicity which scorns the devices on which most men rely for success. He either has not perceived or has not condescended to act on the maxim, that things are more valued when they are scarce. The stream of his eloquence has flowed so full and steady for the last thirty years that men have come to look upon it as a sort of natural product, for which they have no more reason to be grateful than for the beauty of sunset skies. In Parliament, though of course much less in the country, familiarity has weakened the charm of his voice.

Although he is delightful in society, with an endless flow of brilliant talk, full of literary knowledge (he knows Dante, for instance, almost better than he knows Homer); although he is constant in his friendships, and always ready to respond to any call on his benevolence, or to interrupt his own work that he may write letters on behalf of others, he has been too busy, too much absorbed by his own ideas and pursuits, to have made many new friends. He has not, like Sir Robert Peel, formed a strong school of disciples and successors. Hence he has wanted the full benefit of having people around him who could both inform him of the fluctuations of opinion in political circles, and also defend his measures and himself with that added zeal which comes of personal attachment. It is pleasant to know that none of his former colleagues is more hearty in his admiration than the greatest of them all, and the one whose birth and training might have been expected to make him the least appreciative —John Bright. Disagreeing with Mr. Gladstone on many grave questions, seeing in him the only rival to his own oratorical pre-eminence, he is the most warm and generous in his praises. A story was lately told how Mr. Bright, hearing a lady rail at Mr. Gladstone, suddenly turned and asked her, "Has your son" (the boy was standing beside them) "ever seen Mr. Gladstone?" "No," was the surprised answer. "Then take him at once to see the greatest Englishman he is ever likely to look upon."

Mr. Gladstone's literary work has been, with the exception of his books upon Homer and the treatise on Church and State which he wrote in early manhood, entirely of an occasional character—pamphlets and magazine articles. Such productions are not to be tried by the ordinary canons of criticism, for no one expects a polished style in what is written to be forgotten the week after it has been read. This work is considerable in amount, and unequal in merit. The historical articles show a wide learning, and occasionally so just and profound an insight as to make one believe that their author might have become a great historian. This is especially true of a study of the principles of the Protestant Reformation, which appeared some two years ago in the "Contemporary Review," and which ought to have been a sufficient answer to those who think that he is a Roman Catholic at heart. The political articles are, practically, written speeches, and have just those defects into which a writer falls from using the tongue more frequently than the pen,—a certain tendency to exaggeration, over-coloring, diffusiveness. But they are full of power. They have a rush and ring in them which would make them admired if they had appeared under any other name. It is the luster of his own oratorical reputation that obscures them.

To appraise his Homeric writings would require more pages than I have lines to give. It is the fashion to depreciate them just because men like to believe that, as the pugilist says in the Iliad, "one man cannot be skillful in all arts." Their defects are due partly to an over-ingenuity, which builds theories on insufficient data, partly to the fact that in a busy life the author has been unable to keep pace with the rapid advance of criticism and philological research. But, in the midst of much that is rather fanciful than solid, they contain also some observations and suggestions of great and permanent value. The picture they give of the politics and life of the Homeric age is the most vivid that has ever been drawn. The knowledge and mastery of the Homeric poems which they display is extraordinary. Nor has any one seen so clearly and enforced so effectively the truth that Homer is his own best interpreter, that the most minute examination of the text is the only way to arrive at trustworthy conclusions on Homeric questions.

It is as a statesman that history will be

concerned to judge Mr. Gladstone, and indeed greatly concerned, since his personal qualities and tendencies have been a sensible factor, not only in England, but in the complex movements of European politics. Without attempting to anticipate her judgment, which cannot come till the consequences of his career have had time to show themselves, it is interesting even now to inquire how, having been and being still such a force and fame, he is yet an object of so much suspicion and alarm.

For the government of a nation he has not merely great gifts, but an unusual accumulation of gifts: knowledge, industry, energy; eloquence that sways assemblies; conscientiousness that makes his probity accepted like a law of nature; a swift and ample comprehension not only of the details of administration, but of the great movements of thought in the world; an imaginative power of sympathy with human feeling which gives him the power of warming men to enthusiasm by example as well as by words. These are the qualities that go to make a hero; and with them he has also the truly heroic virtue of simplicity. Such qualities make a man fit to lead a nation in moments of exaltation, winning their devotion, stimulating them to splendid efforts. They have, in fact, enabled him to accomplish great things for England. He has been the author, either as himself devising or as carrying through the schemes of others by his own energy, of more legislative measures whereby the condition of people has been improved and their burdens lessened, whereby grounds of disaffection have been removed and men's minds knitted together in loyalty and contentment, than any English statesman of his own generation, perhaps of this century.

However, these are not the only qualities which a statesman needs for success. In the pursuits or professions of literature, or art, or science, one cannot have too much of the highest gifts. But in the trade of governing men,—an employment which, like commerce or forensic advocacy, brings us constantly into contact with our fellows,—an excess in the finer gifts may be dangerous. Certainly, some of the more commonplace capacities are to the full as needful—shall we say more needful?—than those which move admiration and enthusiasm; and this is eminently true in the country where Mr. Gladstone's lot has been cast. England is a country hard to be understood from outside. Under a despotism, a statesman who is sure of the confidence of the sovereign may disregard everybody else and devote himself simply and purely to the task of doing his best for his country. Under a democracy like that of the United States, a statesman appealing by certain broad merits to an immense mass of electors who come into no personal contact with him is comparatively independent of persons, and need not so much care to study their peculiarities, win their help and protect himself against their enmity. But in a half-aristocratic, half-democratic country like England, ruled by a Parliament composed of a small number of men, of whom some fifty or sixty practically govern and influence the rest, the study of men,—that is to say, of men's weaknesses,—becomes a very important branch of statesmanship. He who neglects it may possibly rise to power, but cannot be sure of remaining there.

Mr. Gladstone has, in a remarkable degree, what the French call "the defects of one's qualities"—that is to say, the failings which flow from some faculty pushed to excess—present in so large a measure as to disturb the balance of the mind, or to choke the growth of some other useful aptitude. His eager activity makes him, as it was said of Julius Cæsar, think that nothing has been done while aught remains undone. It passes into restlessness. It prevents him from realizing the presence in others of that weariness and indifference which he never feels himself. When he was at the head of affairs, he carried so many sweeping reforms that everybody who was interested in the maintenance of abuses took fright. Even among those who applauded, many looked at their neighbors and said, "What next?" Absorbed in his own ideas, thinking only of the benefits which were being gained for the country, he did not perceive that he was outrunning the taste of the governing classes for reforms and using up the force which he had hitherto been able to direct. The intensity with which he bends his mind upon one thing at a time sometimes prevents him from observing other things. Small symptoms of changing popular opinion may escape his notice. He does not give himself leisure to study and conciliate individuals, even when they are powerful. Men whose position, if not their ability, gives them a high conceit of their own opinion, may be heard to complain that he does not listen to them with sufficient deference. His ingenuity, his power of finding principles everywhere and abun-

dant reasons for every course, has in it something alarming for the ordinary mind, especially as the conclusions he arrives at are not always those he expressed in earlier years. Thus, while every one admits his honesty, he incurs the charge of inconsistency, that bugbear of cowardly minds. The same warmth of feeling which supplies so tremendous a motive power makes him impulsive in manner and vehement, sometimes over-vehement, in speech. This is sometimes charged on him as a fault of temper, although quite unjustly, for no one keeps his temper better in debate, or has indulged in fewer personalities. Sometimes it is twisted into a sign of unsound judgment or deficient self-control. Even his moral earnestness has its dangerous side. It makes him care too much about the causes he embraces, and advocate them too constantly from a point which fatigues the mass of mankind.

Can a statesman, then, some one may ask, be really too much interested in his work, too serious and lofty in his aims? The world being what it is—yes. In a country like England, the career of a successful statesman must be one long succession of compromises, half-measures, humorings of popular prejudices, conciliations of selfish interests. A skillful man may keep his honesty through it all. But a scrupulous man will often find his conscience stand in his way. He will be stiff where it would be wiser to yield; will speak out when he might have remained silent; will disdain to flatter national vanity when he might win an easy and cheap popularity by doing so; will have so decided a preference for what he thinks the right thing to be done that he may refuse to join in attaining almost the same end by some other road. Above all, he will tend to judge others, not perhaps the opponents whom he condemns, but the mass of his countrymen to whom he appeals, by himself. This, be it said with all respect, has been Mr. Gladstone's chief mistake. He has taken the world for better than it is. He has imagined men to be generally anxious to discover the truth, to be ready to obey their highest motives. His calculations have made scant allowance for the great mass of mere dullness and indifference which exists in all countries. Men's prejudices, their jealousies, their national as well as individual conceit, their selfishness and even such more amiable weaknesses as their preference of sport to work, their love of a little excitement and novelty, have been little regarded. He has addressed them in two strains only—the language of pure reason, which some cannot understand and many will not listen to, and the language of moral exhortation, which after a time wearies the ordinary man, while it incenses the bad man, because it reproves him, and the cynical man, because he takes it for hypocrisy. So far from being in point of moral susceptibility below her European neighbors, England is on the whole above them. There is a larger section among her people than in probably any of the other old countries which responds to the sacred names of Justice and Humanity. But after all it is, except in moments of great excitement, only a section.

This is one of the ways in which the difference between the typical English character and Mr. Gladstone's, which is distinctively Scottish, expresses itself. It is, however, not the only way. His belief in logic, his fondness for carrying out principles to their results, are distasteful to the English mind. It scents danger in them. It is not willing to admit that everything is matter for argument. With a profound respect for the existing order of the world, it is impatient of theoretical reasons for changing anything which works passably well in practice. The sort of political leader whom it is really happy with is one of the type to which Lord Althorp, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston belonged,—a hearty, vigorous, outspoken, clear-headed man, with no more genius than is needed to rise to the level of a great debate, but entering joyously into the ordinary tastes and pursuits of English gentlemen. Thus there has always been (as remarked already) a certain want, not, perhaps, of moral sympathy, but of mutual intellectual comprehension between Mr. Gladstone and a large part of his countrymen. His early High Church friends have taken in his position. The Puritan Nonconformists admire him. The Scotch worship him. But the rest of the country, whether it votes him into office or votes him out, doesn't quite understand him; and perhaps he has never quite understood it.

There is another reason for his unpopularity with the upper classes which it is not pleasant to dwell upon. It is the feeling which came out in the proverbial instance of the Athenian farmer, who ostracised Aristides because he was tired of always hearing him called the Just. If it is dangerous to be praised for your talents, much more dangerous is it to be praised for your virtues

Neither dignity nor humility protects from the sharp and watchful criticism which in a free state beats like hail upon a public man. Sensitiveness only stimulates it. Small errors are magnified. Careless words are twisted into the worst meaning. Even such a piece of pure good-nature and simplicity as the habit of answering everybody's letters is set down to a morbid love of notoriety. As Mr. Gladstone has long been the most conspicuous figure in his own party, he draws all the enemy's fire. It is less trouble to denounce him than to argue against the doctrines of his party; and he has expressed himself on so many subjects, that there is always something to lay hold of. During the three years of fierce party strife that preceded the recent election, the hostile newspapers, some of which have their secret reasons, personal or theological (for theological or anti-theological rancor plays no small part in these matters), did, by continued reiteration, succeed in persuading a part of the English public that he is a revolutionary in home politics and a craven in foreign politics,—childish as such a conception may seem to those who have followed his career.

It is not so much these attacks, to which he had learnt to be indifferent, as the disappointment at the reaction which had swelled up around him, that has given a tinge of melancholy to Mr. Gladstone's countenance and ideas. He sees a new generation springing up which ignores the great things that were done twenty years ago; he perceives old fallacies stalking about like risen ghosts, and beguiling a large part of the people; he hears doctrines savoring of Napoleonic imperialism, doctrines which seem to him to be profoundly immoral, preached with confidence and received with applause.

However, all this, instead of damping his ardor, has only kindled it the more. In one of the most vivacious of his later sallies, Mr. Disraeli compared the Liberal ministers of 1873 (when a defeat in the House of Commons had checked their vigorous reforming policy) to a row of extinct volcanoes which, after pouring forth desolating showers of ashes and torrents of lava, stand grim, black, and silent in the wilderness their own fury has created around them. Whatever appropriateness the comparison may have had for some of his colleagues, Mr. Gladstone's fires have certainly not burnt out. They blaze fiercely as ever, and send their light and heat over the whole country. Neither the seventy years that have passed over him, nor the division of his mind between politics, scholarship, history, theology, nor the din of strife that is ringing always in his ears, seem to diminish his vigor and the vivid eagerness with which he throws himself into everything he touches. It is by this impression of force, more than by any one of his many gifts, that he chiefly seizes the imagination of his contemporaries, and that he will hold his place in the world's annals, the impression of an intellectual passion and energy exhaustless as one of the forces of nature.

There has arisen of late years a school of writers who seek to reduce history to what they call an "exact science," to explain all historical phenomena by the operation of general laws similar to the laws which govern the material universe. Such writers trace out without difficulty the action of these laws in the past,—we can all do that,—and have sometimes ventured to attempt prediction, though hitherto with but scant success. They insist that the growth of democracy makes such a scientific treatment of history easier and more certain now than it could have been in the days when kings and popes lorded it over nations. For since events are now determined by the opinions of large masses of men, individuals, whose peculiarities are no doubt still beyond the domain of science, may (it is alleged) be eliminated as being of little practical consequence. The course of European history during the last forty years does not seem, to the eye of a calm observer, to make for such a doctrine. Where would Italy have been without Mazzini, or even without Garibaldi and Cavour? What would Germany have been without Bismarck? How different, to all appearance, would the course of events have been in England and in the East had either Mr. Gladstone or Lord Beaconsfield been off the scene! We can see that the general tendencies of their age have influenced, and have been in a manner represented by, these conspicuous figures. But we see also that the special gifts of each have made all the difference as to the time when and the manner in which momentous changes have arrived, if, indeed, they have not made the difference as to their ever arriving. It would be more true to say that the lessening importance of material and the growing importance of spiritual forces are making the influence of individuals greater, and the study of individual characters more essential in the historian's eyes, than was ever the case before. Now, when governments

are more popular, when education is more generally diffused, when communication has become easier, when intelligence is scattered more swiftly and widely by the press, so much the more abundant and efficient do the means become for the working of the most potent of all the forces that govern human affairs—the influence of a great character upon the thoughts, the imagination, the emotions of his fellow-men.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

After the summer's fierce and thirsty glare,
  After the falling leaves and falling rain,
  When harsh winds beat the fields of ripened grain
And autumn's pennons from the branches flare,
There comes a stilly season, soft and fair,
  When clouds are lifted, winds are hushed again,—
  A phantom Summer hovering without pain
In the veiled radiance of the quiet air;
When, folding down the line of level seas,
  A silver mist at noonday faintly broods,
And like becalmèd ships the yellow trees
  Stand islanded in windless solitudes,
Each leaf unstirred and parching for the breeze
  That hides and lingers northward in the woods.

LEONARD WOODS.*

PROFESSOR PARK'S MEMORIAL.

Having just received here, in Paris, a copy of Professor Park's masterly and captivating discourse upon the life and character of the late President Woods, I let no time pass before reading it most carefully, and twice over. It takes one into high latitudes and deep soundings. Nothing less would have been worthy of the subject; and fortunate is it that such a eulogist was ready.

After this, I must offer some excuse for putting myself before the public on the same subject. I write not merely from the natural desire to express admiration and affection at the time of death, when they are deeply felt, but because I know myself to be greatly the debtor of Professor Woods, and hope that I may contribute something in the way, if not of return, at least of acknowledgment. And my absence in a foreign land prevented my paying the proper tribute at his burial.

It was my good fortune to be suspended from Harvard (for a cause not bearing upon character or scholarship), and to be placed under the care of Mr. Leonard Woods. It was then high-water mark at Andover, so the memorial tells us. President Porter and Dr. Wood, senior, were in full vigor; Professor Stuart was at the height of his fame; Professor Edward Robinson had returned from a long residence in Germany, with a very high reputation for scholarship; and, last of all, Mr. Leonard Woods, then only at the age of twenty-four, had been the first scholar in the Phillips Academy, the first in every branch at Union College, had been graduated at the Theological Seminary the acknowledged foremost man of his period, had published a translation from the German of Knapp's "Christian Theology," enriched with a long and fully thought-out preface, and original notes showing profound scholarship, and "a deeper philosophical spirit, and a more generous flow of soul, than the original work itself." He was assisting Professor Stuart in his commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, and aiding Professor Robinson in editing the "Biblical Re-

* The Life and Character of Leonard Woods, D. D., LL. D. By Edwards A. Park. Andover, Mass.: Warren F. Draper.

pository," then the most scholar-like periodical in America, and was assistant instructor in Hebrew in the Seminary. The reputations of these men had drawn to the Seminary a Junior class of about eighty students. An enthusiasm for scholarship pervaded everything, while, also, the Sunday sermons at the chapel were of a high order.

Mr. Woods was an Abbot Resident, as it is called, and was deeply engaged in almost every form of intellectual activity. He had already established a reputation as an attractive and commanding preacher. His acquaintance and correspondence were wide and distinguished. Far, indeed, was he from being the mere theologian, or scholar of ancient lore. He wrote as well as read German and French, and was an enthusiastic student of general philosophy, of poetry and romance, of history and political philosophy. Indeed, he was a miracle of breadth, elevation and comprehensiveness, as well as of scholarship. He was the ideal scholar, and if he had died at the age of twenty-four, the seers of New England would have proclaimed that a great light had been extinguished, though it was then but little above the horizon.

I desire to say nothing about my own relations with him, beyond what may tend to give explanation of what he was and how he worked. Except a morning or an evening walk, he was over his books all the time that sleep and meals left him, and always with unabated enthusiasm. In languages—and I was then engaged with him upon Latin, Greek and German—he seemed to have a method of teaching and studying of his own. It was something I had not known in the routine of school and college. Although an exact and skillful grammarian and philologist, the life-consuming rules and exceptions of the dreaded grammars were made to bear lightly upon the spirit, and what he did, without fear of using translations and notes, was to make the author, whether Thucydides or Xenophon, Cicero or Horace, Goethe or Schiller, a living, sentient being, and to establish with him an intelligent communion of thought and sentiment or emotion. To say that to me he was the best of instructors, is saying but little. He was the best of friends. I looked upon him as a generation in advance of myself, as well as moving in a different sphere. When walking with him, engaged in conversation, I felt as if walking by the side of one who had descended to my level in an ethereal equipage of his own, and yet had it so under control, and was so full of naturalness and sympathy and interest, as to make me feel that, while "By his natural motion he exceeds," yet he is a man, a companion and wayfarer withal.

It was for six months that I had the privilege of daily intercourse with this marvelous man. After that, I returned to Harvard with new ideas of scholarship, of study, and of life. Again, I spent with him a week or two of a short winter vacation, during which time I was his room-mate, and was what Wordsworth calls, by a mixture of figures, "the very pulse of the machine." I trust I do not err in the way of publishing his privacy or of obtruding myself. I was a witness to the regular devotional readings with which he began and ended each day, and to his prayers, kneeling by his bedside. It was a touching thing to me, who was not recognized by the orthodox as "converted," as a "professor of religion," that he expected me to join with him. It was a new presentation to me of Congregational orthodoxy—not that I found Andover the least behind Cambridge in personal liberality or in kindliness to the individual amid its stern and keen doctrinal polemics, but the system of the period, as I afterward learned, was the New Measure system of New England, and not the theory of the first non-conformists of the Boston colony, as regards the relations of the young. Mr. Woods considered himself, in that respect, a truer representative of the earliest divines of New England than were the great part of the men of his own time. At all events, controversy aside, he was in his religion comprehensive, trustful, confiding and companionable.

The analysis of his mental and moral nature may well be left where Professor Park has placed it. To understand fully his intellectual and moral history, from the age of thirty to his death at the age of seventy-one, and to account for what his greatest admirers sometimes call *the failure of his life*, requires a diagnosis of brain (or whatever else it may be) which the human intellect has not been endowed with the means of making, either upon the living or the dead.

I have always thought that his great function was that of a rhetorician. I use the word in its widest sense, so as to embrace every form of oral expression, whether in conversation with one, or as a contributor to the free discourse of a small gathering, or as an orator of the pulpit, the platform or the instructor's chair. He had the indispensable

element, the *temperament* of an orator. He had also great collateral advantages of voice and countenance. In conversation, though he might be the chief contributor, he was strictly but a contributor. He never declaimed; and he always kept the conversation open to all, and never permitted it to become a controversy or a struggle.

Some thirty years ago, it had been announced that President Woods was to preach in what is now the parish church of the Advent, in Bowdoin street, but was then in the possession of a Congregational society, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Winslow. The house was well filled. President Woods spoke apparently without even notes. He spoke for nearly an hour and a half, of a warm summer afternoon, to a congregation which had been used to set their mental chronometers to twenty or thirty minutes. Yet it was a case of "*Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebunt*," from first to last. There was not only attention, but an excited, glowing attention. His subject was "The Delayed Justice of God," the text being, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore," etc. For his space of time, and his purpose, he was the master of every one in the house, and Dr. Winslow, in his concluding prayer, was so carried away that he entered unconsciously upon a eulogy on the preacher, in thanking the Almighty for the great privilege we had enjoyed that day. At this time, it was rarely if ever that a preacher of the orthodox sects took examples or illustrations from elsewhere than the scriptures; but in this discourse, it seemed that, as was said of Burke, there had gone out a decree that all the world should be taxed. He drew his illustrations from all history, from all the known experience of mankind. As I have said, it is more than twenty-five years since I heard that sermon; but I can repeat, I think *verbatim*, many of its finest passages, and retain a clear memory of its thought and order. After some years, happening to speak with a scholarly and thoughtful man on the subject of sermons, he said that the best he had ever heard was one by President Woods, in the old meeting-house in Bowdoin street, on the delayed justice of God, and he proceeded to describe it. Again, in New York, at a gathering of men of letters, the subject of best sermons was started, and one of the number, a man of high repute as a writer, said that, chancing to be in Boston of a Sunday, some years before, he went to hear President Woods, at Bowdoin street, and there heard a discourse, on the delayed justice of God, which had ever remained in his mind the ideal sermon. Thus, the only three persons I know to have heard it, give it the first place; and I doubt if any intelligent hearer on that day will fail, even now, to acquiesce in this judgment.

Professor Park speaks of his Phi Beta Kappa oration, at Harvard, in 1840. I can only bear evidence as a witness. President Woods came forward upon the wide platform, with no desk, seat nor table near him, and without notes in his hand, and threw himself upon his audience, with the full fervor of a natural orator, with a countenance gleaming with emotion, an eye suffused, and a voice that thrilled and charmed so that one "could not choose but hear." He stepped on air. He soared. At the end of a truly splendid paragraph, when he bore down upon those who recognized as truths only what the senses expose to them, with all the energy of his enkindled moral nature, "with his ensigns streaming from his peak, and all his canvas straining to the wind," there broke out a vehemence of applause such as is seldom heard upon academic occasions. One devotee of exact science and analytical methods was so excited that he hissed. I do not think he was heard on the platform, but he was heard for some distance. At length, failing a more fitting mode of expression, he called out in a loud voice, "Sophistry! Mere sophistry." He found no sympathy; and a gentleman whom we all respected turned around from a neighboring pew, and answered: "If it is, it is the most magnificent piece of sophistry I have heard this many a day." At the dinner, this "superb oration" as it was called, was the topic, and all regretted that the rule of the society forbade our asking for a copy for the press. But if we could and had, there was no copy for the press. I do not mean that the oration was extemporaneous. I do not doubt that many of its most consummate passages had been written and rewritten; and that, by a far more laborious process than writing and committing to memory, he had composed mentally, and rehearsed by himself, with the advantage of imagination and enthusiasm in the process, and so fostered in his singularly tenacious memory nearly all that he afterward heralded to his audience, with such changes and additions as the stimulus of the moment suggested, and his singular mastery of himself enabled him to make without risk.

Dr. Park speaks of a lecture by him delivered in several of the cities of New

England, on the "Liberties of the Ancient Republics," as to which he says: "The secular press was exultant in praise of the 'majestic grasp of thought,' the 'melody of language,' and the 'intoxicating charm of oratory.'" This is probably the one I had the never-to-be-forgotten delight of hearing in public in Boston, and afterward, at the request of some who were not present, read by him at the house of a friend. This essay, I think, was to some extent written out; yet, probably, if the notes escaped the sad disaster to his library years afterward, they would not be found sufficient for use to a publisher. The discourse I refer to had for its object a portraiture of the defects, the evils, the sins, the wrongs, of the boasted ancient civilizations, compared with the characteristics of the civilizations of Christianity. I remember it began, as his discourses always did, with a touch upon his key-note,—"'But for Christianity,' says Gibbon, 'to what heights might not the ancient civilizations have attained,'" and, by the end of an hour, you were ready to cry out to him to hold his hand, so almost unendurable became the impression of dejection and accumulated horrors. You felt your breath stifled and your heart beating, until you were relieved and thrown into delight by the dazzling moral splendor of the extended contrast. If this is not the discourse to which Professor Park refers, it adds another to the list of great achievements.

It would be grossly unjust to President Woods to take the comparison directly, but something in the effect of his richest and most brilliant efforts recalls to one's mind Burke's description of the banquet "the great magician himself," in British India, spread before the young officials just sent out from England,—a description I have not before me, and can only call up imperfectly from memory,—where the most delicious wines of France joined with the voluptuous vapor of perfumed India smoke, combining the vivid satisfactions of Europe with the torpid blandishments of Asia.

I assent to Professor Park's statement that "he was more remarkable, perhaps, for his conversations than for his public addresses." With him, conversation was a fine art. He had the light touch, the variety, the abstinence from pedantry or disputation, the faculty of a good listener, and the power of dropping seed in all soils imperceptibly, and of casting his bread upon all waters. I do not think it at all an exaggeration to say that the conversation of President Woods produced deeper psychological effects upon what were, or what turned out to be, the best minds of New York and New England, than has that of any man of his epoch.

In his youth and early middle life, there was no lack—nay, there was ever an exuberance—of civil courage and enterprise. The account given in the memorial of his course as editor, for four years, of the "Literary and Theological Review," has the interest of a battle-field:

> "He threw out his opinions at once and in a mass, instead of steadily expressing them one by one. He came out simultaneously against various parties in the church and in the state. He proved that his amiable spirit was not an easy indifference to what he deemed the truth. His bravery elicited the admiration of his confederates. He cited and adopted the words of Coleridge: 'As far as *opinions* and not *motives*, *principles* and not *men*, are concerned, we neither are tolerant nor wish to be regarded as such. As much as I love my fellow-men, so much and no more will I be intolerant of their heresies and unbeliefs; and I will honor and hold forth the right hand of fellowship to every one who is equally intolerant of what he conceives to be such in me.'"

He came out against the opinions of many of his supporters. He opposed the courses pursued by the Temperance and Antislavery societies, and by the popular revivalist preachers. He objected to the German Reformation, as either a misfortune or a mistake, and contended that reformation *in* the Church was possible, and should have been pursued. As far back as 1837, we find him defending, in his periodical, the organ of Presbyterians and Congregationalists, the few and simple conditions of admission to the Anglican communions of Great Britain and the United States, as compared with the full and minute requirements of doctrine among the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations. He defended these on the grounds on which they are now successfully and almost universally defended by the churchmen themselves,—that the Church is a school and not an association of alumni; an open institution for all mankind, in which doctrinal as well as moral truths are to be taught, with more or less effect, to the last hour of life; a guardian of sacraments to be open to all who show the humblest and simplest knowledge of truth, and the merest elements of religious life, rather than an exclusive association of those who "have attained,"—grounds which, in that day, were scarcely perceived or welcomed by large numbers of churchmen themselves.

It was with full knowledge of these bravely outspoken opinions that he was called to the professorship of Sacred Literature at

Bangor, in 1835, and in 1839 to the presidency of Bowdoin College, both strongholds of orthodox Congregationalism.

While at Bowdoin College, from 1839 until his resignation in 1866, he departed from the course his predecessors had pursued as to the Congregational clergy. "He declined to mingle in their ecclesiastical councils and their ministerial associations; he did not preach their ordination sermons; he seldom appeared in their pulpits; he opposed some of their distinctive principles." In his political sentiments, too, he was open and avowed. He became known as an advocate of negro slavery as a thing good in itself, and not as a necessity to be submitted to, and as a defender of Calhoun's theories as to the constitution. While these lay in the opinions of a recluse and a scholar, they did not attract popular attention; but when such opinions, carried into action at the South, had led to a terrible, protracted, and long-doubtful war; when in New England there was scarce a house in which there was not one dead; when they meant the loss of the dearest and best of our youth; the march of armies by the tens and hundreds of thousands, where "every turf beneath their feet became a soldier's sepulchre"; when all this meant debt and poverty and privation; when it might mean a divided or a piecemeal-broken republic, and still his potent voice was against the republic, his position and its effects were altered. In the good old vigorous times he so admired, he would have found himself in the Tower, perhaps on the way to the block; but in calm, self-restrained, liberal, forgiving New England, the worst that befell him was the forfeiture of some friendships, the cooling of others, and a diminution of the public confidence in his judgment, though with a full acknowledgment of his civil courage. His political and ecclesiastical positions together probably led to his resignation of the presidency of Bowdoin, or, at least, largely contributed to it.

If he had simply acquiesced in slavery as an existing order of things from which he could see no escape but with great danger to all our institutions, and to the existing social order, and shrank from all resistance to its assumption which portended the last resort, we might explain it on the grounds of his extreme conservatism, and his abhorrence of war. But his abstract opinion in favor of slavery, and of the correctness of the Southern position, involving a resort to war, and his wide proclamation and earnest advocacy of those opinions to the end, require other considerations. He had never seen slavery, and the so-called patriarchal system appealed to his imagination. It fell in with his respect for authority, and his tendency to support the weaker side led him to look upon it as a system that stood alone, with the world against it, and surrounded by perils and obloquy. I will add here, what Professor Park has not suggested, but which I believe to be true, that in later life he developed a strong tendency to paradox. It was enough that the popular opinion, literature, and politics of the day were engaged against slavery to make him seek for arguments in its favor; and, at last, his generosity and his natural inclination to support the least-supported, and perhaps a little pride of consistency under trial, led him to continue his support beyond the limits of loyalty; and the more so because he saw Northern politicians deserting the cause they had sustained so long as it was a good political paymaster; while, for himself, he was conscious of none but disinterested motives.

I have referred to what has been called the "failure of his life." In what sense can a life be called a failure, of which all can be truly said which Professor Park has said of him? Only relatively to the promise given and so long kept, and to the great results so early effected, can the life of him be called a failure who, at twenty-three, had translated and annotated a work which is still a standard; who, at twenty-four, was almost the equal assistant of Stuart and Robinson, and the editor of the most conspicuous theological magazine in the United States; whom Bowdoin College was glad to secure as its president at thirty-one; who, at thirty-three, conversed in Latin at Rome, and in French at Paris, delighting the intellectual family of Louis Philippe at the Tuileries, and praised by Gregory XVI. for his excellent Latin, as well as the richness of his discourse, after an interview of an hour or more, to which the Pope had himself invited him; who, before he completed his thirty-fourth year, could count among his friends and correspondents some of the most eminent of the ecclesiastical dignitaries of Rome and Oxford, and had communed with the leading statesmen of America and England and France, and was the most welcome of guests at the abodes of the best writers and thinkers, as well as the social leaders, of his own land; who had delivered such discourses as I have described, and exerted such an influence upon a generation of admiring pupils, and on such numbers of men and women who

were thinking and acting in all positions in life.

But we see him beginning a history of the Andover Seminary with great zeal; hear him say that it will be a history of religion in New England; know that he labored long upon it, and then we hear of it no more. He projected the plan of an extended treatise which would require years of preparation, on what might have been called the formation of Christendom. "He elaborated his plan," says Professor Park, "was dissatisfied with parts, improved them, hesitated, still expected, and at length the result of his extensive preparation lay entombed in his own mind."

Later in life, he makes a second visit to Europe. But it is not, as before, to the great centers of thought, or to commune with its great masters. He is sent abroad by the Historical Society of Maine to make researches into the early discoveries and settlements of the eastern shore of that State. We find him, not at Oxford, or Geneva, or Rome, but at Bremen, gathering materials for the minute details in the history of a State of which he was not a native, and exerting a personal influence and diplomatic skill to obtain for others materials and labor which have given great value to the first two volumes of the Maine Society's publications, and exhibiting an enthusiasm which, in earlier days, he gave to what concerned human nature itself, in its widest, deepest and highest interests.

Some have suggested that his mind was of a cast which did not favor the growth of convictions, and did not admit of that persistent determination of all one's forces in the direction of their support, which alone leads to great, permanent, visible results; that he was a speculatist and a rhetorician, a man of taste and imagination, one who delighted in the beautiful and the good, the strange and the ancient, and hospitably entertained whatever was worthy and true, but was not a constant seeker for truth as such, or a persistent actor in its promulgation.

But that which at length gave rise to complaints and fault-finding among many, and to doubts and anxieties among his friends, was connected with his religious opinions and ecclesiastical action. The Oxford theology seemed to have won his entire sympathy and approval. No one of the tenets went too far for him. More than that, there seemed nothing to warrant his refusal of the claims of the Church of Rome. He would pass days with Dr. Pusey, at Oxford, in entire sympathy of discourse, or, in his own words, "talking hour by hour on all the doctrines of Christianity, with an agreement at which he himself seemed not a little surprised"; and even among the doctors and cardinals at Rome, there seemed to be (it was before the Vatican Council) no serious grounds of difference.

His personal influence in America was in those directions, not only in conversation, but in the reading and practices he recommended, or at least suggested. Not that he advocated the claims of Anglicanism or Romanism in the way of direct argument. Such was not his habit or nature. He electrified through conductors. It was the frame of mind and emotion he developed or created for which he was responsible. The number whom he has, directly or indirectly, by these means, led from his own denomination to Anglican and Roman communions is very great. Yet he himself did not move. He asked for no orders beyond the Presbyterian laying on of hands he received in New York in 1835. Away from home, he sought those churches where liturgies and sacraments, ancient choral music and worshipful masses, ruled all, and he showed more sympathy with their clergy than he could possibly have felt with those who were ecclesiastically his brethren. He remained officially within that fold, while it was outside its lines that lay those fields and hills, those gardens and forests which his soul seemed to delight in. It is this apparent inconsistency which led to the most unfavorable reflections that were made upon him, and which those who did not know him have attributed to various commonplace defects.

Professor Park treats his constitution, moral and mental, as extraordinary and phenomenal, containing extremes that can scarcely be combined, resulting in a mystery, to the solution of which he addresses himself with skill and tenderness and profundity, but without the expectation of success.

There is often something in the native structure of the mind, or in the effect of circumstances upon its growth, or in the subtle results of disease, which so operates that

> "thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
> And enterprises of great pith and moment,
> With this regard, their currents turn awry,
> And lose the name of action."

But Professor Park has thrown a new light upon this theme when he reveals the secret that, some twenty-five or thirty years before his death, Mr. Woods had had intimations that he must greatly reduce the

strain upon his brain, restrict himself to easier and concrete topics, and no more "so terribly to strain the disposition with thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul." This was probably known to few but himself. Never married, he became more a recluse as life went on. It certainly was neither known nor suspected by his friends and intimates generally. It was but a few years before his death that a second attack produced effects that were generally marked. If we compare the periods of these manifestations with what, as mere observers, we noticed of a lapse of interest in abstract topics, and the absence of that action which his opinions on great questions demanded of him, we find a sad revelation of causes and effects. "Such a mind," Dr. Park exquisitely says, "seems to be attending the funeral of its own faculties and mourning their untimely decay."

But that is not all. Must there not be an allowance for idiosyncrasies, increased by the effect of these physical onslaughts upon a delicate and susceptible temperament? Might this not result in a blunting of the keen edge of mental discrimination, and an increase of tenderness toward the revived impressions of youth? Is there any inconsistency in that state of mind which, in its last moments, derived its chief consolation from "ancient Latin progress and venerable liturgic services," yet gave its last audible utterance to the imperishable child's stanza of the New England Primer?

But I can do best by leaving the beloved and alluring topic here, and hope I may be excused if I find a consolation in calling up those well-worn but never unfelt lines of a tender bard:

> "No further seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
> (There they alike in trembling hope repose)—
> The bosom of his Father and his God."

ARTEMUS WARD.

I HAVE lately read the complete works of Artemus Ward, edited by Mr. Hingston, who was, I believe, his business manager. Mr. Hingston has written in this book some recollections of Artemus Ward; and he has here and there added a foot-note, in which he appears in a relation to the author somewhat like that which the middle-man has to the end-man at the minstrels—explaining the jokes in a superior and educated manner. But Mr. Hingston seems to have been a sincere admirer of Ward, and deserves our thanks for having got into a single volume the effusions of this original writer, marked by so much wit and reflection, by such a friendly and gentle spirit, by a humor so thoughtful, yet so sudden and jocund.

I have found another book by Mr. Hingston, called "The Genial Showman," which is in two volumes, and seemed at first to be a kind of life of Ward. But it contains very little about him. Yet, I suppose it has pretty much all that is known of him. It was thus that Mr. Hingston first came to make Artemus Ward's acquaintance. He was traveling on the railroad through Indiana when he heard some one in the car remark that this was Artemus Ward's railroad, and that Baldinsville was not far from where they were running. The reader will remember that Artemus Ward, when editor of the "Baldinsville Bugle," asked the superintendent of this line for a free pass. The superintendent told him that the road could not pass him, even as an editor.

"Can't it?" said Artemus Ward.

"No, sir, it can't," said the officer.

Ward eyed him indignantly, and said:

"I know it can't—it goes so tarnation slow it can't pass anything."

The gentleman recalled this story, and said that this was the line which Browne meant. Mr. Hingston asked who Browne was, and, on being told that Browne was Artemus Ward, desired to know if he was really an old showman, as he had heard. The traveler said that he had some business with him that night at the Burnett House, in Cincinnati, and that, if he liked, he would then introduce him to Browne. Accordingly, Mr. Hingston met Artemus Ward, as promised, and found him "not more than twenty-five years old, slender in build, frank, open, and pleasant in demeanor, with ruddy cheek, bright eyes, and a voice soft, gentle, and musical. Artemus Ward asked them to accompany him to a show called "The Infernal Regions."

This exhibition, which Mr. Hingston considers to have furnished Artemus Ward

with the first idea of his own show, he describes at length. The lower part was a museum, which contained various curiosities: a number of swords and spears said to have been picked up on the battle-field of Tippecanoe, a thunderbolt which "had been seen to fall in Kentucky," a stuffed pig, and fragments from the ruins of the temples of Sodom and Gomorrah. The whole place was black with dust and soot. The wax-works were in a room by themselves. Brown appeared to be very familiar with the place; made a number of inquiries, and asked particularly if any snakes had recently been found inside the Queen of Sheba. It appears that one of the snakes had not long before escaped, and had been found on the person of the Queen of Sheba. The whereabouts of the snake was discovered by a trembling of the figure, which caused the jewels and gold snuff-boxes (of Connecticut manufacture) which she was represented in the act of offering to Solomon, to fall upon the ground. In another room there was a small amphitheater, in which some famous characters of fiction and history, and certain leading animals, were represented by actors dressed up to resemble them. Mr. Hingston says that no child could have taken more delight in this exhibition than Artemus Ward did. "It is the best show in Cincinnati," he said, on his way home. Mr. Hingston often asked Ward if this show had not suggested to him his own traveling exhibition. Although he could never get a direct answer to the question, he suspects that it was at "The Infernal Regions" that Artemus Ward first got the idea of his "miscellanyus wax-statoots of celebrated piruts and murderers."

Mr. Hingston took a journey with Ward to Louisville. He tells a story of an innocent practical joke which Ward played, on the steam-boat. The story is not very good, but it is interesting as being in Ward's manner. He was fond of mystifying people. He was always inventing some absurdities, of which he made his own person the medium of expression. Mr. Toole, who was one of Artemus Ward's most intimate friends in London, says that he told him the following story: He went to a lecture at a remote place, where his face was not known. He was a little late; the audience became impatient, and began to stamp with their feet and to whistle. By and by Ward came out and began to move about the platform, dusting the chairs and desk. The people took him for a "supe," and became still more impatient. Presently he turned around, dropped the dust-cloth, and said: "Now, having dusted the chairs, I will begin my lecture." Many of the jokes he made were not so good as this, but, no doubt, served to amuse himself and others. An acquaintance told me that he was once riding in a Broadway omnibus when Browne got in, and, on being asked for his fare, inquired of the driver if he could change five dollars. The driver said he could not, stopped the coach, and requested Ward to get out. Upon this Ward became very indignant. Why should he get out? Because he had not the proper fare. "But I have," he said; "I never said I hadn't ten cents. I only asked if you could change five dollars." On his visits to his home in Maine, during his summer vacation, he would go about the country in company with a certain Mr. Setchell, mystifying the farmers in this way.

Mr. Hingston has very little to say about Ward's childhood and his family. It would be interesting to learn something about his early days. Why does not the "Herald" send an interviewer who appreciates Artemus Ward to Waterford, Maine, to pick up all that may be learned about him from those of his neighbors who knew him. Artemus Ward's New England origin is very plain in his writings. They represent the rural New England life well. They show the village store, the rude and austere village street, the solemn landscape, the humor, the poverty, and the virtue of the New England people. He has one paper, "The Village Green," which is about Waterford. I have never been to Waterford myself, but I have looked it out on the map, and in particular have traced the course of a stream which runs through the township,—Crooked River,—whose wild and sweet warbling through its poor landscape is pleasant to the ear at this distance.

The "Complete Works of Artemus Ward" is a book which must be very grateful to the American who is living abroad. When one has been long enough away from home, there comes a time when he finds himself reading American newspapers a great deal; or, when reading the newspapers of the country, his eyes will wander away from a good anecdote, or a paragraph of gossip, or a fresh piece of really important European news, to read over several times a telegram from New York, stating the arrival of so many tons pig-iron, or the embarkation of so many head of cattle. To any one in this state of mind, Artemus Ward's book will be

welcome, for it will bring before him the scenery and society of his country.

The writings of Artemus Ward are most expressive of the society of the United States. The prevalence of humor in this country—and there is no doubt that this quality is prevalent here—appears to me to be largely due to that democratic structure of society which makes each man a free critic of the world about him. Such a character as Artemus Ward could not have existed in any other than a democratic community. The freedom with which he approaches everybody and everything would be possible only to an American, or to some member of society as democratic as ours. In what he has to say about the leading persons of the day, he does not at all take into account the fact that he is an obscure and uneducated youth; that he has never been at college; that he is only a reporter for a country paper; that he was yesterday a type-setter or a farmer's lad. No, he is an intellect, a judgment, which has arrived at a certain degree of power,—by what means it matters not,—and which looks about it with that freedom from corporeal modifications which might belong to an immaterial intelligence. Ward's humor has many traits which are national. One of these is humility; he is the object of his own ridicule. Betsy Jane, his wife, scolds him, and sometimes pours hot water on him, and even beats him. But this self-ridicule is an old attribute of the joker. The fool in old times for every jest was threatened with three dozen, and the clown of the modern stage is being continually pummeled and knocked about. Again, Ward is always expressing the difficulty he finds in doing the things which romance-writers say are so easy to do. He says of a man who insulted him, that he (Ward) did not strike him, but that he "withered him with a glance of his eye." He says of another, whom he rebuked, that he "qualed before his gase." Ward means, of course, that he ought to have quailed, but that he did not. This is, again, an ancient and conventional mode of humor. After the famous tumbler, who is the serious attraction of the show, has turned a double-somersault or leaped over four horses, the clown makes a pretense of trying to do one of these feats, but either shirks it or sprawls upon all-fours. But though humility is a historic feature of humor, I think that it particularly marks the humor of this country. It is to be seen in many American books of humor. John Phœnix, whom Artemus Ward particularly admired, had much of it. We should expect to find it in a society where very few begin with silver spoons in their mouths; where each man has in some degree to contend with the hard and fundamental conditions of human existence, and finds himself ungraceful and unsuccessful on comparing himself with those vaunting heroes to whom fortune has given a long start.

In the circumstances of his life, and in his feelings, Ward was just like any other American young man of the people. He was a poor young man, and his books describe the life which a poor young man leads in America. This is done without the least false shame, and indeed without any consciousness that there is a class of society to whom such a life may seem vulgar. The pictures which he draws of that life are not vulgar, because they are true. He would have become vulgar, had he professed to a standard of living which was not his own; but this he did not do.

One sees in Ward that sympathy with both ends of society which characterizes Americans of his class. He likes bar-keepers and stage-drivers, and does not feel himself to be a bit better than they; indeed, he thinks, in what way is a plow-boy and a type-setter their superior? In return, they of course like him. The following story is vouched for by Mr. Hingston as quite true: At Big Creek, he delivered a lecture in the bar-room, standing behind the counter. The audience was pleased, and particularly the bar-keeper, who, when any good point was made, would deal the counter a vigorous blow with his fist, and would exclaim "Good boy from the New England States Bully for William W. Shakspere!"

But if an aspiring and nice young American of Ward's class feels a friendly equality with stage-drivers, he has also a great respect for the genteel classes, and a desire to be genteel. Ward soon began to show this ambition strongly. He was at first a very uncouth and ugly youth. His ugliness was such a source of misery to him, that he used to lie awake at night thinking of it. From this experience, he may perhaps have evolved his remark about the reporter of a rival paper in Cleveland, whom he charged with being so ugly that he was compelled to get up three times every night to "rest his face." The negligence of his dress was at this time in accordance with the mean opinion which he had of his person. But when he began to find out that he was not so ill-looking as

he supposed, he soon showed a great desire to obtain for himself the becoming exterior of a member of the better classes. It was his good fortune to live in a country where he might become just as much of a gentleman as he had it in him to be. He had the mind of a gentleman, and people who knew him say that he had the face and bearing of one. How absurd that he should have been prevented from taking his proper place in society by any such irrelevant consideration as that of his former condition!

Ward's sketches, though caricatures, are extremely lively representations of American society. He draws a society strongly marked by alert selfishness and good nature. He describes admirably the civility,—which is half kindness and half policy,—the prudence, and the humbug of such a society. The Americans are a very civil people. I do not mean that they are merely civil in their way of speaking to one another; their civility is deeper than that: it is in the attitude of their minds toward one another. That civility may be selfish in its essence; it no doubt is. The silent teaching of American society causes each man to respect his neighbor, because his neighbor possesses a respectable fraction of the general power. But, whatever may be the reason of the matter, there is no doubt of the fact that Americans are very friendly toward one another. Artemus Ward's pages show this quality. Ward really likes the people he laughs at. I believe he really admires the Latin of the Baldinsville schoolmaster, and ridicules his own ignorance quite as much as the school-master's pedantry. Indeed, he has a warm regard for the school-master. In speaking of those citizens of Baldinsville who welcomed him on his return, he says: "A few was true blue. The skool-master was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those shores. He said I had a massiv' mind. It was gratifyin', he said, to see that great intelleck stalkin' in the midst onct more. I have before had occasion to notice this skool-master. He is evidently a young man of far more than ord'nary talents."

This American friendliness, of which I have been speaking, has its bad as well as its good side. Its bad side is its tolerance of that kind of vice, the motive of which is selfish advantage at the expense of public or private honor. Ward's satire, though mild and playful, was keen and accurate enough in its description of these traits of our society. At a war meeting in Baldinsville, which Artemus Ward had interrupted by one of the outbreaks of his irresponsible humor, he was thus called to order by the editor of the "Baldinsville Bugle," who presided: "I call the Napoleon of showmen, I call that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene,—I call him to order." Mr. Ward here remarks that the editor of the "Bugle" does his job printing. He is sufficiently keen in his exhibition of the disparity between big words and small motives. Thus, he says that he wants "editers" to come to his show "free as the flours of May." But he does object to their coming in crowds and to their charging him ten cents a line for puffs, solely on the ground, alleged by them, that the press is the "Arkymedian Leaver which moves the wurld."

In his remarks upon social and political subjects, Artemus Ward shows that soundness of judgment and that cool and accurate perception of the actual state of affairs which are the characteristics of our population. Artemus Ward evidently was not educated to a dislike of slavery. The black man is the object of his ridicule rather than of his pity. This may have been because it was easier to joke against negroes and abolitionists than against slaveholders. It is certain that, until within a very few years before the war, the American public hated nothing so much as an abolitionist. As it is only possible to make the crowd laugh on the side of their own opinions, the amusers of the public were compelled to cater to the anti-negro sentiment. The American stage of that period was certainly anti-negro. It is thus possible that Ward, being a joker, may have drifted into this manner of writing about slavery. But I rather think that his education and his disposition were not of the sort to incline him to take a strong part against slavery. One imagines him by disposition skeptical, cautious, perhaps timid and despondent, more likely to fear the dangers of a bold movement than to feel an ardent and sanguine sympathy with its objects. I should think it likely, moreover, though Mr. Hingston has not informed us on this point, that Ward's father was an old-fashioned Democrat. The men who voted for Jackson were most tenacious of their political sentiment, and rarely failed to communicate it to their children. This sentiment was of a virulent type. To many families in the

land, the mere name of Democrat had a charm which it required all the shock of revolution and civil war to dissipate. But Ward was very loyal during the war, and did the Union good service. In his address on "The Crisis," delivered before "a c of upturned faces in the red skool-house" of Baldinsville, just previous to the outbreak of the war, he exhibits some of the immoral despair of that period. In his conversation with Prince Napoleon, the comicality of which but slightly veils the feeling of despondency, astonishment, and bitter disappointment which the madness of the quarrel had produced upon his reasonable and thoughtful mind, he said: "It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin' expedition. If he had bin a sensible man, he'd hav' put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to intelligent savages, who, when they got hold of a good thing, knew enuff to keep it. * * * Chris meant well, but he put his foot in it when he saled for America."

But when the war has once begun, he is in favor of it, and, indeed, raises a company. Ward's writing will be useful to the future historian who wishes to form an exact idea of the physiognomy of public opinion at this time. In "'Squire Baxter," he describes a representative figure. 'Squire Baxter, like President Buchanan, did not believe in coercion. But when he learned that the rebels had assaulted the flag, he changed his mind. Artemus Ward adds: "The 'Squire is all right at heart, but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable biler with steam than it used to when he was young and frisky." Ward is very happy in many of his remarks on current subjects. In his letter to the Prince of Wales, he says: "In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunktion with Cap'n Sems of the *Alobarmy*, manetanes a nootral position."

There is no choosing among the many good things he has said upon manners and society. I have spoken of Ward as an uneducated youth, but, in truth, he had had a sort of education better than any college can give, and which no college can insure; it was his felicity that his past life had suited his talent. He had suffered from no self-mistrust or passion, or diversion of the mind to things unfriendly to its best powers. He had, indeed, had the best of educations,—that of a kind chance. That goddess, who scatters Jack-o'-lanterns along the path of the wayward, the opinionated, and the eccentric, had conducted him in simplicity along the original path which nature had meant for him. It is rare to meet with so perfect a genius as that of Ward. Its perfection is not surprising, since his mind seemed to do but one thing. He had many fine qualities; he had wit, a sound judgment, a great deal of common sense, and he was full of keen feeling; but all these qualities were subject, or adjunct, to his talent of humorous perception and invention. His mental life seemed to consist in the practice of this talent. Everything that he says has the impression of it. It has been said that an author's matter is less important than his manner. By this is meant, I suppose, that the product is less important than the nature of the producing capacity, that an apple or a bushel of apples is less important than the constitution of an apple-tree. No man ever had a more definite, certain, and, I might say, perfect manner than Artemus Ward. His mind was in general definite and perfect. He had a perfect sense of just what subjects would suit him. For many years it was his desire to go to Utah. I suppose that he had never seen a Mormon, and it would be hard to say why he wished to go to Utah. But he had an instinct that this polygamous society, two thousand miles away, would be a good subject for him. The event showed that he was right; we know what a succession of novel and delightful absurdities he got out of the Mormons. His mind, besides being definite and perfect, was retentive. Some of his jokes seemed to have been engraved upon stone; he did not tire of things which had once occupied him. On his way over the plains, he went to see some Indians, who were preparing themselves by feasting for going upon the war-path; he found them eating raw-dog, and they told him they did this in order to get up their courage. This greatly amused him. Long afterward, when he was lecturing in London, at that time in a decline and scarcely able to drag himself upon the platform, he would say: "Well, Hingston, haven't you a little raw-dog?"

He was able to make his jokes last a long time. Perhaps no one got so much pleasure out of them as he did, and it was a law of his nature to be faithful to them. On his way from California overland, the thought struck him of announcing a lecture at the various telegraph stations along the route. He thought that his trouble would not be

thrown away, since it was likely that the placards would be preserved as curiosities. Accordingly, at various stations throughout the wilderness, some of which were perhaps a hundred miles from a human habitation, he caused bills to be posted, containing these words: "A Lecture will be delivered here, in a sweet voice, by Artemus Ward, the Wild Humorist of the Plains."

It will appear from these stories how perfect was his confidence in his jokes. He said to some negro minstrels, with whom he spent an hour after one of his lectures in Philadelphia: "I had a new joke in my lecture to-night. If George Christy had known I was going to have it, he would have traveled a hundred miles to borrow it for his own. As it is, I have no doubt that he will have it telegraphed to him to-morrow." I scarcely know a greater instance of the confidence, I might almost say the impudence, of genius than his stopping, after referring, in his lecture upon the Mormons, to the death of young Mr. Kimball, to have some air of melancholy music, such as "Poor Mary Anne," played by the pianist. When I say that he had great confidence, I do not so much mean that he believed in himself. There is evidence that, like most other men of genius, he could be for the time cast down. Mr. Hingston says that Artemus Ward once came to him in London, after he had had an interview with Mr. Mark Lemon, looking unusually grave. He said: "Mr. Lemon tells me that I want discipline. I know I want discipline. I always did want it, and I always shall." Then he added, "Can you get me a stock of discipline, old fellow? You have more of it over here than we have in the States. I should like some." Artemus Ward's confidence was not in himself but in his joke, as an external and substantial thing; like Galileo, he would have said, "She still moves." His jokes, once invented, were tangible entities, quite outside of and separate from himself. You may see this from the persistency with which he adheres to and repeats them. You sometimes find him writing a new paper for which he does not seem ready, as a landlady extemporizes a lodging-house dinner. She remembers that there is somewhere a part of a ham, and there are some eggs and a half-pot of jam. So Ward, when compelled to write, reflects that here he can put in this joke, and that there he can use that one. It was thus he prepared the articles which he wrote in England. Whether because he was ill, or because he felt no encouragement to write in a strange country, the humor of Artemus Ward after he came to England seemed to languish, and he had recourse to some of his old jokes. Some of the things he wrote for "Punch," however, were very good,—for instance, his admiring remarks upon the figure of Queen Elizabeth on horseback at the Tower. This work greatly impressed the old showman. He speaks with special enthusiasm of the "fiery stuffed hoss, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocker nostril dilates hawtily, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears."

In speaking of Ward's confidence in his jokes, I should not forget to mention that the confidence was due in part to the sweetness and the friendliness of his disposition. Was he not the friend of the world, and was not the world his friend? I think this one of his most important traits. He had no contempt or ill-temper. His freedom from these vices is all the more remarkable, because he had plenty of shrewdness. Along with that humor which is a native, involuntary motion of the mind, he had wit, which I may perhaps describe as a peculiarly clear and brilliant knowledge. The two are combined in this story illustrative of the desire of some Americans to make a speech. At a certain execution, the culprit, as is the custom, having been asked if he had anything to say, declined to speak, whereupon a gentleman in the crowd, loth to see such a chance unimproved, stepped forward and said that, if no objection were made, he would like to avail himself of the opportunity by making a few remarks upon the protective tariff. This is an extreme expression of Artemus Ward's sense of the absurdity of certain persons. There is wit enough here, but it is only about one-fifth of the whole; the rest is the play of a rich and sudden humor. There is no contempt or ill-nature in it.

Artemus Ward's spelling is very important. He himself thinks a great deal of his bad spelling and takes a great delight in it. He quotes the following about the Mormons, years after it was written, not correcting a single consonant or point of punctuation: "I girded up my Lions and fled the Seen. I packt up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorrer, inhabited by as theavin and onprincipled a set of rêtchis as ever dreu Breth in eny spot on the globe." He never neglects to spell the heavenly luminary as "son" and the male offspring as "sun." It would seem that if humorous effects can be produced

by transpositions of this sort, anybody might make them. But the bad spelling of a poor joker is always foolish and ineffectual. A good humorist, like Artemus Ward or Thackeray, spells, not by accident, but with an intelligent intention. Thackeray's bad spelling defines the mind of his Jeames. Artemus Ward's defines the ridiculous mind of his showman. Such an expression as "infernal noncents" lights up the face of the old showman. The queer orthography may be said to spell his mind. It lets us into the secret of his way of holding certain stock poetical ideas. You laugh at the old man, and you laugh at the contrast between the dignified associations of certain words, and the travesty of these as revealed by the bad spelling.

I have spoken of that peculiar manner of Ward's genius which is in everything he writes. Some of his jokes are so good, have such unmistakable novelty, that you would be ready to make an affidavit before a justice of the peace that they are good; others, on the other hand, have a character which eludes the understanding. Their quality is an involuntary play of the spirit, the charm of which you only recognize when you have come into some sympathy with the humorist. When you really like him, you do not even mind his bad jokes, for I suppose such jokes as "it cannot was" are bad. I have mentioned several of the traits which are peculiar to him. His main attribute, it seems to me, was gentleness, affectionateness and sweetness of disposition, a belief that the world was his friend. To this was due the fact that, though he always describes and never writes of anything which he has not seen, his ideas have not the hardiness of the copyist. He has enthusiasm; he can be keenly charmed. Take, for instance, his sketches of the showman's young daughter, of whom he often speaks. The sketches of this girl are very much like a copy; but she has an attractiveness which copies do not have; and with this she is endowed by the mild and comic spirit of the writer. But these, and other traits to which I have referred, do not account for that fine ultimate peculiarity which we see in Artemus Ward's humor. I have not tried to describe that ultimate peculiarity; perhaps it is unnecessary to do so. But I think it due to the genius of this delightful writer to recognize the fact that he is original and singular, that he is quite by himself. We hear of his founding or belonging to a "school" of humorous writers; and there seems to be a notion that one joker is about as good as another. But this is an unfair idea of Artemus Ward. He is no more capable of duplication than any other man of genius.

"PRAY YOU, LOVE, REMEMBER."

Oh, dear is memory, and bitter-sweet
The lost delight that may no more be found!
And dear is hope, although forbid to meet
Fulfillment or content the world around!
And sweet and dear the changeless bells that ring
Their ancient peal, at some fair evening's close,
To him who hears after long journeying,
By land, or sea, all weary-worn with woes.
And dear the spring-time murmur of the dove!
And fair the sunset on the ivied tower!
And sweet the fragrance of the way-side flower!
And dear, and sweet, oh! doubly dear, the love
That was, and is not—And yet none the less,
O God, we thank thee for forgetfulness!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Our Decennial.

WE hope our readers will indulge us to-day in a somewhat free talk about this magazine, which, with this number, reaches its tenth birthday, and begins the eleventh year of its existence. Ten years ago, the first number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY was issued, with all the confidence naturally growing out of a considerable knowledge of other enterprises, and a profound ignorance of the particular business in hand. It was generally supposed by the publishing fraternity, and by the public as well, that there was no room, or call, for another magazine, and the prophecy was freely indulged in that the new enterprise would fail; but it was believed by those who had the project in charge that there was room in abundance for such a magazine as they proposed to make. SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has met with a remarkable success, simply because it was conducted from the first by an ideal standard. There was no popular magazine in existence which it took for a model. It aimed at a higher excellence in art than had thitherto been attempted, and a fresher, more vigorous and more inspiring literature than had been exemplified in any popular periodical, American or foreign. It has not only accomplished what it undertook, but we believe it has greatly modified and elevated the work of its contemporaries.

When we began the publication of The Monthly, "magazine literature," as it was called, had a distinctive character, into which it had settled as into a rut. The traditions and influence of the old "Knickerbocker" had not been outlived. The quarterlies and monthlies, which within a few years have shaken off their lethargic ways, were devoted to ponderous, or dull, or conventional performances, without any vital connection or sympathy with the current topics of thought or phases of social life. Now all this has been changed. We have no more of the long-drawn gossip of literary idlers and pretentious triflers. The special theater for the exhibition of the literary dandy was the magazine of former days, and it must be confessed that his piping and posturing attracted a considerable amount of admiring attention. Now, even the quarterlies have become almost frisky with the new spirit, and in the place of dull and tedious discussions of old questions, we have sparkling essays on living topics. How much influence this periodical has had in introducing the new order of magazine literature, we cannot tell, but it was surely the first to adopt it; and for that very purpose was it created.

We feel more certain of the influence of The Monthly upon popular illustrative art. We believe that we do no injustice to any periodical when we say that ten years ago there was not one in existence which we could safely have taken as a model,—whose standard was such as would have enabled us to achieve our unexampled success. The fact has been recognized, at home and abroad, that America has made a great stride ahead of the world in wood-engraving. Nowhere in the world is the art of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY more highly esteemed than among the homes of art in Europe. Wherever, on the other side of the Atlantic, the magazine goes, it is recognized as a leader and reformer in popular illustrative art. Not only this, but it is recognized as the great stimulating power, under the influence of which American engraving has become the best engraving of the world. We say with boldness, and we believe it to be strictly true, that American engraving has achieved its eminence in the world simply because SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has demanded, guided and stimulated it. We have experimented freely in all directions, and although the results have not always justified our efforts, the grand result has been a great and permanent advance in art, and a world-wide renown for American wood-engraving.

After some years of experience and observation, we instituted the policy of publishing exclusively American serial stories. Concluding that only a few American novelists were developed, simply because the works of British writers were brought into a depressing and even a suppressing competition with them, we discarded the cheaply purchased English serial, and now, for several years, have published no novels save those by American writers. We account it a great honor to have discovered, through the adoption of this policy, such a man as George W. Cable, the author of "Old Creole Days," and of "The Grandissimes," just concluded in this magazine, and such a woman as Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." This policy of developing home writers of fiction, we propose to follow still, and to pursue it until we have a school of them,—of men and women whose works shall not only command a hearing at home but abroad. We believe that the country which produced Hawthorne and Cooper can still produce their equals or their betters, and we assume it as a part of our duty to give them a chance, and to shield them, at least in this magazine, from the ruinous competition of low-priced serials by foreign authors.

We would like to say a word just here for that much-abused product spoken of contemptuously as "magazine poetry." We wish very decidedly to express our belief that the cream of the poetry produced and published is "magazine poetry." The very choicest product of the American muse makes its appearance in the magazines. If that is not good verse, then there is no good verse written. We know of no volume of verse that could be collected to-day and published with a better prospect of a large sale, than one made up from the twenty volumes of SCRIBNER now completed. Bryant, Stoddard, Stedman, William Morris, Bret Harte, Calverly, Christina Rossetti, George MacDonald, H. H., Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Piatt, Boyesen, Dobson, Gosse, Bayard Taylor, Charlotte F. Bates, King,—these are not the writers of worthless verse, and writers less known have often contributed verse that was quite worthy of

a place by the side of theirs. In short, we verily believe that no one poet in this country or Great Britain has published during the last ten years a volume of verse of such excellence as can be culled from the pages of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, and we hope that such a volume will be collected and published, and that very soon. It is quite time that this senseless talk about or against magazine poetry were stopped. It is an insult and a discouragement to the best writers we have, and a slight upon the most careful, and, in all respects, the best literary work there is done in the country.

Will our readers bear with us, on this anniversary, when we attempt to give them a summing-up of what we have done for them, for the small sum of forty dollars? We have given them twenty large volumes of good illustrated reading, on all possible topics, and in all possible forms of literary art. These volumes have contained sixteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-two pages of matter, illustrated by six thousand six hundred and eighty-eight wood-cuts, costing from ten dollars to three hundred dollars each. Out of the material published in these twenty volumes, there have been made and published over fifty books, the retail price of which amounts to more than twice the subscription price of the magazine during the whole period, to say nothing of other volumes to appear, like Schuyler's "Peter the Great," Sensier's "Life of Millet," Stedman's work on the American Poets, etc. We have had a list of the former made, and as our readers may like to see it, we herewith present it:

Lucky Peer (H. C. Andersen).
A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters (W. C. Wilkinson).
Wilfrid Cumbermede (George MacDonald).
Back-Log Studies (C. D. Warner).
Saxe Holm Stories, Vol. I.
Saxe Holm Stories, Vol. II.
At His Gates (M. O. W. Oliphant).
Victorian Poets (E. C. Stedman).
Arthur Bonnicastle (J. G. Holland).
Spiritual Songs from the German of Novalis (George MacDonald).
New Ways in the Old Dominion (Jed Hotchkiss).
Winter Sunshine (John Burroughs).
Birds and Poets (John Burroughs).
Drift from two Shores (Bret Harte).
The Great South (Edward King).
Old Creole Days (George W. Cable).
Katherine Earle (Adeline Trafton).
The Mysterious Island (Jules Verne).
A Farmer's Vacation (George E. Waring, Jr.).
Sevenoaks (J. G. Holland).
Rudder Grange (Frank R. Stockton).
Gabriel Conroy (Bret Harte).
Philip Nolan's Friends (Edward Everett Hale).
On the Iron Trail (A. C. Wheeler).
The Bride of the Rhine (George E. Waring, Jr.).
That Lass o' Lowrie's (Frances Hodgson Burnett).
Haworth's (Frances Hodgson Burnett).
Louisiana (Frances Hodgson Burnett).
Nicholas Minturn (J. G. Holland).
Surly Tim and Other Stories (Frances Hodgson Burnett).
His Inheritance (Adeline Trafton).
Year Book of Nature and Popular Science (J. C. Draper).
Roxy (Edward Eggleston).
Falconberg (H. H. Boyesen).
Success with Small Fruits (E. P. Roe).
The Grandissimes (George W. Cable).
The New Day (R. W. Gilder).
Locusts and Wild Honey (John Burroughs).
The Poet and His Master (R. W. Gilder).
Every-Day Topics (J. G. Holland).
Some Impressions of London Social Life (E. S. Nadal).
From Attic to Cellar (S. W. Oakey).
Old Time Pictures and Sheaves of Rhyme (B. F. Taylor).
Wonders of the Yellowstone (James Richardson).
Exploration of the Colorado River (J. W. Powell).
Tales from Two Hemispheres (H. H. Boyesen).
The House Beautiful (Clarence Cook).
The Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart.
Brazil: The Amazons and the Coast (H. H. Smith).
Portfolio of Proof Impressions from SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS.

All these—to say nothing of sundry volumes of verse made up largely of poems previously published in SCRIBNER, like those of Bret Harte, Mr. Lathrop, Mr. de Kay, Mrs. Dorr, Mrs. Dodge, the Goodale sisters, etc. The comparative cheapness of what we have furnished will be appreciated when we say that these books, whose titles we have given, are only a small part of the immense volume of material of which our twenty volumes are composed.

So much for the past. The hand that traces this editorial has had the privilege of contributing to this department of the magazine in every one of the one hundred and twenty-one numbers now issued. How long it will be able to do this—whether it is to have ten years more of this delightful work, and the privilege of this precious relation to a million interested and affectionate readers—cannot be known; but so long as it may be able to do this work, it will do it, before all other work, and rejoice in the doing. We offer the past as the promise for the future. We expect to accomplish more in the next decade than we have accomplished in that just completed. The magazine is not and has never been in a rut, nor does it propose to get into one. We know the charm of young blood, fresh ideas, and large enterprise, and we pledge our readers that when we become perfectly satisfied with the magazine,—when we can see nothing new to be done for it, and no chance to improve it,—we will retire from it forever, and give place to a worthier *conductor*.

It has been concluded to signalize the entrance upon a new decade of magazine life by the adoption of a freshly designed cover. It is the result of the work of an accomplished architect and decorator, and with the advice of several of the best artists and decorators we know, and it will probably stand as the permanent dress of our much beloved monthly. We know the attachment to old forms and faces, and presume that there will be some who will like the old cover best; but they will get over this as the new one becomes familiar, and will find it better than the old, as it most indubitably is.

Pictures.

IN the conduct of a magazine like this, in which art holds an equal place with literature, it is quite as necessary to study the popular taste and power of appreciation as to study art itself. A man who is to address a multitude must manage to keep the multitude within sound of his voice. Here is just where thousands of artists of all kinds fail, not to say anything of editors. They are disappointed if the world does not comprehend their work, and buy it, forgetting that they have not even endeavored to learn what the world wants,—carrying a fine scorn, perhaps, of the world's tastes and opinions in all matters of art. It is well, it seems to us, to look at art from the public side,—from the market side,—and

particularly to learn the limitations of the public appreciation of art, and to do what one can to make those limitations less.

In the reading of a magazine like this, there are always two distinct sets of people. One—far the larger—knows nothing of art. They have a love of the beautiful and of the pictorial, but have no knowledge whatever of the principles of art. They "know what suits them," and some of them have an idea that they know what ought to suit other people. They have a very great contempt, often, for pictures that are the result of a higher art and a deeper knowledge than they possess, and lose all patience with pictures that are beyond their scope of appreciation. These people always like smooth pictures,—the highest possible finish that can be attained, either with the brush or graver; and, whenever that finish of surface is wanting in a picture, it is condemned as imperfect. It is quite impossible for them to accept a sketch as of any value whatever. All lack of finish in their eyes is imperfection. The art that can convey a thought or fancy in a few lines and touches is of no account with them. The exterior—the shell—means the whole of art to them. They prefer a photograph, with its clean, perfect, luminous surface, to a sketchy portrait in which the limner has caught the very spirit of his subject—beyond the reach of all photographs, as far as the soul sees deeper and is more intelligent than the sun. Such people would very much prefer one of Denner's portraits to one of Rembrandt's, and would delight in his delineation of the very minutest show of the texture of the skin, with its veins and hairs, as the farthest reach of art in portraiture. Mrs. Browning says:

> "Art's the witness of what is
> Behind this show. If this world's show were all,
> Then imitation would be all in art."

And it is because that imitation is not all in art, and because that art, if nothing more than imitation, would not be worth cultivating at all, that we would like to lead these friends of ours to higher ground.

Mrs. Browning further declares:

> "That not a natural flower can grow on earth
> Without a flower upon the spiritual side
> Substantial, archetypal, all aglow
> With blossoming causes—not so far away
> That we, whose spirit-sense is somewhat cleared,
> May not catch something of the bloom and breath."

If these declarations of the poetess are true,—and they are indubitably so,—then the smallest value of art is in its finish, or its surface. The value of art—as even the value of nature—must be in what it reveals of spiritual truth, and not in its representation of external form and texture. The practical point we wish to make is just here: that that art is the best which subordinates everything to the revelation of spiritual beauty and verity. Now, the unlearned and unappreciating multitude will have nothing to do with an artistic suggestion. There must be no suggestions in art to them, no hints, no lack of completeness. Every thought must be written out in full, finished and ticketed. To them, as we have said before, a sketch has no meaning. It is simply an uncompleted picture, which distresses them with a sense of its imperfection. They can take no pleasure in it as a sketch, and to present a sketch in an engraving—no matter how much it may mean to an artist, no matter how much more fresh and vigorous and suggestive it may be, than it can ever be again, after the artist has finished it, in-doors and away from the sources of his inspiration—is to offend them. Indeed, some of them are inclined to regard it as an insult to their good sense. They have sometimes lost patience with this magazine for persisting in styles of illustration that were not to their liking; and now, on this decennial year, and in this decennial number, of the magazine, it is proper for us to say, and to boast—if we may be permitted to do so—that the great success of our illustrations—a success which has made an era in the history of drawing and engraving—has grown out of the attempt to lift them, by all the ingenuities of expression we could bring to bear upon them, into spiritual significance. To this end, we have subordinated these matters of finish and smoothness utterly. If our readers will take up an English novel and look over its illustrations,—if they are at all of the typical sort,—they will see, by comparing them with the illustrations they will find in this magazine, the difference which we are trying to define. The English picture is as devoid of all vital and spiritual significance as a watermelon, although it may be carefully drawn and well finished; while such pictures as can be found by scores in SCRIBNER are surcharged with grace and dramatic force and meaning. If SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has not succeeded because it has endeavored to present the vitalities of art, as distinguished from its forms and conventionalities, then it is not because it has not endeavored to do so. We are glad to take the success of the magazine, and its present wide acceptance, as evidence that, in the policy we have pursued, we have not run away from our audience. The surface-worshipers have greatly diminished in numbers, though there are many of them yet left. Our people have seen so much less of fine art than those of France and Italy, that it has taken them longer to get inside of its meaning, and to understand its better methods; but they are rapidly acquiring knowledge in the right direction. We trust the time may soon come when they will have a hearty interest in the various experiments we make for their benefit, and understand the meaning of those essays in art which they have been wont to regard as fragmentary and imperfect. When a people can take an engraved hint in art as an engraved hint, and delight in it as such; when they can accept an engraved sketch as an engraved sketch, and delight in it as such for what it reveals and suggests of spiritual meaning, and not demand that both hint and sketch shall be realized in completeness of modeling and surface, they will have made a great advance, and be in a condition both to be instructed and delighted.

The Nihilists.

TO THE average American, the name of "nihilist" is a name of horror. It is identified with all that is repulsive in infidelity, and all that is damnable in crime. To the ordinary mind, a nihilist is a bad man, or a bad woman, who does not at all understand or weigh political questions, and who is insane enough to suppose that good can come of desperate measures, however poorly adapted they may be to secure the end sought. The nihilist commits a murder apparently in a wanton mood, and apparently for the sake of murder only; we do not understand the motive, or the bearing of the deed, and we can only regard it with horror and execration. By one thing, however, we have all been surprised in this connection, viz., the bravery and the loyalty to their confederates with which the nihilists have met the consequences of their crimes. Nothing approaches this courage and constancy but Christian martyrdom. There is another thing that has surprised us, viz., the fact that nihilists are found in the highest families, and not infrequently among the best women of Russia. With these latter facts in mind, it is quite time for us to suspect that the nihilist is not quite the bad person we have supposed him to be, and to inquire into his character, his policy and his motives.

We have been much interested and instructed by Mr. Axel Gustafson's article on this topic in the "National Quarterly Review" for July, and it seems to us that the American people, no less than the cause of truth and humanity, are under great obligations to him for his masterly setting forth of the facts concerning this terrible political sect. We cannot undertake in this article to present more than the conclusions at which the reader arrives in its perusal. We may say at the beginning that Mr. Gustafson does not argue the case for the nihilists, but presents his facts and his documentary evidence in such a way that no candid man can conclude the reading of his paper without feeling that the best and noblest men of Russia are in the ranks of the nihilists. The men who love liberty in Russia, the men who would like to see their nation enfranchised from the yoke of irresponsible personal government, the men who wish to see Russia progressing in the path of freedom from political and ecclesiastical tyranny, the men of noble aspirations for themselves and their country, the men of ideas and of courage and self-sacrifice, are nihilists. It is true that most of these look upon Christianity, as it is presented to them in the doctrines and forms of the Russian Church, as a worse than useless system of religion, but who is to blame for that? It is true, also, that the nihilist regards murder as a duty for which he is willing to sacrifice his own life, but who is to blame for that? It must be remembered that there is no lesson of desperate violence, and even of indiscriminate wrong, that he has not learned of his own government. He has been used all his life to seeing men banished, or murdered by his government, on suspicion of opposition to Czarism. He knows that no opinion or word of his, favoring the freedom of the people, or the subordination of the government to the good of the people, will receive a moment's toleration. He has but to speak a word for himself or his nation, and the hounds of the government are set at once upon his track, and then he goes to prison, or to Siberia, or to the gallows. There can be no question, we suppose, that the sweetest blood of Russia is freezing in Siberia, and that, however mistaken the nihilists may be in their methods, they hold among their members the noblest souls of Russia. They have adopted the method of terrorism, as absolutely the only one at their command. Free discussion has no home in Russia. A slip of the tongue, even, is rewarded with imprisonment or something worse, so that these men and women, with a courage and a self-sacrifice that find few examples in modern history, devote themselves to the dangerous task of liberating their country from its double form of slavery.

We cannot do better here than to quote some of the authoritative declarations of the nihilist organs. They are taken from different documents, and explain themselves:

"Surely the liberty we crave and strive toward is not exorbitant; we only desire the right to free expression of our thoughts, the right to act independently and in accordance with our convictions; to have a voice in the State's affairs, and to know that our persons are protected against official whims. These, surely, are elementary rights of mankind, rights to which we are entitled because of our being human, and for whose vindication we call our brothers' aid."

"What would we do with a constitution under present circumstances? So long as the country is denied all justice, a constitution would be of no use to it. Let us be given justice without distinction of persons, and we shall be satisfied. But if the State chariot goes on as before, an old programme must be maintained; it is—Death to the court camarilla and to all criminal officials."

"We execrate personal government especially, because it has outraged by all its acts every feeling of justice and honor; because it systematically opposes freedom of thought, speech and education; because it supports for egotistical reasons social corruption and political immorality, since it finds in these both support and accomplices; because it makes law and justice the instruments of its personal interests; because it exhausts the material forces of the land, and lives at the expense of the welfare of coming generations; because by its home and foreign policy it has brought about a breach between our land and the rest of Europe; and because, after being weakened and martyred, we are exposed to the derision and contempt of our enemies."

"The problem of the socialistic revolutionary party is the subversion of the present form of government, and the subjection of the authority of the State to the people. * * * The transfer of the State power to the hands of the people would give our history quite another direction. A representative assembly would create a complete change in all our economic and State relations. Once let the government be deposed, and the nation would arrange itself far better, may be, than we could hope."

These declarations do not read like the words of bloodthirsty, and unreasoning, and unreasonable

fanatics. They are the words of men who "mean business," it is true, but of men who simply want what the American inherits as his birthright. The American, in judging these brave men and women, should remember that the prevalent idea in Russia is that the people were made for the government, and not the government for the people. These nihilists differ with the prevalent idea, and so are in disgrace, and not only in disgrace, but in constant danger of imprisonment, banishment or death. They have been driven in their desperation to adopt the governmental policy of terrorism and cruelty. They meet threat with threat, terror with terror, death with death, because the government, with the total suppression of free discussion, leaves them no other weapons to fight with. We wish there were a better course for these noble souls to pursue, but we judge them not. Their methods seem harsh—sometimes almost fiendish—but they know what they are after, and they appreciate the awful risks they run. They have undertaken to redeem their country from misrule—a great task—in which we wish them entire success. We profoundly regret that they feel compelled to use the same machinery of terrorism and murder with which their government seeks for their overthrow, but we cannot do less than sympathize in their great object, and admire their courage and self-devotion.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Home-Decorations—Screens and Portières.

Look for a moment at the dull drawing-room of that period before the decorative leaven began its work within our homes, when chairs and sofas were ranged with mathematical precision against long, unornamented walls; when the piano was set between the two chimney-pieces, where fire never was; the center-table stood beneath the chandelier, the windows were darkened by lace and brocatelle, the shades drawn down, the register turned on, and, as was most natural, the "best room" abandoned to its melancholy state!

It often happens that the home into which a young couple turn their steps is one of the old-fashioned, discouraging kind, with that supreme stumbling-block to decorators—the long, narrow parlor—staring them in the face at the outset. We will suppose that the walls have been rehung with one of the papers so common now, that are furniture in themselves as well as pictures and sunshine, and that one of the obnoxious twin chimney-pieces has been removed, and a book-case or cabinet set in its place, the other widened out for a low basket-grate, and framed in porcelain tiles. "It will be always long and narrow, like Barbara Allen's coffin!" says the mistress of such a room, in vexation. Let us quote for her benefit the bright saying of that essentially womanly woman, Delphine de Girardin, masquerading in her letters under the title of the Viscomte de Launay. "Set your wits to work," she counsels; "scatter your furniture, make little corners everywhere, and invest them with a sort of mysterious intimacy. Strew your lounges with pillows, your tables with books and flowers and work. Let each nook betray some trait or fancy of its mistress, and be sure that you can accomplish nothing of all this without the aid of screens. Above everything, screens."

She might have added, being a genuine Parisienne, "Where screens fail, try *portières*." The long room, divided beneath its customary stucco arch with a richly colored drapery, flowing full and free with the unbroken sweep of the stuff, becomes at once invested with a picturesque grace it could never otherwise acquire. This curtain should always be partly drawn, and the brass rod on which it depends set low enough to allow a glimpse, into the space beyond, of ceiling and frieze,—over door-shelf glittering with blue china,—Christmas holly, perchance, stuck in the frame of a convex mirror,—plaques and picture-rods. A portière of Venetian yellow stuff, with an embossed pattern of conventionalized birds and branches upon it, hung thus in a dark room, is like sunshine in the rift of a shady wood. The tawny shades in drapery, the ambers, the old gold, the deep umber browns, the sunflower yellow, and the warm, golden chestnut, are almost sure to chime in delightfully, hang them where you will. Next come the royal crimsons and maroons. In plush-hangings, these colors succeed remarkably well, and should be crossed with bands, or edged with borders in outline embroidery in contrasting hues. Sage-greens, lizard-greens, and bronze-greens are always satisfactory. In blue, the dull tints of the Oriental fabrics wear better in a room than any more bright and positive. If these hangings, to be had now at various prices, are beyond the purse of the housewife, there are still numberless stuffs with which clever fingers can deal skillfully and produce artistic effects, at a merely nominal cost. Linen, momie-cloth, canton flannels dyed in lovely shades, cheese-cloth, ordinary coarse flannel in soft hues, can be bought very cheap and made up with home embroidery in bands. It is, in fact, quite an additional pleasure to make and hang these curtains for oneself, and to snap one's fingers at the shop-men, who walk serene amid encompassing draperies, like the people in "Arabian Nights," and smile compassionately at the request to purchase anything at a price smaller than a king's ransom.

Mme. de Girardin's indispensable, the *paravent*, or screen, is now a familiar inmate in our homes. One runs upon Japanese screens in hall-ways, where they shut off the servants' stair-way to regions below and light up dark corners with a superb collocation

of colors as striking as the bold assembling of native figures and birds and flowers in the design. Again, in the dining-room, the butler's pantry, with its mysterious vista of dishes in their disintegrated state, is safely excluded from our view. The revelers in "Noctes Ambrosianæ" found a reporter in their camp hidden behind such an ambush; and others than mischievous Lady Teazle have taken refuge there, in hasty escape from some intrusive guest. The small fire-screen, swung like a movable banner from the chimney, or set in a frame to move from place to place, is open to very decorative treatment. A bunch of peacock feathers, embroidered upon old-gold silk and set in an ebonized frame, had great success at a recent exhibition. Screens worked in crewels upon satin or English serge, in panels, may employ any design that is not too strictly copied from Nature. By all means avoid reproducing Nature in crewel-work, if you wish to silence the howl of the critics on such points. Conventionalize her, and you may receive the blessing of a Decorative Art Society.

The drawing-room threefold screen, set at the back of a couch, or near a draughty door-way, is often worked on panels of satin, and set in a frame-work of deep maroon plush. Again, these panels are painted with water-colors in beautiful, but perishable-looking, flower groups. Hand-screens, and lamp-screens like tiny banners, are also used.

All of these hints are offered for the consideration of the young people about to marry, and, in due time, enter upon house-furnishing—of whom, as of most other good commodities, there is always a fresh supply coming on the market. If we have unconsciously alarmed the *amour-propre* of the head of the house, by suggesting that he is, for a brief time, carried away and overflowed by billows of Venetian gold tapestry and mediæval momie-cloth, we can as safely predict that his reward will come in the abounding joy with which he takes possession of the new home.

C. C. HARRISON.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Longfellow's "Ultima Thule."*

IF Longfellow had ceased writing after having apparently fully rounded out his fame, and reached an age when the world had no right to expect from him any further notable achievements, we should have missed some of the ripest and most lasting fruits of his genius—some of the most exquisite poetry that has been produced in the last ten years. Some of his later poems have, in fact, a mellowness and depth of tone that have brought them closer to the hearts of men than any of his earlier pieces.

Longfellow has invented many similes, but hardly any ideas. It is not by originality of thought that he has made his impression upon his times. He has neither luxuriousness nor intensity of expression. He does not, like Emerson and Browning,

> "Mount to paradise
> By the stairway of surprise,"

and yet Longfellow is one of the truest poets that ever lived. It is not in vain that he has devoted himself more persistently than any other American to the art of verse. Note the mature art of this his latest book; the happy selection of subjects suitable to the poet's talent; the fortunate adaptation of meters to subjects; the elegance and unaffected simplicity of phrase. How completely each story is told!—and, to come to something more personal and more important, how beautiful the light that plays over these pages! The reader at the end would gladly have more, and turns to read again, with renewed pleasure, each perfect poem.

We can hardly recall any section of Longfellow's gathered works, of equal length, where there is so little verse of inferior interest as there is in the present volume. Nowhere is he more musical; nowhere does he show greater skill. There is a syllabic charm, a graceful turn of rhythm or of expression in many of these poems that show the master. Altogether, "Ultima Thule" is a delightful little book, both in its exterior appearance and in its contents. We quote its three sonnets, which are worthy to be associated with the best of those in the author's own "Book of Sonnets."

MY CATHEDRAL.

Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
  Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
  The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
  Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
  No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
  No sepulcher conceals a martyr's bones,
  No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
  Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
  Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
  Are singing! listen, ere the sound be fled,
  And learn there may be worship without words.

THE BURIAL OF THE POET.

(Richard Henry Dana.)

In the old church-yard of his native town,
  And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
  We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
  And left him to his rest and his renown.
The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down
  White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall;—
  The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
  His name, as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene,
  And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er
  With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,
As once the winding-sheet of Saladin
  With chapters of the Koran; but, ah! more
  Mysterious and triumphant signs are these.

* Ultima Thule. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

NIGHT.

Into the darkness and the hush of night
Slowly the landscape sinks, and fades away,
And with it fade the phantoms of the day,
The ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light.
The crowd, the clamor, the pursuit, the flight,
The unprofitable splendor and display,
The agitations, and the cares that prey
Upon our hearts, all vanish out of sight.
The better life begins; the world no more
Molests us; all its records we erase
From the dull commonplace book of our lives,
That like a palimpsest is written o'er
With trivial incidents of time and place,
And lo! the ideal, hidden beneath, revives.

In all the range of Longfellow's poetry we do not know a poem of greater strength and beauty than

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see,
In the Chamber over the Gate,
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice sounds like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs;
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be,
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

Holmes's "Iron Gate."*

THE writing of *vers de société* and of *vers d'occasion* —for where English equivalents fail us we must perforce fall back on the French phrase, apt as it always is—is not the highest form of poetical achievement; but if it is to be done at all, no doubt it should be as well done as possible; and so we are led to accept without undue regret this volume of occasional verse from one who has shown so fully and completely his capacity for greater things. That the author of "Mechanism in Thought and Morals" and of "Elsie Venner,"—the poet who has sung for us so many strains, deep at times and strong, and again rippling with light-hearted mirth,—the humorist who dared not write as funny as he can—that the man who is all three of these should rhyme easily and freely for his old school-fellows and for his class-mates in college, and that he should always be called upon whenever the three-hilled city has need of a poet, may seem to some who have loved Dr. Holmes's more enduring work as a wasting in trifles of a force too precious to waste at all; but not so: we should take the gifts the gods provide without grumbling, and be glad that even this much is vouchsafed to us. The poet of "Contentment" should not now cause discontent because he gathers together a sheaf of occasional verses, instead of sending us a poem called into being because it cried for life, and rich with the ripened wisdom of his years. We must take what we can get, with what gratitude we may. Dr. Holmes is acknowledged in two lands as the first living writer of *vers de société*, and of his ease and grace and point and happiness as a writer of *vers d'occasion* this volume testifies abundantly. In his hands occasional verse, if not for all time, has an abiding value; it is not transitory, but to be treasured up. And as we turn these pages with pleasure, we begin to be glad that so frequent calls have been made upon his muse—who might otherwise have been silent—and that he is the patented purveyor of verse whenever New England has need: as he himself so modestly says:

> "I'm a florist in verse, and what *would* people say
> If I came to a banquet without my bouquet?"

The one thing which strikes the reader, after he has paid full meed of praise to the facility and happy propriety with which the special peculiarities and associations of every occasion are utilized, is the skillfulness with which Dr. Holmes has packed pages of prose analysis into a line or two of verse. There are little bits of characterization scattered through these pages which are marvels of condensed wit and wisdom—two qualities more closely and more often united than the world is willing to believe. What could be neater, for instance, than the reference to Jonathan Edwards—

> "* * * The salamander of divines,"

or than the contrast of Burns and Moore:

> "One fresh as the breeze blowing over the heather,—
> One sweet as the breath from an odalisque's fan!"

And consider this linking of Lowell's satiric work with his acceptance of the Spanish mission:

"Do you know whom we send you, Hidalgos of Spain?
Do you know your old friends when you see them again?
Hosea was Sancho! you Dons of Madrid,
But Sancho that wielded the lance of the Cid!"

* The Iron Gate, and other Poems. By Oliver Wendell Holmes (with portrait). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

And this picture (on the same page) of Whittier:

> "So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,
> We hear but one strain and our verdict is sure.
> Thee cannot elude us,—no further we search,—
> 'Tis holy George Herbert cut loose from his church!"

In Dr. Holmes's pages we must look not for the thought-weighted verse of Emerson nor the learning-laden stanzas of Lowell, not the homely directness of Whittier nor the singing simplicity of Longfellow; but we do look for wit and for fancy, and we find them in abundance, together with gladness for its own sake and a delight in life and in the humor which leavens life and makes it worth living. He has both humor and good-humor, and the gift of imparting them. In spite of the ominous title of this latest volume of verse, we hope it will be many a long year yet before he who is autocrat and professor and poet shall cross the dark threshold, and we shall hear behind him the clang of the Iron Gate.

Browning's "Dramatic Idyls."*

(SECOND SERIES.)

MR. BROWNING appeals much more strongly in his second volume of "Dramatic Idyls" than in his first to the sympathy of lovers of poetry. While in the earlier series he confined himself almost exclusively to the brutal, the horrible, or the trivial, in the volume before us he enlarges upon themes of inherent dignity and beauty, and offers us at least three poems—"Echetlos," "Muléykeh," and "Pan and Luna"—as classically elegant in form as they are noble in sentiment. So even is the power of the book that, though these three are the first to win the heart through ear and eye, yet, perhaps, the poems entitled "Clive" and "Pietro of Abano" gain, after careful reading, a still more complete possession of the intellect, illustrating as they do the essentially individual qualities of the author's genius. Who but Browning could have evolved the complicated psychological problems of moral cowardice out of the prosaic story of Clive exposing the aristocratic blackguard who cheated at cards? Who but Browning in so comprehensive a spirit would have made this apparently insignificant episode of Clive's obscure youth throw such a flood of light upon the hero's mental constitution, as to foreshow and explain the mystery of his self-sought end?

To our thinking, the weakest poem in the collection is "Dr. ——," the subject requiring a lighter touch and more graceful humor than Mr. Browning can command. In "Pan and Luna" he strengthens our opinion that he is the only poet since Goethe who has succeeded in reproducing—not imitating—the antique. We have this admirably exemplified in such a verse as the following:

> "Diving into space,
> Stript of all vapor, from each web of mist
> Utterly film-free, entered on her race
> The naked Moon, full-orbed antagonist
> Of night and dark, night's dowry; *peak to base*
> *Upstarted mountains, and each valley, kissed*
> *To sudden life, lay silver bright;* in air
> Flew she revealed, Maid Moon with limbs all bare."

Were it not for the false metaphor (unpardonable in so careful a writer as Browning) which speaks of an "antagonist" of a "dowry," this passage, for serene and classic loveliness, might stand beside the immortal nocturn in the Eighth Book of the Iliad:

> "When in heaven the stars about the moon
> Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
> And every height comes out, and jutting peak
> And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
> Break open to their highest."

Mr. Browning gives us a marvelous picture of the "virginal moon" flying through the empty heavens,

> "Uncinct
> By any halo save what finely gleamed
> To outline, not disguise her,"

until shamed into self-consciousness, "betrayed by just her attribute of unmatched modesty," she plunges into "a succorable sleepy cloud," caught and "tethered upon a pine-tree-top," and so falls into the arms of "rough, red Pan," who has prepared the ambush.

> "Orbed—so the woman-figure poets call,
> Because of rounds on rounds—that apple-shaped
> Head which the hair binds close into a ball
> Each side the curling ears,—that pure undraped
> Pout of the sister-paps, that—once for all
> Say—her consummate circle thus escaped
> With its innumerous circlets sank absorbed
> Safe in the cloud—O naked moon, full-orbed!"

And all this fine metaphysical problem of self-betrayed modesty, these large Hellenic images of beauty, our modern magician has woven out of a single line of Virgil:

> "One verse of five words, each a boon,
> Arcadia, night, a cloud, Pan and the moon."

The story of Muléykeh, the Pearl, the peerless Arabian mare, is told with incomparable power and subtlety. Hóseyn, the beggar, the churl, is rich only in the possession of this unblemished animal, whose speed has never been matched, whose very face he loves, whose "fore-front whitens like a yellowish wave's cream-crest," and whose life is "the lamp of his soul." He sleeps beside her with her headstall thrice wound about his wrist, while at his left stands her sister Buhéyseh, only less fleet than the Pearl, ready saddled and bridled in case a thief should enter and fly with the first. The envious Dúhl, who has vainly tried force and guile to win Muléykeh from Hóseyn, steals in in the night, clips the headstall from the sleeper's wrist, springs on the Pearl, and is "launched on the desert like bolt from bow." Hóseyn starts up, and like a flash is off in pursuit. He is about to win the breathless race, for Muléykeh chafes against her "queer, strange rider," and is allowing herself to be outstripped by her sister. At the supreme moment, Hóseyn's pride in his treasure overcomes even the sense of his loss, and oblivious to all save that she is in danger of being vanquished, he shouts insanely:

> "'Dog Dúhl, damned son of the Dust,
> Touch the right ear, and press with your foot my Pearl's left flank!'
> "And Dúhl was wise at the word, and Muléykeh as prompt perceived

* Dramatic Idyls, Second Series. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

hero may with equal justice be said of his worthy civilian comrade, who, from a sense of professional honor, braved equal dangers without the sustaining hope of either great reward or great renown.

In conclusion, the ease with which the author handles his various subjects, the clearness with which he describes the movements of troops in march and in battle, the directness with which he points out the tactical and strategical elements of the various problems of war, and the happy *résumé* which he finally gives of the salient points of the "Eastern question" are both refreshing and delightful. The military reader will be well pleased with the graphic pictures of the Russian soldier and his commanders. He will detect the certain causes that have led the Russian army to wonderful feats of valor and endurance, in spite of faulty organization, and get a clear understanding of the elements which form the basis of the military structure of this comparatively new civilization of Europe—and, finally, have in a short compass a comprehensive view of the more important military movements of this latest great war. To the general reader, the book will be found as interesting as a novel, attracting and retaining his attention with unflagging interest from the opening chapter to the final sentence.

Jonathan Edwards's Discussion of the Trinity.

THE contents of Edwards's discussion of the Trinity* will disappoint more than one class of readers. In the first place, it is very brief. It formed a part of the "Miscellaneous Observations" of Edwards, which were first printed in Edinburgh, was copied for publication under the direction of the younger President Edwards, but was not inserted in the printed work. It is a fragment, not a treatise. In the second place, the character of the discussion is quite different from what was anticipated. Dr. Bushnell, who called for its publication in 1851, had the impression, apparently, that it would favor his speculations, which tended strongly to the Sabellian theory—the theory that the Trinity is one of manifestation only, a threefold mode of self-revelation on the part of the Deity. Dr. O. W. Holmes, in a recent article, seems to have had the hope that the Coryphæus of New England divinity might have become something of a "liberal" in his latter days, and that the unpublished manuscript would contain precious evidences of the fact. No one thoroughly acquainted with the writings of Edwards cherished any of these expectations. Some of the treatises which "liberals" most dislike—that, for example, on Original Sin—were posthumous. There was never the slightest reason to think that Edwards varied a hair-breadth from the type of Calvinism of which he was so stalwart a defender, unless the unexplained withholding from the press of the manuscript in question may have constituted such a reason. His convictions were too deeply engraven on his mind, they were too closely interwoven with one another, to be easily changed. But the impression had gone abroad, among those who knew better than to suppose that Edwards had left on record a change of opinion on a fundamental point in his creed, that the treatise would turn out to be an *a priori* argument for the Trinity, after the manner of Augustine, Aquinas, Melancthon, Baxter, and other eminent theologians, who have found an analogon of the Trinity in the human mind, and even in visible nature. This limited aim of the author, it was supposed, might impart to his work a Sabellian appearance, and give rise to the notion of it which Dr. Bushnell appears to have received. The fact is, however, that the "Observations," which Professor E. G. Smyth has issued, with instructive notes and comments, mainly relate to the respective offices of the Father, the Son and the Spirit, in redemption—to the "œconomical" relations of the persons. It will not take Dr. Holmes long to read this little tract through, and he will probably not grieve over its brevity. To theologians, however, it contains matter of much interest. Especially is it worthy of note that Edwards coincides so nearly with the Nicene conception of the Trinity,—the ancient Greek theology, in which the Father is the fountain-head in the Deity. There is, we are told (p. 22), "a priority of subsistence [in the Father], and a kind of dependence of the Son, in His subsistence, on the Father; because, with respect to His subsistence, He is wholly of the Father and begotten by Him." This priority it was the tendency of the theology of the West to sacrifice, partly from dread of Arianism. The Latin theology culminates in the falsely called Athanasian—styled by "Punch" the Anathema-sian—creed. When Edwards goes on to discuss the "Covenant of Redemption," he falls into statements about the social relations of the Divine Persons, which are anthropomorphic, as is the main idea—the Federal theology—with which they are connected. These "Observations," brief as they are, are marked by the usual discrimination and logical acumen of their author. Great prominence has been given of late to his terrific pictures of future punishment, and his hard sayings on that subject. We have no inclination to laud his mode of treating topics of this nature. It is only fair to remember, however, that all of his conceptions of religious truth were in the highest degree intense and vivid. He dilates on the joys of heaven, on the beauty of Christ, on the blessedness of faith and love, in a strain not less vivid than that of his portraitures of retribution. It is a mark of his power that a posthumous composition of this nature from his pen, printed more than a century after his death, is regarded with so much curiosity. Professor Smyth's learned Introduction and Appendix furnish to the reader a full illustration of its design and meaning. Why it was kept back from publication when it was loudly called for thirty years ago, is not explained. Possibly its deviation from certain more provincial conceptions of the doctrine which it considers, and its approximation to the more Catholic orthodoxy of the ancient creeds, may have had something to do with it.

*Observations concerning the Scripture Œconomy of the Trinity and Covenant of Redemption, by Jonathan Edwards, with an Introduction and Appendix by Egbert C. Smyth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

New Telegraphic System.

A NEW system of sending and receiving electrical impulses over an insulated wire has recently been brought into successful operation, that seems to promise not only a radical change in the present methods of telegraphing but a material gain in the speed and cost of sending messages by wire. It is founded on a union of the so-called "automatic" and "chemical" systems of telegraphy. The first of these employs a strip of paper having, by some mechanical means, a series of small holes punched in it, the design being to pass the perforated strip under a needle, or stylus, in electrical connection with the line. This stylus, on passing over the paper, opens the circuit, but in passing one of the holes, drops through and closes it,—this alternate making and breaking of the circuit transmitting the message. The chemical telegraph records any electrical impulses sent over a line by staining a strip of prepared paper passing under it. This is founded on the fact that electricity has the power of decomposing certain chemicals, and if paper is soaked in these chemicals and submitted to the action of electricity, it will be discolored wherever the current passes. While both of these systems have been used, neither has been able to compete with the more simple Morse key and sounder, and it has remained for the new system to bring them to a position where they may come into general use. The new system is a modification and combination of the automatic and chemical systems, the transmitting being performed by means of a perforated strip of paper, and the receiving of the message being recorded by the discoloration of chemically prepared paper. The process is entirely mechanical and chemical, the telegraph operator having no direct control over the message, either by sight, sound, or touch. The written message is sent to the operating-room, and given to the person using the perforating machine. This consists of a small key-board, with black and white keys, each marked with a letter or sign, and an ingenious system of levers, operated by the keys, for punching small holes in a ribbon of paper moving past the side of the machine. The machine stands upon a small table, and under it is a treadle for giving motion to the feeding apparatus for supplying the paper to the machine. The operator moves the treadle with his feet, and at the same time touches each key to spell out the message. In a very few seconds the message is imprinted on the ribbon in the form of a double row of small perforations, each group of two holes representing a dash, and each single hole a dot, as in the Morse alphabet. Each letter is separated from the next by a longer dash, and each word by a still longer dash, and each sentence by a dash of indefinite length. This spacing of the letters is performed automatically, the spacing of words and sentences is performed by the operator. The perforated strip containing the message is then sent to the transmitting machine. This consists essentially of a metallic wheel, divided into two sections by means of a thin insulation of hard rubber. One section of the wheel is connected with the positive pole of the battery, and the other section with the negative pole. A pair of fine metallic brushes, both of which are connected directly with the line, are suspended above the wheel, and are arranged so as to press lightly upon the latter, when desired. When resting on the wheel the circuit is closed, and when raised above it the circuit is broken. The perforated strip is, by a simple piece of mechanism, made to pass over the face of this wheel and under the brushes. While the paper is passing, both brushes are raised from the wheel, and slide over the paper, and the circuit is broken. On passing a hole, one of the brushes drops through and closes the circuit for an instant. On passing two or more holes, arranged in a series close together, the brush closes the circuit for a shorter or longer time, according to the number of holes, and as the perforations on the paper are arranged in two rows, alternating from one to the other, the brushes are used alternately, and the polarity of the current is continually changed with every impulse sent over the line. No special skill is required in sending a message, as the operator has only to put the perforated strip in the machine and turn a hand-crank, to cause it to pass rapidly under the brushes, and with a little practice, a young girl can send messages at the rate of one thousand words a minute, with absolute precision. The receiving apparatus consists essentially of a simple piece of mechanism for causing a strip of chemically prepared paper to pass rapidly under two small needles that are connected with the line. As the paper passes the needles, the electricity sent over the line from the transmitting machine seeks the earth through the wet paper and the machine, and in passing discolors the paper, each stain representing a dot or dash, and the message is printed on the paper in a double row of marks at the same speed with which it was dispatched. In practice, a Morse key and sounder is placed at each end of the line, and on sending a message the transmitting operator calls the receiving station, and when the operator at the distant end replies, both turn the cranks in their machines swiftly, and the message is sent and received at an average speed of one thousand words a minute. The message received is given to a person using a typewriter, and at once translated into print and sent out by the messenger-boy. It is found in practice that two operators, one at each end of a single wire of indefinite length, can keep fifteen operators fully employed in preparing the messages, and fifteen girls busy in translating and printing the messages for delivery. The system is of American origin.

The Photophone.

THIS new form of telephonic transmitter, while it is not immediately available in daily use on a tele-

phone line, is exceedingly suggestive, and may yet be of use upon a commercial scale. It is based upon a property recently found to exist in a marked degree in selenium, and in a less degree in many other common materials. This property is the action of light upon the substances, in causing certain molecular changes that may affect the ear as sounds,—in brief, the conversion of light into sound. If a beam of light is allowed to fall on selenium, it produces a certain effect; if it is withdrawn, other changes take place in the material; if the beam is of varying intensity, these effects are varied in intensity. Upon these newly observed laws is founded the photophone. It consists essentially of a transmitter for receiving the voice or other sound, and conveying it to a distance along a beam of light, and a receiver for taking the beam of light and reconverting it into sound. Practically, these are one and the same, and make the transmitter, the receiver being an ordinary telephone. The most simple apparatus used in making the experiments with the photophone consisted of a small mirror of silvered mica, suspended vertically and free to vibrate, much as the diaphragm of a telephone. Upon the front of this was thrown, by means of a lens, a concentrated beam of sunlight, and by means of a second lens, this, when reflected from the mirror, was sent in parallel rays to the receiving station, located at a distance of 213 meters (about 700 feet). The speaker stood behind the mirror, and the sound of his voice was sent against the back of it, causing it to vibrate in unison with the vibrations of sound. The receiver consisted of a reflector, and in its focus was placed a cell of selenium, connected by wire with a telephonic circuit and battery. With such an apparatus spoken words could be heard in the telephone, transmitted through the air along the beam of light. In detail the process is this: the vibrations of the air cause the mirror to vibrate, and its movements cause the beam of light to quiver or undulate, and at the receiver the selenium in the focus of the reflector was subjected to the beam of light of constantly changing intensity. Here the curious property of selenium comes into play. Its resistance varies with the intensity of the light, and this changing electrical resistance is in the telephone converted into audible sound. The chain is complicated and curious, yet it is practically perfect, and conveys not only audible sounds, but all motions may be transmitted over the beam of light, and may appear as sounds, even though the movements themselves produce no sounds upon the air in their neighborhood. With other forms of apparatus, a silent motion or the burning of a candle may be heard in the telephone as sounds, a shadow of any object in the light of the candle producing an audible effect at the end of the line. Further experiments have shown that the action of light may be directly converted into sounds by the use of very simple apparatus made of the most common materials, and independent of a battery or telephone. The photophone is as yet in the experimental stage, but it would already appear as if, under the great impetus now given to all scientific research by the commercial demands made upon science, that it may yet be as useful for conveying information by means of a beam of light as the heliograph. This latter instrument, it may here be remarked, is not patented, and is now being brought into daily use. It can be easily constructed and used by any one familiar with the laws of light. It is available as a visual telegraph for distances varying from one to fifty miles by the aid of sunlight or the electric light. For short distances, a common lamp will answer, in default of sunlight, and it would seem as if it might be of value in moving ferry-boats, and in railroad construction in hilly countries.

Improved Diving Apparatus.

THE objection raised to the common form of dress worn by divers is that free movement under the water is impeded by the air-pipes. The diver cannot go very deep nor move any great distance, because the pipe supplying air to his helmet must reach to the surface and be continually connected with the air-pump. Attempts have been made from time to time to make some kind of tank or reservoir, in which a supply of fresh air, or fresh oxygen, could be stored. This was to be carried by the diver, and when he wished fresh air he drew a supply from the tank. By this arrangement he would be free to move under water independently of any pipe or other connection with the surface. All of these experiments have failed on account of the difficulty of getting rid of the condensed water and the carbonic acid from the breath. More recent experiments would seem to indicate that, by a new system of portable air-tanks, it is now possible for the diver to take with him sufficient air to enable him to remain five hours under water, or in an atmosphere of smoke or poisonous gases. Two tanks are provided, one to be worn upon the back and a smaller one in front, both being suspended from the shoulders, and connected by pipes at the bottom along the diver's side and under one arm. These are packed full of small pieces of India rubber, saturated with a solution of soda. The tanks have also a false perforated bottom. The helmet is of the usual shape, except that it has a small tank attached to it, and designed to be filled with oxygen under a pressure of six atmospheres. Upon the diver's face is worn a small mask of leather, fitting air and water tight over the nose and mouth. This has two valves opening inward, and a flexible tube or windpipe leading directly to the tanks suspended from the shoulders. On fitting the apparatus to the diver, the operation of breathing is maintained, whether in the air or in smoke or under water, in this manner: The exhaled breath is sent through the tube to the tanks. Here the water is condensed, and runs into the space below the false bottom of the tank. The carbonic acid is removed by the solution of soda, and after passing through both tanks the exhaled breath escapes upward into the helmet. It now contains a small percentage of oxygen (the reserve that always follows breathing) and an excess of nitrogen. This atmosphere, while ill-balanced, will sustain life, and may be breathed for a short time without

harm. As soon as the percentage of oxygen falls too low, which is indicated by a slight sense of suffocation, the diver, by turning a tap, admits fresh oxygen into the helmet from the tank, and quickly creates an artificial and perfectly healthful atmosphere by diluting the excess of nitrogen with oxygen. The carbonic acid and the water being removed at each passage of the exhaled air through the tanks, and the diver being able at any moment to dilute the excess of nitrogen with fresh oxygen, he may remain below for several hours, and quite free from any connection with the surface except by the bell-rope. The apparatus is reported to have stood severe tests in an atmosphere of carbonic gas, in smoke and under water, with perfect comfort and safety to the diver.

Submerged Well-Pump.

A NEW form of well-pump, for hand or power, presents some features of value in saving wear and tear in use, in economizing power, and in preventing stoppage by freezing in winter. The plan of sinking a pump in the water at the bottom of a well, out of the reach of frost, is not new, and several pumps arranged on this plan are already in the market. The advantage claimed for the new pump, therefore, rests on its new form and material. The pump consists of three cylinders, each from ten to twelve centimeters in diameter and about 15.2 centimeters (six inches) long. These are of common vitrified stoneware, open at each end, and are placed together so that the centers form a triangle. They rest on a casting having openings corresponding to the diameter of each pipe, and are joined by a second casting at the top, the two castings being united by rods on the outsides of the cylinders. The upper casting fits tight, and carries three valves of leather, one over each cylinder, and is connected at the top with the wrought-iron discharge-pipe that serves both to carry the water to the surface and to support the pump. The cylinders, being entirely open below, are always full of water, and the piston designed to move in each carries one valve, opening upward. From the platform at the top of the well extend downward three light rods, each carrying at the end a frame that embraces one of the stone-ware cylinders. On this frame is an upright rod extending upward into the cylinder, and carrying the piston and valve. At the top the rods are connected at an angle of sixty degrees with a hand-crank. The operation of this is as follows: one rod, bearing its piston in the cylinder, is just rising and lifting the water as the second is half-way down, while the third is just beginning its return stroke. Only the first rod is lifting any water, the others being out of action. The pistons overlap each other on the stroke, so that one is always at work, and the water is delivered in a continuous stream. The advantages of such a form of construction are found in the fact that there is no vacuum in the pump; the cylinders are always full and need not be air-tight, even slight leaks in the water not making much difference in the work. The use of stone-ware insures purity and cleanliness in the water.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

IS LOVE contagious?—I don't know;
But this I am prepared to say,
That I have felt, for many a day,
A great desire to make it so.

Does she vouchsafe a thought to me?
Sometimes I think she does; and then
I'm forced to grope in doubt again,
Which seems my normal state to be.

Why don't I ask, and asking, know?—
I grant perhaps it might be wise;
But when I look into her eyes,
And hear her voice which thrills me so,

I think that on the whole I wont:
I'd rather doubt than know she don't.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

MAKING apologies is a mean business, but the necessity of making them is still meaner.

He who works and waits, wins.

Common sense is the gift of heaven; enough of it is genius.

Ceremonies and bills of fare seem to be necessary. Many people would not know how to act without the one nor what to eat without the other.

A thoroughly neat woman is never an unchaste one.

The ambitions and vanities of an old man are too weak and ridiculous to be dangerous.

The time spent in reading books that do not make us think is worse than useless. One good book, however, is food for a life-time.

If there were no listeners, there would be no flatterers.

If contentment is happiness, it is better to be contented with a good deal than with a little.

The man who has no foolishness in his nature probably has something worse in place of it.

We owe one half of our success in this world to some circumstance, and the other half to taking the circumstance on the wing.

Crime is the outgrowth of vice; to stop the former, you must weed out the latter.

A cunning man is often shrewd but seldom wise. He sets so many traps for others that he generally gets into some of them himself.

Good breeding is so natural and easy that it can be taken for mere simplicity.

There is a kind of honesty that is nothing but fear, and a sort of patience which is nothing but laziness.

Coquetry is more natural to woman than prudery. A woman seldom outlives all of her coquetry, and never becomes a prude until she is obliged to.

On the Inspiration of the Moment.

THE following quotations are from a circular addressed by the publisher of a subscription book to his agents. Our excuse for this wantonly "giving away" the secret of the trade must be sought for in the great good we do in putting our subscribers on guard against the delicate flatteries of the book-agent, as portrayed in the stage business here set down. Who, indeed, would be safe from the emphasis or gestures of an adept in the art?

[With prospectus out of sight, call on the *nearest* neighbor to your *last subscriber* and say:]

Good morning! This is Mr. —— or Mrs. ——, I believe? My name is ——, from ——. (Shake hands and make some pleasant remark.) Mr. ——, I'm showing the people here Judge ——'s new work; will you take a moment to look at it? (Pull out your prospectus and keep on talking.) It is this length, this width, and this shows the back (as you say this, turn and show strip on inside of cover), making a large, handsome volume, and it is beautifully illustrated (turn leaves). *One* of the engravings copied from Trumbull's masterpiece in the Rotunda at the Capitol in Washington. You remember it cost our Government $8000. This is Thomas Jefferson (the one signing), who wrote the Declaration. This (at Jefferson's left) is Benjamin Franklin, who said after they had all signed it, "Now gentlemen, we must all hang together, or we shall surely hang separately" (meaning we must stick together or King George will hang every one of us). The work is written by Judge —— of ——, assisted by our most eminent Authors, Artists, Statesmen, Military, and other officials.

You see it is gotten up for a National Memorial Volume (point to top line of page). It has been eleven years in preparation (turn to table of contents, saying), but you will judge of the work by the table of contents. * * * *

PART 1st, you see, gives those momentous *Political* (emphasize political) Events which furnish the key to our whole Political History and our American System of Government.

PART 2d is the *military* Department. Here we have the deciding battles of our five great wars, both on land and sea, so you can compare the military genius of each.

PART 3d, the superb achievements of our American Oratory on National occasions, including the great debate between Webster and Hayne in the Senate in 1830—the *great* debate of the century. Then here we have John Quincy Adams, in his eleven days' single-handed struggle against the *whole* House of Representatives.

PART 4th gives us the wonderful phenomena of the Earth, Ocean, and Heavens, such as the wonderful dark day of 1780 (point to the year in the margin), and the sudden appearance of the great *Fiery Comet* in 1843, with a train of 108,000,000 miles in length, which so alarmed the people—all fully described and explained.

In PART 5th we have the Key to our National Greatness. The extraordinary Discoveries and Inventions (run finger down page 15 *slowly* as you continue), the Scientific Expeditions sent out by our Government, and all the splendid triumphs of Mechanical Genius. Many people order the book for this part alone (to parents add)—especially those who have children in the family.

PART 6th presents the appalling public Calamities, Disasters, Panics, etc., of the century. The Death of Great Men, scourge of Pestilence, "Black Friday" in the business world, Burning of Cities, etc., which so often brought grief and sorrow to our people.

IN PART 7th we have the Celebrated Criminal Cases, Trials, Tragedies, Duels, and Conspiracies—those stains on Our Nation's History,—given here to make sin and crime odious, and to serve as a warning by showing us the pitfalls into which others have fallen. Forewarned is forearmed, you know.

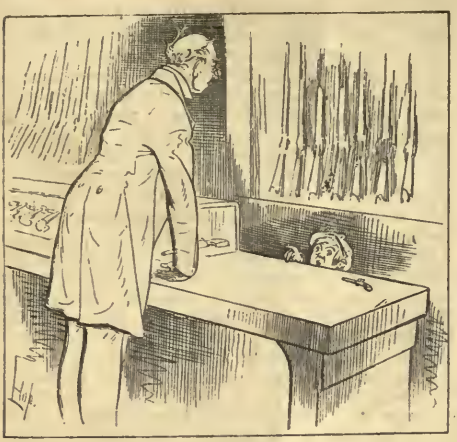
* * * * *

(Watch your man *closely*, and see what parts of Table of Contents interest him most, and then show the heads of chapters in the prospectus which you think will interest *him* most. Call especial attention to the fine engravings.) We not only give a splendid picture of the most prominent men, but an exact copy of their signature, which is a very expensive feature of the book. "Perry's Victory" cost $150; "Fulton's First Steam-boat" about $200. (Show to your man as long as you see he is interested, but if he gets restless you will turn leaves rapidly, and finish up your description of book in a few words, ending with Emperor William's celebrated letter to President Grant in 1866, a translation of which is given in the book. Then running the leaves of prospectus back through your hand say:) This book will contain about —— pages of this beautiful print, on this quality of paper, and bound in the very best spring-back binding, and we furnish the whole complete work for only ——. They will be ready for delivery here in ——. * * * (Read one or two recommends, and the list you have there secured, and when you come to last name hand prospectus right over to him, at the same time saying:) Of course *you* want one; just on that ☞ line, please.

Emerson on English University Training.

IN connection with the essay on Mr. Gladstone, the following from Emerson's "English Traits" is interesting. He is speaking of English University men.

"When born with good constitutions, they make those eupeptic studying-mills, the cast-iron men, the *dura ilia*, whose powers of performance compare with ours as the steam-hammer with the music-box—Cokes, Mansfields, Seldens, and Bentleys; and when it happens that a superior brain puts a rider on this admirable horse, we obtain those masters of the world who combine the highest energy in affairs with a supreme culture."



WESTERN ADVENTURE.

SMALL SPECIMEN.—"Look a here, uncle, I do' want none o' your toy pistols. Give me one of them kind as Snaggy Bill killed seventeen Injuns with in the last number of the 'Infant's Own.' I'm agoin' West, *I* am, and I mean biz."

A Variation.

WHERE'ER I go, I hear anon
An endless twang and twiddle,
For all the *ton* are playing on
The banjo and the fiddle.
I cannot make a call in peace,
Upon my fair enslavers,
This new caprice doth so increase
Their crotchets and their quavers.

For scarcely now a word is said
Of archery or tennis,
They play instead "Old Uncle Ned"
Or "Carnival of Venice";
And when in classic terms they speak,
Arrayed in silks and laces,
The whole technique to me is Greek
Of Weber's polonaises.

From observation, I aver
Each feminine designer,
Without demur, doth much prefer
A major to a minor.
No longer claims of blood endure,
Nor names aristocratic,
You may be sure each ardent wooer
Is weighed in scales chromatic.

A lovely girl essays in vain
To harmonize this vandal,
With each refrain she doth explain,
'Twixt Offenbach and Handel.
But when her soul she seems to throw
In tremulous appealings,
I only know her fiddle-bow
Is playing on my feelings.

Oh, would I were the violin
Whose melodies enfold her,
That I might win her dimpled chin,
And rest against her shoulder;
And when my heart-strings she'd caress,
With dainty, jeweled fingers,
With tenderness I would confess
The love that in me lingers!

Uncle Ned's Banjo Song.

DE cloud is scattered all away,
De stars is shinin' bright;
My heart is mighty light and gay,—
I's gwine abroad to-night;
De darkies gwine to 'spec' me,
An' I knows dey'll want a song;
An' I nebber likes to fool 'em,
So I'll take de banjer 'long;

Chorus.
For I's gwine to de shuckin',
For I's gwine to de shuckin',
For I's gwine to de shuckin' of de corn.

Oh, I'll tell 'em at de shuckin'
'Bout de little gal o' mine,
In her pretty little shanty
On de Allerbamer line;
Her eyes is like de Jack-er-lantern,
Sweet enough to kill;
An' when she starts to sing a song,
She beats de whipperwill!

An' when she hunts de hick'y-nuts,
She mighty nice to see,
'Cause she beats de raccoon all to pieces
Clammin' up de tree;
Her teef does shine so mighty white
Dey sparkle in de dark,
An' dey make de sweetest music
When dey mash de scaly-bark!

An' when de darkness comes at night
An' kivers up de sky,
Why, she kindles up a fire
Wid de brightness ob her eye;
Den she gadders up a pile o' wood
Fum out de cyp'us-brake,
An' gits de skillet orf de she'f
To cook de Johnny-cake!

De time is slippin' fas' away,—
I see de risin' moon;
I ought to be down at de corn-'ouse
Knockin' out a chune;
So I'll git my coat fum out de chis'
An' moobe along de way;
Oh, 'twill make dem darkies happy
When dey hear de banjer play!

"The Thought of Astyanax beside Iulus."

FOR the unclassical reader of Mrs. Piatt's poem in this number, we may say that the pathetic little episode to which it refers is related in the third book of Virgil's Æneid, lines 482–92, where the poet describes Æneas's meeting with Andromache during his wanderings, after the sacking of Troy, with his son Ascanius (also called Iulus). To the latter she gives the clothing of her boy Astyanax, who, in obedience to an oracle, had been cast headlong from the walls of Troy. This was after the death of Hector, his father, whose parting with Andromache—in which the child "headed like a star," together with the "horse-hair plume," are mentioned—is one of the most famous passages of the Iliad of Homer. The description in Virgil is as follows:

"Andromache, sad with the last parting, brings garments figured over with golden embroidery and a Phyrgian cloak for Ascanius, and loads him with woven gifts, and thus speaks: 'Take these, too, my boy, and may they be to thee memento of my handiwork, and bear witness to the lasting love of Andromache, Hector's wife; take these last gifts of thy friend, O only image remaining to me of my Astyanax. Just such eyes, just such hands, just such features he had, and he would now be growing up in equal age with thee.'"

The reader will see how dramatically Mrs. Piatt has inwoven with this thread the thought of any mother for her dead boy.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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GLIMPSES OF PARISIAN ART. I.

(ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL SKETCHES.)

THE RECONNAISSANCE. (A. DE NEUVILLE.)

BY Parisian art we do not wish the reader to understand *French* art. Parisians are not all French. It is said "there are but few born Parisians, and that foreigners make the best." This is true of Parisian artists. A large proportion are of foreign birth, but by long association, tastes, and habits they are as truly Parisian as natives, adding the natural qualities, character, and thoughts of their nationality to the sum of Parisian elegance and refinement. Sweden, Russia, Hungary, Spain, Italy, England, and America contribute to this common fund of æsthetic aspiration and endeavor, each maintaining the peculiarities of his race. Thus Parisian art is not the outcome of the French mind, nor the fruitage of any French school or fashion. All schools, all fashions, all shades of artistic expression, bring their gifts—Whalberg from Sweden, Munkacsy

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from Hungary, De Nittis from Italy, Heilbuth from Prussia, and Madrazo from Spain, each influenced by and having an influence upon the art atmosphere of Paris, and lending to the native talent the strength, vigor, or softness of his fatherland. It is of this art we speak in the following pages.

It may be asked why we have omitted well-known and honored names and chosen others more obscure. Our answer is that what we speak of is the current art—merely what exists to-day, what may be supplanted in two years and forgotten in five—a mere fashion of art, perhaps transient as that of dress.

We do not speak of Gérôme, Cabanel, Meissonier, Bouguereau, and others already at the height of their reputation, but mostly of younger artists to whom they must soon yield their place as leading men, who have been in some degree formed by them, but who, with the freshness of youth and the spontaneity of genius, have left the beaten track of the fashions which these men represent, and by new or erratic methods are forming fashions of their own.

Of the somewhat famous school of impressionists or independents, Manet was the chief "inventor and apostle," who, having a real and legitimate desire for art, became too conservative for his more radical companions, and dropped from their ranks. Manet began the work of representing nature out of tune, as some men begin great social or political revolutions. He saw it as a near-sighted person might see it—in masses. It was an impression; what he saw he determined others should see, and, not giving them credit for an eye capable of detail, he insisted that what he saw was all. He sat down before nature; he put upon canvas, in crude masses of color, the impression it made upon his eye, and, with simple values in color, he endeavored to avoid all necessity for detail. He tried to sound all the notes in nature's gamut by a single octave in the diatonic scale. He forgot the intervening notes, the beauties of chromatic intervals.

Others might have been the founders of this school—for instance Stevens, had he not been so great a master. He held all the strength of nature obtained by Manet, through the massing of lights and shadows, yet without loss of the minutest detail. His picture in the International Exhibition was a perfect gamut of color. A symphony in brown it has been called, from the exquisite tones and harmonies of shades. It represents a beautiful brown-eyed girl, with brown hair and dress, in the corner of a park. She has risen from her seat, with a closed book under her arm, and drawing her mantle about her with a slight raising of the shoulders which expresses chill, she moves toward the house. The sun is down the book is finished, the summer is ended the autumn leaves, in rich and delicate brown, fall around her and cover the ground, and, as the hollow eyes fasten upon you, you feel that a life is ending with the falling leaves.

BY THE SEA. (E. DUEZ.)

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. (MERSON.)

Certain young artists embraced Manet's fashion with ardor, and, beginning where the master left off, produced crudities which were miscalled pictures.

The truth for which Manet was derided, when separated from the falsities which surrounded it had in its bosom the germs of vitality. His work, although falling short of its aim, accomplished great good in setting others to study, and, in some cases, to accomplish where he failed. Prominent among the Parisian artists of to-day who acknowledge Manet's influence is Duez. While at the "Beaux Arts" he was a pupil of Pils, but like others, after long years of careful study in detail, has adopted the methods of the impressionists. Being an intimate friend and neighbor of the artist Jacquet, his influence had a sensible effect upon him; but, being released from Jacquet's influence, he began painting with an increased vigor, and a fuller expression of his own sentiments and taste. In 1874, he exhibited a picture called "Splendor and Misery," which made his reputation. It was somewhat after the manner of the impressionist school, yet with more detail and "finish."

Through several *Salons* he followed similar subjects, until two years ago. He wished to sound more strongly and deeply the notes of nature, which he had as yet but lightly struck, and to carry their expression to the farthest point of his art. To succeed in representing nature, he must have the light of nature, and it being impossible to work out-of-doors at all times, he constructed a studio—mostly of glass—upon the seashore, where he could pose his figures strongly against sea and sky under a diffused light, thus gaining the advantage of local tones against a natural and strongly lighted background.

In his new studio, Mr. Duez adopted a

new style of subject, attempting the rendition of the tradition of St. Cuthbert. The painting is a large triptych, and was purchased by the state. So far as it is meant to be an expression of religious sentiment, it is a failure. It lacks the warmth and fervor which should be a distinguishing character of religious art, and gives us in its place a triumph of the coldest realistic art.

Merson, a Parisian born, and a pupil of Pils, has of late made an effort to revive religious art. In the *Salon* of 1879 he exhibited two pictures, the smaller of which was a representation of the legend of St. Isadore. His second picture was the story of Joseph's flight into Egypt. Night has fallen; the lustrous stars gleam brightly through illimitable space. At the base of a giant sphinx the party has encamped. The tethered ass crops a few stunted grasses which appear above the sand. The smoldering fire sends a thin column of smoke straight upward into the motionless air. Joseph, wrapped in his cloak, lies asleep, his staff beside him, at the base of the sphinx, which, with upturned eyes and stern, impassive face, looks outward through the deep hush of the Oriental night, as though watching for a new light to gild the eastern portal. The tired mother has climbed between its protecting arms, and the Madonna and Christ-child sleep upon the creature's dark breast.

Many ask, Why do the artists insist on painting such large canvases? Why not confine their talents to works of smaller dimensions, that will be more convenient to hang in an apartment, with increased chance of being bought by "an American"?—for let us say in passing that, while once

THE GOOD SAMARITAN. (E. DUPAIN.)

LOUIS XVI. VISITING A POTATO-FIELD. (P. DELANCE.)

the picture-buyer whom the artist looked and longed for was an Englishman, it is now the "rich American" for whom most of the painters are working. But the reason why these large canvases are produced is easily explained. The promise of fame is more to a young artist than the promise of a round sum of money,—to artists, we mean, not simple painters,—and the desire of his soul is to have an "important canvas" bought for the Luxembourg, though the price paid is a small one. It is the hope of obtaining a prize in the *Salon* which inspires artists to paint large pictures, for the possession of a medal, if they are fortunate in obtaining it, enables them, generally, to dispose of their pictures to the state. If, unfortunately, they miss the recompense and the Luxembourg, they still have a hope of having it hung by the state in some provincial town. For every large town in France has its public picture-gallery.

Edward Louis Dupain has lately obtained a professorship in the Polytechnic School, receiving the appointment over forty applicants by competitive examination, and is one of the young generation who is likely to receive the appointment of professor in the Government Art-school. The path along which Dupain has worked to success has tended in an opposite way from that followed by most art-students who are in the fashion of to-day; his favorite subject at one time being sentimental sportsmen and rustic peasants, or rather the *opéra-comique* sportsman, and *soubrettes*. From these well-painted but commercial subjects he suddenly turned, and showed what he knew of the sentiment and treatment of high art, until in 1877, when he made a decided success with a large picture entitled "Le Bon Samaritain."

Delance has a studio in Rue St. Ferdinand, a part of the city lying beyond the Arc de Triomphe. The court where he is located is a hive of artists. Celebrated painters and sculptors have begun their art-life here, and from its humble door have passed out many famous productions. Here Carpeaux made the sketches for the celebrated group which now adorns the façade of the new Opéra. Here Jacquet lived for seven years, and painted himself into fame and history in the "Reverie."

Duez once occupied the same studio now used by Delance, and here he painted "Splendor and Misery" in such a way as to set all Paris talking about the young artist. You enter through a court, upon which the doors of the studios on the ground-floor—used mostly by sculptors—open directly. The buildings on either side are of the plainest architecture, covered with a coat of paint, originally red, but now of an ashen hue. A few flowers and bushes, planted along each side of the court, struggle to maintain even a sickly life. A fence covered with ivy, a tree at the farther end, etc., present, *ensemble*, quite a fresh and picturesque appearance. Added to this, are the old half-cut marbles which lie around, left by a former proprietor who was a sculptor, and now becoming moss-covered. On the left, a flight of stairs leads abruptly from the court to a landing, where you find the studio of Delance. A piece of chalk, hung to the door-post by a string, enables you to leave your card on the panel of the door, in case the artist is not at home. Delance is in a formative and progressive state, having within a few years left the schools, and being not yet free from the traditionary fetters and academic bondage. His first exhibition at the *Salon* was the stereotyped "Adam and Eve." After this he wandered in his choice of subjects, until he was attracted by the painting of Duez, who, apparently, had a greater influence on him than did his master, Gérôme.

He now launched out on his own tastes, and appeared at the *Salon* in three canvases in one frame, entitled "Faith, Hope, and Charity." Faith was represented by a child praying at its mother's knee; Hope by a fisherwoman standing upon the seashore, holding a child, while both look out over the dark water to catch sight of a tiny sail in the far distance; the last was represented by a Sister of Charity feeding the poor. This was the beginning of his success, and now he is profiting by his talents and good fortune.

At a recent round of the studios at Barbizon, we found an old-time friend of the "Atelier Cabanel." He was living almost opposite the old artistic tavern, in an ancient ivy-covered house which once belonged to Théodore Rousseau and where his last pictures were painted.

On approaching by the quaint old street,

THE SALUTATION. (V. CHEVILLIARD.)

one would scarce suspect that behind the high wall and huge gate there were flower-bordered walks, overhung by fruit trees. Here we found Chevilliard, who had taken the place before the war, and here had lived, undecided as to what specialty of art he should adopt, and aimlessly—so far as a definite object was concerned—painted exquisitely finished landscapes one day, and, the next, stray figures, clothed in rich and flowing costumes of bygone ages. These pictures were exceedingly well drawn and finely finished, but conventional. One must have an original style of execution, or an original *esprit* in the choice of subjects, to make him prominent as an artist of the fashion; consequently, Chevilliard did not find art a success.

To show upon what an insignificant circumstance an artist's success turns, we relate the incident which brought this man into notice. A *confrère*, on a visit to him at Barbizon, carried a priest's costume, intending while there to finish some draperies in a picture on which he was at the time engaged. One afternoon he dressed himself in it, and Chevilliard, who was as usual hunting around for a subject, besought his friend to grant him a sitting. The result was a picture called "An Easy Conscience." Goupil purchased it and immediately sold it to an English dealer, who in turn sold it to the Prince of Wales, and both fame and fortune were at once assured the artist. Orders poured in on all sides for pictures,—always for priests,—in the backgrounds of which we catch glimpses of corners of the picturesque garden or house, and recognize the faces of the Barbizon peasants under the priest's hat.

Chevilliard has recently removed to Paris, and occupies a charming little studio, on whose walls are seen the evidence of years of delicate observation of nature, and careful precision of handling. The *esprit* manifested in choice of subjects, the *finesse* with which he tells a story of quiet but exquisite humor, are exceptional. A priest sits in his garden, by a table; the remnants of a bountiful dinner have been removed and replaced by a glass of wine. He lolls back in his chair, contentedly smoking a short pipe. These features hardly express the meaning of the picture until you detect in a botton-hole of his vestment a bright red ribbon, the decoration of the Legion of Honor, showing that valiant services in war have numbered him among the worthy. The extreme hatred of the priesthood to the institution of republicanism can hardly be understood by one unfamiliar with the facts of daily life in France, but the artist has seized upon this defection as the subject for two of his most popular pictures. The *facteur* has brought him his morning paper, but by mistake it is a radical republican journal. The expression of disgust with which he surveys the offending sheet, held just by the tips of his fingers at arm's length, is most truly symbolic of the attitude of the clergy toward the present government. The sketch which is here presented is from his picture called "The Salutation."

Chevilliard's apartments have the appearance of a priest's house—a priest fond of *curios*, carved furniture, and pictures. He dines at a heavy, long table, covered with a white cloth, not so large as wide, with oddly carved legs, sits in high-backed chairs, and makes his coffee in a strangely formed pot, over a spirit-lamp upon the table.

"In fact," says Chevilliard, "painting always priests, I shall come finally to live like one."

Mlle. Bernhardt has always been the companion of painters and sculptors, but when a few years ago she exhibited a group in plaster, representing an old mother with her drowned son on her knees, the artistic circles of Paris were astounded, expressing no little wonderment or doubt as to her being the author of the work. However, as a public expression of these doubts would certainly be followed by a summons before the *juge de paix*, and as both subject and rendering were publicly admitted to be in the spirit and temperament of Mlle. Bernhardt, the "Grundys" confined their talk to private assemblies, or showed their disappreciation by overpraise. In the *Salon* of 1879 there was a bust by Mlle. Bernhardt which attracted much attention. A small portrait of herself by M. Bastien Lepage was difficult to approach, it being hung in a corner, and at all hours there was a crowd gathered around it, for apart from the subject being so popular, the work was executed by one of the most noted of the younger Parisian artists.

Mlle. Bernhardt is a pupil of Stevens, and the picture we represent was painted by her in the studio of the master, where it was our pleasure to see her at work. It is entitled "The Young Girl and Death," and was exhibited in the *Salon* of 1880. Calling one day by appointment at Mlle. Bernhardt's studio, we were shown many pieces of sculpture in process of modeling, including a Medea of heroic size, standing in defiant attitude,

SARAH BERNHARDT. (GEORGES CLAIRIN.)

with one hand at her side grasping a poniard, the other resting upon the head of a child, while another child lies dead at her feet; a portrait bust of a critic and lecturer who was to give her a sitting that afternoon, and an almost finished bust of the late Félicien David, which has been ordered by the state. We also saw the sketch of a statue of herself ordered by the Grand-Duke Constantine, and were told of pictures for the Prince of Wales not then begun.

M. Georges Clairin is a young, dark-complexioned man, whom, with sharp-cut features, black hair, and bushy mustache, Velasquez would have been delighted to paint. He was the companion of Régnault, the much-lamented young painter who was killed at Malmaison; with him Clairin worked in Algiers and in Spain. He paints the same class of subjects. When, in 1877, he exhibited at the *Salon* the portrait of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, the public was taken by surprise at the originality of the work, and Clairin was rated at once among the notable artists of the day. The studio of M. Clairin is a luxurious apartment on the

PRUSSIAN CAVALRYMAN. (E. DETAILLE.)

first floor of a building in the Rue de Rome. A *conservatoire* leading from the studio is filled with lounges, rugs, and other comforts, rather than plants. Although the place has an air of luxury and ease, the unfinished canvases on the easels, with the material for work about, show that it is after all a place where serious work is done. Here the well-known portrait of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, which now decorates the walls of her studio, was painted.

Speaking of Detaille, Mr. Albert Wolff says: "Seeing this young man, *blond*, thin, always dressed in perfect taste, one would think him English. He is of an *esprit* fine, studious, and in love with his art. Born with a vocation, he has but to follow his instincts to arrive at fame." Others have said that no trace of the conventional artist was found in his personal appearance. "He has no flowing locks, no unkempt beard, nothing of the traditional guise or *abandon* of the artist." "His head is expressive, but like that of any other gentleman. He is handsome and refined, with quite a reserved manner. His exterior is cool and soldier-like. His attire is always elegant, and he will paint a masterpiece without soiling his coat with the slightest speck of color. His muse neither excites him to tears nor infuses too much fire into his imagination. Superior to the freaks of con-

MEMORANDUM SKETCHES. (E. DETAILLE.)

ception, he paints so much every day, and this whether he feels like it or not."

This description is true not only of M. Detaille, but in a great measure of the conventional Paris artist of to-day. The "flowing locks," "unkempt beard," "traditional guise and *abandon*," above alluded to, belong to a class of commercial painters not recognized as artists, and are the unmistakable stamp of mediocrity, even in that sphere. A person meeting one of the elder successful artists of the present day would find nothing to distinguish him from other successful men. Gérôme in his daily rides to the Bois might easily be mistaken for a retired cavalry officer. Cabanel, in neat dress with beard *bien soignée*, cold smile and courtly manner, might be an embassador. Bouguereau, with his hearty, good-souled greeting for every one, might be a successful man of business in the wholesale line.

In France, he whom art makes great occupies an important relation to the state as well as society. A country whose monuments are the record of its history, France fosters art, because it recognizes in its growth not only a magnificent industry, but a means of education and refinement. She throws around it the same laws which protect all other commercial interests, and socially opens to her artists the same doors which swing back at the touch of her scholars, soldiers, *literati*, and statesmen.

The water-color pictures of M. Detaille became known while he was young, and yet in the schools. In 1865 he entered the studio of Meissonier, from which, in 1867, he sent to the *Salon* a small picture remarkable for its minuteness of detail and clearness in the portrayal of events. He began early to paint his battle-pieces, and in 1868 he produced, with prodigious truth and vigor, his first important picture. The same year he exhibited at the *Salon* a picture called "The Halt of the Drummers," of which Edmond About said "its author would some day become a master." Meissonier, when called in to criticise it after its completion, added: "My boy, you can work by yourself now. I can teach you nothing more." At the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, Detaille at once donned the uniform and grasped the musket of the volunteer soldier, and in the sharpest fighting was seen alternately shooting at the enemy and sketching the bloody scenes around him. He left the army at the close of the war, admired for his bravery, and satisfied with the honor of having done his duty. A wider field was now open to the artist. Actual experience of battle gave him increased knowledge, and enabled him to depict more vividly its thrilling scenes. Previous to this the artist chose subjects from history or tradition; now he depicts passages in his own life. A wonderful picture, called "The Reconnaissance," is an illustrious example, which made all Paris hold its breath when it paused before the canvas at the *Salon*.

The old-time painters of this class always worked by a side light, which necessarily threw upon the groupings exaggerated lights and shades. The strong shadows and absence of half-tints give their work a look of unreality. The true sense of Detaille could not rest satisfied with this. His object was to introduce the natural effect of diffused light, and to enable him to do this in all seasons and weathers, he covered the large court-yard of his house with glass, and there he arranges, by means of manikins and living models, the tableau which he transfers to the canvas with all the freshness, values, and qualities of life. By these means he is enabled to endue his pictures with a vigor and truthfulness which he could not obtain from copying hasty sketches, no matter how exact and true to life they might be. It is said of Detaille that "he has a camera in his eye," while his drawings from memory are so accurate that it is hard to convince even professional artists that they are not drawn from life. The sketch which we present is a leaf torn from his album, forming a part of the design for a picture, the position of the horse's head being changed, for purposes of trial composition. It was drawn without a model, from memory, in a few moments, while we were examining a new picture representing the maneuvers of an army around a picturesque old windmill.

In going down the Avenue de l'Opéra, one's attention is often attracted by a crowd gathered at the windows of M. Goupil. On the pressure of a crowd exceptionally large, if you care to work your way by patient endeavor until you reach a favorable point of view, you are quite likely to see a stirring battle-piece by M. De Neuville. This young artist is almost always spoken of in connection with M. Detaille, both because his choice of subjects is similar and handled in a kindred spirit, and because the two artists are inseparable friends.

De Neuville was one of the finest illustrators in France, and both home and foreign

THE YOUNG GIRL AND DEATH. (SARAH BERNHARDT.)

publishers sought to confide to him their most important work. From this he became a painter. The artist was already developed, and it only needed a knowledge of color and handling to place him in the rank where he now stands, in his specialty owning no rival but his most intimate friend Detaille.

"The studio is the artist," says an eminent critic. Never was a thought more justly applied than to the military specialty of M. De Neuville. Guns, casques, pistols, —everything that belongs to the battle is found in the vast place where the artist paints his pictures, with sentiment so just, with thoughtfulness so impressive.

De Neuville is as soldier-like in bearing as an officer of the Hussars. Thin, elegant, careful in his toilet, "age has raised him above the effeminacy of his youth. Then he was the child of the regiment; now he is a soldier. His friends once familiarly called him Toto; now that his pictures have placed him among the first painters of

QUÊTEUSE. (G. JACQUET.)

battle-scenes, they do not volunteer the *sobriquet*. One can say of an ordinary exhibitor that 'the picture of Toto is not bad,' but one cannot well say that *Toto* sold his picture for thirty thousand francs." While painting his celebrated picture entitled "La Dernière Cartouche," De Neuville caused a running fire of musketry to be discharged by his models, in order that he might catch the effect and fix it upon his canvas. His models were placed in all positions,—scaling walls, loading, firing, prostrate upon the ground, as if wounded or dead. It is not uncommon for him to take with him on his summer vacation two models dressed as soldiers; one is his *valet de chambre*, the other his cook. Their household duties completed, they pose for some military episode. De Neuville has recently completed, on an order from England, a large picture, the subject of which is taken from the Zulu war, and the episode that of Rorke's Drift.

Jacquet was, in his early artistic career, much fascinated by the styles of dress of the sixteenth century. He began painting at an epoch when a radical change was taking place, particularly in the dress of ladies. The hoop-skirt was falling into disuse, and no costumes had been decided upon. The style of to-day might be subject to ridicule to-morrow, and the very ugly fashions of the transition period were too whimsical to be perpetuated in any serious work of an artistic character. In this condition of things, he was driven for any established manner of dress into another age. He could enjoy the classic severity and academic methods of the illustrious works of the era we have just mentioned, and could often be found at the Louvre copying the finest that its galleries contain. From this his manner has become somewhat aristocratic, and affects the ease and freedom with which he handles the costumes of the present day. Holding to the modern perfectly, he gives to it the exquisite refinement and severity of the style which first impressed him. He stands alone in this respect, and performs a worthy office in checking the headlong rush of art toward realism, and dignifies the common and necessary with a little of the stateliness and mysticism which belong to things above us and not entirely familiar. He was born an artist, and especially a painter of single figures. He is not happy in composition, and contents himself with throwing all his skill into representing the human face and form.

Jacquet was, as we have said, for some time a neighbor of Duez, in Rue St. Ferdinand, but in 1876 he left the old studio, which though large was much encumbered with his collection of armor, and for some time occupied an immense *atelier* in the Avenue Montaigne, where he enjoyed a remarkable prosperity, which enabled him to purchase a building-lot near the Park Monceaux, where he has constructed a fine hotel, with an ample studio and stables.

The artists of Paris took quite an active part in its defense at the time of the Prussian siege, forming a brigade, and doing desperate work in many a bloody encounter. A half dozen pupils of the "Beaux Arts" were sub-lieutenants in the artillery and engineer corps. This brigade was in the engagement of Malmaison, in which Cuvelien, sculptor, and Henri Régnault, painter, were killed. M. Vibert had his clothes riddled with ball, but escaped with only a slight wound in his knee. Baudry, painter, stood guard on the ramparts. Maréchal (who since committed suicide) and others were in the cavalry. Delance, Detaille, and many others were in the infantry. Meissonier had quartered upon him, at his country-seat at Passy, seventy-five Prussians and twenty-five horses. It was here Le Roux,

a rival painter, was wounded, and Jacquet nearly lost his life in an unsuccessful but heroic attempt to carry him off the field; and here, on that terrible day, he amused himself by searching among the few straggling vines which had been left by the ball and shell of the contending armies, for what few beans he could find. These he gathered, counted, and strung upon a thread, amidst the whistle of bullets, the smoke and confusion, the fire of musketry, and bursting of shells.

One of the peculiar features of modern battle-pictures is that but one of the combating armies is visible. Among the painters of this class of subjects who never shows us the enemy, is M. Berne-Bellecour. The painting which made him famous is that, well known through the reproductions, entitled "Le Coup de Cannon." A gun has just been fired, and the battery officers and men are peering through the smoke to see the effect. His *Salon* picture of 1879 was in rather a different strain—"Sur le Terre." A duel is about to be fought between two soldiers, personal enemies if you will, but of the same regiment. This picture is now in America.

Berne-Bellecour painted a picture of the engagement at Malmaison, with portraits of those who assisted. In this picture was a glimpse of the army in the extreme distance, the figures almost microscopic. It presented a contrast to the old-fashioned groups, with a foreground in which a soldier is just about to run a bayonet through a wounded prisoner, an officer behind in the act of cutting off the former's head, and behind these the contending armies *ad infinitum*. M. Berne-Bellecour is realistic and modern. He finishes to the utmost detail the backgrounds of earth fortifications and barricade, giving to them the resemblance of active service. These accessories are not easy to obtain in times of peace, and in order to give his work the truthfulness of reality, he models and remodels miniature earth-works, from clay, sand, small timbers, and stones, according to hasty pen-and-ink sketches which he made during the war, and with these materials he is able to give an intense reality to his finished pictures.

BATTLE OF MALMAISON. (E. BERNE-BELLECOUR.)

MRS. JOHN DREW AS "MRS. MALAPROP" IN "THE RIVALS."

SHERIDAN'S "RIVALS."

In the days now departed, and perhaps forever, when every town in this broad land had its theater, with its own stock-company of actors and actresses, the manager was wont now and again to announce, with more or less flourish of trumpets and as though he were doing a most meritorious thing, a series of old-comedy revivals. And the custom still obtains in two or three of the larger cities, notably in New York and Boston. Whenever the announcement was put forth, the regular play-goer retired within himself and made ready for an intellectual treat. To the regular play-goer the old comedies were a most important part of the legitimate drama. Just what the legitimate drama is, I have never been able to get defined exactly; nor can I see why one play, any more than another, should bear the bar sinister; to me a play of one kind is as legitimate as a play of another kind, each in its place. But, whatever the legitimate drama might be, there was no doubt in the mind of the regular play-goer that the old comedies were an integral part of it. If you asked the regular play-goer for a list of the old comedies, it was odds that he rattled off, glibly enough, first, "The School for Scandal," second, "She Stoops to Conquer," and third, "The Rivals." After these he might hesitate, but if you pushed him to the wall he would name a few more plays, of which "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" was the oldest, and "Money" the youngest,—although I have seen a series of old comedies in New York in which was included Mr. Lester Wallack's cheap and comic melodrama, "The Veteran." Leaving the regular play-goer and investigating for yourself, you will find that the old comedies are mostly those which, in spite of their being more than a hundred years old, are yet lively and sprightly enough to amuse a modern audience.

The life of a play, even of a successful play, is rarely three-score years and ten; and the number of plays which live to be centenarians is small indeed. In the last century the case was different, and a hundred years ago the regular play-goer had a chance to see frequently eight or ten plays by Massinger, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shirley. Nowadays, Shakspere's are the only Elizabethan plays which keep the stage, with one solitary exception —Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." "The Chances," "The City Madam," and "Every Man in his Humor" have one after another dropped out of sight. The plays of the last century have now in their turn become centenarians; of these there are half a score which have a precarious hold on the theater, and are seen at lengthening intervals; and there are half a dozen which hold their own firmly. Of this scant half-dozen, "The School for Scandal" is, perhaps, in the greatest request, followed closely by "She Stoops to Conquer" and by "The Rivals." Here in the United States, during the next few months, "The Rivals" will be the most frequently seen, for Mr. Joseph Jefferson, laying aside the accent of that New York ne'er-do-weel, *Rip Van Winkle*, has taken on the counterfeit presentment of *Squire Robert Acres*, full of strange oaths and of a most valiant bearing; and he is to be aided by that sterling artist, Mrs. John Drew, in the part of *Mrs. Malaprop*.

"The Rivals" was Sheridan's first play; it was produced at Covent Garden January 17th, 1775, nearly one hundred and six years ago. Like the first plays of many another dramatist who has afterward succeeded abundantly, it failed dismally on its first performance, and again on the second, the night after. It was immediately withdrawn, and, in all probability, somewhat rewritten. Then, on January 28th, after a ten days' absence from the bills, it re-appeared, with Mr. Clinch in the place of Mr. Lee, as *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. It was in great measure owing to Lee that it failed at first. With Clinch, its success was instant and enduring. So grateful was Sheridan for Clinch's help, that he wrote for the benefit of the actor a little Irish farce called "St. Patrick's Day," to be found in his works, but of no great value. It may be noted that Goldsmith had shown his gratitude to Quick, who acted *Tony Lumpkin* to his satisfaction, by putting his name to "The Grumbler," an adaptation of the "Grondeur" of Brueys, acted for Quick's benefit.

The success came in the nick of time. Sheridan had married, nearly two years before, the beautiful Miss Linley, of Bath, and he had at once withdrawn his wife from the concert stage. This was honorable, but it deprived the young couple of a certain in-

MR. JEFFERSON AS "BOB ACRES" IN "THE RIVALS."

come. Sheridan himself had nothing, not even a serious education. He had been entered a student of the Middle Temple just before his marriage, but he had not pursued the law further. Without money, and without a profession, but with a full confidence in himself, and a hereditary connection with the theater, it is no wonder that Sheridan determined to write for the stage. His father was an actor and a manager and had written one play; and his mother had written several. With these antecedents and the reputation of ability which he had already achieved somehow, he was asked by Harris, the manager of Covent Garden Theater, to write a comedy.

In November, 1774, he wrote to his father-in-law (who was afterward to compose the music for his "Duenna") that he had finished "The Rivals," and that he "had not written a line of it two months ago, except a scene or two, which I believe you have seen in an odd act of a little farce." This little farce and various other fragmentary dramatic attempts had been written in the years since 1769, when he left school at Harrow. Sheridan, in November, 1774, was only twenty-three years old—a very early age at which to write a first play, and one surviving for over a hundred years, with even now no signs of approaching decay.

Moore remarks that as comedy, more than any other species of composition, requires "that knowledge of human nature and the world which experience alone can give,—it seems not a little extraordinary that nearly all our first-rate comedies should have been the productions of very young men." And Moore then cites Farquhar, and Vanbrugh, and especially Congreve, all of whose comedies were written before he was twenty-five. It is these three writers who gave the stamp to English comedy; and Sheridan's die was not unlike theirs. Now, a consideration of the fact that English comedy was thus, in a measure, the work of young men, may tend to explain at once its failings and its force. As Lessing says: "Who has nothing can give nothing. A young man, just entering upon the world himself, cannot possibly know and depict the world." And this is just the weak point of English comedy; it is brilliant and full of dash, and it carries itself bravely, but it does not show an exact knowledge of the world, and it does not depict with precision. "The greatest comic genius," Lessing adds, "shows itself empty and hollow in its youthful works." Empty and hollow are harsh words to apply to English comedy, but I think it easy to detect, behind all its glitter and sparkle, a want of depth, a superficiality, which is not far from the emptiness and hollowness of which Lessing speaks. Compare this English comedy of Congreve and of Sheridan, which is a battle of the wits, with the broader and more human comedy of Molière and of Shakspere, and it is easy to see what Lessing means. In place of a broad humanity is an exuberance of youthful fancy and wit, delighting in its exercise. What gives value to these youthful plays, and especially to Sheridan's, is the touch of the true dramatist to be seen in them: and the dramatist is like the poet in so far that he is born, not made.

"A dramatic author," says M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, "as he advances in life, can acquire higher thoughts, can develop a higher philosophy, can conceive and execute works of stronger tissue, than when he began; in a word, the matter he can cast into his mold will be nobler and richer, but the mold will be the same." And then M. Dumas shows how the first plays of Corneille, of Molière, and of Racine, from a technical point of view, are as well constructed as the latest. So it is with Congreve, and Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, and Sheridan; they gave up the stage before they had great experience of the world; but even in their youth they were born dramatists. All their comedies were made in the head, not from the heart. But made where or how you please, they are well made. It is impossible to deny that "The Rivals," however hollow or empty it may appear on minute critical inspection, is a very extraordinary production for a young man of twenty-three.

Humor ripens slowly, but in the case of Sheridan some forcing-house of circumstance seems to have brought it to an early maturity, not as rich, perhaps, or as mellow as it might have become with time, and yet full of a flavor of its own. Strangely enough, the early "Rivals" is more humorous and less witty than the later "School for Scandal,"—perhaps because the humor of "The Rivals" is rather the frank feeling for fun and appreciation of the incongruous (both of which may be youthful qualities) than the deeper and broader humor which we see at its full in Molière and Shakspere.

So we have the bold outlines of *Mrs. Malaprop* and *Bob Acres*, personages having only a slight likeness to nature, and not always even consistent to their own pro-

jection, but strong in comic effect and abundantly laughter-compelling. They are caricatures, if you will, but caricatures of great force, full of robust fun, tough in texture, and able to stand by themselves, in spite of any artistic inequality. *Squire Acres* is a country gentleman of limited intelligence, and incapable of acquiring, even by contagion, the curious system of referential swearing, by which he gives variety to his speech. But "odds, bullets, and blades!" as he says, his indeterminate valor is so aptly utilized, and his ultimate poltroonery in the duel scene is so whimsically developed, and so sharply contrasted with the Irish assurance and ease of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, that he would be a hard-hearted critic indeed who could taunt *Mr. Acres* with his artistic short-comings. And it surely takes a very acute mind to blunder so happily in the "derangement of epitaphs" as *Mrs. Malaprop;* she must do it with malice prepense, and as though she, and not her niece, were as "headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile." It is only a sober second thought, however, which allows us to "cast aspersions on her parts of speech." While *Bob Acres* and *Mrs. Malaprop* are before us we accept them as they are; and here we touch what was at once Sheridan's weakness and his strength, which lay side by side. He sought, first of all, theatrical effect, and so dramatic excellence was a secondary and subservient consideration. On the stage, where all goes with a snap, consistency of character is not as important as distinctness of drawing. The attributes of a character may be incongruous if they make the character itself more readily recognizable; and the attention of the spectator may be taken from the incongruity by humor of situation and quickness of dialogue. *Acres's* odd oaths are no great strain on consistency, and they help to fix him in our memory. *Mrs. Malaprop's* ingenuity in dislocating the dictionary is very amusing, and Sheridan did not hesitate to invent extravagant blunders for her, any more than he hesitated to lend his own wit to *Fag* and *David*, the servants, who were surely as incapable of appreciating it as they were of inventing it. After all, Sheridan had to live on his wit; and he wrote his plays to make money by its display. And the more of himself he put into each of his characters, the more brilliant the play. To say this is, of course, to say that Sheridan belongs in the second rank of comedy writers, with Congreve and Regnard, and not in the same class with Shakspere or Molière.

But humor and an insight into human nature are not found united with the play-making faculty once in a century; there is only one Shakspere and only one Molière. It is well that a quick wit and a lively fancy can also amuse us not unsatisfactorily, and that, in default of Shakspere and Molière, we have at least Congreve, and Regnard, and Sheridan. It is well that Sheridan wrote "The Rivals" just when he did, or both wit and humor might have been banished from the English stage for years. That there was ever any danger of English comedy stiffening itself into prudish priggishness it is not easy now to credit, but a hundred years ago the danger was real. A school of critics had arisen who prescribed that comedy should be genteel, and that it should eschew all treatment of ordinary human nature, confining itself chiefly to sentiment in high life. Dramatists, beginning with Steele (whom it is sad to see in such company), and after him Cumberland and Hugh Kelly, taught by example what these critics set forth in precept. The bulk of play-goers were never converted to these principles, but they obtained in literary society and were, for the moment, fashionable. There were not lacking those who protested. Fielding, who had studied out something of the secret of Molière's humor in the adaptations he made from the author of "The Miser," had no sympathy with the new school, and when he came to write his great novel, "Tom Jones," he had a sly thrust or two at the fashion. He introduces to us, for example, a puppet-show which was performed "with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and serious part of the 'Provoked Husband,' and it was indeed a very grave and solemn entertainment, without any low wit, or humor, or jests; or, to do it no more than justice, anything which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleased."

"Tom Jones" was published in 1749, and in 1773 sentimental comedy still survived, and was ready to sneer at Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and to call its hearty and almost boisterous humor "low." But *Tony Lumpkin's* country laugh cleared the atmosphere. Genteel comedy had received a death-blow. Some months before "She Stoops to Conquer" was brought out, Foote had helped to make the way straight for a revival of true comedy, whereat a man might venture to laugh, by

announcing a play for his "Primitive Puppet-show," called "The Handsome Housemaid, or Piety in Pattens," which was to illustrate how a maiden of low degree, by the mere effects of her morality and virtue, raised herself to honor and riches. Two years after Goldsmith and Foote came Sheridan; and after "The Rivals" there was little chance for genteel comedy. Moore prints passages from an early sketch of a farce, from which we can see that Sheridan never took kindly to the sentimental school; yet so anxious was he for the success of "The Rivals," and so important was it to him, that he attempted to conciliate the wits and fine ladies who were bitten by the current craze—at least it is difficult to see any other reason for the characters of *Julia* and *Falkland*, so different from all Sheridan's other work and so wholly wanting in the sparkle in which he excelled. And the calculation was seemingly not unwise; the scenes between *Julia* and *Falkland*, to which we now listen with dumb impatience, and which Mr. Jefferson, in his version of the piece, has wisely trimmed away, were received with delight. John Bernard, who was at one time secretary of the Beefsteak Club and afterward one of the first of American managers, records in his amusing "Retrospections" that the audience, at the first performance of "The Rivals," contained "two parties—those supporting the prevailing taste, and those who were indifferent to it, and liked nature. On the first night of a new play, it was very natural that the former should predominate, and what was the consequence? Why, that *Falkland* and *Julia* (which Sheridan had obviously introduced to conciliate the sentimentalists, but which, in the present day, are considered incumbrances) were the characters most favorably received, whilst *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *Bob Acres*, and *Lydia*, those faithful and diversified pictures of life, were barely tolerated."

But the sentimentalists were afterward present in diminishing force, and the real success of the comedy came from those who could appreciate its fun and who were not too moral to laugh. So Sheridan, writing a new prologue to be spoken on the tenth night, drew attention to the figure of Comedy (which stood on one side of the stage, as Tragedy did on the other), and bade the audience

> 'Look on her well—does she seem form'd to teach?
> Should you *expect* to hear this lady—preach?
> Do solemn sentiments become that mouth?
> Yet, thus adorned with every graceful art
> To charm the fancy and to reach the heart,
> Must we displace her? and instead advance
> The goddess of the woful countenance?—
> The Sentimental Muse!—Her emblems view—
> The 'Pilgrim's Progress' and a sprig of rue!
> There fixed in usurpation should she stand,
> She'll snatch the dagger from her sister's hand;
> And having made her votaries *weep a flood*,
> Good heaven! she'll end her comedies in blood!"

Sheridan's use of the figures of Comedy and Tragedy is characteristic of his aptness in turning to his own advantage any accident upon which his quick wit could seize. In like manner, he utilized the chance remark of Burke, when Garrick was interred in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, that Shakspere was apparently pointing to his grave; and so, in Sheridan's "Monody on the Death of David Garrick," we find this couplet:

> "While Shakspere's image, from its hallowed base,
> Seemed to prescribe the grave and point the place."

Characteristic, too, is the willingness to borrow a hint from another. Sheridan was not above taking his matter wherever he found it. Indeed, there are not wanting those who say that Sheridan had nothing of his own, and was barely able to cover his mental nakedness with rags stolen everywhere. Mr. John Forster declared that *Lydia Languish* and her lover owed something to Steele's "Tender Husband." Mr. Dibdin, in his "History of the Stage," says that *Lydia* is stolen from Colman's "Polly Honeycombe." Mr. E. P. Whipple finds that *Sir Anthony Absolute* is suggested by Smollett's "Matthew Bramble"; and, improving on this, Mr. T. Arnold, in the article on "English Literature" in the new "Encyclopedia Britannica," speaks of "The Rivals" as dug out of "Humphrey Clinker." Watkins, Sheridan's first biographer, had already pretended to trace *Mrs. Malaprop* to a waiting-woman in Fielding's "Joseph Andrews"; other critics had called her a reproduction of *Mrs. Heidelberg*, in Colman and Garrick's "Clandestine Marriage." And a more recent writer spoke of Theodore Hook's "Ramsbottom Papers" as containing the original of all the *Mrs. Malaprops* and Mrs. Partingtons. Not only were the characters thus all copied here and there, but the incidents also are stolen. Mrs. Inchbald points out that the situation of *Julia* and *Falkland* in the fourth act is anticipated in Prior's "Nut-brown Maid," and Smollett's

"Peregrine Pickle." And Boaden, in his biography of Kemble, finds the same situation in the "Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph," a novel by Sheridan's mother, which was once very popular, but which Sheridan told Rogers he had never read. Not content with thus robbing Sheridan of the constituent parts of his play, an attempt has been made to deprive him of the play itself. Under the head of "Literary Gossip," the "Athenæum" of January 1, 1876, had this paragraph:

"A very curious and most interesting fact has come to light at the British Museum. Among the collection of old plays (presented to that institution by Mr. Coventry Patmore in 1864) which formerly belonged to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, has been found the holograph original of the comedy 'The Trip to Bath,' written in 1749, by Mrs. Frances Sheridan, his mother, and which, it is said in Moore's 'Life of Sheridan,' was the source of his play of 'The Rivals.' A very slight comparison of the two plays leaves no doubt whatever of the fact; and in the character of *Mrs. Malaprop*, Sheridan has actually borrowed some of her amusing blunders from the original *Mrs. Tryfort*, without any alteration whatever."

I have massed these accusations together to meet them with a general denial. I have compared Sheridan's characters and incidents with these so-called originals; and I confess that I can see very little likeness in any case, and no ground at all for a charge of plagiarism. It is not that Sheridan was at all above borrowing from his neighbor; it is that in "The Rivals" he did not so borrow —or at best to a trifling extent. *Polly Honeycombe*, for example, is like *Lydia Languish* in her taste for novel-reading, in her romantic notions, and in nothing else; *Polly* figures in farce, and *Lydia* in high comedy; *Polly* is a shop-keeper's daughter, and *Lydia* has the fine airs of good society; it is as hard to see a likeness between them as it is to see just what Sheridan owes to Steele's "Tender Husband." The accusation that "The Rivals" is indebted to "Humphrey Clinker" is absurd; *Sir Anthony Absolute* is not at all like Mr. Matthew Bramble; indeed, in all Smollett's novel, of which the humor is so rich, not to say oily, there is nothing which recalls Sheridan's play, save possibly Mistress Tabitha Bramble, who is an old woman, anxious to marry, and mistaking a proposal for her niece to be one for her own hand, and who blunders in her phrases. How far, however, from Sheridan's neat touch is Smollett's coarse stroke! "Mr. Gwynn," says Mistress Tabitha to Quin the actor, "I was once vastly entertained with your playing the 'Ghost of Gimlet' at Drury Lane, when you rose up through the stage with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails upon the frightful porcupine*." Mrs. Slipslop, in "Joseph Andrews," has also a misapplication of words, but never so aptly incongruous and so exactly inaccurate as *Mrs. Malaprop*. This trick of speech is all either Mistress Bramble or Mrs. Slipslop have in common with *Mrs. Malaprop*, and *Mrs. Heidelberg* has not even this. The charge that *Mrs. Malaprop* owes aught to Theodore Hook is highly comic and preposterous, as Hook was born in 1788, and published the "Ramsbottom Papers" between 1824 and 1828—say half a century after *Mrs. Malaprop* had proved her claim to immortality. And it is scarcely less comic and preposterous to imagine that Sheridan could have derived the scene between *Julia* and *Falkland* from Prior's "Nut-brown Maid," and from Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," and from Mrs. Sheridan's "Sydney Biddulph"; the situation in his play differs materially from those in the other productions. Remains only the sweeping charge of the "Athenæum"; and this is well nigh as causeless as the rest. I looked up the manuscript of which the "Athenæum" speaks two years ago, in London, at the British Museum; it is No. 25,975, and it is called "A Journey to Bath"; it ends with the third act, and two more are evidently wanting. It is only "a very slight comparison" of this comedy of Mrs. Sheridan's with her son's "Rivals," which "leaves no doubt whatever" of the taking of the latter from the former. I read the "Journey to Bath" very carefully; it is a rather lively comedy, such as were not uncommon in 1750; and it is wholly unlike "The Rivals." The characters of the "Journey to Bath" are: *Lord Hewkly; Sir Jeremy Bull, Bart.; Sir Jonathan Bull*, his brother, a city knight; *Edward*, son to *Sir Jonathan; Champignion; Stapleton; Lady Filmot; Lady Bel Aircastle; Mrs. Tryfort*, a citizen's widow; *Lucy*, her daughter; *Mrs. Surface*, one who keeps a lodging-house at Bath. *Mrs. Surface*, it may be noted, is a scandal-monger, who hates scandal; and Sheridan used both the name and the character in his later and more brilliant comedy. In the "Journey to Bath" and "The Rivals," the scene is laid at Bath; and here the likeness ends—except that *Mrs. Tryfort* seems to be a sort of first draft of *Mrs. Malaprop*. It is difficult to doubt that Sheridan had read his mother's comedy and had claimed as his by inheritance this *Mrs. Tryfort*, who is de-

scribed by one of the other characters as the "vainest poor creature, and the fondest of hard words, which, without miscalling, she always takes care to misapply." None of her misapplications, however, are as happy as those of *Mrs. Malaprop*.

After all, the invention is rather Shakspere's than Mrs. Sheridan's. *Mrs. Malaprop* is but *Dogberry* in petticoats. And the fault of which Mr. Whipple accuses Sheridan may be laid at Shakspere's door also. Mr. Whipple calls *Mrs. Malaprop's* mistakes "too felicitously infelicitous to be natural," and declares them "characteristics, not of a mind flippantly stupid, but curiously acute," and that we laugh at her as we should at an acquaintance "who was exercising his ingenuity, instead of exposing his ignorance." This is all very true, but true it is also that *Dogberry* asked, "Who think you to be the most desertless man to be constable?" And again, "Is our whole dissembly appeared?" And "O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this!" Sheridan has blundered in good company, at all events.

Not content with finding suggestions for Sheridan's work in various fictions, his biographer, Watkins, suggests that the plot was taken from fact, from his own courtship of Miss Linley, and his duel with Captain Matthews. This is sufficiently absurd, as the incidents of his comedy do not at all coincide with those of his biography. Foote, in his "Maid of Bath," had already set Miss Linley and one of her suitors on the stage; and surely Sheridan, who would not let his wife sing in public, would shrink from putting the story of their courtship into a comedy. It has been suggested, though, that in the duel scene Sheridan profited by his own experience on the field of honor; and also, that in the character of *Falkland* he sketched his own state of mind during the long days of waiting, when he was desperately in love, and saw little hope of marital happiness; in the days when he had utilized the devices of the stage, and for the sake of getting near to her for a few minutes, he disguised himself as the coachman who drove her at night to her father's house. This may be so; but it is as dangerous as it is easy to apply the speeches of a dramatist, speaking in many a strange voice, to the circumstances of his own life.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET—PEASANT AND PAINTER. IV.

In the Universal Exhibition of 1855, our artists were the victors. Delacroix, declared to be the master of French masters, was the victor, and Théodore Rousseau, for the first time in his life, found nothing but admirers. All his pictures, refused for the last twenty years, came back like victorious exiles, and showed themselves in this cosmopolitan *Salon*. The reaction had come, against the injustice of the Institute toward the school of 1830. It became an enthusiasm. It went, perhaps, too far, and Rousseau, fearful of the future, dreaded the recoil of a movement too intense to endure.

Millet had long prepared and studied a subject inspired by Virgil, his favorite poet. It was a simple scene—a peasant grafting a tree in his garden, near his wife and child. Himself a man with a family, he thought of the future of his children, of the father who works for his successors. His picture was understood. Théophile Gautier did him the honor of a description:

'We begin our review of the country scenes by the picture of M. J.-F. Millet, 'A Peasant Grafting a Tree.' Very different from the ugly manneristsists who, under the plea of realism, substitute hideousness for truth, M. Millet seeks and finds style in the representation of types and scenes of country life. His 'Sower,' exhibited some years ago, had a rare grandeur and elevation, though its rusticity was not in the least softened; but the gesture with which the poor workman threw the sacred wheat into the furrow was so beautiful, that Triptolemus guided by Ceres, on some Greek bas-relief, could not have had more majesty. An old felt hat, all rusty and faded, earth-stained rags, a coarse linen shirt, were his costume. The color was subdued—austere even to melancholy; the execution solid, thick, almost heavy, without any brilliancy of touch. Yet this picture made the same impression as the beginning of the 'Mare au Diable' of George Sand—a profound and solemn melancholy. The 'Peasant Grafting a Tree' is a composition of extreme simplicity, which does not draw the eye, but holds it long, once the attention is turned to it. * * * The man seems to accomplish some mystic ceremony, and to be the obscure priest of a divinity of the country; his serious profile, with strong, pure lines, does not lack a sort of melancholy grace, though retaining entirely the peasant character; a dull color, kept purposely low, wraps the scene and the figures like a thick rustic stuff. How strange is art! These two quiet figures on a gray ground, performing an ordinary work, occupy your mind and make you dream, while the most ingenious thoughts carefully rendered leave you as cold as ice. It is because M. Millet understands the hidden poetry

of the fields; he loves the peasants whom he paints, and in their resigned faces expresses his sympathy with them; sowing, reaping, grafting, are to him holy acts having their own beauty and nobility. Why should not the peasant have a style, like the hero? Doubtless M. Millet has said this to himself, and he paints Georgics in which, under a heavy form and a somber color, glows a melancholy recollection of Virgil. * * *"

The "Peasant Grafting" had therefore its admirers, and Rousseau was not the least. He found an American who bought it for 4000 francs cash. The American remained invisible, but paid in good gold through the hands of Rousseau. This generous stranger wished to remain unknown. Some weeks later, we discovered the fabulous American to be no other than Théodore Rousseau, who wanted to hide his good deed. Already the year before he had bought from Millet the "Peasant Spreading Manure,"—a fine picture, in which the man stands out against a wide autumn landscape.

The year 1855 was a lucky one to Millet. He diminished his debts, and could devote himself to some pictures which he had already thought of. But this sort of ease could not last. Millet had heavy burdens, and a family increased by two brothers, who had left their homes and come to him for home and protection in the vocation of artist, which they wished, like him, to follow. Millet was a long time their teacher and their support. But until the end of 1855 he got along pretty well. Millet loved to see at his table all his little children, his friends, and those who cared for his art. It was a numerous gathering, and always gay. Rousseau, Diaz, Barye, Campredon, etc., enjoyed visiting there, and Millet, whom we have often found sad in his letters, had a really delightful gayety. His good humor became wit; his paradoxes, his raillery, were full of biting points. When others talked, he would draw for hours with the point of his knife, on the table-cloth, forms that were in his mind or before his eyes. He never stopped his production; in the studio he painted,—outside, he thought or took notes. When with his friends he drew, mechanically, the commonest things; if a question came up of perspective, form, drawing, he figured it out and solved the problem. He labored all the year at some of his beautiful works. How happy he was returning to Barbizon from Paris, his pockets full of toys and cakes for the children! How different from those dismal evenings when he returned with empty hands, and had for answer to the impatient voices that asked on the door-sill whether he had something beautiful from Paris: "Ah, my poor dears, I went too late—the shop was shut." All would go in saddened, and Millet had for their consolation nothing but stories and songs. Unfortunately, the days without clouds and creditors soon passed, and the first day of the year 1856 brought melancholy New Year's presents to him. This year and the following can be put down as a time of famine and extreme trial.

"Barbizon, January 1st, 1856.

"My Dear Sensier: The hour of breaking-down has come, decidedly. I have just found a summons to pay within twenty-four hours to M. X., tailor, the sum of 607 fr. 60 c. He is a vampire, as he promised to take a note till March. On the other hand, G. refused bread and was disgustingly rude. It has come! A whole procession of creditors will file through the house; it will be very lively.

"I have just seen the bailiff, and told him in my ignorance that credit was a usual and well-known thing. Does not the law allow an arrangement? A tradesman can catch you in a trap by offering you a year's credit, and at the end of six months bring you a bill, and force you to pay! Yes, the law knows nothing of these things—you must pay! It explains to me my want of aptitude at business, for as far as I can see you must put aside all clear reasoning and all good sense to learn chicanery, which is nothing better than subtle cheating. Since the law has a right to collar me, pray tell me what they will do to me, for I cannot admit its right to violence except on refusal of payment. I thought it was the business of the law to court conciliation. Tell me, for I have a hard head, how far people can go who want to proceed to the uttermost and whose conscience never troubles them, for you might revolt against what is legal and say, 'That is wrong—odious.' I want you to tell me just what they can do. Rousseau, to whom I told the story of the bailiff, is furious.

"Write immediately. I shake hands.

"J.-F. Millet."

I only give this letter as a specimen of the melancholy position of Millet and of his anxieties. I have under my eyes monthly, weekly, sometimes daily letters, forming a sort of inventory of his tortures. I abstain from publishing this painful correspondence.

When he suffered too much, he would call for help. Then his friends would lay down every other occupation, and without comment or explanation concert together, and endeavor to save him and give him peace.

Should I be silent, and leave these witnesses to his pain in obscurity? Should his life with its wounds be hidden? Who, after his wife and children are gone, and I have rejoined him myself,—who will read these five hundred letters, the journal of a man of genius? I had almost forgotten these evil times; I remembered only that I once fought for a noble and brave soul. Other misfortunes had swallowed up their memory.

These letters I find eloquent, religious, loyal. Have I the right to suppress them? It would be cruel to publish them all in the present generation. I will only give extracts, to show that I keep even inside of the facts; if I reproduced the whole of the correspondence, it would read like the story of starving people in a desert. A few fragments will suffice:

"Ah! the end of the month—where shall I find the money for it? For the children must eat."

"My heart is all black."

"If you knew how dark the future, even the near future, looks! At least, let me work to the end."

"I have a series of headaches which interrupt my work very often. I am very much behindhand. Suppose I can't get done for the end of the month!"

He constantly expects to sell, has promises, is disappointed, or payment is retarded. He writes to Rousseau, who, on his part, found only indifference for, or lack of interest in, the beautiful drawings of Millet:

"How I bore you, my poor Rousseau! You are a good proof that those whose hearts are kind live the life of victims. Do not think that I am unmindful of all the trouble that I put you to, but I can't help bothering you. I seem to be under a sort of spell—Ah! I must stop. I can not and I dare not say what I think on this subject.

"I am working like a slave to get my picture done ['The Gleaners']. I am sure I don't know what will come of all the pains that I give myself. Some days I think this wretched picture has no sense. At any rate, I must have a month of quiet work on it. If only it is not too disgraceful! Headaches, big and little, have besieged me this month to such an extent that I have had scarcely a quarter of an hour of my painting time. Physically and morally I am going down-hill. You are right. Life is a sad thing, and few spots in it are places of refuge. We come to understand those who sighed for a place of refreshment, of light, and of peace. One understands what Dante makes some of his persons say, speaking of the time that they passed on earth—'*the time of my debt.*'—Well, let us hold out as long as we can."

Finally, like a last cry, he wrote these words alone: "Come! Come!"

Amidst these miseries, his head always ill, and disquiet and fear ever following him, Millet painted his most beautiful works: "The Gleaners," the "Angelus," and "Waiting." As soon as his health came back, he felt a returning interest in his peasant life.

"I am decidedly better; I have begun to work again. My projects of buying a house are for the time in abeyance. I do not want to go into an affair from which I would not know how to get out, all the more that, even if I put myself to so much inconvenience, I do not find anything exactly to my mind. I will wait. Pierre, my youngest brother, has come to Barbizon. Hunt has been here several days. Will Rousseau come? J.-F. MILLET."

The year 1856, an infernal year, did not seem to affect Millet. The more he suffered the more he withdrew into solitude to bring forth great things. He was very much interested in a type of which Barbizon gave him the best examples—the shepherd—and painted several, one a shepherd at night. Of this he said:

"Oh, how I wish I could make those who see my work feel the splendors and terrors of the night! One ought to be able to make people hear the songs, the silences and murmurings of the air. They should feel the infinite. Is there not something terrible in thinking of these lights which rise and disappear, century after century, without varying? They light both the joys and sorrows of men, and when our world goes to pieces, the beneficent sun will watch the universal desolation without pity."

Once we heard the details of a dreadful murder which had been committed in the forest.

"Horror!" cried Millet. "And he [the sun] did not stop in dismay, did not turn backward upon his course! These stars are implacable."

I do not know what Millet himself thought of his immense progress. Doubtless he must have seen that he had traversed a great space, and that in future, master of his forces, he could hold his ideal. A man like him must have seen that his thought showed itself lucid and strong. But he said nothing; and lonely in his own studio he mused on, telling little to his friends. He was sad and absorbed. His letters were few, but affectionate and full of tender melancholy. His affairs were in a bad state, and there seemed no chance of their bettering; the public of Paris was hostile, and except by a few art-lovers and exceptional merchants, he was considered the painter of the ugly, and the libeler of the country. Yet he did not alter the character of rusticity which he wished to carry to its extreme limit.

"I risk all," said he, with a shrug. "I have ventured my neck, and I am not going to give up now."

"Let no one think," he added, "that they can force me to *prettify* my types; I would rather do nothing than express myself feebly. Give me sign-boards to paint; give me yards of canvas to cover by the day, like a house-painter,—but let me imagine and execute my own work in my own way."

On this subject he was immovable.

"Yet, one sees handsome peasants, pretty country girls."

"Yes, yes; but their beauty is not in their faces—it is in the expression of their figures and their appropriate action. Your pretty peasant girls do not do well for picking up wood, gleaning in the August sun, drawing water from a well. If I am to paint a mother, I shall try to make her beautiful simply by her look at her child. Beauty is expression."

The glory of our time, the invention of 1830, every one knows now, is the splendor of modern landscape. Théodore Rousseau and Jules Dupré were the pioneers. They understood that the depth and perspective of the sky, the natural colors, the exact truth, had a right to exist. It was the revelation of a new world. And obeying this thought, they neglected, without knowing it, the presence of man. Their works were bold enough to absorb their strength, and full enough of passion to move public opinion.

Millet wished to give to man the principal *rôle*, and yet give to landscape the importance, the grandeur and truth of a creation within his creation. Until now, Millet has half feared his task. The landscape which surrounds his figures is secondary, and sometimes heavy. Except in "The Sower" and some little canvases, Millet retained the old tradition, the sacrifice of the landscape to the figure.

Now all changes. Millet has found the key. From this time on, his figures, as principal subjects, will be luminous against a luminous sky, melt and yet be accented in the same atmosphere, without artifice of effect or help of accident.

To whom did he owe this discovery? To his own profound knowledge of outdoor life. He knew so thoroughly the laws of perspective and the play of light, that his figures melted like other accessories into a universal harmony. His knowledge was so exact of how to paint a scene, in the place and with the movement familiar to him, that his exactitude became a charm. He painted the air, he fixed the light, he saw the invisible. But for that he required the best drawing, the balanced proportion of the diverse movements of the human figure, and all the aid of long-meditated knowledge. This knowledge he had acquired at the price of immense study. But, what none could teach, he had by virtue of his genius—gesture, attitude, movement in the greatest truthfulness, expression at its highest point. His aim was admirable yet dangerous. One step beyond, and the artist would have fallen into over-characterization. Millet, a man of emotion, yet also of judgment, kept his imagination in hand; and if he was not entirely satisfied with his ideal conception, he left it for months and years until it became worthy of him. But he had such a horror of weakening the type of his peasants that sometimes he went too far—though this was rare.

At the *Salon* of 1857, Millet had a picture which gave him a distinct position before the public, namely: "The Gleaners." The artists—those who had insight—were surprised at a picture finer than anything he had yet done, and admired it without reserve. They saw it had knowledge, a fine style, atmosphere, and modeling. But the critics divided into two camps. Some wished to find in it a plea against the misery of the people; others declared that these three poor women were savage beasts threatening the social order. On the art question (the only one really at stake), the judges were not less divided.

It is true that Millet was a man of his time. Himself a peasant, and used to the hard toil of the ground, he always had in his heart compassion and pity for the miserable poor of the country. He was neither socialist nor idealist, but, like all deep thinkers, he loved humanity; he suffered with its woes and longed to express them. For this, he only needed to paint the peasant at his work. In spite of himself, and without knowing it, he entered into the heart of the question. But they wronged him in imputing to him a doctrine which was repulsive to his nature, and which his conscience reproved. The critics put upon him the stigma of a vanquished partisan to the end of his life. There was no use in his repeating that he was entirely resigned to the eternal destiny of man; that his art was only a desire to formulate his sensations, to tell again what life had taught him. Such simple conscientiousness was never believed.

So Millet's life consumed itself away: work, illness, anxiety, creditors, and difficulty in getting paid even for the work he delivered. If he and I had not had youth, that great power of resistance, it would have ended tragically. Twice the idea of suicide haunted the mind of Millet.

"Suicide," he said, as if to himself, "is the act of a bad man—and then—wife, children, a fine inheritance," and Millet looked at me. Then, with a sudden impulse, he cried:

"Come, let us go and see the sunset; it will make me feel better." *

Out in the fields, at the close of day, Millet said: "See those objects which move over there in the shadow, creeping or walking. They are the spirits of the plain,—in reality, poor human creatures—a woman bent under her load of grass, another who drags herself along exhausted beneath a fagot of wood. Far off they are grand,—they balance the load on their shoulders,—the sun obscures their outlines: it is beautiful—it is mysterious." So, every time that Millet touched the earth with his foot he was strengthened and consoled:

"Sunday Morning, April, 1858.

"* * * If only this drawing could produce an impression upon Monsieur H. also; but I do not count upon that. The men who dare admire things in advance of the rest of the world are not common. * * *

"Do not imagine that I do not like the picture of Corot, 'The meadow with the ditch.' Rousseau and I, on the contrary, think the two should go together, each one having its distinct value. You have good reason to be fond of it. What struck us particularly in the *other*, was that it has the air of having been made by one who did not know how to paint, and who did it as best he could—with a wish to do it. The painting seems, in fact, to be an original discovery. They are two very beautiful things. We will talk about them; writing would be endless."

At last, he had two serious orders—an Immaculate Conception, for the private railway carriage of the Pope, and an order from the minister; but his illness made the execution very difficult.

In 1859, Millet finished his painting of "The Angelus." In this truly original picture, Millet wished to give an impression of music. He wanted the noises of the country, and even the church-bells, to sound. "Truth of expression will do it," said he. This was one of his favorite pictures; in it he revived his childhood's sensations. As day dies, two peasants, a man and a woman, hear the Angelus. They rise, stop work, and, standing bareheaded, recite, with eyes cast down, the words "*Angelus domini nuntiavit Mariae.*" The man, a true peasant of the plain, his head covered by a mass of short straight hair like a felt hat, prays silently; the woman is bent and full of devotion. Into it Millet put the whole strength of his color. When I saw it for the first time, it was almost finished. Millet said to me: "What do you think of it?"

"It is the Angelus!" I cried.

"It is, indeed. You can hear the bells." And he added: "I am contented; you understood it. It is all I ask. Then, my dear fellow, you must try to sell this picture," he said, and he sent it to me in Paris. Arthur Stevens looked at it, came back twenty times to see it, was possessed by it. He offered it to speculators and picture-buyers. Two months passed in visits and bargaining. All his clients hesitated, until a man of taste, M. Van Praet, Belgian minister, ventured on his representation to buy "The Angelus." * While Millet was finishing his "Death and the Wood-cutter," and "The Woman with a Cow," M. Letrône, who had bought four pictures five years before, sent them to auction and let them go at prices which would now make us smile. It discouraged Millet about his future pictures. His embarrassments increased; he was driven to death, and, in January, 1859, he wrote:

"It is frightful to be stripped naked before such people, not so much for one's pride, which, of course, suffers, as because it is impossible to get what we need. We have wood for only one or two days, and we do not know how to get it, as they will not give it to us without money. Next month my wife will be confined, and I have nothing. I am suffering and sad. Forgive me for telling you these things. I do not pretend to be more unfortunate than a lot of other people, but each feels his own pain. * * * If you can stir up a little those who can get me an order, I will thank you more than ever. I will only believe it when I see it. I am working on the drawings of Alfred Feydeau, whose money I beg you to send as soon as you get it, for the children cannot be without a fire. So much the worse for the end of the month!

"J.-F. MILLET."

The 20th of March brings the same difficulties and complaints. How to get him out of the bailiff's hands? Necessity is the mother of invention, and I discover an expedient. A few weeks of respite, and he finds that one of his pictures, "Death and the Wood-cutter," has been refused by the jury of the *Salon*. It was the one he had counted on, one of his most beautiful compositions, but the blow does not reach the heart. Millet has his own pride. He sees a deliberate design to hurt him in his means of livelihood, and he stiffens his back to bear injustice. He believes that a strong hand wishes to strike him down privately, and he braves

* This wretched thought came to him often, and I have seen several tragic sketches of suicides. One is very dramatic. A painter lies dead at the foot of his easel; a woman at the dreadful sight lifts her arms and seems to cry out. But between the thought and the act was a whole world which Millet would never have crossed.

* [Now in the possession of M. Wilson, Paris. —ED. S. M.]

those who take advantage of their strength and accidental power. "*Vidi praevaricantes*," he wrote on the edge of a drawing, and that was all his vengeance. He said to me: "They wish to force me into their drawing-room art, to break my spirit. No, no. I was born a peasant, and a peasant I will die. I will say what I feel. I paint things as I see them, and I will hold my ground without retreating one *sabot*; and, if necessary, I will fight for honor." And he ended, laughing, "Sensier, let us save the honor of the convent!" The rejection of "Death and the Wood-cutter" made a great noise. No one could believe Millet to be so devoid of talent as to merit such treatment. It looked like brute force. Protestations arose, and they were fierce. I will first give the words of Alexandre Dumas (Senior):

"Millet lives in the fields. He has them ever under his eye, and he renders them with great truth. Look well, and you will not find in his peasants that sickly stupidity which superficial critics or deliberate detractors choose to see, but the look of calm strength and suffering—of a being who does not realize his sufferings or their reason.

"The subjects, you say, are melancholy. Who knows if the artist does not tell a story with his brush, as we with our pens? Who knows if the artist does not write the memoirs of his own soul, and that he is not in despair himself at seeing these poor men work without any hope of calm, of repose, or of happiness? * * *"

Even the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" is indignant. Two of its advanced guard open fire—Paul Mantz and Edmond Hédouin. Mantz wrote and Hédouin engraved the picture. Millet writes, April 2d:

"I will make the drawings, as it seems to be the only present resource, and I will do them as well as I can and as much as possible from real life; but, as you say, one needs a little calm to think over one's idea until it has had time to concentrate in the mind, in order to give well its essential part. However, we will do the best we can. Try to get the other picture well hung."

He came a few days later to Paris, to see Hédouin, who began the etching of "Death and the Wood-cutter." He gave him some help and advice and left, after being assured that he should not be made a cause of anger or propaganda, and begging us to speak only of the refusal of the picture from the point of view of art, and to introduce no politics into the discussion. He returned to Barbizon when he was very ill, spat blood, and was in danger of death. All these violent emotions had their effect upon him, but his strong constitution helped him through.

"27 May, 1859.

"* * * * If you knew the trouble I have with my eyes! Ah, when will He come who will say to me, as to the other wretched cripple in the Bible, 'Arise and walk!' J.-F. MILLET."

Decamps had been living several years at Fontainebleau. He was not at all sociable. One day Millet, while at work, heard a knock at the door of his studio. A gentleman with a large beard came in and said:

"I am Decamps, the painter, and I have come to see you as to see an old acquaintance."

Millet, surprised, answered only by a silent welcome.

"Your pictures please me very much. You go to work with freshness and without fatigue. Will you show me what you are doing?"

Millet showed him all he considered worthy of Decamps, who became silent, looking at him as a suffering man looks at a happy one.

"Ah, that is good—painted as I should like to paint. You don't know what hard work it is to get rid of a bad education. I like to see painting young, vigorous, and healthy. Courbet often does some fine things, but the man lacks common sense. He will never paint a picture."

Decamps had come to see Millet almost on the sly. He had left his horse at the entrance of the village, and had gone through the gardens in order not to meet any one.

"I came to surprise you like a poacher," said he. "I don't want to see any artists. I came to see you alone."

He came back several times each year, always in this kind of half-incognito, until his death (in 1860), and always talked for hours with Millet of art and artists of his time. He would never go into Millet's house, and never asked him to come and see him at Fontainebleau. Millet considered him a very original and very clear mind in his judgments of the masters and contemporary art; but a restless man, doubtful of himself, who, under the rough outside of a cavalry officer, hid a profound weakness, straying into theories about painting and the search for means rather than an end; execution was his god. Said Millet: "I never heard him say one heart-felt word. He had cruel *bon-mots*, a crushing sarcasm, a very just criticism even about his own pictures. He suffered like a man who is always searching, and losing his way. On the whole, he had a superior mind in a suffering soul."

In spite of all his efforts, Arthur Stevens had not been able to find a buyer for either "The Wood-cutter" or "The Angelus," and months passed in abstinence. The waiting was long and cruel. At last—a memorable day—came Diaz, like the Cid. He had got six hundred francs, and he lent them to Millet. "A bad place got over," wrote Millet.

It was about this time, March, 1860, if I remember aright, that Millet signed a contract in which he pledged himself to give to M—— all the pictures and drawings which he could do in three years. He was to have a thousand francs a month. He could choose his own subject and size of canvas. The account was to be balanced at the expiration of the time fixed. Here we have Millet sure of 12,000 francs a year,—and only one purchaser. It was a great relief, and it seemed to him that Peace herself came to dwell in his house. Released from care, free in his invention, he now painted those admirable canvases which will always be the most brilliant examples of his talent, "The Sheep-shearer," "Woman Feeding her Children," "Shepherd in a Park by Moonlight," "Sheep-shearing," etc.

Millet worked happily, as if an old dream were coming true. Perhaps it was imprudent to mortgage his liberty, but his whole ambition had been merely to live by his labor, and he now had three years assured to him. He was now at liberty to undertake works of an importance, originality, and force that he could never have carried through if he had been left to himself. The year 1860 was a time of calm to him, free from little debts and the cares of the household; his frequent letters are entirely peaceful. "If it were not for my blessed headaches, I should be contented and quite happy." He re-read with pleasure Montaigne, Bernard Palissy, Olivier de Serres, and sent me extracts applicable to art. Our walks were gay, we laughed about "*bons bourgeois*," and their comments on pictures. There were moments in which Millet's words on the subject of nature were eloquent almost to inspiration. When I told him that they might be useful to us both, he would write them down hastily and send me the substance. Poussin was always his model. The character of the great Normandy painter, loyal even to severity; his pictures, all conceived with such exquisite reason; his letters, in which, perhaps alone of the old artists he knew how to formulate principles of art—made Millet love him as a tutelar genius.

Millet wrote to Thoré concerning three of his own pictures, then exhibited at Martinet's:

"In the 'Woman Going to Draw Water,' I tried to show that she was not a water-carrier, or even a servant, but a woman going to draw water for the house, for soup, for her husband and children; that she should not seem to be carrying any greater or less weight than the buckets full; that under the sort of grimace which the weight on her shoulders causes, and the closing of the eyes at the sunlight, one should see a kind of homely goodness. I have avoided (as I always do with horror) anything that can verge on the sentimental. I wanted her to do her work, good-naturedly and simply, without thinking anything about it—as if it were a part of her daily labor, the habit of her life. I wanted to show the coolness of the well, and meant that its antique form should suggest that many before her had come there to draw water.

"In the 'Woman Feeding her Children,' I wanted to suggest a nest of birds with their mother giving them food. The man [in the distance] works to feed them all.

"In the 'Sheep being Sheared,' I tried to express that sort of stupefaction which the sheep feel when they are just sheared, and the surprise of those not yet cut at seeing such denuded creatures coming among them. I tried to give to the house a look of rustic comfort, that one may imagine the yard behind green where the poplars are planted to protect the house; in fact, that the whole thing should look like an old building full of associations.

"I try not to have things look as if chance had brought them together, but as if they had a necessary bond between them. I want the people I represent to look as if they belonged to their station, and that their imagination cannot conceive of their ever being anything else. People and things should always be there with an object. I want to put strongly and completely all that is necessary, for I think things weakly said might as well not be said at all, for they are, as it were, deflowered and spoiled—but I profess the greatest horror for uselessness (however brilliant) and filling up. These things can only weaken a picture by distracting the attention toward secondary things.

"I don't know whether this is worth saying—but here it is. * * *

"The children's whooping-cough is a little better. How d'ye do from us all to you all.

"J.-F. MILLET."

Thoré wrote an article in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" on the exhibition in Brussels, in which he said:

"Till now M. Millet has only shown us small figures, though his way of painting is appropriate to great compositions. The 'Woman Sheep-shearing' is life-size, seen three-quarters in profile. * * * This simple sheep-shearer makes us think of the great works of antiquity, and at the same time of the most solid painting and best color of the Venetian school. Greek art and Giorgione—these are the two memories evoked by the original painting of this solitary worker, who will soon be classed among the masters of our time, and who perhaps opens a new era in art."

His relative rest did not prevent him from occupying himself with the war waged about

him in Paris. His keen instinct made him distinguish friends and foes. He was sure that a rude campaign was opening against him, in spite of Gérôme, who said, "He is a Jupiter in *sabots*," in spite of the best artists —Jules Dupré, Daubigny, Diaz, Delacroix, Barye, Alfred Stevens, Ricard, Daumier, Belly, Ziem, and Rousseau, always in the breach, and many others of the young school.* Méryon, who has had such success since with his etchings, had a great opinion of Millet's, and took the trouble to print some proofs in his own press, in order to study their qualities.

The *Salon* of 1861 opened at the Champs Elysées, and Millet was represented by three pictures, "A Woman Feeding her Children," "Waiting," and "The Sheep-shearer," the large picture exhibited the year before at Brussels. I was there the opening day, and I remember that with certain artists it was an enthusiastic success. Several said to me: "Millet has surpassed himself; his 'Sheep-shearer' is great, strong art, such as is no longer painted. It is like the fresco of an old Florentine." A whole battalion of the young painters declared themselves, with the vehemence of youth, as admirers of Millet. A great part of the critics were hostile, and the public passed in silence to stop before the "Phryne" and "Augurs" of Gérôme, and the beautiful landscapes of Courbet.

"Waiting," a page of Millet's filial heart, was especially attacked on all sides by caricatures, pitiless jokes, and the solemn dictum of high authorities. Yet the picture was beautiful, and spoke a language all might understand,—the home of the old parents of Tobias—a real home of poor people, living in the solitude of the country, and the loneliness of their waiting; the sun, the wood, the road,—a painted silence. The two old people are drawn with the wonderful knowledge of Millet—a strong, marked execution.

It is a beautiful picture, and yet it displeased people. Millet made no answer, except in some words to me:

"To tell the truth, I prefer the way in which M. X. has treated me to having him praise me. His long strings of empty words, his hollow praises, give me the sensation of having been made to eat pomade. I would rather be rid of him with a little venom. If I wore pumps, I might find it made the road rather heavy, but with *sabots* I think I can get out of the mire."

But all the critics did not follow this lead. Millet had defenders. Théodore Pelloquet wrote of the "Sheep-shearer":

"Here is great art, art that raises the mind. It is full of character, firmness, and grandeur; it reaches the highest style without apparent effort. One cannot find the least trace of false tricks of painting; but instead a real strength, which does not try to display itself; a large way of painting, serious and solid; a drawing full of energy, easy and graceful, which we can only accuse of an affectation toward suppressing details—an excess, in fact, of austerity. * * * "

"If I were not firm in my own ideas," said Millet to me, "if I had not some friends,—if I were alone, in fact,—I should ask myself if I were not the dupe of my imagination, if I were not a dreamer. I ask you," he added, "what can I find good or serious, for the correction of my faults, in the invectives of my critics? I look in vain for anything but noise; not one counsel which I could use. Is this the office of criticism,—merely to abuse?"

I often ask myself if I am not painting the situation in too somber colors. To control myself, I have re-read the notes taken at the time, month by month, from papers and pamphlets,—notes of real events which took place long ago; and ready as I am to modify the melancholy account, I can only admit the facts. They are a report of a police-court, in which Millet always appears as the accused,—yes, as a criminal, guilty of exciting citizens one against another. Millet felt all the cruelty of these accusations; his look showed it. It can even be seen in one of his photographs. He had never succeeded in getting one that looked like him,—he was either stiffened by the *pose*, or had a hard, fixed look, which was always exaggerated. A little photograph, made by one of our friends at Barbizon, at last seized the true moment. He is standing, full length, in *sabots*, his back to a wall, and his head raised straight and proud; the leg a little forward, like a man who balances himself exactly; his hat is in his hand, his chest out, his hair thrown back, and his eyes as if fixed on some threatening object. He wears the gray jersey of

* We have purposely omitted Corot among the partisans of Millet. Corot had personally a great liking for him, but he never understood his talent. He saw very little of him, and was not a friend. I spoke to him once of Millet: "A good heart," said he, "but his pictures are to me a new world—I don't know where I am; I am too fond of the old. I see there is great knowledge, style, depth,—but it frightens me. I like my own little music better. And, to tell the truth, I find it very difficult to like new art. It is only lately, and after having been unsympathetic for a great while, that I at last understood Eugène Delacroix, whom I now think a great man."

the country, and might be one of those enthusiastic peasants, victims of our civil wars, who, vanquished, look at death without flinching. This picture is to me Millet's whole life; he was pleased when I said: "You look like a chief of peasants about to be shot."

He was taciturn. People tried to know him because he was an eccentric; they tried to make him talk, and only succeeded in obtaining a few words of cold civility. He was confiding and talkative only with his friends; walking through the forest, which had the power of making him forget his enmities, he was often eloquent to a remarkable degree. He became enthusiastic over the majesty of the woods, the crumbling of the antediluvian rocks. He had new and original thoughts. He saw man in the past, savage man, living happily under these great branches. Then, as the sun fell, he recalled the folk-legends, and his imagination took color from the fading day. He explained the terrors of the peasant with the clearness of a seer.

"Do you not hear the witches' Sabbath over there at the end of the Bas-Bréau,—the cries of strangling children, and the laugh of convicts? Yet it is nothing but the song of night birds, and the last cry of the crows. Everything frightens when night, the unknown, succeeds light. All legends have a source of truth, and if I had a forest to paint, I would not want to remind people of emeralds, topazes, a box of jewels; but of its greennesses and its darkness, which have such power upon the heart of man. See the breaking of those great rocks, thrown there by the strength of the elements; a prehistoric deluge! It must have been fearful, grinding in its jaws a generation of men, when the great waters were upon the face of the earth, and alone the Spirit of God survived the disaster. The Bible paints it in these words: "*Et Spiritus Dei superabat super aquas.*' Poussin alone, perhaps, understood this 'end of the world.'"

For three years Millet lived in constant work, subject to the agreement of March, 1860. Though not free, he was fruitful. At the end of the contract, Millet owed his purchaser 5762 francs, which he engaged to pay in paintings. So much for his economies. Though anxious for the future on account of his growing family, at least Millet had not the troubled life of Rousseau, whose house was often a hell. At home, Millet was father and master. And when at night, after the fatigues of the day's work, he saw around him his wife and children, all glad to come and talk to him, and tell him the little tales of the village which he enjoyed so much, then he thought of nothing but his brood,—his frog-pond, as he used to call it.

The year 1862 is the date at which Millet felt himself ripe to accomplish his boldest ventures. After having proceeded with a certain amount of caution hitherto, he then showed to the world a mass of invention, a series of unexpected works in a form that no master before him had used. In 1862, he painted "Winter" and "The Crows," "Sheep-feeding," "The Wool-carder," "The Stag," "The Birth of the Calf," "The Shepherdess," and the "Man Resting on the Hoe," which raised such a hue and cry with nervous critics. If the series of works made during this curious year were brought together, it would be said that their author must have elaborated them in the most quiet spirit. They all are the wholesome, robust offspring of Millet's genius. Yet peace had not come for him. He was destined never to have rest except in that "place of refreshment" which he foresaw as the end of all his struggles. In our letters of this time, it will not be surprising to see the name of Rousseau constantly recurring. The friendship which united them is well known, and also the energy which Rousseau displayed to help Millet, and make his talent accepted. Rousseau was a brave and convinced friend, and he had a great share in causing Millet's infrequent gleams of good fortune.

November had always been a black month for Millet, the one in which all his misfortunes happened, and this year had in store for him a tragedy, which he will tell in his own words. It is about a friend of Rousseau, who had been staying there.

"BARBIZON, 18th Nov., 1862.

"The wretched Vallardi has killed himself! Yesterday, about eight, Louis Fouché came hastily into my studio, into which I had just come, and said, trembling, that he had just gone into Vallardi's room at Rousseau's, to rub him as usual; he had called him as he always did, and Vallardi did not answer; then he put his head in the room, and saw him on his bed covered with blood; he had not dared look any more, and had come to tell me. Imagine what a shock it was to me. I ran there instantly with Luniot, whom we met on the way, and we saw the unfortunate fellow drowned in blood and seeming quite dead.

"How and why had he killed himself? I looked around, and saw on the little table by his bed a pair of scissors covered with blood, with which he must have struck himself. * * *

"Nov. 20th, BARBIZON.

"I cannot get over the frightful impression of death under such dreadful conditions. The wretched fellow did not suffer greatly; he was only unhappy because he had not enough income. He would not endure poverty. 'Poverty!'—why he had not even seen it in the distance! Unmarried, alone, with a little fortune, Rousseau, and other friends besides in

Paris. He never knew that fearful thing and all that comes with it. * * *

"The grotesque is mixed with everything, even death. * * * He really died for fear of dying in poverty! * * * His Paris friends said so. * * * It is by a miracle that he did not set fire to the house—the candle had fallen against the curtains. And Rousseau's studio just above, with all his drawings, sketches, and finished canvases! * * * Come Sunday, I need a little cheering. I have never experienced anything like this. How heavy is the atmosphere of suicide! I am surrounded by an endless nightmare. I am more than distressed. Come. J.-F. M."

For many days Vallardi's violent death, and the sight of blood and voluntary self-torture, were a horror from which Millet could not escape. At last, as if in a fever, he fixed the terrible vision in tangible shape. He drew the unhappy suicide on his death-bed. When I saw him three days later, he showed me the object of which his memory had kept a fearful remembrance—a picture of blood, rage, and despair; and everywhere the bloody hand-mark on the walls, and even on the window; horrible, but full of strength and truth.

We have hidden many details of this year of labor and emotions—many a confidence which we keep for our own hearts. We are silent over his most intimate sufferings. We only wished to show him at home and let him paint his own portrait. We will return to his public life as an artist.

The great struggles are not finished. The *Salon!* Here we always find Millet torn between the indifference or the stupid surprise of the public, the fury or sympathy of the critics. He had little taste for the official exhibition—a big counter at which all is seen, judged, and sold with the alacrity of a stall in the fish-market; where many a critic praises or blames without a blush, trying most of all to say something clever or funny.

But none the less was it for Millet a torture-chamber. He found his pictures out of their element, and lost in a world which did not speak the same language. The new painting only raised a feeling of curiosity in him, and he said to a friend: "I wish I could make artists paint with more meditation, and critics write with less self-sufficiency. I would like the *Salon* closed for five years, and at the end of that time each artist be allowed only to send one nude figure, which should have no meaning. You would then see how many clever fellows would withdraw from competition, and how much want of knowledge is our modern disease."

Understanding well enough his own danger, Millet sent to the *Salon* of 1863 three pictures, one of which was an audacious venture: "A Peasant Leaning on his *houe*," "A Woman Carding Wool," and "A Shepherd Bringing Home his Sheep." Having received a second-class medal in 1853, he could outrage the jury with impunity. The first, he well knew, would never have been hung by them. Apropos of this wretched peasant, whose tragic and sinister figure displeased the delicate and timid, a furious battle raged. Shall I reprint the bitter words? No. Passions were greatly excited, and even the gentlest, Théophile Gautier, for instance, became ferocious. Paul de Saint Victor was not less hot, but Millet was bravely defended by Pelloquet and others, and the battle ended in a sonnet in the "Nain Jaune," to Millet and his peasant.

During the struggle, Millet took refuge in his studio, which looked like a barn, and for friends had a couple of casts from the antique, a few dried branches hung against the wall, and the sky, which could be seen through the higher panes of his window.

In the evening, leaning on the wall of his garden, he gave himself up to long, silent meditation, watching the setting sun flood the woods and plains with its flaming vapors; then he would go back to his family, strengthened in his belief, and saying to himself: "There lies the truth. Let us fight for it." In one of these moments he wrote a sort of confession of faith to me:

"The gossip about my 'Man with a *houe*' seemed to me all very strange, and I am obliged to you for letting me know it, as it furnishes me with another opportunity to wonder at the ideas which people attribute to me. In what club have my critics ever met me? Socialist? Why, I really might answer, like the Auvergnat commissionaire: 'They say I'm a Saint-Simonist. It isn't true. I don't know what it is.'

"Is it impossible to admit that one can have some sort of an idea in seeing a man devoted to gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow. Some tell me that I deny the charms of the country. I find much more than charms. I find infinite glories. I see as well as they do the little flowers of which Christ said that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. I see the halos of dandelions, and the sun, which spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds. But I see as well, in the plain, the steaming horses at work, and in a rocky place a man, all worn out, whose '*han!*' you have heard since morning, and who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. The drama is surrounded by beauty.

"It is not my invention. This 'cry of the ground' has been heard long ago. My critics are men of taste and education, but I cannot put myself in their shoes, and as I have never seen anything but fields since I was born, I try to say as best I can

what I saw and felt when I was at work. Those who want to do better have, I'm sure, full chance.

"I stop, for you know how garrulous I become when I begin this subject. But I would like to say how flattered I felt by the articles you sent me. If you happen to know the authors, tell them of the pleasure I took in them. * * *

"J.-F. MILLET."

Soon after this letter, Millet wrote a letter to Pelloquet apropos of articles published in "L'Exposition." Pelloquet had it printed in the "Moniteur du Calvados," and I will give it at length. We can see Millet's opinion on art, and the virility of his mind.

"BARBIZON, June 2d, 1863.

"MONSIEUR: I am very much pleased at the manner in which you speak of my pictures at the Exhibition. The pleasure is especially great because of your manner of speaking of art in general. You belong to the very small number of persons who believe (alas for those who do not believe it) that all art is a language, and that a language is made to express thoughts. Say it, and say it over again! Perhaps it will make some one reflect. If more people believed it, we would not see so much aimless writing and painting. It is called skillful, and those who make a business of it are greatly praised. But truly, and if, in fact, it is real skill, should it not be employed only to accomplish good work, and then hide itself modestly behind the work? Should skill open a shop on its own account? I have read—I don't know where—'Woe to the artist who shows his talent before his work.' It would be very absurd if the wrist took precedence of the brain. I do not remember, word for word, what Poussin says in one of his letters about the trembling of his hand, at a time when his head was in good working order, but this is about the gist of it: And although it (the hand) is weak, yet it must still be the servant of the other, etc. Once more, if more people believed as you do, they would not so resolutely devote themselves to flattering bad taste and evil passions for their own profit and without care for right; as Montaigne says so well, instead of naturalizing art they artificialize nature.

"I would be glad of a chance of talking with you, but as that is not possible, at any rate at present, I will try, at the risk of boring you, to tell you some things which are to me matters of faith, and which I would like to express in my work:

"That things should not look as if they were brought together by accident and for the moment, but that they should have among each other an innate and necessary connection. I want the people I paint to look as if they were dedicated to their situation—that it would be impossible for them to ever think of being anything but what they are. A work should be all of a piece, and people and things should be there for an end. I wish to put strongly and fully all that is necessary, so much so that I think things weakly said had better not be said at all, because they are, in a manner, deflowered and spoiled; but I profess the greatest horror of uselessness (however brilliant) and filling up. Such things can have no result but to take off the attention and weaken the whole.*

"It is not so much the objects represented as the desire of the artist to represent them, and this desire creates the degree of power with which he has executed his work. One can say that everything is beautiful in its own time and place, and on the other hand, that nothing is beautiful which comes at the wrong time.

"Let us have no weakening of character; let Apollo be Apollo, and Socrates be Socrates. Do not combine the two—they would both lose by it. Which is the handsomer, a straight tree or a crooked tree? The one that is in its place. I therefore conclude that the beautiful is the suitable.

"This might be infinitely developed and proved by endless examples. Understand that I do not speak of absolute beauty, for I do not know what it is, and it seems to me only a tremendous joke. I think people who think and talk about it do so because they have no eyes for natural objects; they are stultified in 'finished art,' and think nature not rich enough to furnish all needs. Good people, they poetize instead of being poets. Characterize! that is the object. Vasari says that Baccio Bandinelli made a figure to represent Eve, but getting further in his work, he found that his figure was a little thin in the flank for an Eve. He simply gave her the attributes of Ceres, and the Eve became a Ceres. We may admit that, as Bandinelli was a clever man, there must have been some bits of superb modeling in the figure, and great knowledge, but nevertheless it had no determined character and was a most miserable work. It was neither fish nor flesh.

Excuse me for having spoken at such length, and perhaps to so little purpose, and let me add that if you should be wandering in the neighborhood of Barbizon, you would favor me by stopping a moment at my house. J.-F. MILLET."

When the *Salon* of 1863 closed, Millet felt that with it had ended a theatrical representation in which he had unwillingly played the part of a too prominent actor. He returned to his drawings—compositions of rustic scenes. "I never can paint all I want to," he said to me. "My life would not be long enough, and I must express, by some quicker and less complicated methods, all the subjects which remain in my mind from my own home, and from the part of the country in which I live. The drawings, indeed, are my only resource. Since picture-lovers despise my paintings, I must try to find for these summary compositions people who will understand me and who can buy them."

Some one proposed that he should do some religious pictures which could be photographed for sale. He thereupon drew the "Flight into Egypt" twice, full of mystery and rustic kindliness. Saint Joseph was seen carrying the infant Christ in his arms, like a precious treasure; the black night was only lighted by the halo around the child,—a beautiful thought, which Millet rendered like an early master. He also made a "Christ Rising from the Tomb." In this drawing Christ, glorified, springs toward

* [The reader will notice that the immediately preceding important statement of the artist's views has already been made in a letter to Thoré.—ED. S. M.]

heaven as if shot from a mortar, the guards, blinded, frightened, throw themselves on the ground, while the God-man, calm and powerful, finishes his earthly *rôle* in a dizzying upward flight. The invention was superb and new.

(To be continued.)

FOUR LETTERS.

(INSCRIBED TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.)

[In an old almanac of the year 1809, against the date August 29, there is this record, "Son b." The sand that was thrown upon the fresh ink seventy years ago can still be seen upon the page.]

FOUR letters on a yellow page!
We read the story quaintly told—
A son is born! What August day
So lavish of its gold!

Thy son! O young sire, hadst thou known
What now the wide world knows of him,
How had thy great soul thrilled with joy,
How had thine eyes grown dim!

Couldst thou, through all the swift, bright years,
Have looked, with glad, far-reaching gaze,
And seen him as he stands to-day,
Crowned with unfading bays—

While Love's red roses at his feet
Pour all their wealth of rare perfume,
And Truth's white lilies, pure as snow,
His lofty way illume—

How had thy heart's strong throbbings shook
The eager pen, the firm right hand,
That threw upon this record quaint
These grains of glittering sand!

O irony of Time and Fate!
That saves and loses, makes and mars,
Keeps the small dust upon the scales,
And blotteth out the stars!

Kingdoms and thrones have passed away;
Conquerors have fallen, empires died,
And countless sons of men gone down
Beneath War's crimson tide.

The whole wide earth has changed its face;
Nations clasp hands across the seas;
They speak, and winds and waves repeat
The mighty symphonies.

Mountains have bowed their haughty crests,
And opened wide their ponderous doors;
The sea has gathered in its dead,
Love-wept on alien shores.

Proud cities, wrapped in fire and flame,
Have challenged all the slumbering land;
Yet neither Time nor Change have touched
These few bright grains of sand!

HUNTING THE HONEY-BEE.

THE PURITAN HOUSEWIFE.

THE honey-bee came to America with civilization,—probably with the Pilgrims, for such industrious and thrifty little people, withal so warlike upon occasion, and sometimes without, were likely to find favor with the pious fathers, who themselves possessed and valued these traits, and, after getting some foothold in their new home, would have had brought over in some small tub of a ship, tossed and buffeted across the wintry seas, a hive or two of real English bees.

How the home feeling came back to the Puritan housewife when the little house of straw, built in England, was duly set on its bench, and in the first warm days of the early spring its inmates awoke to find themselves in a wild, strange land, and buzzed forth to experiment on the sap of the maple logs in the wood-pile. How sweet to her home-sick heart their familiar drowsy hum, and how sad the memories they awakened of the fields of daisies and violets and blooming hedgerows in the loved England never to be seen again.

There was rejoicing in the straw house when the willow catkins in the swamp and along the brook-sides turned from silver to gold, and a happy bee must she have been who first found the arbutus in its hiding-place among the dead leaves, and the clusters of liverwort nodding above their purple-green leaves in the April wind, and the light drift of shad-blows that gleamed in the gray woods. Here were treasures worth forsaking even England to gather.

Later she found the columbine, drooping over the ledge, heavy with sweets unattainable, and was fooled with the empty chalice of the bath-flower and with violets, blue as those of her own home, but scentless as spring-water.

Catching the spirit of their masters, some of the bees set their light sails and ventured far into the great, mysterious forest, and, founding colonies in hollow trees, began a life of independence. Their hoarded sweets became known to the bears and the Indians, no one knows how, or to which first. Perhaps the first swarm that flew wild hived itself inside a tree which was the winter home of a bear, who, climbing to his retreat when the first snows had powdered the green of the hemlocks and the russet floor of the woods, and backing down to his nest, found his way impeded by shelves of comb, filled with luscious sweetness the like of which no New England bear had ever before tasted—something to make his paws more savory sucking through the long months. Then the Indian, tracing him to his lair, secured a double prize—a fat bear, and something sweeter than maple sap or sugar. There is a tradition that an Indian wizard was feasted on bread and honey, and strong water sweetened with honey, by the wife of a Puritan magistrate, to the great satisfaction of the inner red man; and learning whence the lucent syrup came, he told the bees such tales of the flowers of the forest, blooming from the sunny days of mid-April till into the depth of winter (for he bethought him that the sapless yellow blossoms of his own witch-hazel would in some sort bear out his word), that all the young swarms betook themselves to the wild woods and made their home therein. Another legend is that the wizard, in some way learning the secret of the bees, took on the semblance of their queen, and led a swarm into the woods, where he established it in a hollow tree, and so began the generation of wild bees.

However it came about, swarms of bees now and then lapsed into the primitive ways of life that their remote ancestors held, and have continued to do so down to these times, and will, when the freak takes them, utterly refuse to be charmed or terrified into abiding with their owners by any banging of pans or blowing of horns.

No one knows who our first bee-hunter was, whether black bear, red Indian, or white hunter, but the bear or the Indian was likeliest to become such. Bruin's keen nose was his guide to the prize, the Indian's sharp eyes and woodcraft his, and the white man improved on the primitive ways by the invention of the bee-box and the science of cross-lining.

Bee-trees are sometimes found by accident, as when the bees, having been beguiled untimely forth by the warmth of the February or March sunbeams, are benumbed on exposure to the chill outer air and fall helpless and conspicuous on the snow at the tree's foot; or when in more genial days the in-going or out-coming of the busy inmates betrays their home to some hunter of larger game, or searcher for a particular kind or fashion of a timber tree. Well do I remember how Uncle Key, veteran of our then last war, first master of our post-office, and most obliging (*not* "gentlemanly and efficient") of station-agents, discovered a great bee-tree on the side of the "New Road" as it truly was then, and as it is and always will be called, I suppose, though its venerable projectors have long been laid to rest. Alert to profit by his discovery, Uncle Key called to his aid a couple of stout fellows, and with axes and vessels to hold a hundredweight or more of honey, he went to reap his reward. The tree was a monster; what an ocean of honey it might hold! There was no way in which it could be felled but right across the road, and there at last it lay, after much sweating of brows and lusty plying of axes—a barrier impassable to teams, athwart the commonwealth's highway, and nothing in it but a nest of yellow-jackets! Another who suffered a like disappointment and a cruel stinging to boot, when asked, by one aware of the facts, "if he had got much honey," answered, as he rubbed open his swollen eyelids: "No, we didn't git much honey, but we broke up their cussed haunt." There was a degree of consolation in this.

I do not like the bee-hunter as a bee-hunter, for he is a ruthless and lawless slayer of old trees. I cherish an abiding hatred of one who cut the last of the great buttonwoods on Sungahnee's bank. Think of his lopping down a tree whose broad leaves had dotted with shadow the passing canoes of Abenakis, in whose wide shade salmon swam and wild swans preened their snowy plumage in the old days,—and for a paltry pailful of honey! I hope the price of his ill-gotten spoils burned his fingers and his pocket, and was spent to no purpose, that the honey he ate turned to acid in his maw and vexed his interior with gripes

EARLY NEW ENGLAND BEE-HUNTERS.

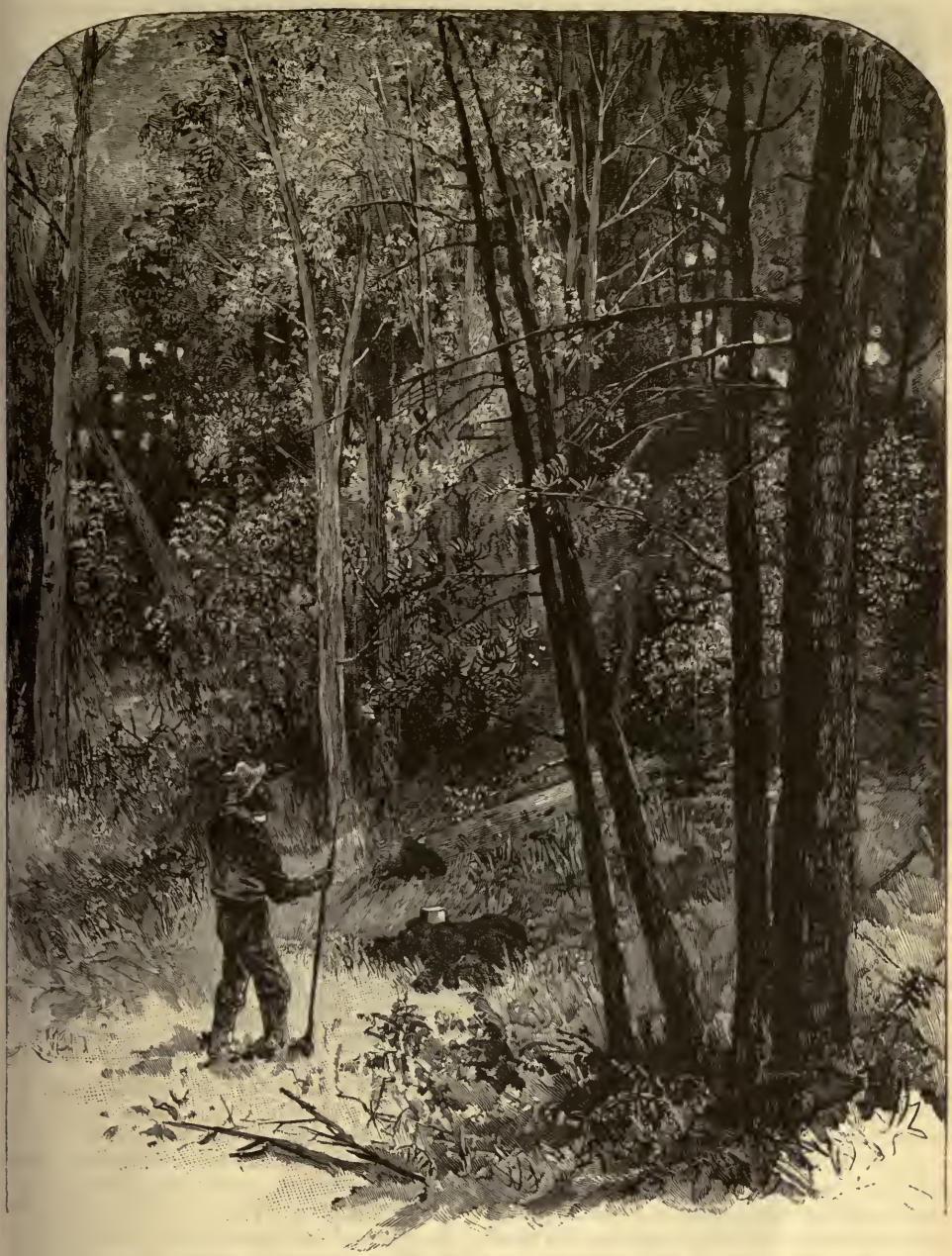
nd colic; and I wish the bleaching bones f the murdered tree might arise nightly nd confront him as a fearful ghost. Its oots were not in my soil, but its lordly ranches grew in the free air which is as nuch mine as any man's, and when they vere laid low I was done a grievous and irrep- rable wrong. A good and thoughtful man as such a tender feeling for trees and the ights of other men that he will think twice efore he cuts even a sapling for his real need. abhor those murdering fellows who think no more of taking the life of a tree a century or two old than they would of killing a man.

Nevertheless, I have good friends who are bee-hunters, chief among them one who knows enough of nature's secrets to make the reputation of two or three naturalists. The successful issue of a bee-hunt gives the toil a veritable sweetening, but I think my friend is successful even when unsuccessful, and that there is something sweeter to him in the quest than in the finding of a well-filled bee-tree.

THE INDIAN WIZARD AND THE BEE.

Our bee-hunter chooses August and September for his labor, or pastime, whichever it may be called, and he can hardly find a pleasanter day for it than one of those which August sometimes brings us in its later weeks—days that give us a foretaste of September's best, but are fuller of blossoms than they will be, though there are not enough flowers in the woods to keep the wild bees busy there. The sky is of purest blue, and across it a few clear-edged clouds, fleeces of silver and pearl, slowly drift before a fresh northerly breeze, and their swifter shadows drift across the ripening landscape —now darkening the green of meadow and pasture land, now the yellow of the stubble fields, and now flooding the light and shade of the woods with universal shadow. There is a wholesome coolness in the shade, and not too fervent warmth in the sunshine for one to bask comfortably therein if he will. The bee-hunter is burdened with but few implements in his chase: first of all, a "bee-box," six inches or so in length and a little less in width and height, with a hinged lid in which is set a small square of glass; midway between this and the bottom is a slide dividing the box into two compartments, the lower one holding a piece of honey-comb partly filled when in use with a thin syrup of white sugar and water; then an ax, or, perhaps, no larger cutting tool than a jack-knife; sometimes a compass, and, if he be of a feeding turn of stomach, a dinner-pail. So equipped, he takes the field, seeking his small quarry along wood-side meadow fences, whose stakes and top rails alone show above a flowery tangle of golden-rod, asters, and willow herb; in pastures that border the woods, dotted with these and thorny clumps of bull-thistles and the dark-green sedge and wild grass of the swales, overtopped by the dull white blossoms of boneset, pierced by clustered purple spikes of vervain, and here and there ablaze with the fire of the cardinal-flower.

Carefully looking over the flowers as he goes slowly along, among the bumble-bees and wasps that are gathering from them their slender stores or present food his quick eye discovers a honey-bee alight on the upright tassel of a thistle, or sucking a medicated sweet from the bitter flower o



ON THE BEE-LINE.

the boneset, or stealing the fairy's draught from the little tankard of the wild balsam, or working a placer of golden-rod, or exploring a constellation of asters; and stealthily slipping the open box under her, he claps the cover down, and has her a fast prisoner. Now he darkens her cell by covering the glass with his hand till she has buzzed away her wrath and astonishment and settles on the bit of comb which, before catching her, the hunter had placed on the slide. Seeing through the little sky-light that she is making the best of the situation and is contentedly filling herself with the plentiful

BOXING A BEE.

fare provided, he sets the box on a stump, bowlder, or fence (if either be at hand—if not, he drives a triple-forked stake, or piles a few "chunks" for the purpose), and, opening the lid, sits or stands at a little distance, awaiting the out-coming of the bee.

This takes place in five minutes or so, when, having freighted herself, she takes wing and rises a few feet, circles rapidly till she has her bearings, and then sails swiftly homeward. What compass does she carry in her little head to guide her so truly? The hunter takes no great pains to get her course this first trip. He places the comb on the closed lid of the box, replenishes its cells from a vial of syrup, lights his pipe, and disposes himself comfortably to watch the return of his sometime captive. The length of time he has to wait for this depends partly on the distance the bee has to go and partly on the wealth of her swarm, the members of a swarm with a scanty store of honey working faster than those of a rich one.

But soon or late she comes humming back, and, beating about a little, finds the lure and settles upon it, fills herself, rises, circles, and is away again. Now the hunter tries his best to catch her course, and it needs a quick and practiced eye to follow the brown speck as it gyrates wildly overhead for a moment and then darts away on the "bee-line," straight and swift as an arrow. Sometimes he gets rid of the uncomfortable twisting of the neck which such rapid eye-following requires when sitting or standing, by lying on his back near the box.

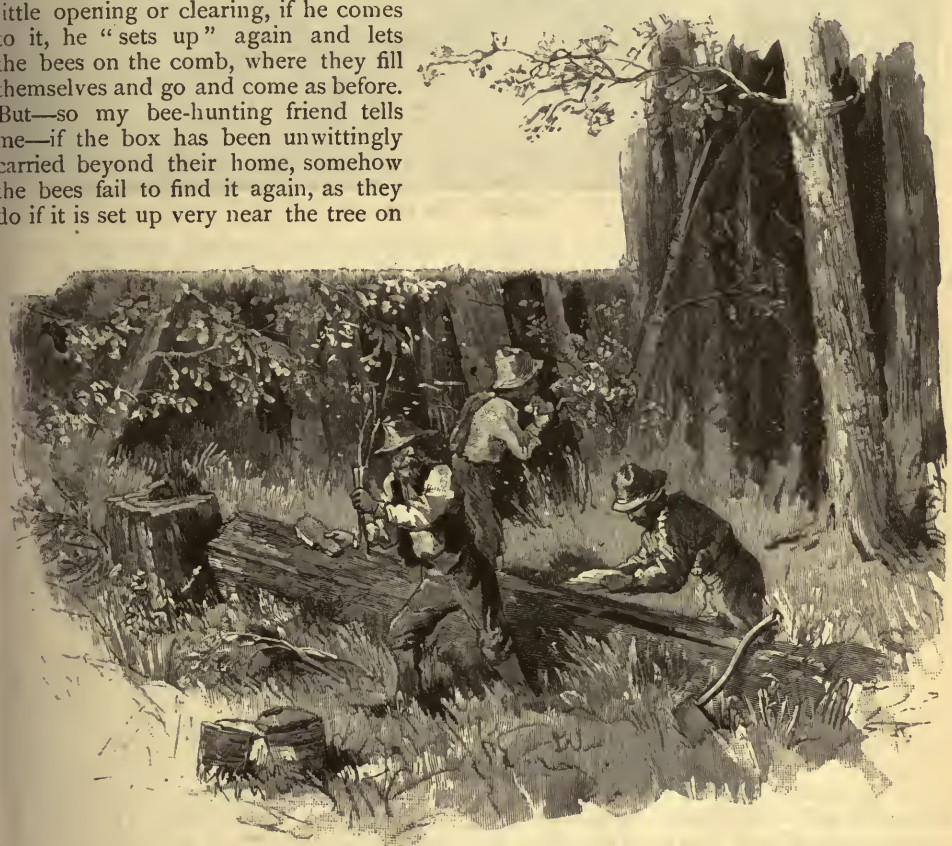
The bee has told her people of the easily gotten nectar, and, when next returning, brings a companion with her, and at each return perhaps another, till, may be, a dozen are busy about the comb, and, as each flies homeward, the hunter strives to get its line of flight. Having this line pretty well established, if their journeys are evidently short he follows it into the wood, and perhaps has the luck of finding the tree in a few minutes.

Our bee-hunter has no helpful bird, as the African bee-hunter has, to lead him by voice and flight to the hidden sweets, but must depend altogether on his own sharp eyes and skill. He takes little note of anything unconnected with his quest as he pushes through the brushwood and briers, and tramples the ferns under foot. The pack of half-grown grouse that go whirring away from his very feet may startle him with the suddenness of their uprising, but further than this he notices them as little as he does the jays that scold him or the squirrels that jeer at him, but holds right onward, his eye climbing every tree on the line that gives sign of hollow-heartedness, searching every foot of its length for the knot-hole, woodpecker's boring, or crevice which may be the gate of the bee's castle. Finding this, he takes formal possession by right of discovery, and hoists his flag on the walls, or, to be more exact, carves his initials on the bark.

If the bees are long in going and coming, he removes the comb to the bottom of the box, and, when some of the bees have settled on it, closes the lid. Then he jars the box till the bees rise to the top, when he

shuts them off from the comb by closing the slide. This is to prevent them from besmearing themselves with the syrup while being "moved up on the line," which is now to be done.

The hunter strikes into the woods at a smart pace, but carefully keeping his course and nursing his box tenderly under his arm. So going for twenty, thirty, forty, or more rods, but not too far, in some convenient little opening or clearing, if he comes to it, he "sets up" again and lets the bees on the comb, where they fill themselves and go and come as before. But—so my bee-hunting friend tells me—if the box has been unwittingly carried beyond their home, somehow the bees fail to find it again, as they do if it is set up very near the tree on the side it was approached on. In the last case they probably overfly it, but both failures seem strange in such wise little folk.



TAKING UP A BEE-TREE.

"Cross-lining" is done by setting up at some little distance from the line already established, and getting a new one. Where this intersects the old, there, of course, the bee-tree is, but it is not the easiest thing in the world to find even then, for there may be a dozen trees about this not very well defined point, each of which is likely enough, as looks go, to be the particular one.

A couple of our bee-hunters had looked long for a tree on their line when one of them, backing up against a great basswood to rest, was stung midway between his head and his heels, that part of his person happening to block the entrance, so low that it had been overlooked, to what proved to be an eighty-pound bee-tree. My particular bee-hunter was puzzled by a swarm this season which he found at last in a fallen tree, and so was saved the labor of much chopping.

Like other mortals, the bee-hunter has his disappointments, as when the bees that he has lined through woods and across fields for a whole day, perhaps, or even longer, lead him at last to the sheltered hives of some farm-house; or more than this, when, having found his tree and put his mark upon it, he goes at the first opportunity to cut it and finds that he has been forestalled by some freebooter, who has left him only the fallen tree, some fragments of empty comb, and the forlorn survivors of the harried swarm.

When the stronghold of the bees is

WATCHING THE BEE.

sapped by the hunter's ax and topples down, in many cases the garrison appears to be so overwhelmed by the calamity as to offer little or no resistance; but often the doughty little amazons fight so bravely for home and honey, that their assailants are obliged to smother them with a "smudge" of dead leaves or straw before they can secure their booty.

The honey of the woods, though apt to be somewhat dirty, from the manner in which it is obtained, is thought by many to be better than the honey of the hives. I never knew one who loved the woods much that did not find wild meat more toothsome than tame; and such may easily believe that this honey holds something of the aroma of the wild flowers from which it is so largely gathered, and has caught a woodsy flavor from its wild surroundings.

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* II.

CHAPTER V.

THE REVOLT AND THE PUNISHMENT OF THE STRELTSI.

As soon as he arrived in Moscow, Peter threw himself with feverish haste into the investigation of what had been the cause of his sudden return—the revolt of the Streltsi regiments.

Ever since the downfall of Sophia, the Streltsi had had abundant reasons for complaint. They had passed long terms of service on the southern frontier, taking them away from their wives and families, and from their business affairs, for we must not forget that the Streltsi were more in the nature of a national guard or militia than of a regular army,—living at home, and in ordinary times carrying on occupations of peace. They had been treated with distrust, and even with something like contempt by Peter; in his sham-fights the Streltsi had always formed the enemy's troops, and had always been defeated, and were thus placed in opposition to the regular soldiery, and to the play-troops of Peter. At the two sieges of Azof they had suffered much; they had lost many men in the assaults; they had endured many privations on the march; and they had been severely punished for want of discipline. All of this they ascribed to the influence of the foreigners. Seeing how the Tsar protected and encouraged foreigners, how he enjoyed their society, and how he had almost transferred his capital to the German suburb, their hatred was very natural. After the siege of Azof, four regiments were left there for the protection of the colony. When Peter was in Brandenburg, and received news of the double election to the Polish throne, and of the possibility that the Prince de Conti might make an attempt to employ force, he, in order to

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be ready to assist King Augustus, ordered to the Polish frontier an army composed partly of Streltsi and partly of levies in the old Russian style—that is, retainers of the great noblemen. For this purpose, instead of sending to the frontier the Streltsi then in Moscow, six regiments were sent from there to Azof, and the four regiments already at Azof were ordered to the frontier. These men had been a long time at Azof engaged in severe labor,—building fortifications,—they had a long march, and they were not even allowed to pass through Moscow, much less to halt there for a short time to see their wives and families. Some of them resolved to return to Moscow at any cost. There were gradual desertions from the army, and in the latter part of March one hundred and fifty-five runaways appeared in Moscow, with petitions that they should all be allowed to return, as they were suffering from want of provisions and want of pay. This sudden arrival threw the boyárs into consternation, and the deserters were ordered to leave Moscow by the 13th of April and rejoin their regiments. At the conclusion of their respite, the Streltsi, instead of going away, came in a noisy crowd to their department and demanded to be allowed to present their case. Prince Troekúrof agreed to receive four deputies, but no sooner had they begun to speak than, with the political unwisdom so characteristic of the hasty-tempered boyárs of that time, he commenced abusing and scolding them, and had them arrested. On their way to prison they were rescued by their comrades, and it became necessary to expel them from the town. In the conflict one man was killed, and another was arrested and sent to Siberia.

The Streltsi returned to Toropétz, where the army was then encamped, bringing not only their complaints, but strange reports of what they had heard and seen at Moscow. They had found what all Russians had so long hated,—a government of boyárs, accompanied with extortion, bribery, injustice, and misrule.* The Tsar was away, and it was said that he had become entirely German, that he had abandoned the orthodox faith, that the country was to be given up to the foreigners, and that for true Russians there was no hope. For weeks nothing had been heard from the Tsar, and the alarm which was evident among the rulers and among Peter's friends, as shown by the letters of Vinius and Ramodanófsky, easily spread, with exaggerations, to the common people. It was reported that the Tsar was dead, that the life of the Tsarévitch was in danger, that the ears of the Tsaritsa had been boxed by the boyárs, that the princesses were almost starved and had to ask aid of their friends, and that the boyár Tíkhon Stréshnef desired to make himself Tsar. The reports of these deserters had sufficiently excited the minds of their comrades, when a decree arrived dispersing the army, but ordering the Streltsi, instead of returning to Moscow, to take up their quarters in the towns of Viázma, Biélaya, Rzhef, Volodomíroro, and Dorogobúzh, while the deserters were to be sent into exile, with their wives and children, on the frontier of Little Russia. Neither Prince Michael Ramodanófsky, the general-in-chief, nor their colonels, could restrain the riotous disposition of the Streltsi. Those who had been already arrested were released by their comrades, and the deserters easily succeeded in concealing themselves among the different regiments, sure of protection. Their surrender was refused, and finally, after some halts and hesitations, the Streltsi began to march toward Moscow. The news of their approach excited a general panic, well-to-do people began to leave the capital, and the Government was at its wits' end. Fears were entertained of an insurrection of the serfs and common people, and there were disputes among the boyárs as to the proper measures to be taken. At last it was decided to send against them the boyár Shéïn, General Gordon, and Prince Koltsóf-Massálsky, with four thousand regular soldiers and twenty-five cannon. The troops came up with the rioters at the village of Vozkresénsky, about thirty miles northwest of Moscow, where the Patriarch Nikon had established his still celebrated monastery of the New Jerusalem, and while Shéïn was engaged in negotiations and in receiving the complaints of the rioters, Gordon, after taking up a commanding position, gradually surrounded the camp of the Streltsi with his troops. General Gordon was himself sent to the camp of the Streltsi, and, as he says, "used all the rhetoric I was master of, but all in vain." The foreigner having failed, a Russian, Prince Koltsóf-Massálsky, then undertook to persuade the rioters to submit. He had no better success, but, as a final epitome of their complaints and griefs, the sergeant Zorin gave

* According to Guarient, the Austrian embassador, this charge was only too true.

him a draft of an unfinished petition, which recited "the faithful services of themselves, their fathers, and their ancestors to the Tsars according to the common Christian faith; that they had always intended to keep to orthodoxy, as prescribed by the holy Apostolic Church; * * that they had been ordered to serve in different towns for a year at a time, and that, when they were in front of Azof, by the device of a heretic and foreigner, Fransko Lefort, in order to cause great harm to orthodoxy, he, Fransko, had led the Moscow Streltsi under the wall at a wrong time, and, by putting them in the most dangerous and bloody places, many of them had been killed; that by his device a mine had been made under the trenches, and that by this mine he had also killed three hundred men and more." With much other complaining about the losses they had met with at Azof, the hard service which they had endured ever since, and the bad treatment they had to suffer from their generals, the petition concluded by saying that "they had heard that in Moscow there is great terror, and for that reason the town is shut up early, and only opened at the second or third hour of the following day, that the whole people are suffering great insolence, and that they had heard that Germans are coming to Moscow who have their beards shaved, and publicly smoke tobacco, to the discredit of orthodoxy." It was, of course, impossible for Shéïn to comply with Zorin's request that a paper which, in disguise of a petition, was an attack on the favorite of the Tsar, on the Tsar himself, and on all his ideas, should be read publicly before the army. The Streltsi showing no signs of giving in, twenty-five cannon were fired over their heads. Encouraged, rather than discouraged, by this, the Streltsi beat their drums and waved their banners, the priests chanted prayers, and they advanced to attack the troops. A few more rounds were fired, and the Streltsi dispersed in all directions and sought refuge in the houses and barns of the village, after losing fifteen killed and thirty-seven wounded. The whole affair occupied about an hour. Those who ran away were caught. An investigation was immediately made by Shéïn, accompanied by torture and torment, 130 men were executed, and 1860 imprisoned in various monasteries and strongholds.

On the way home from Vienna, Peter had received letters from Gordon and others, telling him of Shéïn's victory, and of the punishment meted out to the rebellious. Vinius wrote:

> "Not one got away; the worst of them were sent on the road to the dark life with news of their brethren to those already there, who, I think, are imprisoned in a special place; for Satan, I imagine, fears lest they may get up a rebellion in hell, and drive him out of his realms."

When Peter came to learn the details of the revolt, and the proceedings of the trial of the ringleaders, he was dissatisfied. Two questions disturbed his mind, and on neither of them was there thrown any light: How far was Sophia implicated in this disturbance? and had there been any plot against his life on the part of the dissatisfied members of the nobility? To satisfy himself on these points, he had all those Streltsi who were kept under guard in the prisons and monasteries brought in batches to Preobrazhénsky, where he instituted a criminal investigation on a tremendous scale. A criminal investigation at that time meant the application of torture to obtain confessions, and he established fourteen torture chambers, which were presided over by the Russians he had most confidence in for that sort of work.* In these chambers about twenty men were examined daily, except Sunday. The Tsar was himself present at the torture, and personally questioned those who seemed most criminal. Torture at that time in Russia was, as it had long been, of three kinds—the *batógs*, the knout, and fire. In the administration of the *batógs*, a man was held down by two persons, one at his head and the other at his feet, who struck at his bare back in turn with *batógs*,—little rods of the thickness of the finger,—"keeping time as smiths do at an anvil until their rods are broken in pieces, and then they take fresh ones until ordered to stop." "The knout is a thick, hard thong of leather of about three feet and a half long, with a ring or kind of swivel like a flail at the end of it, to which the thong is fastened." The executioner strikes the criminal "so many strokes on the bare back as are appointed by the judge, first making a step back and giving a spring forward at every stroke, which is laid on with such force that the blood flies at every stroke, and

* These were Prince Peter Prozorófsky, Prince Michael Tcherkásky, Prince Vladímir Dolgorúky, Prince Iván Troekúrof, Prince Boris Galítsyn, Shéïn, Prince Michael Ramodanófsky, Stréshnef, Prince Theodore Stcherbátof, Prince Peter Lvof, Iván Golovín, Simeon Yazýkof, Prince Theodore Ramodanófsky, and Zótof.

leaves a wheal behind as thick as a man's finger; and these *masters*, as the Russians call them, are so exact at their own work that they very rarely strike two strokes in the same place, but lay them on the whole length and breadth of a man's back, by the side of each other, with great dexterity, from the top of the man's shoulders down to the waistband of his breeches." The criminal was usually hoisted upon the back of another man, but sometimes his hands were tied behind him, and he was then drawn up by a rope, while a heavy weight was affixed to his feet, so that he hung there with his shoulders out of joint. In torturing a man by fire, " his hands and feet are tied, and he is then fixed on a long pole, as upon a spit, which being held at each end by two men, he has his raw back roasted over the fire, and is then examined and called upon by a writer to confess." In this way, 1714 men were examined, and Guarient and Korb write that thirty fires were daily burning at Preobrazhénsky for this purpose.

In spite of all these horrors, Peter ascertained almost nothing. No boyár nor person of distinction was found to have taken part in any plot, or to have instigated the riot. Nothing more could be brought out than the discontent of the Streltsi, their hatred to foreigners, and their consequent rebellion. With regard to Sophia, it was a long time before any revelations were made at all, and finally all that was alleged, under the severest torture, was that two letters purporting to be from Sophia were read in the Streltsi camp. These letters urged the Streltsi to come to Moscow, to attack the town, and to call Sophia to the throne. The wives of the Streltsi, all the bed-chamber women and attendants of the princesses, even poor beggars who had received their charity, were examined and tortured; the princesses themselves were personally examined by Peter without torture, and yet nothing could be found which in any way traced these letters to Sophia. The most that was discovered was that her sisters sometimes sent Sophia notes hidden in linen and clothing, and that they had informed her that the Streltsi were all coming to Moscow, and would probably be punished; to which she was reported to have replied that " she was very sorry for them." No great evidence of guilt this! Sophia herself said to her brother, that she had never sent any letter to the Streltsi, and that as to calling her to the throne, it needed no letter from her, as they must well remember that up to 1689 she had ruled the state. Many Streltsi declared, under torture, that they believed the Tsar to have died abroad; that they therefore intended to revenge themselves on the foreigners and destroy the German suburb, to kill the boyárs who had oppressed them, and then to ask Sophia to rule them; and that had she refused, they would have asked the Tsarévitch, or the other princesses, and as a last resort, " Prince Basil Galítsyn, if he were still alive, for he had always been merciful to them."

The written depositions of all the persons examined in this investigation are still in existence in the Russian archives, and on a careful analysis they seem to prove very little. Peter, however, chose to be satisfied of the complicity of his sister, and as the only method of preventing her from again engaging in intrigue, he forced her to take religious vows. Under the name of the nun Susanna she was confined under the strictest surveillance, guarded by a hundred soldiers, in the Novodevítchy monastery, where she had already lived for nine years. In close confinement, not allowed to see even the members of her family except under the greatest precautions, she lived on until 1704. Her sister Martha was also made a nun in a convent at Alexándrofsky, under the name of Margaret, and died there in 1707. The Princess Catherine, who was strongly suspected on account of certain relations which she had had with a deacon, succeeded in escaping. She was proved to be guilty of nothing more than dallying with sorcery and witchcraft, heinous as that offense was.

The execution of the first batch of Streltsi examined (341 men) took place on the 10th of October. Only 201 were actually put to death,—five were beheaded at Preobrazhénsky, 196 were hanged along the walls of Moscow,—and at the gates a hundred who were under twenty years of age were branded in the right cheek and sent into exile, and the remaining forty were detained for further examination. This execution took place, at least in part, in the presence of the Tsar himself and of most of the foreign ministers and embassadors, who were specially invited to be present. Of the second batch, 770 men were executed—some hanged, some beheaded, and others broken on the wheel. Of this number, 195 were hanged on a large square gallows in front of the cell of Sophia at the Novodevítchy monastery, and three remained hang-

ing all the winter under her very window, one of them holding in his hand a folded paper to represent a petition. Long files of carts carried the Streltsi to the place of execution. Each cart contained two men seated back to back, with lighted candles in their hands. Their wives and children ran weeping and shrieking alongside; the populace stood silent, cursing the Tsar under their breath; except the nobles and the foreigners, every one sympathized with the criminals. In general the Streltsi met their death with great stolidity; "there was a kind of order among the unfortunate wretches; they all followed one another in turn, without any sadness on their features, or any horror of their imminent death." "When the execution was over, it pleased the Tsar's majesty to sup at General Gordon's; but he showed no sign of cheerfulness, insisting to several upon the obstinacy and stubbornness of the criminals. He detailed with indignant words to General Gordon and the Muscovite magnates present, that one of the condemned was so insolent that he dared, just as he was about lying down upon the beam, to address the Tsar with these words: 'Make way, my Lord,—it is for me to lie here.'"

Further executions took place during the winter, and some of the trials were actually prolonged for several years without great result. One execution took place in 1707. The heads of many were placed on spikes and their bodies remained heaped up at the place of execution, while others remained hanging to the gallows and to beams put through the battlements of the walls for nearly the whole winter. About the middle of March, 1068 bodies were taken down and heaped up outside the town along the roads. Here they remained two weeks more before they were buried, and commemorative pillars with heads spiked on top were erected on the spot. It is necessary to add that this proceeding was only possible in such a large town because the weather in Moscow in winter is always below freezing point.

The times were cold, and people in Russia were accustomed to scenes of blood,* yet such general horror was felt at these tortures and executions that the Patriarch felt it his duty to take a picture of the Virgin and exhort the Tsar to mercy. But Peter, resenting the intervention, inveighed against the Patriarch: "What wilt thou with thy image, or what business is it of thine to come here? Hence forthwith, and put that image in the place where it may be venerated. Know that I reverence God and His most holy Mother more earnestly, perhaps, than thou dost. It is the duty of my sovereign office, and a duty that I owe to God, to save my people from harm, and to prosecute, with public vengeance, crimes that tend to the common ruin."

Disagreeable as it is to believe, the evidence of several personal observers is that Peter compelled many of his courtiers and nobles to act as executioners, and on one day, in the presence of the Tsar, 109 persons were beheaded at Preobrazhénsky by the nobles of his court. It is said that Menshikóf especially distinguished himself by his cruelty. Whether Peter was himself guilty of immersing his own hands in his subjects' blood remains a question. It is positively asserted both by Guarient, the Austrian embassador, in his official reports, and by his secretary Korb, in his diary,* but both admit that they were not present, and had it from hearsay, while Gordon and Zhelyabúzhky, who were certainly better informed, make no mention of this, though they speak of the executions by the nobles. At all events, these horrible occurrences inspired the common people with a belief in the cruelty and blood-thirstiness of Peter. It was said that neither he nor Ramodanófsky could sleep until they had tasted blood. Prince Ramodanófsky seems to have excelled every one in Russia as a criminal judge. He could even rival Jeffreys. Once the anger of Peter, then in Holland, was aroused by Jacob Bruce coming to him with scars which he ascribed to the fire-torture of Ramodanófsky. Peter put an angry postscript to a letter he wrote: "Beast! How long are you going to burn people? Even here people have come wounded by you. Cease your acquaintance with Iváshka, or it will be taken out of your wretched skin." Ramodanófsky, in justify-

* Kotóshikhin, writing in the time of the Tsar Alexis, said that there were fifty executioners in Moscow and that none of them was ever idle.

* The diary of Korb is excellent authority for the details of the tortures and executions. It is to be corrected in some respects by the official reports. But it cannot be read without horror. It was published in 1700 at Vienna, with the imperial privilege for copyright. The book was offensive to Peter, and the privilege was wrongly interpreted. On the request of the Tsar many copies were destroyed, and scarcely a dozen are now known to exist. It is accessible in an English translation, which I have quoted after verifying it with a copy of the original in the library at Frascati, founded by the Cardinal Duke of York.

ing his treatment of Bruce, defends himself from the charge of drunkenness, for which he says he has no time, and leaves that to Peter:

"I have no time to keep acquaintance with Iváshka. *I am always washing myself in blood.* It is your affair in your leisure to keep up acquaintance with Iváshka, but we have no leisure."

It is hard to conceive how a man of the natural good humor and good disposition of Peter, especially so impulsive as he was, could lend himself to such excesses. It shows what remarkable obstinacy and strong will he had when following a fixed idea. At the same time, it leads us to reflect with what responsibility a man is weighted who uses an authority over millions in this way to carry out ideas in which few besides himself believe.

While the examinations were going on at Moscow, the six regiments of Streltsi at Azof had become excited over the news of the rebellion of their comrades, and showed signs of acting in a like manner. They were insubordinate; they complained bitterly of being kept so long away from home, of the hard work they did on the fortifications, and especially of the bad treatment they met with from the foreign officers. Among them were men who had taken part in the rebellion of Sténka Rázin, and many wished those times to return. They threatened, with the help of the Don Cossacks, to march back to Moscow, kill the boyárs and foreigners, and assert their own will. One of them pithily summed up their complaint by saying: "There are boyárs in Moscow, Germans in Azof, demons in the water, and worms in the earth." The reports which subsequently reached them of the punishments of their comrades at Moscow, after Peter's return, proved to them that it was better to keep quiet. Nevertheless, investigations had already begun, and they came in for their share of the punishment.

When the trials were all over, a decree was issued abolishing the Streltsi. Their houses and lands in Moscow were taken from them, and they were all sent into exile in the country, and became simple villagers. It was strictly forbidden to receive them into the military service as soldiers, and it was forbidden to protect or to give assistance to the widows or children of those who had been executed. It was only afterward, in 1702 and 1704, when there was every need of troops against the Swedes, that some regiments of soldiers were formed out of the former Streltsi.

The Streltsi of other towns, who had taken no part in the revolt of their comrades in Moscow, were continued in existence, and subsequently did good service in the Swedish war. After the revolt of Astrakhán they were also abolished.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TSARITSA IS SENT TO A CLOISTER.

We have already said that Peter did not visit his wife on his arrival at Moscow. He at once took steps to have her removed to a convent, and made inquiries as to why his previous orders on the subject had not been obeyed. Monks and nuns were dead to the world, and to force a wife to take the veil in a convent was, in those days, the customary method of divorcing her. Peter had long wished for a separation, and had resolved on this plan. Hints of it had got out, and his intentions were gossiped about in letters to Leibnitz and others. The Tsar had written from London to Stréshnef, to Leo Narýshkin, and to her confessor, to persuade the Tsaritsa voluntarily to take religious vows. She obstinately refused to comply. On returning to Amsterdam, Peter renewed his request, and this time pressed Ramodanófsky to use his influence. The Patriarch excused himself to the Tsar for having accomplished nothing, and laid the blame on several priests and boyárs who had hindered it. Peter at last had a personal interview with his wife in the house of Ninius, and argued with her for four hours. Three weeks afterward, the Tsarévitch Alexis, now nearly nine years old, was taken from his mother and confided to the care of Peter's sister Natalia, at Preobrazhénsky. The Tsaritsa Eudoxia, willingly or unwillingly, was put into a common post-cart, and taken without suite or attendants to the Pokrófsky convent, at Suzdal, where ten months afterward, by a decree of the Tsar, she was forced to take the veil under the name of the nun Helen.

Once there, Peter seemed to forget all about her. Sophia and Martha still received the same income as the other princesses, and were allowed to have personal attendants, while no money was sent to Eudoxia, all her personal attendants were taken from her, and she was reduced to the condition of a simple nun. At times she was really

in want, and had recourse to her brother Abraham Lopúkhin and his wife. In one of her secret letters, she asks them to send her some wine and fish. "Although I do not drink myself," she wrote, "yet I must have something to offer to people. Here there is nothing at all; everything is spoiled. Although I am very troublesome to you, yet what am I to do? While I am alive kindly give me drink and food, and clothe me." Her family was generous to her, and the Tsaritsa did not long keep the veil nor the attire of a nun, and in throwing them off she also threw off the special virtues of the cloister. She lived in a cell arranged in worldly style, wearing the attire and the diadem of a Russian princess, enjoying the frendship and intimacy of some of the people of the vicinity as well as of a major then on recruiting service, visiting the neighboring convents, and exchanging secret correspondence with her family and others. Strangely enough, so little thought was taken of her by Peter that all this remained unknown to him, or at least unnoticed by him, for nearly twenty years. She never lost the hope of being recalled to Moscow. In 1703, she wrote to Stréshnef: "Have mercy on me, a poor woman; beg our Lord for grace. How long must I live thus without seeing him or my son, or hearing from him? This is now my fifth year of misery, and my Lord shows no mercy. Petition my Lord to let me hear of his health, and to see my relations." After twenty years we shall meet with her again.

The exact cause of the separation of Peter from his wife is unknown. There apparently was no one charge imputed to her, although Peter long afterward speaks of her as having been made a nun on account of her "opposition and suspicions." What is perfectly well known is that the marriage had not been one of love on Peter's part, that Eudoxia was without education, and adhered to the old-fashioned ways in which she had been brought up, and that she hated foreigners, especially Lefort and those whom Peter liked the most. It is always dangerous to the peace of the family when a wife endeavors to alienate her husband from his friends. To this, Eudoxia added jealousy, and Peter knew that he was not blameless. Her attempted interference with his friendships and amusements made him angry, her jealousy and suspicions of his relations in the German suburb annoyed him; her marks of affection, her letters, and her attempts to keep or regain his love wearied him.

With the German goldsmith's daughter Anna Mons, who was the cause of Eudoxia's jealousy, Peter's relations became daily more open and public. Together with the Tsar, she stood as sponsor at the christening of a son of the Danish Envoy, and on her birthday the Tsar dined at her mother's house. She was very pretty, fairly well educated, bright and quick in conversation, and there is every reason to believe that she might have succeeded in supplanting the Tsaritsa on the throne as well as in the Tsar's affections, had it not been that she sometimes exercised her power too plainly, and that she was grasping, ever eager for money and presents, and used her favor to push forward her own relations and friends. A handsome house, almost a palace, was built for her, and a fine and productive estate given her. Her relations with Peter continued uninterruptedly until the end of 1703, when Peter for the first time met the Esthonian girl, Catherine, who subsequently became Empress. Thinking, perhaps, that she would attach the Tsar more firmly to herself by making him jealous, Miss Mons began to coquet with the Prussian minister Kayserling, who fell deeply in love with her, and proud to be a rival of the Tsar, offered to marry her. Seeing that she was losing the Tsar's affections, and wishing to establish herself, she was ready to accept this proposal, and asked the Tsar's consent, not in person, but through Menshikóf, who disliked her, and was putting Catherine forward with ends of his own in view. Peter was indignant, revoked the grant of her estate, and took away his portrait set in diamonds, saying that she could have no further use for it, as she had preferred a wretched slave to the original. Together with her mother and her sister, she was placed under arrest in her own house. Two years later, when Peter's anger had somewhat cooled down the members of the Mons family, although still nominally under arrest, were allowed to visit the Lutheran church, and were shortly afterward given full liberty. In 1707, at Lublin, at a banquet given by Prince Menshikóf on Peter's name's-day, Kayserling whose love was still ardent, and who was still desirous of the marriage, tried to persuade the Tsar to take her brother, Wilhelm Mons, into the military service.* Peter ha

* Wilhelm Mons subsequently entered the Russian service and became Court Chamberlain. He embittered the last days of the Tsar by an intrigue with the Empress Catherine, for which h

been in very good humor, but no sooner was the name of Mons mentioned than he flew into a passion, and said: "I educated the girl Mons for myself, with the sincere intention of marrying her, but since she was enticed and inveigled away by you, I do not want to hear nor know about her or any of her relations." Kayserling undertook to defend her, when Menshikóf, taking the side of the Tsar, expressed strong opinions about her. Both got angry, Menshikóf gave Kayserling a blow on the breast, and Kayserling slapped Menshikóf's face, while vile epithets were used on both sides. Kayserling, finding his sword gone, tried to retreat, but, as usual at feasts of this kind, the doors were locked. The Tsar, who after trying to reconcile them had left the room, came back and asked Kayserling what he was plotting, and whether he was not trying to fight. "I myself am plotting nothing," Kayserling answered, "and cannot fight because they have taken away my sword, but if I do not receive the satisfaction I desire from Your Majesty, I am ready in any other place to fight with Prince Menshikóf." Peter then exclaimed that he would fight Kayserling himself, and drew his sword, as did also Menshikóf. Shafirof threw himself in front of them, and begged them not to touch the minister. The bystanders, to protect Kayserling, pushed him out of the room, but the soldiers who guarded the door, out of excess of zeal, gave him a good drubbing. The minister, in spite of messages from Peter and Menshikóf, reported his incident to his sovereign and demanded ample satisfaction; but it did not suit the King of Prussia to quarrel, and the matter was arranged. Kayserling wrote most humble letters of apology to the Tsar and to Menshikóf, in which he ascribed the whole affair to a drunken misunderstanding. A few days later, he had a public reconciliation with Menshikóf. Peter, taking Kayserling aside, said to him: "As God knows my soul, I am right sorry for what has happened, but we were all 'full', and now, thank God! all is over and settled." Two of the guards who had struck Kayserling were condemned to death after Kayserling had agreed to pardon them. Kayserling reported that he had received the "most complete satisfaction," and in 1711 married Miss Mons, and died on his wedding journey to Prussia. With the exception of the incident just recounted, Anna Mons disappears from Peter's life after 1704, and while preparing for a second marriage—this time with a Swedish captain, a prisoner of war—she died in the foreign suburb of Moscow, in 1714.

was executed in 1724. This was not the last time the Mons family caused trouble to the Tsars. A niece of Anna and Wilhelm married a cousin of the Tsaritsa Eudoxia; both were accused of plotting against the Empress Elisabeth (the daughter of Peter and Catherine), and both were sent into exile in Siberia in 1743.

CHAPTER VII.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND FIRST REFORMS.

THE report of the Tsar's arrival spread quickly through Moscow, and all the boyárs and chief Muscovites hastened to Preobrazhénsky early the next morning to pay their court.

"The Tsar received all that came with an alacrity that showed as if he wished to be beforehand with his subjects in eagerness. Those who, according to the fashion of that country, would cast themselves upon the ground to worship Majesty, he lifted up graciously from their groveling posture and embraced with a kiss, such as is only due among private friends. If the razor, that plied promiscuously among the beards of those present, can be forgiven the injury it did, the Muscovites may truly reckon that day among the happiest of their lives. Shéin, general-in-chief of the Tsar's troops, was the first who submitted the incumbrance of his long beard to the razor. Nor can they consider it any disgrace, as their sovereign is the first to show the example. Nor was there anybody left to laugh at the rest. They were all born to the same fate. Nothing but superstitious awe for his office exempted the Patriarch. Prince Michael Tcherkásky was let off out of reverence for his advanced years, and Tíkhon Stréshnef out of the honor due to one who had been guardian to the Tsaritsa. All the rest had to conform to the guise of foreign nations, and the razor eliminated the ancient fashion."

Five days afterward, on the Russian 1st of September, there was a feast at Shéin's.

"A crowd of boyárs, scribes, and military officers almost incredible were assembled there, and among them were several common sailors, with whom the Tsar repeatedly mixed, divided apples, and even honored one of them by calling him his brother. A salvo of twenty-five guns marked each toast. Nor could the irksome offices of the barber check the festivities of the day, though it was well known he was enacting the part of jester by appointment at the Tsar's court. It was of evil omen to make show of reluctance as the razor approached the chin, and was to be forthwith punished with a boxing on the ears. In this way, between mirth and the wine-cup, many were admonished by this insane ridicule to abandon the olden guise."

To the orthodox, old-fashioned Russian, the beard was then as sacred as it is now to a Turk, or as the queue is to a Chinaman. The Patriarch Adrian, shortly after his ac-

cession, had promulgated a fulminating edict against all who were so irreligious, unholy, and heretical as to shave or cut their beards, an ornament given by God, and which had been worn by all the holy prophets and apostles, and by the Saviour himself. Only such men as Julian the Apostate, Heraclius the heretic, Constantine the iconoclast, Olgerd the idol-worshiper, and Selim Amurath, the Mussulman, had forced their subjects to shave, while Constantine the Great, Theodosius the Great, and Vladímir the Great had all worn beards.* Peter, in his eagerness to adopt the usages of western Europe, chose to consider the beard as the symbol of what was uncivilized and barbarous. He was not content with repealing the decree of Alexis, and saying that his subjects might shave, but he said that they *must* shave. For Peter himself it was easy; he had little beard, and even his mustache, which he allowed to grow, was always very thin. What had been begun in jest was soon done in earnest. Decrees were issued that all Russians, the clergy excepted, should shave, but those who preferred to keep their beards were allowed to do so on condition of paying a yearly tax, fixed at a kopék (one penny) for the peasantry, and varying from thirty to a hundred rubles (from £12 to £42, a ruble being worth at that time about 8*s.* 4*d.*) for the other classes, the merchants, as being the richest and most conservative, paying the highest sum. On the payment of this duty they received a bronze token, which they were obliged always to wear about their necks, and to renew yearly.† Many were willing to pay this very high tax in order to keep their beards, but most conformed to the Tsar's wishes, some through policy, some through "terror of having their beards (in a merry humor) pulled out by the roots, or taken so rough off, that some of the skin went with them." The Tsar would allow no one to be near him who did not shave. Perry writes:

"About this time the Tsar came down to Verónezh, where I was then on service, and a great many of my men who had worn their beards all their lives were now obliged to part with them, amongst whom one of the first that I met with, just coming from the hands of the barber, was an old Russ carpenter that had been with me at Camisbinka, who was a very good workman with his hatchet, and whom I always had a friendship for. I jested a little with him on this occasion, telling him that he was become a young man, and asked him what he had done with his beard. Upon which he put his hand in his bosom and pulled it out and showed it to me; further telling me that when he came home, he would lay it up to have it put in his coffin and buried along with him, that he might be able to give an account of it to St. Nicholas when he came to the other world, and that all his brothers (meaning his fellow-workmen who had been shaved that day) had taken the same care."

Soon after compelling his courtiers to shave their beards, Peter began a crusade against the old Russian dress. On the 9th of October, Lefort and Golovín, the only two members of the Great Embassy then in Moscow, entered the town in solemn state.

"No one was allowed to appear except in German dress, which was especially meant to irritate Prince Ramodanófsky with the sight of what he liked not; for when it was told to him that the embassador Golovín had put on the German dress at Vienna, he answered: 'I do not believe Golovín to be such a brainless ass as to despise the garb of his fatherland.'"

A few months afterward, Peter himself gave a carnival entertainment, at which the boyár Sheremétief, who had just returned from his visit to Italy, appeared in full foreign dress, wearing the cross of Malta which many envied him. The Tsar cut off, with his own hands, the sleeves of some of his officers which seemed to him to be too long. He said: "See, these things are in your way. You are safe nowhere with them. At one moment you upset a glass; then you forgetfully dip them in the sauce. Get gaiters made of them." On the 14th of January, 1700, appeared a decree commanding all the courtiers and the officials as well in the capital as in the provinces to wear nothing but foreign clothing, and to provide themselves with such suits before the end of the carnival. This decree had to be repeated frequently throughout the year, and models of the clothing were publicly exposed. According to Perry, these patterns and copies of the decree were hung up at all the gates of the towns, and all who disobeyed these orders were obliged either to pay a fine, or "to kneel down at the gates of the city, and have their coat cut off just even with the ground, so much as it was longer than to touch the ground"

* See also Chapter XXV., Part I.

† Although the restrictions on the wearing of beards by the peasantry and the middle classes soon disappeared, yet, until the accession of Alexander II., all public officials were obliged to be shaved. This gradually became relaxed in practice, but it was only in the year 1875 that a decree was issued permitting the officers and soldiers of the army, except the Imperial Guard, to wear their beards when in service.

THE STRELTSI GOING TO EXECUTION.

when they kneeled down, of which there were many hundreds of coats that were cut accordingly; and being done with a good humor, it occasioned mirth among the people and soon broke the custom of their wearing long coats, especially in places near Moscow and those towns wherever the Tsar came." As this decree did not affect the peasantry, it was less difficult to put it into execution. Even the women were compelled to adopt foreign fashions, and to give up the old Russian costumes. Peter's sisters set the example. Here the women, as might perhaps be expected, were less conservative than the men. They saw, in the adoption of foreign fashions of dress, a great opening to variety of costume. Decrees were even issued against high Russian boots, against the use of Russian saddles, and even of long Russian knives.

There is no absolute and real connection between costume and civilization. Shaved faces and short garments made the Russians no more civilized and no more European than they were before, although they made them conform in one respect to the usages of civilized people. It is the natural spirit of imitation, the desire not to be different from the rest of the civilized world, that induces peoples rising in the scale of civilization to

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA AS THE NUN SUSANNA IN THE NOVODEVITCHY MONASTERY.

adopt the fashion of the garments of more highly cultured nations, even though the new costume may be both unbecoming and inconvenient. This we have seen in our own day among the Japanese. We see it also in the way peasant costumes constantly disappear, and even the neat white cap gives place to a tawdry imitation of a lady's bonnet, and the comfortable and convenient knee-breeches and long stockings to the awkward trowsers. At the same time, there is often a tendency to see in European dress something necessary to modern and western life; there is a tendency to the false reasoning that a man becomes civilized because he wears European garments. This tendency is sometimes seen in missionaries, who immediately put what they call Christian clothing on their new converts, to the great inconvenience of the latter; and I think this feeling had some influence on Peter when he changed the costume of Russia by an edict. Only in one way can such an arbitrary and forced change be defended—that it might, perhaps, render the people more ready to accept western ideas. If they had violently broken with the traditions of their fathers in point of costume, they might be more easily led to break with them in other respects. Still, even without decrees of this kind, had people been left free to dress as they liked, as European notions and European habits crept into Russia, the change of dress would naturally follow. It had been begun before, and even a forced change of costume was no new idea. Yury Krýzhanitch, the learned Serbian Pan-slavist, to whom I have referred several times before, in his book on Russia which he wrote in his exile at Tobolsk from 1660 to 1676, set out a project for reforming Russian costume of very much the same sort as that adopted by Peter. He was in favor of the same violent measures, and had the same abhorrence to the clothing of every description worn by the

Russians and other Slavs. He accused it of being effeminate, uncomfortable, a hindrance to work and action, and a cause of great and unwarrantable expense. It is true that the Russians who appeared abroad in Russian clothing were laughed at in the streets, but so nowadays is any one stared at and pointed at in London or New York who appears in a costume different from that ordinarily worn. It is only in the East that all costumes pass without remark. The fashion of dress is one of the weak points of the highly cultured nations, and one on which they are most intolerant. It was natural that Peter, while imbibing foreign ideas, should in a way, too, imbibe foreign prejudices. Hence he preferred a short coat to a gown, a shaven chin to a beard, and a peruke to natural hair. Even with us it does not require such a very long memory to recall the time when Americans and English were as fanatical on some points as were the orthodox Russians of Peter's day. A full beard was looked upon almost as a mark of a revolutionist or a freethinker, and a mustache showed a tendency for adopting foolish foreign notions of all kinds. That prejudice, fortunately, has passed away, and people nowadays have even come to see that a great-coat down to the heels, of almost the same fashion as those which Peter had cut off at the gates, is more comfortable in a cold climate than a short jacket. The red shirt, the loose trowsers tucked into the high boots, and the sleeveless caftan of the peasant, is now a student fashion in Russia to show one's Slavophile feelings, and since the time of Catharine II., the fixed court dress for Russian ladies is the old costume; and this may always be seen at the Winter Palace on any state occasion.

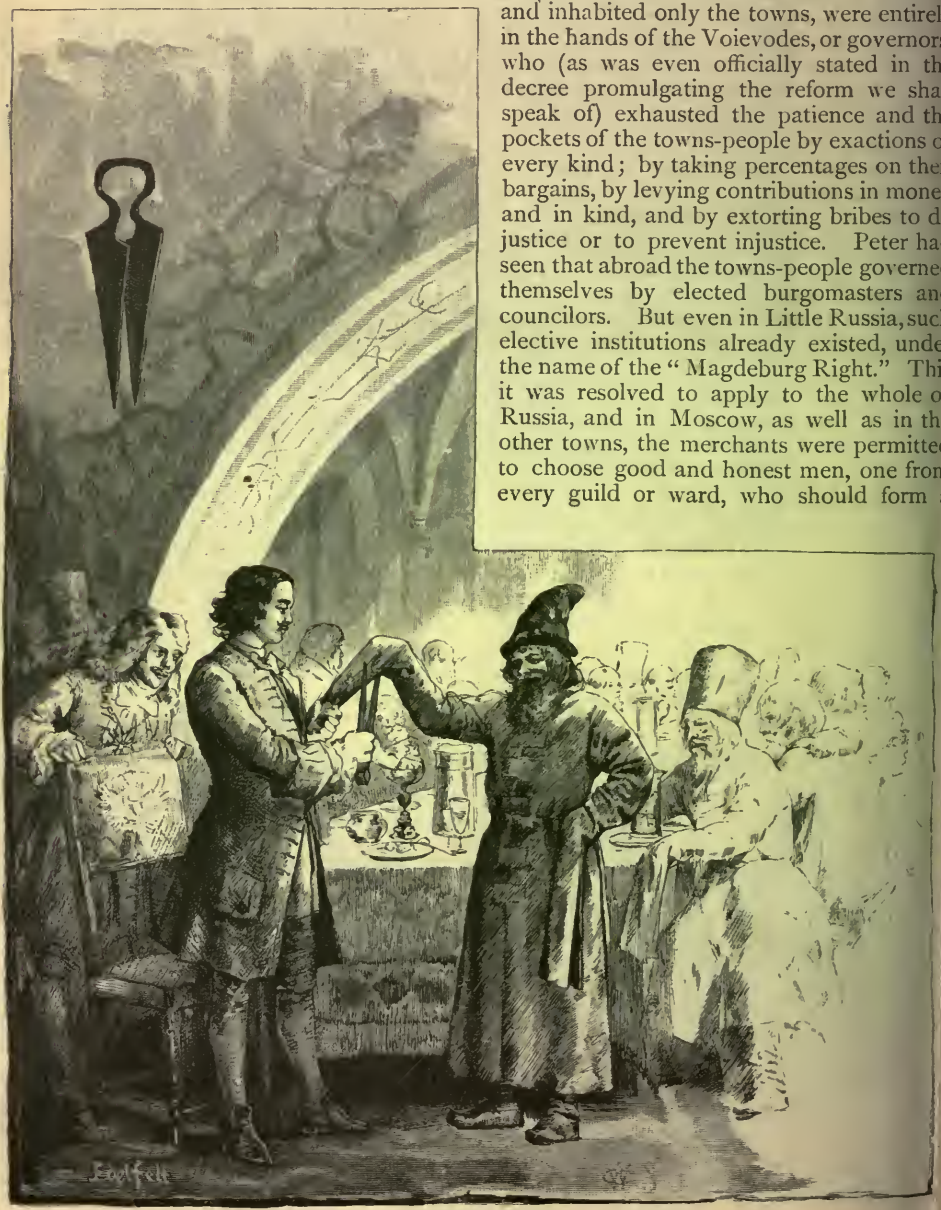
CUTTING THE BEARD TO ORDER. (FROM A CONTEMPORARY CARICATURE.)

There were some importations from abroad which promised more advantage to the state than did the foreign garments and the shaved faces. Such was the introduction of stamped paper. This was recommended by Alexis Kurbátof, who had traveled abroad with Boris Sheremétief as his steward and treasurer. As Kurbátof was

OLD BOYAR COSTUMES.

of low birth, and yet was not a ship-carpenter, the only way in which he could make the recommendation to the Tsar was to inclose his project in a letter, directed to be delivered into the hands of the Tsar without being unsealed, and drop it on the floor of one of the public offices. This was the manner in which all denunciatory letters were delivered, and it may be imagined that it was a pleasure to Peter to find, not an accusation of crime, but a project for increasing the revenues of the state. Kurbátof was given the rank of secretary, and was appointed chief of the new municipal department.

Peter had been struck in Holland by the wealth, the comfort, and the independence of the middle classes; by the fact that it was from them that the government received the greater part of its revenues, and that on them depended the welfare of the state. At this time in Russia, the middle and the commercial classes, who were small in number and inhabited only the towns, were entirely in the hands of the Voievodes, or governors, who (as was even officially stated in the decree promulgating the reform we shall speak of) exhausted the patience and the pockets of the towns-people by exactions of every kind; by taking percentages on their bargains, by levying contributions in money and in kind, and by extorting bribes to do justice or to prevent injustice. Peter had seen that abroad the towns-people governed themselves by elected burgomasters and councilors. But even in Little Russia, such elective institutions already existed, under the name of the "Magdeburg Right." This it was resolved to apply to the whole of Russia, and in Moscow, as well as in the other towns, the merchants were permitted to choose good and honest men, one from every guild or ward, who should form a



THE TSAR CUTTING THE LONG SLEEVES OF THE BOYARS.

CUTTING OFF THE LONG ROBES OF THE BOYARS. (FROM AN ETCHING.)

council having charge of the collection of taxes, of the disputes between the citizens, and, in general, of municipal affairs. Each of these councilors was to act in turn as president for the space of a month. All of these new municipal bodies were placed under the charge of a new department, which had no connection with the existing ministries, but could report directly to the Tsar. This foreign institution was called by a foreign name, one of the first importations of German terms, the *Burmister* (burgomaster) Department, or *Rátusha (rath-haus)*. As a compensation for being freed from the exactions of the Voievodes, and for the introduction of municipal government, the merchants were obliged for the future to pay double taxes. It always takes time to become accustomed to independence which has not been given gradually, but has been thrust on a nation, and one of the first results of the municipal institutions was that the merchants elected rulers out of their own body who were as bad as those they supplanted. Corruption and bribery speedily found their way here. The first case brought before the notice of the Tsar—that of the town of Venev—was severely punished; both bribers and bribe-takers were beaten with the knout, and sent, with their wives and children, to hard labor at Azof. It was decreed that such offenses in future should be punished with death; but even that did not avail.

Shortly after the introduction of stamped paper and of municipal councils, came another decree, which also had reference to the increase of general prosperity and of the state revenues. That was the re-organization of the monetary system. The only coins at that time circulating in Russia were small, oval bits of silver called kopéks, very badly stamped with St. George on one side and the title of the Tsar on the other. The quality of the silver and the size of the coin had varied at different periods. In the time of the Tsar Alexis, an attempt was made to reform the currency with advantage to the

COINS OF PETER'S TIME, TAKEN FOR TAXES.

state, by diminishing the size of the kopék, and at the same time stamping copper coins of the same size and weight, and of the same nominal value. The natural result of this was that the silver all left circulation; and,

COSTUMES OF LITTLE RUSSIA.

as the real value of the copper was so far below its nominal value, the price of articles increased in the ratio of one to fifteen. The dearness of provisions caused a riot, which was only quelled with difficulty and with great effusion of blood. It was found necessary to return to the old system. Although the kopék was the only coin, yet accounts were kept in *rubles*, *altýns*, and *déngas;* a *dénga* being the half of a *kopék*, an *altýn* being three *kopéks*, and a *ruble* one hundred *kopéks*. It was necessary, therefore, for the purposes of small change, to use bits of stamped leather, or to cut the kopéks into halves and quarters. Undeterred by the failure of his father, Peter resolved on a rational reform, and began by coining copper for the purposes of small change, of the same—or nearly the same—real value as the silver; it was necessary, therefore, to make a copper kopék forty-five times as heavy as a silver one. Consequently, the copper pieces, being not tokens but actual coins, were of very large size, which, though inconvenient, gave satisfaction to a primitive people. After the copper came a gold coinage of single and double ducats, with the portrait of the Tsar on one side and the arms of Russia on the other; then a silver coinage of *grívenniks* (ten kopéks), quarter and half rubles, and finally rubles. In this way, the new coinage was introduced without difficulty, and the old withdrawn from circulation. In the first three years there were coined in this way over nine millions of rubles (£3,700,000, or $18,500,000).

Another measure removed a barrier, though but a slight one, between Russia and the rest of the world. The Russians had been in the habit of beginning the new year on the 1st of September (it being believed that the world was created in the autumn, when all the fruits of the earth were in perfection), and of dating their years from the beginning of the world. On the 20th of December (O. S.), 1699, appeared a decree ordering the year to begin on the 1st of January, and the date to be that from the birth of Christ, and not from the creation of the world—*i. e.*, the year was to be 1700, and not 7208. It was stated in the decree that this change was made in order to conform to the custom of other countries, and Peter defended the change, to those who exclaimed that the world could not have been created in the depth of winter, by desiring them "to view the map of the globe, and, in a pleasant temper, gave them to understand that Russia was not all the

world, and that what was winter with them was, at the same time, always summer in those places beyond the equator." In order to impress this event on the people, special New Year services were held in all the churches, the inhabitants of Moscow were ordered to congratulate each other on the New Year, evergreens were placed on the door-posts of the houses and in the corners of the rooms, fire-works and bonfires were lighted on the Red Place and in the streets, and there was to be a general illumination of private houses for seven days. Feasting went on until Epiphany, when there took place the semi-annual blessing of the river Moskvá. Contrary to previous custom, the Tsar did not seat himself with the Patriarch on his throne, but appeared in uniform at the head of his regiment, drawn up together with other troops, amounting to twelve thousand men, on the thick ice of the river. The new arms and the brilliant uniforms made an excellent impression. It is unfortunate that, when this change was made, the Gregorian calendar was not adopted. But at that time Protestants, as well as orthodox, had a suspicion of the Gregorian calendar as being something peculiarly Romish and Papistical. It was not finally adopted in England until the year 1752. For various reasons, it has never been found convenient to adopt the new style in countries where the orthodox church prevails. The chief objection is that in that church there are many saints' days, and it is feared that there would be disturbances among the peasants and common people if in one year they should be suddenly deprived of twelve days, for at no period of the year could these be taken together without including some great holidays. Still, with Peter's fearlessness and firmness, the change would probably have been made at that time if the new style had been in use in England.

CHAPTER VIII.

PETER'S DEJECTION, ANGER, AND GRIEF.

No matter how pleasant the journey abroad had been, Peter was glad to be again in the society of his friends. It was partly that, and partly, perhaps, the desire to counteract the effect of the trials and executions, that banquets, festivities, and masquerades were given almost nightly. Dinners with his friends, christenings and weddings in the German suburb, the receptions of foreign embassadors, carols at Christmas time, daily feasts at the new club-house, called Lefort's Palace, absorbed all his leisure time.

"A sham Patriarch and a complete set of scenic clergy dedicated to Bacchus, with solemn festivities, the palace which was built at the Tsar's expense, and which it has pleased him now to have called Lefort's. A procession thither set out from Colonel Lima's house. He that bore the assumed honors of the Patriarch was conspicuous in the vestments proper to a Bishop. Bacchus was decked with a miter and went stark naked, to betoken lasciviousness to the lookers-on. Cupid and Venus were the insignia on his crozier, lest there should be any mistake about what flock he was pastor of. The remaining rout of Bacchanalians came after him, some carrying great bowls full of wine, others mead, others, again, beer and brandy, that last joy of heated Bacchus. And, as the wintry cold hindered their binding their brows with laurel, they carried great dishes of dried tobacco-leaves, with which, when ignited, they went to the remotest corners of the palace, exhaling those most delectable odors and most pleasant incense to Bacchus from their smutty jaws. Two of those pipes through which some people are pleased to puff smoke—a most empty fancy—being set crosswise, served the scenic bishop to confirm the rites of consecration."

During the carnival, on the very day when a hundred and eighty-six Streltsi were executed, there was a feast at Lefort's house, with a grand display of fire-works, which was witnessed by the Tsarévitch and by the Tsar's sister Natalia from another apartment. The next day, the envoy of Brandenburg had a solemn leave-taking, and Mr. de Zadora-Kesielsky was accepted as Resident in his stead.

"The Tsar commanded him to stay for dinner, which was splendid, and at which the envoys of foreign princes and the principal boyárs were also present. After dinner was over, the Councilor Zótof, who was mimic Patriarch when the Tsar wished, began giving toasts. He that drank had on bended knee for mockery to revere the sham ecclesiastical dignitary, and beg the favor of his benediction, which he gave with two tobacco pipes, set in the shape of a cross. He alone, of all the envoys, withdrew furtively, for he held the sacred sign of our Christian faith too holy to approve of such jests. The same prelate added to the decency of the dancing by opening it with pontificals and crozier. The inner apartment, next the room in which the festivities were going on, was again occupied by the Tsarévitch and the Tsar's sister Natalia; thence they saw the dancing and all the gay tumult, the curtains with which the place was most handsomely decorated being drawn a little; and they were only seen through a lattice by the guests. The natural beauty of the Tsarévitch was wonderfully shown off by his civilized German dress and powdered wig. Natalia was escorted by the *crême* of the married ladies. This day, too, beheld a great departure from Russian manners, which up to this forbade the female sex from appearing at public assemblies of men, and at festive gayeties, for some were not only allowed

to be at dinner, but also at the dancing afterward. The Tsar had arranged to go off to Vorónezh that night, for which reason, as Carlowitz was about to return to his sovereign in Poland, after a deal of flattering and envied compliments, he gave him a kiss, telling him to bear it to the King as a manifest token of his everlasting affection. He also gave Carlowitz his picture, exceedingly rich set with a profusion of diamonds, a fruit of that royal goodwill which Carlowitz had managed to win."

With the trouble in his own family, with the suspicions that his step-sister had been plotting against his life, with the numerous executions, Peter's mind was in such a state that he could not always be quieted by dissipation. At some of these festivities he was morose, and melancholy, and dejected; at others, the slightest cause roused him to anger. A few days after his arrival, at a grand dinner given by Lefort, the Tsar left the room in a rage with his generalissimo Shéïn, with whom he had been warmly disputing, and nobody knew what he was going to do.

"It was known later that he had gone to question the soldiers, to learn from them how many colonels and other regimental officers that general-in-chief had made without reference to merit, merely for money. In a short time when he came back, his wrath had grown to such a pitch that he drew his sword, and facing the general-in-chief, horrified the guests with this threat: 'By striking thus, I will mar thy malgovernment.' Boiling over with well-grounded anger, he appealed to Prince Ramodanófsky, and to Zótof; but finding them excuse the general-in-chief, he grew so hot that he startled all the guests by striking right and left, he knew not where, with his drawn sword. Prince Ramodanófsky had to complain of a cut finger, and another of a slight wound on the head. Zótof was hurt in the hand as the sword was returning from a stroke. A blow far more deadly was aiming at the general-in-chief, who beyond a doubt would have been stretched in his gore by the Tsar's right hand, had not General Lefort (who was almost the only one that might have ventured it), catching the Tsar in his arms, drawn back his hand from the stroke. But the Tsar, taking it ill that any person should dare to hinder him from sating his most just wrath, wheeled round upon the spot, and struck his unwelcome impeder a hard blow on the back. He is the only one that knew what remedy to apply; none of the Muscovites is more beloved by the Tsar than he. This man so mitigated his ire that, threatening only, he abstained from murder. Merriment followed this dire tempest: the Tsar, with a face full of smiles, was present at the dancing, and, to show his mirth, commanded the musicians to play the tunes to which (so he said) he had danced at his most beloved lord and brother's, when that most august host was entertaining exalted guests. Two young ladies departing by stealth were, at an order from the Tsar, brought back by soldiers."

In the case of Shéïn, there was probably just cause for the Tsar's anger. We learn

PROCESSION IN HONOR OF BACCHUS.

RUSSIAN GIRL IN ANCIENT RUSSIAN DRESS. (FROM A PAINTING BY MAKOVSKY, BY PERMISSION OF VELTEN, ST. PETERSBURG.)

that when it was known that the Tsar was coming back so quickly, the astonished boyárs held councils twice a day, and, under threat of the whip, forced the merchants' clerks to make out their accounts for them. The promotions of officers made by Shéin in the Tsar's absence were all canceled.

On another occasion, finding Menshikóf dancing with his sword on, he taught him to lay it aside by cuffing him with such force that the blood spouted from his nose. At a dinner at Colonel Chambers', Korb says: "An inexplicable whirlwind troubled the gayeties. Seizing upon General Lefort and flinging him on the floor, the Tsarish Majesty kicked him. He that is next to the fire is nearest to burning." On another occasion, in a dispute between Leo Naryshkin and Prince Boris Galítsyn, the Tsar "loudly threatened that he would cut short the dispute with the head of one or the other, whichever should be found most in fault. He commissioned Ramodanófsky to examine into the affair, and with a violent blow

of his clenched hand thrust back General Lefort, who was coming up to mitigate his fury."

We involuntarily ask ourselves the question why Peter, whose presence was so awe-inspiring, was so frequently obliged, then and afterward, to use the stick, and to resort to the personal chastisement of his ministers and friends. Much is to be explained by the character of the times. The nation was undeveloped and unripe. No strong power nor strong will was restrained by self-respect or by public opinion. Besides this, Peter had lowered himself in his dealings and intercourse with his subjects. He had not only thrown off the dignity and safeguards which formerly surrounded the Tsar, but he had condescended to be the equal, if not the inferior, of his subjects, by his manual occupations and his love of practical joking. It was natural, therefore, that even in serious things his subjects sometimes forgot themselves, and looked upon him as their equal. There are princes nowadays who have been accused of lowering their royal dignity by being too careless of the company with which they associated, but who yet carry themselves in such a way that no man has ever dared to take a liberty with them. This is the effect, partly of personal character, and partly of modern society and well-disciplined and well-organized public opinion. In Peter's time this last was lacking.

It was at Vorónezh, where Peter went three times in the first winter after his return, where he was away from the society of Lefort and his friends, looking after his ships, that he most gave way to melancholy and despondency. Firm as was his will, and strong as was his belief in himself, he even began to doubt whether, after all, he was on the right road. He wrote to Vinius on the 2d of November, 1698, from Vorónezh: "Thank God! we have found our fleet in an excellent condition, and have approved the magazine. But still a cloud of doubt covers my mind whether we shall ever taste of this fruit, like dates, which those who plant never gather. However, we hope in God and in St. Paul. 'The husbandman that laboreth must be the first partaker of the fruit.'" In another letter he writes: "Here, by God's help, is great preparation; but we only wait for that blessed day when the cloud of doubt over us shall be driven away. We have begun a ship here which will carry sixty guns." His doubts and his hesitations were being rapidly driven away by hard work, when he received from Moscow the melancholy news of the sudden death of General Lefort. Lefort had entertained the envoys from Denmark and Brandenburg, on the eve of their departure for Vorónezh, where they were going by permission of the Tsar, to see his new fleet. The banquet had lasted so long that they had finished it by drinking in the open air, in the cold of February. The next day, Lefort was taken alarmingly ill with a burning fever, and died a week after, in delirium. The Tsar immediately returned from Vorónezh to be present at the funeral. At the news of the death, he burst into thick sobs, and, with a flood of tears, broke out in these words: "Now I am left without one trusty man. He alone was faithful to me; in whom can I confide henceforward?" The Tsar frequently spoke of his loss, and years after, when Menshikóf gave an entertainment which was to his taste, said: "This is the first time that I have really enjoyed myself since Lefort's death." It is to be mentioned to Lefort's honor that, with all the opportunities he had for making himself rich, he died almost penniless. The Tsar maintained in his service Peter Lefort, the nephew and steward of the general, and sent to Geneva for Henry Lefort, the only son of the deceased, saying that he always wished to have one of the name near his person.

A few months later, on the 29th of November, 1699, the Tsar lost another and an older friend, with whom we have had much to do—General Gordon. Peter visited him five times during his short illness, was with him twice on the last night, and closed his dying eyes with his own hand. The last entry in Gordon's diary is on the last day of December, 1698, when, as if anticipating his death, he wrote: "In this year I have felt a sensible failing of my health and strength—though Thy will be done, O my gracious God!"

CHAPTER IX.

A TRUCE WITH TURKEY.

One of the Great Embassy, Prokóp Voznítsyn, had been left in Vienna, and was made delegate to the Congress that was to settle the terms of peace with the Turks, and which shortly afterward met at Carlowitz, near Peterwardein, on the Danube. It was, as we remember, greatly against Peter's will that he consented to take any part in the negotiations. He was dissatisfied that

A PEASANT OF THE VOLGA.

peace should be made by Austria, for he knew that Russia alone was unable to cope with the Turkish Empire, which, in spite of its recent defeats, was still strong. All his efforts at ship-building, so far as they had any national importance, were for creating a fleet which could fight the Turks on their own waters, the Black Sea. He also objected to the principle on which the peace was to be made, that of the *uti possidetis*. Voznítsyn, therefore, had instructions to insist not only on keeping all that Russia had acquired by force of arms,—that is, Azof and the forts on the lower Dníeper,—but also on the session of Kertch. Subsequently, when the Tsar found that Austria would, in any event, make peace, he instructed his envoy, in case the Turks were obstinate, not to insist too strongly on Kertch, provided Azof and the forts on the Dníeper could be retained. He soon saw that the negotiations at Carlowitz proceeded too quickly for him to make any effort at new conquests before the conclusion of a treaty. Austria and Turkey were both sincerely desirous of peace—Austria because she did not wish to risk the conquests she had gained, and wanted to have her hands free, Turkey because the Sultan and his Vizier feared still further defeats. England and the Netherlands desired peace because they foresaw the war of the Spanish succession, and wished to use the whole force of Austria to counterbalance that of France. The Austrian and Turkish commissioners, assisted by the mediators, Lord Paget and

Collier, in a few secret sessions, quickly established the terms of peace, in spite of all the intrigues of Voznítsyn. The Russian envoy had at first applied to the Austrian ministry, and then to the Emperor himself,

THE APOSTLE PETER. (REDRAWN FROM A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING.)

asking that, on the basis of the treaty of 1697, by which each party bound itself not to make a separate peace, the overtures of the Turks should be rejected, unless the Russian demands were satisfied. Finding this of no avail, he endeavored to work on the Turks through his old acquaintance Alexander Mavrocordato, a Greek by birth, the dragoman of the Porte and one of the Turkish commissioners. He insisted to the Turks that this was no time for them to make peace, as Austria would soon be in a war with France, and they would have the chance, not only of reconquering all they had lost, but, perhaps, of gaining additional advantages. These negotiations were carried on through the chaplain of Mavrocordato and Doctor Postnikóf, who had returned with his doctor's diploma from Padua. In order to escape observation, they took long circuits through the plains surrounding Carlowitz, and met at distant points. Mavrocordato sent flattering messages, and willingly accepted presents and bribes. When he hinted that it was cold, Voznítsyn sent him his own embroidered caftan lined with blue-fox fur. In return for the caviare, smoked fish, and salted sturgeon, Mavrocordato gave tobacco, coffee, pipes, and writing-paper. The ruse was too transparent; all were astonished that the Russian envoy should take the side of the Turks, and his plans came to naught. The Turks, sure of the peace with Austria, refused to make concessions, either to the Poles or the Venetians, and demanded from the Russians the evacuation of the lower Dnieper. They would hear nothing of the session of Kertch, were with difficulty prevailed upon to allow Azof still to remain in the Russian possession, and absolutely refused to give up the Dnieper. They wished, by all means, to keep to themselves the Black Sea. Voznítsyn then brought forward the proposition which he had held in reserve, that a two years' truce should be made, which Peter thought would allow him sufficient time to have his fleet in readiness for active offensive operations. This the Turks refused, said they had come to terms with the other powers, and that they were able to fight and to conquer Russia. At this Voznítsyn took a firmer and more threatening attitude, and replied that if they wished war they could have it. This had an effect, and before the arrival of a new proposition from Peter that the forts on the Dnieper should be rased to the ground and not be rebuilt by either side, Voznítsyn had concluded a truce for two years. In defending himself for this, he said that the Congress was over, the treaty signed,* and the Turkish commissioners could not be found this side of Constantinople; that the Turks were little disposed to cede anything except what was too far off for them to defend and maintain, as they wished to use all their strength in reconquering the Morea. He therefore advised Peter, instead of running the chances of war, to send a special embassy to Constantinople, headed by some man of quickness and capacity, to see on what terms the Turks were willing to make peace, but not to ask for a peace, and to refuse all terms inconsistent with the dignity and power of Russia.

This advice Peter took, and appointed as his embassador Emelian Ukraíntsef, who had long been in the Russian foreign office, and had been intrusted with several delicate and important negotiations. In order to give

* By the treaty of Carlowitz, which, after discussions lasting seventy-two days, was signed on January 26th, 1699, Austria regained Transylvania, the Banate, and all of Hungary north-west of the Theiss: Venice kept Dalmatia and the Morea; and Poland received Kamenetz and Podolia, while all tributes to the Porte from these three powers, whether paid as such or as honorary presents, were done away with. It was the beginning of the decadence of Turkey. From that time, Europe felt no fear of the Turkish arms.

SERAGLIO POINT AND THE GATE OF THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

dignity to the mission, and at the same time to impress the Turks with the new naval power of Russia, he resolved that Ukraíntsef, instead of prosecuting his journey by land, should sail from Azof on a frigate, while he, with all the other ships disposable, would accompany him as far as Kertch. Golovín was made general-admiral of the fleet, and invested with the insignia of the new order of St. Andrew. This order Peter created after the model of those decorations he had seen in other countries. He had found out how convenient and cheap a way this was of rewarding services to the state.

On his visit to Vorónezh, in the autumn of 1698, Peter found his infant fleet in a far greater state of forwardness than he had expected. Many ships were already built and armed, and ready for a cruise. The magazines were full of material. In this, and in subsequent visits, he labored to make good all the deficiencies, and Cruys, who had arrived from Holland, inspected all the vessels, and recommended that many of them be strengthened, and in part rebuilt. Peter was glad to find that many of his fellow-workmen at Amsterdam and Deptford had already arrived, and he himself set heartily to work, and laid the keel of a new frigate, one hundred and thirty feet long, to be called the *Predestination*. By the spring of 1699, there were ready eighty-six ships and boats of all kinds, including eighteen which carried from thirty-six to forty-six guns, besides five hundred barges for transporting provisions and munitions. The fleet, under the command of Admiral Golovín, left Vorónezh on the 7th of May, and reached Azof on the 3d of June. Peter went as commander of the forty-four gun ship the *Apostle Peter*. Cruys, in his journal, gives a full account of the voyage, and after describing the lovely country through which they passed, tells, among other things, how at Pánshin, where they arrived just in time to prevent the assembled Cossacks and Kalmuks from coming to blows over cattle-lifting and pasturage, Peter came to see him, and found his men engaged in cleaning some tortoises which they had caught on the

banks of the Don. The Tsar asked what they were for, and being told to make a fricassee for dinner, immediately ordered a similar dish to be prepared for his own table. Tortoises were considered unclean animals. The Russian nobles who dined with him, not knowing of what the dish was composed, but thinking, from its taste, that it was made of young chickens, ate it with satisfaction. When the dish was empty, Peter ordered a servant to bring in the feathers of these excellent chickens, which, to the general astonishment and consternation, turned out to be tortoise shells. Most of them laughed at the joke, except Shéïn and Sóltykof, who became sick at having eaten food so repugnant to all their ideas. Peter was fond of practical jokes of this kind, and at a supper at Moscow, not long before, had seized Golovín, who hated oil, and stuffed salad down his throat until the blood ran from his nose.

After inspecting the fortifications at Azof and Taganróg, drawing up and correcting maritime regulations, and trying the qualities of the vessels in maneuvers and a sham fight, Peter started for Kertch with all his fleet. The forty-six-gun ship *Fortress*, under the command of Captain van Pamburg, who had been engaged in Holland, was selected to take Ukraíntsef to Constantinople.

Negotiations with the Pasha of Kertch lasted ten days. First an absolute refusal was given to the passage of the ship without orders from Constantinople; then a journey by land was recommended. When Peter threatened to force the passage with his whole fleet in case of an absolute refusal, as there were only four Turkish ships in the harbor, the Pasha consented; but still excuses were made on account of the bad weather. When it seemed that everything had been arranged, Peter returned with his squadron to Taganróg, and in a few days to Vorónezh. His departure seemed to give the Turks hope that they might create new delays. Finally, Ukraíntsef was forced to give the order for the immediate departure of his vessel, in spite of all the dangers that were set before him by the Turks, who said: "You do not know our sea. It is not without reason it is called Black. In time of danger, men's hearts grow black on it." Re-

THE SUBLIME PORTE, OR GATE, FROM WHICH THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT TAKES ITS NAME.

fusing the request of the Turkish vessels that convoyed him to stop at Balakláva, Ukraíntsef directed his course straight to Constantinople, and after sighting land at Heracléa, speedily came into the Bosphorus, and anchored at sundown, on the 13th of September, opposite the Greek village of Yení-keui. A message of congratulation came from the Sultan, and boats and caïques were sent to take the embassy to Stambúl. Ukraíntsef, wishing to keep within the spirit of his orders, refused to go in the Sultan's caïque unless the frigate preceded him. He was received at the landing-place by high officials sent to meet him, mounted a splendidly caparisoned horse, and, accompanied by an immense crowd, went to the house prepared for him near the church of the Virgin of Hope, at the Sand Gate, on the shore of the Sea of Mármora. Owing to the fall of the wind, the frigate had been obliged to anchor opposite the Jewish village of Kusgundjík, near Scútari, but on the next day it took an excellent position directly in front of the palace of the Seraglio Point, to the astonishment of the Sultan, the ministers, and all the people. The Turks could not understand how such a large vessel could get out of the shallow mouths of the Don, and were only quieted by the belief that it was flat-bottomed and unfit for bad weather. They expressed their annoyance at the fact that so many Dutch and Englishmen were in the Russian service, as they considered those nations to be particularly friendly to the Porte.

The boats of a few Cossack pirates had advanced as far as the mouth of the Bosphorus; but no Russian vessel had been seen at Constantinople since the times of the old Greek Empire. In the tenth century, the early Russian princes had kept Constantinople in terror by their incursions, which have been greatly magnified by patriotic tradition. It is said that Oleg fitted wheels to his ships, and drew them over the peninsula to the Sea of Mármora, and hung his shield as a defiance on the Golden Gate. His son, Igór, was less successful, and his fleet was destroyed by Greek fire, with terrible loss. But those days were long past, and the exploits of Oleg and Igór were unknown to the Turks. To the Russians they were kept alive by popular songs and the chronicle of Nestor.

The Russian frigate was visited by all classes of the motley population of Constantinople, and even by the Sultan himself, who was greatly interested, and carefully inspected the vessel in detail. Rumors magnified the prowess and intentions of the Russians, and it was said that ten vessels had entered the Black Sea, and were cruising off Trebizond and Sinope. A thoughtless act of Captain Pamburg added to the general excitement. He had invited to dinner a number of his French and Dutch acquaintances. After entertaining them till midnight, he fired a salute of all his guns, to the consternation of the Sultan, his wives, and the whole city, who believed that this was a signal given to the fleet of the Tsar to approach Constantinople. Early the next morning, the Grand Vizier sent Mavrocordato to Ukraíntsef to express his displeasure, and to request the punishment of the captain. If this were refused, the Sultan ordered the captain to be arrested by Turkish troops and imprisoned, and his ship to be seized and towed up to the Admiralty. Ukraíntsef replied that if the salute had been displeasing to the Sultan, it would not be repeated; but that he had no power over the commander of the vessel. Matvéief, who was then at the Hague, reported that news had come there from the Dutch agent at Smyrna, that the Sultan in his anger sent three hundred men to Captain van Pamburg, to forbid his firing again. Pamburg declared to them that they had better not attempt to board him, for he would blow up the ship the moment they had all reached the deck.

The conferences at Constantinople, twenty-three in all, between Ukraíntsef and the secretary, Tcheredéief, on the one side, and the Reis-Effendi Mehmed Rami and Mavrocordato, the dragoman of the Porte, on the other, lasted from the 14th of November, 1699, to the 26th of June, 1700. The conditions of the Russians—which, at the request of the Grand Vizier, were given in writing in Latin and Russian—were composed of sixteen articles, the chief of which were that the towns and lands conquered by Russia were to be ceded to Russia, according to the principle of *uti possidetis* accepted at the treaty of Carlowitz; that neither the Khan of the Crimea, nor the Tartars under his control, nor the Turks, should vex Russia with incursions, nor should, under any pretext, ask the Russian Government for the tribute of money or for presents; that Russian commercial vessels should have the right of sailing on the Black Sea; that the prisoners should be mutually exchanged, and that the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem should be taken away from the Catholics and given back to the Greeks. The disputes, the

OLEG NAILING HIS SHIELD TO THE GATE OF CONSTANTINOPLE. (FROM ETCHING BY PROFESSOR BRUNI.)

delays, the quibblings were endless, and at one time the negotiations were almost entirely broken off, and could not be renewed until Zhérlof arrived from the Tsar, bringing as a final concession the alternative proposition that the towns on the lower Dnieper should remain in the possession of Russia six or seven years, and then be razed, or that they should be entirely destroyed and occupied by neither power. The Turks claimed that the *uti possidetis* basis was impossible, and had actually been given up in the treaty of Carlowitz, as the Austrians, for the purpose of simplifying the frontier, had given back some small districts to Turkey. They insisted on the surrender of the lower Dnieper, and refused to mention in the treaty the maritime towns and villages on the sea of Azof. They even refused to cede more than the distance of a cannon-shot from the walls of Azof, although finally they granted surrounding territory to the distance of ten days' journey. Even after the plenipotentiaries had agreed upon the terms of the treaty, the Sultan for a time refused to sign it, unless the Russians consented to destroy all the new forts which had been constructed, such as Taganróg, Pávlofsky, and Miúsky, and the new fortifications of Azof. With regard to the Holy Sepulcher, the Sultan claimed that this was a question entirely within his jurisdiction, which he could not mention in the treaty, but that if after the treaty the Tsar chose to make representations, he would doubtless be willing to oblige him in some respects. Mavrocordato, who, after the treaty of Carlowitz, had been made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and was long the guiding spirit of Turkish diplomacy, promised on his faith as an orthodox Christian to assist in this pious purpose. It was found impossible to get any concession from the Porte with regard to the Black Sea. The Turks said: "The Black Sea and all its coasts are ruled by the Sultan alone. They have never been in the possession of any other power, and since the Turks have gained sovereignty over this sea, from time immemorial no foreign ship has ever sailed its waters, nor ever will sail them. More than once, and even now have the French, Dutch, English, and Venetians begged the Porte to allow their trading ships on the Black Sea, but the Porte always has refused them and always will refuse them, because the sovereignty of this sea belongs to no one else

than the Sultan. The Ottoman Porte guards the Black Sea like a pure and undefiled virgin, which no one dares to touch, and the Sultan will sooner permit outsiders to enter his harem than consent to the sailing of foreign vessels on the Black Sea. This can only be done when the Turkish Empire has been turned upside down." All that could be obtained on this point was that, after the conclusion of peace, the plenipotentiary who should come to Constantinople for its ratification should be empowered to engage in negotiations for advantageous and mutual commerce. Ukraíntsef reported that on this point the Turks were rendered still more obstinate by the advice of the foreign ministers, especially the English and French, who had great commercial interests in the East, and wished to reserve all the trade for themselves. They therefore saw with jealousy and displeasure the possibility that the Russians might have a commercial fleet either on the Black Sea or at Archangel. Ukraíntsef believed that the foreign representatives did all they could to hinder the success of his mission, even in other respects, as they did not desire that Russia should get on too friendly and intimate terms with Turkey. With the representatives of other powers the Russian envoy had no intercourse, except as mutual messages of congratulation and compliment were sent. The Porte kept him under surveillance, and refused to allow him to visit the foreign legations, who lived at Gálata, in free intercourse with all the world, and they, in their turn, replied to his pressing request for aid in this matter, that they were sure of being refused by the Porte, and they did not wish to expose themselves to the affront.

At last it was possible to sign a thirty years' truce—for the Sultan refused to sign a permanent peace on the ground that sufficient concessions had not been made to him. The Turks of that time always preferred a truce to a peace. By a truce nothing was settled, except for the moment. The signers abandoned no claims, and were bound to nothing. When the truce expired, all questions were again open, as if war had never ceased. The chief articles of this truce were that the towns on the Dníeper were to be destroyed within thirty days, and the land on which they stood returned to Turkey; that Azof and all its towns, both new and old, were to remain in the possession of Russia; that a belt of waste and uninhabited country should separate the whole Crimea from the Russian dominions; that the tribute and presents heretofore paid to the Tartar Khan were given up; that prisoners should be exchanged or ransomed on honorable terms; that Russian pilgrims should be allowed to go to Jerusalem without being taxed, and Russian ecclesiastics living in Turkish dominions protected from oppression and insult; and that the Resident of the Tsar in Constantinople should have the same rights and privileges as these enjoyed by other Christian powers.

EMBRYO.

I FEEL a poem in my heart to-night,
A still thing, growing;
As if the darkness to the outer light
A song were owing:
A something vague, and sweet, and sad;
Fair, fragile, slender;
Not tearful, yet not daring to be glad,
And oh! so tender.

It may not reach the outer world at all,
Despite its growing;
Upon a poet-flower such cold winds fall
To blight its blowing.
But oh! whatever may the thing betide,
Free life or fetter,
My heart, just to have held it till it died,
Will be the better.

UNDER THE GLACIER.

I.

In one of the deepest fjord-valleys on the western coast of Norway there lives, even to this day, a legend which may be worth relating. Several hundred years ago, a peasant dwelt there in the parish who had two sons, both born on the same day. During their infancy, they looked so much alike that even the father himself could not always tell one from the other; and as the mother had died soon after their birth, there was no one to settle the question of primogeniture. At last the father, too, died, and each son, feeling sure that he was the elder, laid claim to the farm. For well nigh a year they kept wrangling and fighting, each threatening to burn the house over the other's head if he dared to take possession of it. The matter was finally adjusted by the opportune intervention of a neighbor who stood in high repute for wisdom. At his suggestion, they should each plant side by side a twig or sprout of some tree or herb, and he to whose plant God gave growth should be the owner of the farm. This advice was accepted; for God, both thought, was a safer arbiter than man. One of the brothers, Arne, chose a fern *(Ormgrass)*, and the other, Ulf, a sweet-brier. A week later, they went with the wise man and two other neighbors to the remote pasture at the edge of the glacier where, by common consent, they had made their appeal to the judgment of heaven. Arne's fern stood waving in dewy freshness in the morning breeze; but Ulf's sweet-brier lay prostrate upon the ground, as if uprooted by some hostile hand. The eyes of the brothers met in a long, ill-boding glance.

"This is not heaven's judgment," muttered Ulf, under his breath. "Methinks I know the hand that has wrought this dastardly deed."

The umpires, unmindful of the charge, examined the uprooted twig, and decided that some wild animal must have trodden upon it. Accordingly they awarded the farm to Arne. Then swifter than thought Ulf's knife flew from its sheath; Arne turned pale as death and quivered like an aspen leaf. The umpires rushed forward to shield him. There was a moment of breathless suspense. Then Ulf with a wild shout hurled his knife away, and leaped over the brink of the precipice down into the icy gulf below. A remote hollow rumbling rose from the abyss, followed by a deeper stillness. The men peered out over the edge of the rock; the glacier lay vast and serene, with its cold, glittering surface glaring against the sky, and a thousand minute rivulets filled the air with their melodious tinkling.

"God be his judge and yours," said the men to Arne, and hastened away.

From that day Arne received the surname Ormgrass (literally Wormgrass, Fern), and his farm was called the Ormgrass farm. And the name has clung to his descendants until this day. Somehow, since the death of Ulf, the family had never been well liked, and in their proud seclusion, up under the eternal ice-fields, they sought their neighbors even less than they were themselves sought. They were indeed a remarkably handsome race, of a light build, with well-knit frames, and with a touch of that wild grace which makes a beast of prey seem beautiful and dangerous.

In the beginning of the present century Arne's grandson, Gudmund Ormgrass, was the bearer of the family name and the possessor of the estate. As ill luck would have it, his two sons, Arne and Tharald, both wooed the same maiden,—the fairest and proudest maiden in all the parish. After long wavering she at last was betrothed to Arne, as some thought, because he, being the elder, was the heir to the farm. But in less than a year, some two weeks before the wedding was to be, she bore a child; and Arne was not its father. That same night the brothers met in an evil hour; from words they came to blows, knives were drawn, and after midnight Tharald was carried up to the farm with a deep wound in his shoulder and quite unconscious. He hovered for a week on the brink of death; then the wound began to heal and he recovered rapidly. Arne was nowhere to be found; rumor reported that he had been seen the day after the affray, on board a brig bound for Hull with lumber. At the end of a year, Tharald married his brother's bride and took possession of the farm.

II.

One morning in the early summer of 1868, some thirty-five years after the events

just related, the fjord-valley under the glacier was startled by three shrill shrieks from the passing steamer, the usual signal that a boat was wanted to land some stray passenger. A couple of boats were pushed out from the beach, and half a dozen men, with red-peaked caps and a certain picturesque nonchalance in their attire, scrambled into them and soon surrounded the gangway of the steamer. First some large trunks and boxes were lowered, showing that the passenger, whoever he might be, was a person of distinction,—an impression which was still further confirmed by the appearance of a tall, dark-skinned man, followed by a woolly headed creature of a truly Satanic complexion, who created a profound sensation among the boatmen. Then the steamer shrieked once more, the echoes began a prolonged game of hide-and-seek among the snow-hooded peaks, and the boats slowly plowed their way over the luminous mirror of fjord.

"Is there any farm here, where my servant and myself can find lodgings for the summer?" said the traveler, turning to a young peasant lad. "I should prefer to be as near to the glacier as possible."

He spoke Norwegian, with a strong foreign accent, but nevertheless with a correct and distinct enunciation.

"My father, Tharald Ormgrass, lives close up to the ice-field," answered the lad. "I shouldn't wonder if he would take you, if you will put up with our way of living."

"Will you accompany me to your father's house?"

"Yes, I guess I can do that." *(Ja, jeg kan nok det.)*

The lad, without waiting for further summons, trotted ahead, and the traveler with his black servant followed.

Maurice Fern (for that was the stranger's name) was, as already hinted, a tall, dark-complexioned man, as yet slightly on the sunny side of thirty, with a straight nose, firm, shapely mouth, which was neither sensual nor over-sensitive, and a pair of clear dark-brown eyes, in which there was a gleam of fervor, showing that he was not altogether incapable of enthusiasm. But for all that, the total impression of his personality was one of clear-headed decision and calm energy. He was a man of an absorbing presence, one whom you would have instinctively noticed even in a crowd. He bore himself with that unconscious grace which people are apt to call aristocratic, being apparently never encumbered by any superfluity of arms and legs. His features, whatever their ethnological value might be, were, at all events, decidedly handsome; but if they were typical of anything, they told unmistakably that their possessor was a man of culture. They showed none of that barbaric frankness which, like a manufacturer's label, flaunts in the face of all humanity the history of one's origin, race, and nationality. Culture is hostile to type; it humanizes the ferocious jaw-bones of the Celt, blanches the ruddy luster of the Anglo-Saxon complexion, contracts the abdominal volume of the Teuton, and subdues the extravagant angularities of Brother Jonathan's stature and character. Although respecting this physiognomic reticence on the part of Mr. Fern, we dare not leave the reader in ignorance regarding the circumstances of which he was the unconscious result.

After his flight from Norway, Arne Ormgrass had roamed about for several months as "a wanderer and a vagabond upon the earth," until, finally, he settled down in New Orleans, where he entered into partnership with a thrifty young Swede, and established a hotel, known as the "Sailors' Valhalla." Fortune favored him: his reckless daring, his ready tongue, and, above all, his extraordinary beauty soon gained him an enviable reputation. Money became abundant, the hotel was torn down and rebuilt with the usual barbaric display of mirrors and upholstery, and the landlords began to aspire for guests of a higher degree. Then, one fine day, a young lady, with a long French name and aristocratic antecedents, fell in love with Arne, not coolly and prudently, as northern damsels do, but with wildly tragic gesticulations and a declamatory ardor that were superb to behold. To the Norseman, however, a passion of this degree of intensity was too novel to be altogether pleasing; he felt awed and bewildered,—standing, as he did, for the first time in his life in the presence of a veritable mystery. By some chance their clandestine meetings were discovered. The lady's brother shot at Arne, who returned the shot with better effect; then followed elopement—marriage—return to the bosom of the family, and a final grand tableau with parental blessing and reconciliation.

From that time forth, Arne Fern, as he was called (his Norse name having simply been translated into English), was a man of distinction. After the death of his father-in-law, in 1859, he sold his Louisiana property and emigrated with his wife and three

children to San Francisco, where by successful real-estate investments he greatly increased his wealth. His eldest son, Maurice, was, at his own request, sent to the eastern States, where educational advantages were greater; he entered, in due time, one of the best and oldest universities, and, to the great disappointment of his father, contracted a violent enthusiasm for natural science. Being convinced, however, that remonstrance was vain, the old gentleman gradually learned to look with a certain vague respect upon his son's enigmatical pursuits, and at last surprised the latter by "coming down quite handsomely" when funds were required for a geological excursion to Norway.

III.

A SCIENTIFIC enthusiasm is one of the most uncomfortable things a human bosom can harbor. It may be the source of a good deal of private satisfaction to the devotee, but it makes him, in his own estimation, superior to all the minor claims of society. This was, at least in an eminent degree, the case with Maurice Fern. He was not willfully regardless of other people's comfort; he seemed rather to be unconscious of their existence, except in a dim, general way, as a man who gazes intently at a strong light will gradually lose sight of all surrounding objects. And for all that, he was, by nature, a generous man; in his unscientific moments, when his mind was, as it were, off duty, he was capable of very unselfish deeds, and even of sublime self-sacrifice. It was only a few weeks since he had given his plaid to a shivering old woman in the Scottish stage-coach, and caught a severe cold in consequence; but he had bestowed his charity in a reserved, matter-of-fact way which made the act appear utterly commonplace and unheroic. He found it less troublesome to shiver than to be compelled to see some one else shivering, and his generosity thus assumed the appearance of a deliberate choice between two evils.

Phenomena of this degree of complexity are extremely rare in Norway, where human nature, as everything else, is of the large-lettered, easily legible type; and even Tharald Ormgrass, who, in spite of his good opinion of himself, was not an acute observer, had a lively sense of the foreignness of the guest whom, for pecuniary reasons, he had consented to lodge during the remainder of the summer.

A large, quaint, low-ceiled chamber on the second floor, with a superfluity of tiny greenish window-panes, was assigned to the stranger, and his African servant, Jake, was installed in a smaller adjoining apartment. The day after his arrival Maurice spent in unpacking and polishing his precious instruments, which, in the incongruous setting of rough-hewn timbers and gaily painted Norse furniture, looked almost fantastic. The maid who brought him his meals (for he could waste no time in dining with the family) walked about on tip-toe, as if she were in a sick-chamber, and occasionally stopped to gaze at him with mingled curiosity and awe.

The Ormgrass farm consisted of a long, bleak stretch of hill-side, in part overgrown with sweet-brier and juniper, and covered with large, lichen-painted bowlders. Here and there was a patch of hardy winter wheat, and at odd intervals a piece of brownish meadow. At the top of the slope you could see the huge shining ridge of the glacier, looming in threatening silence against the sky. Leaning, as it did, with a decided impulse to the westward, it was difficult to resist the impression that it had braced itself against the opposite mountain, and thrown its whole enormous weight against the Ormgrass hills for the purpose of forcing a passage down to the farm. To Maurice, at least, this idea suggested itself with considerable vividness as, on the second day after his arrival, he had his first complete view of the glacier. He had approached it, not from below, but from the western side, at the only point where ascent was possible. The vast expanse of the ice lay in cold, ghastly shade; for the sun, which was barely felt as a remote presence in the upper air, had not yet reached the depths of the valley. A silence as of death reigned everywhere; it floated up from the dim blue crevasses, it filled the air, it vibrated on the senses as with a vague endeavor to be heard. Jake, carrying a barometer, a surveyor's transit, and a multitude of smaller instruments, followed cautiously in his master's footsteps, and a young lad, Tharald Ormgrass's son, who had been engaged as a guide, ran nimbly over the glazed surface, at every step thrusting his steel-shod heels vindictively into the ice. But it would be futile for one of the uninitiated to attempt to follow Maurice in his scientific investigations; on such occasions, he would have been extremely uninteresting to outside humanity, simply because outside humanity was the

last thing he would have thought worth troubling himself about. And still his unremitting zeal in the pursuit of his aim, and his cool self-possession in the presence of danger, were not without a sublimity of their own; and the lustrous intensity of his vision as he grasped some new fact corroborative of some favorite theory, might well have stirred a sympathetic interest even in a mind of unscientific proclivities.

An hour after noon, the three wanderers returned from their wintry excursion, Maurice calm and radiant, the ebony-faced Jake sore-footed and morose, and young Gudmund, the guide, with that stanch neutrality of countenance which with boys passes for dignity. The sun was now well in sight, and the silence of the glacier was broken. A thousand tiny rills, now gathering into miniature cataracts, now again scattering through a net-work of small, bluish channels, mingled their melodious voices into a hushed symphony, suggestive of fairy bells, and elf-maidens dancing in the cool dusk of the arctic midsummer night.

Fern, with an air of profound preoccupation, seated himself on a ledge of rock at the border of the ice, took out his note-book and began to write.

"Jake," he said, without looking up, "be good enough to get us some dinner."

"We have nothing except some bread and butter, and some meat extract," answered the servant, demurely.

"That will be quite sufficient. You will find my pocket-stove and a bottle of alcohol in my valise."

Jake grumblingly obeyed; he only approved of science in so far as it was reconcilable with substantial feeding. He placed the lamp upon a huge bowlder (whose black sides were here and there enlivened with patches of buff and scarlet lichen), filled the basin with water from the glacier, and then lighted the wick. There was something obtrusively incongruous in seeing this fragile contrivance, indicating so many complicated wants, placed here among all the wild strength of primitive nature; it was like beholding the glacial age confronted with the nineteenth century.

At this moment, Fern was interrupted in his scientific meditations by a loud scream of terror, and lifting his eyes, he saw a picturesque combination of yellow, black, and scarlet (in its general outline resembling a girl), fleeing with desperate speed up the narrow path along the glacier. The same glance also revealed to him two red-painted wooden pails dancing down over the jagged bowlders, and just about to make a final leap down upon the ice, when two determined kicks from his foot arrested them. Feeling somewhat solicitous about the girl, and unable to account for her fright, he hurried up the path; there she was again, still running, her yellow hair fluttering wildly about her head. He put his hands to his mouth and shouted. The echoes floated away over the desolate ice-hills, growing ever colder and feebler, like some abstract sound, deprived of its human quality. The girl, glancing back over her shoulder, showed a fair face, convulsed with agitation, paused for an instant to look again, and then dropped upon a stone in a state of utter collapse. One moment more and he was at her side. She was lying with her face downward, her blue eyes distended with fright, and her hands clutching some tufts of moss which she had unconsciously torn from the sides of the stone.

"My dear child," he said, stooping down over her (there was always something fatherly in his manner toward those who were suffering), "what is it that has frightened you so? It is surely not I you are afraid of?"

The girl moved her head slightly, and her lips parted as with an effort to speak; but no sound came.

Fern seized her hand and put his forefinger on her pulse.

"By Jove, child," he exclaimed, "how you have been running!"

There was to him something very pathetic in this silent resignation of terror. All the tenderness of his nature was stirred; for, like many another undemonstrative person, he hid beneath a horny epidermis of apathy some deep-hued, warm-blooded qualities.

"There now," he continued, soothingly; "you will feel better in a moment. Remember there is nothing to be afraid of. There is nobody here who will do you any harm."

The young girl braced herself up on her elbow, and threw an anxious glance down the path.

"It surely was the devil," she whispered, turning with a look of shy appeal toward her protector.

"The devil? Who was the devil?"

"He was all black, and he grinned at me so horribly;" and she trembled anew at the very thought.

"Don't be a little goose," retorted he, laughing. "It was a far less important personage. It was my servant, Jake. And it was

God who made him black, just for the sake of variety, you know. It would be rather monotonous to have everybody as white as you and me."

She attempted to smile, feeling that it was expected of her; but the result was hardly proportionate to the effort. Her features were not of that type which lends itself easily to disguises. A simple maidenly soul, if the whole infinite variety of human masks had been at its disposal, would have chosen just such a countenance as this as its complete expression. There was nothing striking in it, unless an entirely faultless combination of softly curving lines and fresh flesh-tints be rare enough to merit that appellation; nor would any one but a cynic have called it a commonplace face, for the absolute sweetness and purity which these simple lines and tints expressed, appealed directly to that part of one's nature where no harsh adjectives dwell. It was a feeling of this kind which suddenly checked Fern in the scientific meditation he was about to indulge, and spoiled the profound but uncharitable result at which he had already half arrived. A young man who could extract scientific information from the features of a beautiful girl could hardly be called human; and our hero, with all his enthusiasm for abstract things, was as yet not exalted above the laws which govern his species.

The girl had, under his kindly ministry, recovered her breath and her spirits. She had risen, brushed the moss and loose earth from her dress, and was about to proceed on her way.

"I thank you," she said simply, reaching him her hand in Norse fashion. "You have been very good to me."

"Not at all," he answered, shaking her hand heartily. "And now, wouldn't you please tell me your name?"

"Elsie Tharald's daughter Ormgrass."

"Ah, indeed! Then we shall soon be better acquainted. I am living at your father's house."

IV.

Two weeks had passed since Maurice's arrival at the farm. Elsie was sitting on the topmost step of the store-house stairs, intent upon some kind of coarse knitting-work whose bag-like convexity remotely suggested a stocking. Some straggling rays of the late afternoon sun had got tangled in the loose locks on her forehead, which shone with a golden translucence. At the foot of the stairs stood her father, polishing with a woolen rag the tarnished silver of an ancient harness. At this moment, Fern was seen entering the yard at the opposite side, and with his usual brisk step approaching the store-house. Elsie, looking up from her knitting, saw at once that there was something unusual in his manner—something which in another man you might have called agitation, but which with him was but an intenser degree of self-command.

"Good evening," he said, as he stopped in front of her father. "I have something I wish to speak with you about."

"Speak on, young man," answered Tharald, rubbing away imperturbably at one of the blinders. "Elsie isn't likely to blab, even if what you say is worth blabbing."

"It is a more serious affair than you think," continued Fern, thrusting his peaked staff deep into the sod. "If the glacier goes on advancing at this rate, your farm is doomed within a year."

The old peasant raised his grizzly head, scratched with provoking deliberation the fringe of beard which lined his face like a frame, and stared with a look of supercilious scorn at his informant.

"If our fare don't suit you," he growled, "you needn't stay. We sha'n't try to keep you."

"I had no thought of myself," retorted Fern, calmly; for he had by this time grown somewhat accustomed to his host's disagreeable ways. "You will no doubt have observed that the glacier has, within the last thirty years, sent out a new branch to the westward, and if this branch continues to progress at its present rate, nothing short of a miracle can save you. During the first week after my arrival it advanced fifteen feet, as I have ascertained by accurate measurements, and during the last seven days it has shot forward nineteen feet more. If next winter should bring a heavy fall of snow, the nether edge may break off, without the slightest warning, and an avalanche may sweep down upon you, carrying houses, barns, and the very soil down into the fjord. I sincerely hope that you will heed my words, and take your precautions while it is yet time. Science is not to be trifled with; it has a power of prophecy surer than that of Ezekiel or Daniel."

"The devil take both you and your science!" cried the old man, now thoroughly aroused. "If you hadn't been

poking about up there, and digging your sneezing horn in everywhere, the glacier would have kept quiet, as it has done before, as far back as man's memory goes. I knew at once that mischief was brewing when you and your black Satan came here with your pocket-furnaces, and your long-legged gazing-tubes, and all the rest of your new-fangled deviltry. If you don't hurry up and get out of my house this very day, I will whip you off the farm like a dog."

Tharald would probably have continued this pleasing harangue for an indefinite period (for excitement acted as a powerful stimulus to his imagination), had he not just then felt the grasp of a hand upon his arm, and seen a pair of blue eyes, full of tearful appeal, raised to his.

"Get away, daughter," he grumbled, with that shade of gruffness which is but the transition to absolute surrender. "I am not talking to you."

"Oh, father," cried the girl, still clinging to his arm, "it is very wrong in you to talk to him in that way. You know very well that he would never do us any harm. You know he cannot move anything as large as the glacier."

"The devil only knows what he can't do," muttered Tharald, with a little explosive grunt, which might be interpreted as a qualified concession. The fact was, he was rather ashamed of his senseless violence, but did not feel it to be consistent with his dignity to admit unconditionally that he had been in the wrong.

"These learned chaps are not to be trusted, child," he went on, in a tone of serious remonstrance. "It isn't safe to have one of them fellows running about loose. I heard of one up in the West Parish last summer, who was staying with Lars Norby. He was running about with a bag and a hammer, and poking his nose into every nook and cranny of the rocks. And all the while he staid there, the devil ran riot on the farm. Three cows slinked, the bay mare followed suit, and the chickens took the cramps, and died as fast as they were hatched. There was no luck in anything. I tell you, my lass, the Almighty doesn't like to have anybody peeping into His hand, and telling Him when to trump and when to throw a low card. That is the long and short of it. If we don't ship this fellow, smooth-faced and nice as he may be, we shall have a run of bad luck here, such as you never saw the like of before."

In the meanwhile, Maurice, not wishing to overhear the conversation, had entered the house, and father and daughter were left to continue their parley in private. There was really, as Elsie thought, some plausibility in the old man's prognostications, and the situation began to assume a very puzzling aspect to her mind. She admitted that scientists, viewed as a genus, were objectionable; but insisted that Fern, to whose personal charms she was keenly alive, was an exception to the rule. She felt confident that so good a man as he could never have tried to pry into the secrets of God Almighty. Tharald yielded grumblingly, inch by inch, and thus saved his dignity, although his daughter, in the end, prevailed. She obtained his permission to request the guest to remain, and not interpret too literally the rather hasty words he had used. Thus a compromise was effected. Fern suspended his packing, and resumed his objectionable attitude toward the mysteries of creation.

About a week after this occurrence, Maurice was walking along the beach, watching some peasant lads who were spearing trout in a brook near by. The sun had just dipped below the western mountain peaks, and a cool, bluish twilight, which seemed the essence of atmospheric purity, purged of all accessory effects, filled the broad, placid valley, and made it a luxury to breathe. The torches of the fishermen flitted back and forth between the slender stems of the birches, and now and then sent up a great glare of light among the foliage, which shone with a ghostly grayish-green. The majestic repose of this scene sank deeply into Fern's mind; dim yearnings awoke in him, and a strange sense of kinship with these mountains, fjords and glaciers rose from some unknown depth of his soul. He seemed suddenly to love them. Whenever he thought of Norway in later years, the impression of this night revived within him. After a long ramble over the sand, he chanced upon a low, turf-thatched cottage, lying quite apart from the inhabited districts of the valley. The sheen of the fire upon the hearth-stone fell through the open door, and out upon the white beach, and illuminated faintly the middle portion of a long fishing-net, which was suspended on stakes, for drying. Feeling a little tired, he seated himself on a log near the door, and gazed out upon the gleaming glaciers in the distance.

While he was sitting thus, he was startled

at the sound of a voice, deep, distinct and sepulchral, which seemed to proceed from within the cottage.

"I see a book sealed with seven seals," the voice was saying. "Two of them are already broken, and when the third shall be broken—then it is all black—a great calamity will happen."

"Pray don't say that, Gurid," prayed another voice, with a touching, child-like appeal in it (and he instantly recognized it as Elsie's). "God is so very strong, you know, and He can certainly wipe away that black spot, and make it all bright again. And I don't know that I have done anything very wrong of late; and father, I know, is really very good, too, even if he does say some hard things at times. But he doesn't mean anything by it—and I am sure ——"

"Be silent, child!" interrupted the first voice. "Thou dost not understand, and it is well for thee that thou dost not. For it is written, 'He shall visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation.'"

"How terrible!"

"Hush! Now I see a man—he is tall and beautiful—has dark hair and rather a dark face."

"Pray don't say anything more. I don't want to know. Is he to break the seals?"

"Then there is water—water—a long, long journey."

Maurice had listened to this conversation with feelings of mingled amusement and pity, very much as he would have listened to a duet, representing the usual mixture of gypsy and misguided innocence, in an old-fashioned opera. That he was playing the eavesdropper had never entered his mind. The scene seemed too utterly remote and unreal to come within the pale of moral canons. But suddenly the aspect of affairs underwent a revolution, as if the misguided young lady in the opera had turned to be his sister, and he himself under obligation to interfere in her behalf. For at that moment there came an intense, hurried whisper, to which he would fain have closed his ears:

"And does he care for me as I do for him?"

He sprang up, his ears tingling with shame, and hurried down the beach. Presently it occurred to him, however, that it was not quite chivalrous in him to leave little Elsie there alone with the dark-minded sibyl. Who knew but that she might need his help? He paused, and was about to retrace his steps, when he heard some one approaching, whom he instinctively knew to be Elsie. As she came nearer, the moon, which hung transfixed upon the flaming spear of a glacier peak, revealed a distressed little face, through whose transparent surface you might watch the play of emotions within, as one watches the doings of tiny insects and fishes in an aquarium.

"What have they been doing to my little girl?" asked Fern, with a voice full of paternal tenderness. "She has been crying, poor little thing."

He may have been imprudent in addressing a girl of seventeen in this tender fashion; but the truth was, her short skirts and the two long braids of golden hair were in his mind associated with that age toward which you may, without offense, assume the role of a well-meaning protector, and where even a kiss need not necessarily be resented. So far from feeling flattered by the unwished-for recollection of Elsie's feeling for him, he was rather disposed to view it as a pathological phenomenon,—as a sort of malady, of which he would like to cure her. It is not to be denied, however, that if this was his intention, the course he was about to pursue was open to criticism. But it must be borne in mind that Fern was no expert on questions of the heart,—that he had had no blighting experiences yielding him an unwholesome harvest of premature wisdom.

For a long while they walked on in silence, holding each other's hands like two children, and the sound of their footsteps upon the crisp, crunching sand was singularly exaggerated by the great stillness around them.

"And whom is it you have been visiting so late in the night, Elsie?" he asked, at last, glancing furtively into her face.

"Hush, you mustn't talk about her," answered she, in a timid whisper. "It was Gurid Sibyl, and she knows a great many things which nobody else knows except God."

"I am sorry you have resort to such impostors. You know the Bible says it is wrong to consult sibyls and fortune-tellers."

"No, I didn't know it. But you mustn't speak ill of her, or she will sow disease in your blood and you will never see another healthy day. She did that to Nils Saetren because he mocked her, and he has been a cripple ever since."

"Pshaw, I am not afraid of her. She may frighten children ——"

"Hush! Oh, don't!" cried the girl, in tones of distress, laying her hand gently over his mouth. "I wouldn't for the world have anything evil happen to you."

"Well, well, you foolish child," he answered, laughing. "If it grieves you, I will say nothing more about it. But I must disapprove of your superstition all the same."

"Oh, no; don't think ill of me," she begged piteously, her eyes filling with tears.

"No, no, I will not. Only don't cry. It always makes me feel awkward to see a woman cry."

She brushed her tears away and put on a resolute little pout, which was meant to be resigned if not cheerful.

Fifteen minutes later they were standing at the foot of the stairs leading up to his room. The large house was dark and silent. Everybody was asleep. Thinking the opportunity favorable for giving her a bit of parting advice, Maurice seized hold of both her arms and looked her gravely in the eyes. She, however, misinterpreting the gesture, very innocently put up her lips, thinking that he intended to kiss her. The sweet, child-like trustfulness of the act touched him; hardly knowing what he did, he stooped over her and kissed her. As their eyes again met, a deep, radiant contentment shone from her countenance. It was not a mere momentary brightening of the features, such as he had often noticed in her before, but something inexpressibly tender, soul-felt and absolute. It was as if that kiss had suddenly transformed the child into a woman.

V.

Summer hurried on at a rapid pace, the days grew perceptibly shorter, and the birds of passage gathered in large companies on the beach and on the hill-tops, holding noisy consultations to prepare for their long southward journey. Maurice still staid on at the Ormgrass Farm, but a strange, feverish mood had come over him. He daily measured the downward progress of the glacier in agitated expectancy, although as a scientific experiment it had long ceased to yield him any satisfaction. That huge congealed residue of ten thousand winters had, however, acquired a human interest to him which it had lacked before; what he had lost as a scientist he had gained as a man. For, with all respect for Science, that monumental virgin at whose feet so many cherished human illusions have already been sacrificed, it is not to be denied that from an unprofessional point of view a warm-blooded, fair-faced little creature like Elsie is a worthier object of a bachelor's homage. And, strive as he would, Maurice could never quite rid himself of the impression that the glacier harbored in its snowy bosom some fell design against Elsie's peace and safety. It is even possible that he never would have discovered the real nature of his feelings for her if it had not been for this constant fear that she might any moment be snatched away from him.

It was a novel experience in a life like his, so lonely amid its cold, abstract aspirations, to have this warm, maidenly spring-breath invading those chambers of his soul hitherto occupied by shivering calculations regarding the duration and remoteness of the ice age. The warmer strata of feeling which had long lain slumbering beneath this vast superstructure of glacial learning began to break their way to the light, and startled him very much as the earth must have been startled when the first patch of green sod broke into view, steaming under the hot rays of the noon-day sun. Abstractly considered, the thing seemed preposterous enough for the plot of a dime novel, while in the light of her sweet presence the development of his love seemed as logical as an algebraic problem. At all events, the result was in both cases equally inexorable. It was useless to argue that she was his inferior in culture and social accomplishments; she was still young and flexible, and displayed an aptness for seizing upon his ideas and assimilating them which was fairly bewildering. And if purity of soul and loving singleness of purpose be a proof of noble blood, she was surely one of nature's noble-women.

In the course of the summer, Fern had made several attempts to convince old Tharald that the glacier was actually advancing. He willingly admitted that there was a possibility that it might change its mind and begin to recede before any mischief was done, but he held it to be very hazardous to stake one's life on so slim a chance. The old man, however, remained impervious to argument, although he no longer lost his temper when the subject was broached. His ancestors had lived there on the farm century after century, he said, and the glacier had done them no harm. He didn't see why he should be treated any worse by the Almighty than they had

been; he had always acted with tolerable fairness toward everybody, and had nothing to blame himself for.

It was perhaps the third time when Tharald had thus protested his blamelessness, that his guest, feeling that reasoning was unavailing, let drop some rather commonplace remark about the culpability of all men before God.

Tharald suddenly flared up, and brought down his fist with a blow on the table.

"Somebody has been bearing tales to you, young man," he cried. "Have you been listening to parish talk?"

"That matters little," answered Fern, coolly. "No one is so blameless that he can claim exemption from misfortune as his just desert."

"Aha, so they have told you that the farm is not mine," continued his host, while his gray eyes glimmered uneasily under his bushy brows. "They have told you that silly nursery tale of the planting of the fern and the sweet-brier, and of Ulf, who sought his death in the glacier. They have told you that I stole the bride of my brother Arne, and that he fled from me over the sea,—and you have believed it all."

At the sound of the name Arne, a flash darted through Maurice's mind; he sprang up, stood for a moment tottering, and then fell back into the chair. Dim memories of his childhood rose up within him; he remembered how his father, who was otherwise so brave and frank and strong, had recoiled from speaking of that part of his life which preceded his coming to the New World. And now, he grasped with intuitive eagerness at this straw, but felt still a vague fear of penetrating into the secret which his father had wished to hide from him. He raised his head slowly, and saw Tharald's face contracted into an angry scowl and his eyes staring grimly at him.

"Well, does the devil ride you?" he burst forth, with his explosive grunt.

Maurice brushed his hand over his face as if to clear his vision, and returned Tharald's stare with frank fearlessness. There was no denying that in this wrinkled, roughly hewn mask there were lines and suggestions which recalled the free and noble mold of his father's features. It was a coincidence of physiognomic intentions rather than actual resemblance—or a resemblance such as might exist between a Vandyck portrait and the same face portrayed by some bungling village artist.

The old man, too, was evidently seeing visions; for he presently began to wince under Maurice's steady gaze, and some troubled memory dwelt in his eye as he rose, and took to sauntering distractedly about on the floor.

"How long is it since your brother Arne fled over the sea?" asked Maurice, firmly.

"How does that concern you?"

"It does concern me, and I wish to know."

Tharald paused in his walk, and stood long, measuring his antagonist with a look of slow, pondering defiance. Then he tossed his head back with a grim laugh, walked toward a carved oaken press in a corner, took out a ponderous Bible, and flung it down on the table.

"I am beginning to see through your game," he said gruffly. "Here is the family record. Look into it at your leisure. And if you are right, let me know. But don't you tell me that that scare about the glacier wasn't all humbug. If it is your right of entail you want to look up, I sha'n't stand in your way."

Thereupon he stalked out, slamming the door behind him; the walls shook, and the windows shivered in their frames.

VI.

A VAST sheet of gauzy cloud was slowly spreading over the western expanse of the sky. Through its silvery meshes, the full moon looked down upon the glacier with a grave unconcern. Drifts of cold white mist hovered here and there over the surface of the ice, rising out of the deep blue hollows, catching for an instant the moon-beams, and again gliding away into the shadow of some far-looming peak.

On the little winding path at the end of the glacier stood Maurice, looking anxiously down toward the valley. Presently a pale speck of color was seen moving in the fog, and on closer inspection proved to be that scarlet bodice which in Norway constitutes the middle portion of a girl's figure. A minute more, and the bodice was surmounted by a fair, girlish face, which looked ravishingly fresh and tangible in its misty setting. The lower portions, partly owing to their neutral coloring and in part to the density of the fog, were but vaguely suggested.

"I have been waiting for you nearly half an hour, down at the river-brink," called out a voice from below, and its clear, mel-

low ring seemed suddenly to lighten the heavy atmosphere. "I really thought you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you?" cried Maurice, making a very unscientific leap down in the direction of the voice. "When did I ever forget you, you ungrateful thing?"

"Aha!" responded Elsie, laughing, for of course the voice as well as the bodice was hers. "Now, didn't you say the edge of the glacier?"

"Yes, but I didn't say the lower edge. If you had at all been gifted with the intuition proverbially attributed to young ladies in your situation, you would have known that I meant the western edge—in fact here, and nowhere else."

"Even though you didn't say it?"

"Even though I did say it."

Fern was now no longer a resident of the Ormgrass Farm. After the discovery of their true relation, Tharald had shown a sort of sullen, superstitious fear of him, evidently regarding him as a providential Nemesis who had come to avenge the wrong he had done to his absent brother. No amount of friendliness on Maurice's part could dispel this lurking suspicion, and at last he became convinced that, for the old man's sake as well as for his own, it was advisable that they should separate. This arrangement, however, involved a sacrifice which our scientist had at first been disposed to regard lightly; but a week or two of purely scientific companionship soon revealed to him how large a factor Elsie had become in his life, and we have seen how he managed to reconcile the two conflicting necessities. The present rendezvous he had appointed with a special intention, which, with his usual directness, he proceeded to unfold to her.

"Elsie dear," he began, drawing her down on a stone at his side, "I have something very serious which I wish to talk to you about."

"And why do you always want to talk so solemnly to me, Maurice?"

"Now be a brave little girl, Elsie, and don't be frightened."

"And is it, then, so very dreadful?" she queried, trembling a little at the gravity of his manner rather than his words.

"No, it isn't dreadful at all. But it is of great importance, and therefore we must both be serious. Now, Elsie dear, tell me honestly if you love me enough to become my wife now, at once."

The girl cast timid glances around her, as if to make sure that they were unobserved. Then she laid her arms round his neck, gazed for a moment with that pathetic, trustful look of hers into his eyes, and put up her lips to be kissed.

"That is no answer, my dear," he said, smiling, but responding readily to the invitation. "I wish to know if you care enough for me to go away with me to a foreign land, and live with me always as my wife."

"I cannot live anywhere without you," she murmured, sadly.

"And then you will do as I wish?"

"But it will take three weeks to have the banns published, and you know father would never allow that."

"That is the very reason why I wish you to do without his consent. If you will board the steamer with me to-morrow night, we will go to England, and there we can be married without the publishing of banns and before any one can overtake us."

"But that would be very wrong, wouldn't it? I think the Bible says so, somewhere."

"In Bible times marriages were on a different basis from what they are now. Moreover, love was not such an inexorable thing then, nor engagements so pressing."

She looked up with eyes full of pathetic remonstrance, and was sadly puzzled.

"Then you will come, darling?" he urged, with lover-like persuasiveness. "Say that you will."

"I will—try," she whispered, tearfully, and hid her troubled face on his bosom.

"One thing more," he went on. "Your house is built on the brink of eternity. The glacier is moving down upon you silently but surely. I have warned your father, but he will not believe me. I have chosen this way of rescuing you, because it is the only way."

The next evening Maurice and his servant stood on the pier, waiting impatiently for Elsie, until the last whistle sounded and the black-hulled boat moved onward, plowing its foamy path through the billows. But Elsie did not come.

Another week passed, and Maurice, fired with a new and desperate resolution, started for the capital, and during the coming winter the glacier was left free to continue its baneful plottings undisturbed by the importunate eyes of science. Immediately on his arrival in the city he set on foot a suit in his father's name against Tharald Gudmundson Ormgrass, to recover his rightful inheritance.

VII.

On a cold, bleak day in the latter part of March, we find Maurice once more in the valley. He had played a hazardous game, but so far fortune had favored him. In that supreme self-trust which a great and generous passion inspires, he had determined to force Tharald Ormgrass to save himself and his children from the imminent destruction. The court had recognized his right to the farm upon the payment of five hundred dollars to its present nominal owner. The money had already been paid, and the farm lay now desolate and forlorn, shivering in the cold gusts from the glacier. The family had just boarded a large English brig which lay at anchor out in the fjord, and was about to set sail for the new world beyond the sea. In the prow of the vessel stood Tharald, gazing with sullen defiance toward the unknown west, while Elsie, red with weeping, and her piquant little face somewhat pinched by cold, was clinging close to him and now and then glancing back toward the dear, deserted homestead.

It had been a sad winter for poor little Elsie. As the law-suit had progressed, she had had to hear many a harsh word against her lover, which seemed all the harder because she did not know how to defend him. His doings, she admitted, did seem incomprehensible, and her father certainly had some show of justice on his side when he upbraided him as cruel, cold, and ungrateful; but, with the sweet, obstinate loyalty of a Norse maiden, she still persisted in believing him good and upright and generous. Some day it would all be cleared up, she thought, and then her triumph and her happiness would be the greater. A man who knew so many strange things, she argued in her simplicity (for her pride in his accomplishments was in direct proportion to her own inability to comprehend them), could not possibly be mean and selfish as other men.

The day had, somehow, a discontented, dubious look. Now its somber veil was partially lifted, and something like the shadow of a smile cheered you by its promise, if not by its presence; then a great rush of light from some unexpected quarter of the heavens, and then again a sudden closing of all the sunny paths—a dismal, gray monotony everywhere. Now and then, tremendous groans and long-drawn thunderous rumblings were heard issuing from the glaciers, and the ice-choked river, whose voice seldom rose above an even barytone, now boomed and brawled with the most capricious interludes of crashing, grinding, and rushing sounds.

On the pier down at the fjord stood Maurice, dressed from head to foot in flannel, and with a jaunty sailor's hat, secured with an elastic cord under his chin. He was gazing with an air of preoccupation up toward the farm, above which the white edge of the glacier hung gleaming against the dim horizon. Above it the fog rose like a dense gray wall, hiding the destructive purpose which was even at this moment laboring within. Some minutes elapsed. Maurice grew impatient, then anxious. He pulled his note-book from his pocket, examined some pages covered with calculations, dotted a neglected *i*, crossed a *t*, and at last closed the book with a desperate air. Presently some dark figure was seen striding down the hill-side, and the black satellite, Jake, appeared, streaming with mud and perspiration.

"Well, you wretched laggard," cried Maurice, as he caught sight of him, "what answer?"

"Nobody answered nothing at all," responded Jake, all out of breath. "They be all gone. Aboard the ship, out there. All rigged, ready to sail."

A few minutes later there was a slight commotion on board the brig *Queen Anne*. A frolicsome tar had thrown out a rope and hauled in two men, one white and one black. The crew thronged about them.

"English, eh?"

"No; American."

"Yankees? Je-ru-salem! Saw your rig wasn't right, somehow."

General hilarity. Witty tar looks around with an air of magnanimous deprecation.

A strange feeling of exultation had taken possession of Maurice. The light and the air suddenly seemed glorious to him. He knew the world misjudged his action; but he felt no need of its vindication. He was rather inclined to chuckle over its mistake, as if it and not he were the sufferer. He walked with rapid steps toward the prow of the ship, where Tharald and Elsie were standing. There was a look of invincibility in his eye which made the old man quail before him. Elsie's face suddenly brightened, as if flooded with light from within; she made an impulsive movement toward him and then stood irresolute.

"Elsie," called out her father with a

husky tremor in his voice. "Let him alone, I tell thee. He might leave us in peace now. He has driven us from hearth and home." Then, with indignant energy, "He shall not touch thee, child. By the heavens, he shall not."

Maurice smiled, and with the same sense of serene benignity, wholly unlover-like, clasped her in his arms.

A wild look flashed in the father's eyes; a hoarse groan broke from his chest. Then, with a swift rekindling of energy, he darted forward, and his broad hands fell with a tiger-like grip on Maurice's shoulders. But hark! The voices of the skies and the mountains echo the groan. The air, surcharged with terror, whirls in wild eddies, then holds its breath and trembles. All eyes are turned toward the glacier. The huge white ridge, gleaming here and there through a cloud of smoke, is pushing down over the mountain-side, a black bulwark of earth rising totteringly before it, and a chaos of bowlders and blocks of ice following, with dull crunching and grinding noises, in its train. The barns and the store-house of the Ormgrass farm are seen slowly climbing the moving earth-wall, then follows the mansion—rising—rising—and with a tremendous, deafening crash the whole huge avalanche sweeps downward into the fjord. The water is lashed into foam; an enormous wave bearing on its crest the shattered wrecks of human homes, rolls onward; the good ship *Queen Anne* is tossed skyward, her cable snaps and springs upward against the mast-head, shrieks of terror fill the air, and the sea flings its strong, foam-wreathed arms against the further shore.

A dead silence follows. The smoke scatters, breaks into drifting fragments, showing the black, naked mountain-side.

The next morning, as the first glimmerings of the dawn pierced the cloud-veil in the east, the brig *Queen Anne* shot before a steady breeze out toward the western ocean. In the prow stood Maurice Fern, in a happy reverie; on a coil of rope at his feet sat Tharald Ormgrass, staring vacantly before him. His face was cold and hard; it had scarcely stirred from its reckless apathy since the hour of the calamity. Then there was a patter of light footsteps on the deck, and Elsie, still with something of the child-like wonder of sleep in her eyes, emerged from behind the broad white sail.

Tharald saw her and the hardness died out of his face. He strove to speak once —twice, but could not.

"God pity me," he broke out, with an emotion deeper than his words suggested. "I was wrong. I had no faith in you. She has. Take her, that the old wrong may at last be righted."

And there, under God's free sky, their hands were joined together, and the father whispered a blessing.

ONE DUCK.

A POTOMAC SKETCH.

WHILE on a visit to Washington in January, 1878, I went on an expedition down the Potomac with a couple of friends, Peck and Eldridge, to shoot ducks. We left on the morning boat that makes daily trips to and from Mount Vernon. The weather was chilly and the sky threatening. I have seldom seen such clouds as those fail to bring rain. They were boat-shaped, with well defined keels, but they turned out to be only the fleet of Æolus, for they gradually dispersed or faded out, and before noon the sun was shining.

We saw numerous flocks of ducks on the passage down, and saw a gun (the man was concealed) shoot some from a "blind" near Fort Washington. Opposite Mount Vernon, on the flats, there was a large "bed" of ducks. I thought the word a good one to describe a long strip of water thickly planted with them. One of my friends was a member of the Washington and Mount Vernon Ducking Club, which has its camp and fixtures just below the Mount Vernon landing; he was an old ducker. For my part, I had never killed a duck—except with an ax—nor have I yet.

We made our way along the beach from the landing over piles of drift-wood and soon reached the quarters, a substantial building, fitted up with a stove, bunks, chairs, a table, culinary utensils, crockery,

etc., with one corner piled full of decoys. There were boats to row in and boxes to shoot from, and I felt sure we should have a pleasant time, whether we got any ducks or not. The weather improved hourly, till in the afternoon a well-defined installment of the Indian summer that had been delayed somewhere settled down upon the scene; this lasted during our stay of two days. The river was placid, even glassy, the air richly and deeply toned with haze, and the sun that of the mellowest October. "The fairer the weather, the fewer the ducks," said Eldridge. "But this is better than ducks," I thought, and prayed that it might last.

Then there was something pleasing to the fancy in being so near to Mount Vernon. It formed a sort of rich, historic background to our flitting and trivial experiences. Just where the eye of the great Captain would perhaps first strike the water as he came out in the morning to take a turn up and down his long piazza, the Club had formerly had a "blind," but the ice of a few weeks before our visit had carried it away. A little lower down, and in full view from his bedroom window, was the place where the shooting from the boxes was usually done.

The duck is an early bird, and not much given to wandering about in the afternoon; hence it was thought not worth while to put out the decoys till the next morning. We would spend the afternoon roaming inland in quest of quail, or rabbits, or turkeys (for a brood of the last were known to lurk about the woods back there). It was a delightful afternoon's tramp through oak woods, pine barrens, and half-wild fields. We flushed several quail that the dog should have pointed, and put a rabbit to rout by a well directed broadside, but brought no game to camp. We kicked about an old bushy clearing, where Eldridge and Colonel Morehouse had shot a wild turkey Thanksgiving Day, but the turkey could not be started again. One shooting had sufficed for it. We crossed or penetrated extensive pine woods that had once (perhaps in Washington's time) been cultivated fields; the mark of the plow was still clearly visible. The land had been thrown into ridges, after the manner of English fields, eight or ten feet wide. The pines were scrubby,—what are known as the loblolly pines,—and from ten to twelve inches through at the butt. In a low bottom among some red cedars, I saw robins and several hermit thrushes, besides the yellow-rumped warbler.

That night, as the sun went down on the one hand, the full moon rose up on the other; or, as Peck said, the moon showed the sun to bed. The river, too, was presently brimming with the flood tide. It was so still one could have carried a lighted candle from shore to shore. In a little skiff, we floated and paddled up under the shadow of Mount Vernon and into the mouth of a large creek that flanks it on the left. In the profound hush of things, every sound on either shore was distinctly heard. A large bed of ducks were feeding over on the Maryland side, a mile or more away, and the noise of so many bills in the water sounded deceptively near. Silently we paddled in that direction. When about half a mile from them, all sound of feeding suddenly ceased; then, after a time, as we kept on, there was a great clamor of wings, and the whole bed appeared to take flight. We paused and listened, and presently heard them take to the water again, far below and beyond us.

We loaded a boat with the decoys that night, and in the morning, on the first sign of day, towed a box out in position, and anchored it and disposed the decoys about it. Two hundred painted wooden ducks, each anchored by a small weight that was attached by a cord to the breast, bowed and sidled and rode the water, and did everything but feed, in a bed many yards long. The shooting-box is a kind of coffin, in which the gunner is interred amid the decoys, —buried below the surface of the water, and invisible, except from a point above him. The box has broad canvas wings, that unfold and spread out upon the surface of the water, four or five feet each way. These steady it, and keep the ripples from running in when there is a breeze. Iron decoys sit upon these wings and upon the edge of the box and sink it to the required level, so that when everything is completed and the gunner is in position, from a distance or from the shore one sees only a large bed of ducks, with the line a little more pronounced in the center, where the sportsman lies entombed, to be quickly resurrected when the game appears. He lies there stark and stiff upon his back, like a marble effigy upon a tomb, his gun by his side, with barely room to straighten himself in, and nothing to look at but the sky above him. His companions on shore keep a lookout, and, when ducks are seen on the wing, cry out: "Mark,

coming up," or, "Mark, coming down," or "Mark, coming in," as the case may be. If they decoy, he presently hears the whistle of their wings, or may be he catches a glimpse of them over the rim of the box, as they circle about. Just as they let down their feet to alight, he is expected to spring up and pour his broadside into them. A boat from shore comes and picks up the game, if there is any to pick up.

Eldridge, by common consent, was the first in the box that morning; but only a few ducks were moving, and he had laid there an hour before we marked a solitary bird approaching, and, after circling over the decoys, alighting a little beyond them. The sportsman sprang up as from the bed of the river, and the duck sprang up at the same time, and got away, under fire. After a while Peck went out; but the ducks passed by on the other side, and he had no shots. In the afternoon, remembering the robins, and that robins are game when one's larder is low, I set out alone for the pine bottoms, a mile or more distant. When one is loaded for robins, he may expect to see turkeys, and *vice versâ*. As I was walking carelessly on the borders of an old brambly field that stretched a long distance beside the pine-woods, I heard a noise in front of me, and, on looking in that direction, saw a veritable turkey, with spread tail, leaping along at a rapid rate. She was so completely the image of the barn-yard fowl that I was slow to realize that here was the most notable game of that part of Virginia, for the sight of which sportsmen's eyes do water. As she was fairly on the wing, I sent my robin-shot after her; but they made no impression, and I stood and watched with great interest her long, level flight. As she neared the end of the clearing, she set her wings and sailed straight into the corner of the woods. I found no robins, but went back satisfied with having seen the turkey, and having had an experience that I knew would stir up the envy and the disgust of my companions. They listened with ill-concealed impatience, stamped the ground a few times, uttered a vehement protest against the caprice of fortune that always puts the game in the wrong place or the gun in the wrong hands, and rushed off in quest of that turkey. She was not where they looked, of course; and, on their return about sun-down, when they had ceased to think about their game, she flew out of the top of a pine-tree not thirty rods from camp, and in full view of them, but too far off for a shot.

In my wanderings that afternoon, I came upon two negro shanties in a small triangular clearing in the woods; no road but only a footpath lead to them. Three or four children, the eldest a girl of twelve, were about the door of one of them. I approached and asked for a drink of water. The girl got a glass and showed me to the spring near by.

"We's grandmover's daughter's chilern," she said in reply to my inquiry. Their mother worked in Washington for "eighteen cents a month," and their grandmother took care of them.

Then I thought I would pump her about the natural history of the place.

"What was there in these woods,—what kind of animals,—any?"

"Oh yes, sah, when we first come here to live in dese bottoms, de 'possums and foxes and things were so thick you could hardly go out-o'-doors." A fox had come along one day right where her mother was washing, and they used to catch the chickens "dreadful."

"Were there any snakes?"

"Yes, sah, black snakes, moccasins and doctors."

The doctor, she said, was a powerful ugly customer; it would get right hold of your leg as you were passing along, and whip, and sting you to death. I hoped I should not meet any "doctors."

I asked her if they caught any rabbits.

"Oh yes, we catches dem in 'gums'."

"What are gums?" I asked.

"See dat down dare? Dat's a 'gum'."

I saw a rude box-trap made of rough boards. It seems these traps, and many other things, such as bee-hives, and tubs, etc., are frequently made in the South from a hollow gum-tree; hence the name gum has come to have a wide application.

The ducks flew quite briskly that night; I could hear the whistle of their wings as I stood upon the shore indulging myself in listening. The ear loves a good field as well as the eye, and the night is the best time to listen, to put your ear to nature's key-hole and see what the whisperings and the preparations mean. I overheard some musk-rats engage in a very gentle and affectionate jabber beneath a rude pier of brush and earth, upon which I was standing. The old, old story was evidently being rehearsed under there, but the occasional splashing of the ice-cold water made it seem like very chilling business; still we all know it is not. Our decoys had not been brought in, and I distinctly heard

some ducks splash in among them. The sound of oar-locks in the distance next caught my ears. They were so far away that it took some time to decide whether or not they were approaching. But they finally grew more distinct, the steady, measured beat of an oar in a wooden lock, a very pleasing sound coming over still, moonlit waters. It was an hour before the boat emerged into view and passed my post. A white, misty obscurity began to gather over the waters, and in the morning this had grown to be a dense fog. By early dawn Eldridge was again in the box, and presently his gun went bang! bang! then bang! came again from the second gun he had taken with him, and we imagined the water strewn with ducks. But he reported only one. It floated to him and was picked up, so we need not go out. In the dimness and silence, Peck and I rowed up and down the shore in hopes of starting up a stray duck that might possibly decoy. We saw many objects that simulated ducks pretty well through the obscurity, but they failed to take wing on our approach. The most pleasing thing we saw was a large, rude boat propelled by four colored oarsmen. It looked as if it might have come out of some old picture. Two oarsmen were seated in the bows pulling, and two stood up in the stern, each working a long oar, bending and recovering and uttering a low, wild chant. The spectacle emerged from the fog on the one hand and plunged into it on the other.

Later in the morning, we were attracted by another craft. We heard it coming down upon us long before it emerged into view. It made a sound as of some unwieldy creature slowly pawing the water, and when it became visible through the fog the sight did not belie the ear. We beheld an awkward black hulk that looked as if it might have been made out of the bones of the first steamboat, or was it some Virginia colored man's study of that craft? Its wheels consisted each of two timbers crossing each other at right angles. As the shaft slowly turned, these timbers pawed and pawed the water. It hove to on the flats near our quarters, and a colored man came off in a boat. To our inquiry, he said with a grin that his craft was a "floating saw-mill."

After a while I took my turn in the box, and, with a life-preserver for a pillow, lay there on my back, pressed down between the narrow sides, the muzzle of my gun resting upon my toe and its stock upon my stomach, waiting for the silly ducks to come. I was rather in hopes they would not come, for I felt pretty certain that I could not get up promptly in such narrow quarters and deliver my shot with any precision. As nothing could be seen and as it was very still, it was a good time to listen again. I was virtually under water, and in a good medium for the transmission of sounds. The barking of dogs on the Maryland shore was quite audible, and I heard with great distinctness a Maryland lass call some one to breakfast. They were astir up at Mount Vernon, too, though the fog hid them from view. I heard the mocking or Carolina wren along shore calling quite plainly the words a Georgetown poet has put in his mouth, "Sweet-heart, sweet-heart, sweet!" Presently I heard the whistle of approaching wings, and a solitary duck alighted back of me over my right shoulder —just the most awkward position for me she could have assumed. I raised my head a little and skimmed the water with my eye. The duck was swimming about just beyond the decoys, apparently apprehensive that she was intruding upon the society of her betters. She would approach a little, and then, as the stiff, aristocratic decoys made no sign of welcome or recognition, she would sidle off again. "Who are they, that they should hold themselves so loftily and never condescend to notice a forlorn duck?" I imagined her saying. Should I spring up and show my hand and demand her surrender? It was clearly my duty to do so. I wondered if the boys were looking from shore, for the fog had lifted a little. But I must act, or the duck would be off. I began to turn slowly in my sepulcher and to gather up my benumbed limbs; I then made a rush and got up, and had a fairly good shot as the duck flew across my bows, but I failed to stop her. A man in the woods in the line of my shot cried out, angrily, "Stop shooting this way!"

I laid down again and faced the sun, that had now burnt his way through the fog, till I was nearly blind, but no more ducks decoyed, and I called out to be relieved.

With our one duck, but with many pleasant remembrances, we returned to Washington that afternoon.

A STUDY IN APPARENT DEATH.

To PERSONS unacquainted with the wonderful feats of imitation death practiced by the fakirs of Persia and Hindustan, and by oriental mystics in general, many of the stories related by English officers resident in India will appear incredible. There is no reason, however, to doubt the authenticity of the observations published within the last half-century, whatever may be the fate of the hypothesis that traces many of the mysteries of transmigration and metamorphosis, prevalent among the ancient races of Europe, to the antiquity of this practice. In addition to the testimony of the Acting Secretary of the British Government of the Punjab, Mr. Lepel H. Griffin, who has given considerable attention to the subject, numerous high officials, besides officers and physicians, with eyes trained to careful observation, have witnessed the phenomena under test conditions, and any person willing to pay the sum demanded may witness them.

Several sects in Persia and Hindustan regard the art of apparent death as a part of their religious ritual, and practice it with the assiduity of devotees. In the ancient books of the Hindus, particularly in the "Shastras" and the "Sikh Grouth," it is mentioned and described as *puranayam*, or stopping the breath. It is also spoken of under the same name in the manual of the Yogis, a very ancient sect. This manual is known to students of Hindu literature as the "Gogaçâstra." The "Kâcikbanda," another curious volume, describes it as retention of the breath. The Persian designation is *habs-i-dom*, which frequently occurs in the "Dabistan" (manual of manners), and, literally translated, means hold-the-breath. This volume is numbered among the translations executed under auspices of the Royal Asiatic Translation Fund, and includes many curious notes as to the physiological regimen necessary to perfection in so strange an art; and from legends handed down in classic lore, such as the story of Epimenides, who lay long in mystic trance, it is evident that the Greeks carried the art with them, as an element of the mysteries, when they occupied the Hellenic peninsula, and that it fell into desuetude with the decay of religious ritual that had made considerable progress when Pindar lived, and was the lion of the festivals, in the fifth century B. C.

Again, this art crops out in many an ancient Gothic and Celtic legend, and in many a German tale of transformation, as a kind of border-land between sleep and death, peopled with visions and trances. How important the investigation of its facts and their literature, as now existing in India, the parent-land of the European races, is to the study of mythology from the critical point of view, may be discerned without explanation. This, however, is not the only aspect from which the subject is important. On the contrary, in its physiological relations it bears upon the singular phenomena associated with modern mesmerism. Finally, as a species of morbid sleep, the investigation of the facts may possibly conduce to a better understanding of the nature of sleep as a normal function and a perpetual habit of the nervous system.

Simple as the process seems, because of its familiarity, it is nevertheless true that the physiology of sleep is a mystery that scientific men have not yet been able to penetrate thoroughly. It appears to be settled that the molecular processes associated with the discharge of force are conducted less rapidly; the rapidity of circulation and even the amount of blood in the brain are lessened, the general result being cessation of conscious activity in the encephalic mass,—although, at this very time, the nutrition of its tissues is being effected. The primary cause of the lessened activity of the vital centers, that thus, by means of communicating nervous filaments, contract the blood-vessels of the upper brain and suspend consciousness, is the withdrawal of physiological action of light, which in man, as in plants, is the great parent and promotive of the vital operations; and the question, whether the origin of sleep is to be sought in the necessity of the faculties to rest, or whether it is a habit of the nervous system, having its cause in the alternation of light and darkness, is one upon which it would be rash to offer a positive opinion.

Bearing in mind the propositions stated in the preceding paragraph, the reader is prepared to study intelligently the various singular phenomena, vital and psychical, that

observation has grouped about the mystic art practiced by the fakirs of Hindustan.

One of the most wonderful cases of imitation death on record occurred at Lahore, in 1837, while Sir Claude M. Wade, who tells the story, was political resident at Ludianah and agent of the British Government at the court of Runjit Singh. The fakir was buried alive for forty days, then disentombed and resuscitated.

"I was present," commences Sir Claude, "at the court of Runjit Singh, at Lahore, in 1837, when the fakir mentioned by the Hon. Captain Osborne was buried alive for six weeks; and though I arrived a few hours after he was interred, I had the testimony of Runjit Singh himself, and others, the most credible witnesses at his court, to the truth of the fakir having been so buried before them; and, from having been present myself when he was disinterred and restored to a state of perfect vitality, in a position so close to him as to render deception impossible, it is my firm belief that there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary fact that I have related."

When the forty days were ended, by invitation of Runjit Singh, Sir Claude accompanied the rajah and his suite to the spot where the fakir was buried. It was a square building, styled a *barra durri*, in the midst of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore. An open veranda encircled the structure, of which an inclosed room occupied the center. On arriving at the *barra durri*, Runjit Singh, who was attended by a retinue of court officials, dismounted from his elephant and requested Sir Claude to join him in the examination of the building, to satisfy himself that it was exactly as he had left it forty days before. Sir Claude acceded. Of the four doors, looking to the four points of the compass, three had been hermetically sealed with brick and mortar, while the fourth was furnished with a strong door, plastered with mud up to the padlock, which was sealed with the rajah's private seal, in his own presence, at the date when the fakir was entombed. Thus, the exterior of the building presented no aperture whatever by which one could possibly be admitted, any communication held, or any food conveyed to the torpid experimentalist. The walls and door-ways bore no marks of having been disturbed.

Runjit Singh identified the impression of his seal as the one he had affixed; and, as he was personally somewhat skeptical as to the result of the fakir's experiment, he had during the forty days kept two companies of his personal escort stationed near the building, from which four sentinels were furnished and relieved every two hours, night and day, to protect the fakir from intrusion. One of his principal officers was also detailed to visit the spot regularly, and report the result of his inspection. While he himself kept the seal that closed the hole of the padlock, the minister of state received the reports of the officers of the guard morning and evening, and duly communicated them to his master.

On the door being thrown open, nothing was visible except a dark room. Runjit Singh and Sir Claude entered, the servant of the buried fakir accompanying them. A light was brought, and they descended into a cell about three feet below the floor of the square apartment. In this cell was a wooden box, four feet in length by three in width, with a square, sloping roof. It stood upright; its door was locked and sealed in the same manner as the door of the *barra durri*. This box was the coffin of the fakir.

Upon opening the box the body was exhibited, inclosed in a white linen bag, drawn together at the top, and securely fastened with a string. The grand salute now shook the garden air, and the hovering multitude came crowding to the door to witness the spectacle. The servant first removed the body of his master from the box, and placed it against the closed door of the receptacle, in a squatting posture. Runjit Singh and Sir Claude then descended into the cell, which was so small that, when they tried to sit down on the ground in front of the box, their hands and knees came in contact with the person of the seeming corpse.

The servant now commenced to pour warm water over the body of his master, but as it was the purpose of Sir Claude to detect any fraudulent practice, he objected to this, and proposed to Runjit Singh to have the bag torn open, so as to inspect the person of the fakir before the process of resuscitation was initiated. This was accordingly done, the bag being so considerably mildewed as to render it but the work of a moment.

The legs and arms of the fakir were shriveled and stiff, but the face was full as in life, the head reclining on the shoulder, like that of a corpse. Sir Claude called to the medical gentleman who was in attendance to descend into the cell and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, temples, or wrist. There was, however, a heat about the coron

region of the brain, which no other part of the person exhibited. This is one of the facts which establish a resemblance between the imitation death of the Hindu fakirs and catalepsy. In this disease, flushing of the face has often been noticed, while the trunk and extremities remained cold. In perhaps the majority of cases, however, the face is pale and at least as cool as the rest of the body.

The servant now commenced bathing his master in hot water, the arms and legs gradually relaxing from the rigid state in which they were contracted. Runjit Singh assisted the servant by rubbing the legs and arms of the dead man, while the latter put a hot wheaten cake on the top of the fakir's head — a process which was twice or thrice repeated before any result was apparent.

He next removed from the nostrils and ears of his master the wax and cotton plugs with which they had been sealed, then opened the rigid jaws by inserting the point of his knife between the teeth and prying them apart. Then, holding the jaws open with his left hand, he drew the tongue forward with the forefinger of his right, that usually flexible member flying back to its curved position, so that its tip closed the gullet repeatedly during the process. He now rubbed the fakir's eyelids with clarified butter *(ghi)* for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening one of them. The eyeball was still glazed and motionless.

The next process was to renew the hot wheaten cake on the top of the head. At this instant the body heaved convulsively, the nostrils became violently inflated, respiration was resumed, and the limbs began to assume their natural fullness. The servant, at this stage, placed some clarified butter on the tongue of the fakir, and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterward the eyeballs began to dilate slowly, recovered their natural color by insensible gradations, and gleamed with intelligence; and recognizing Runjit Singh, who sat facing him, the fakir commenced to articulate in scarcely audible tones, inquiring whether he was now convinced.

Runjit Singh answered in the affirmative, and then began the ceremony of investing the daring experimentalist with a pearl necklace, a pair of superb gold bracelets, shawls and pieces of silk and muslin, forming a full *khilet*, or regalia.

The period that elapsed between the opening of the box and the recovery of the voice was about half an hour; and in half an hour more the fakir was able to talk freely, though feebly, with those about him.

Sir Claude remarks, in concluding his narrative, that he now took some pains to investigate the manner in which this result was effected, and was informed that the *rationale* of the process rested on the view of the Hindu physiologists, that heat constitutes the self-existent principle of life, and that, if the functions even be so far interrupted as to leave this one in perfect purity, life can be continued for long periods, without air, food, or other means of sustenance.

The tale of Phul, who was Rajah of Puttiali in Punjab, terminates more tragically, an I might be wrought into a Hindu society drama. Previous to his succession to the rajahship, he had been the pupil of one Samerpuri, a celebrated fakir, who taught him the art of imitating death. Phul lived for some years the life of an exemplary vassal of the British authorities, taking care to be on good terms with all rajahs mightier than he, and with those whose possessions were not worth fighting for, but, in other respects, like an excellent business man, losing no opportunity to improve his financial condition. At last he came to the conclusion that he would not pay tribute, and, as the Governor of Punjab was a little punctilious on that point, Phul was arrested and incarcerated. Having no confidence in the justice of his cause, he died very suddenly; and his people in grand procession came clamoring for his body, that they might burn it according to the ritual of their religion. As it was impracticable to sell the body, and not worth the trouble to keep it, the remains of the defunct rajah were delivered to Rajji Bali, his wife, who carried it back to Puttiali.

Now, Rajji Bali was a woman of penetration, and knew that Phul had once been a pupil of Samerpuri, the most famous fakir in Punjab. Knowing also that her husband was by no means lacking in *finesse*, and must have learned the art of feigning death from its celebrated master, she suspected a trick on the authorities in this sudden demise of a rajah afflicted with no hereditary predisposition. Besides, Bali was mistress of the art of restoration.

The consequence was that, within an hour after his arrival at Puttiali, Phul was a living man again; and, having no mind for further intractability, like a good business man he made good the irregularities in his accounts, and the proceedings against him were amiably discontinued.

But by and by arose another governor of Punjab, whom Phul knew not, and he deemed it advisable to forget the stated remittances of tribute-money, which, since his former arrest, he had religiously regarded as necessary to his happiness :—and no man can make a virtue of necessity more cleverly than a Hindu, whose necessities are in the main responsible for his virtues. So, having paid tribute without intermission for ten years, it occurred to the business-like rajah of Puttiali that it would be very comfortable to omit the stipend for one year and try the mettle of the new governor. Besides, Phul was of haughty spirit, that quality running in the family with hereditary Hindu princes, and, as on this occasion it was an excellent business venture to demonstrate his royalty of race, and might save money, he concluded to venture the experiment.

But, alas, the vanity of princeliness of spirit, when not supported by the necessary regiments! The new governor was obdurate, and the adventurous rajah was again arrested and imprisoned.

Again he died suddenly, confident that, under the circumstances, it was the very best way of securing his liberation. But the new governor, who had heard of his former trick, to make sure of his demise, kept his body for ten days under guard before delivering it to his anxious people.

Even then he might have escaped, but for a trifling domestic error he had committed *ad interim*—that of marrying a second wife, who made the palace of Puttiali so uncomfortable for the ancient Bali, that the latter returned to the huts of her fathers in Dilanisi, a town in the distant province of Nabha. His body was accordingly delivered into the hands of the disconsolate second wife, who, knowing nothing of his former adventures in the way of dying and coming to life again under the proper manipulation, hastened, like a pious widow, to initiate the proper ceremonies and to reduce his person to ashes.

News travels slowly in Hindustan. But at length the loving Bali was advised of the tragic end of the husband of her youth, and hastened to Puttiali, accompanied by a retinue of the disciples of the great Samerpuri. She was too late, however, except to inform the weeping rajji, with all a woman's bitterness, no doubt, that she had burned their common husband alive. Horrified at the terrible error she had committed, the latter sought consolation in flight, and went to live with her brother-in-law, leaving Bali in possession of the beloved ashes. Thus ends the tragic tale of Phul, the rajah.

The discipline essential to the practices of the fakir, and especially to proficiency in the art of imitating death, is not of a type that would be likely to fascinate an epicure. The very first condition of success is to learn to live without eating. The incipient fakir commences by abstaining from food during the day, and taking a very light meal at night. Salt must be excluded from the diet. Meat and fish, wine and oil, mustard and onions, garlic and turnips, and all acid and pungent articles, ginger excepted, are rigorously forbidden. The permitted staples are rice, wheat, milk and sugar, honey and *ghrta* (melted butter), and a few other dishes known to Europeans only by their Bengal names. Among them are *kâlakâsundâ* and *kânthânatijâ*. The disciple must also abstain from drinking water, though some sects permit alcoholic beverages. The next condition of proficiency is to live underground, and in a perfectly even temperature, preference being given to a subterranean cell (known as a *gulhâ*) with a small hole for an entrance, which is closed by an attendant as soon as the necessary standard of perfection has been attained. The essentials are absolute exclusion of fresh air and light, and perfect silence. The bed must be a warm one, and is generally manufactured of cotton, wool, furs, or *kuça*. Squatted in this cell, the Hindu mystic repeats the mysterious *Om* and waits for the final *nirvâna*, or absorption into the universe.

In addition to the dietetic preliminaries, there are others which are partly gymnastic and partly emotional. The disciple must habituate himself to walking very slowly, in order to lessen the frequency of his respiration; he must lie down and rest as often and as long as possible. He must keep eternal silence and meditate incessantly on the nature of *Om*, the ocean of being into which, as a grain of salt, he is by and by to be absorbed. He must indulge in incessant prayers, in order to keep his whole system in a drowsy condition. Cases are on record in which Hindu devotees have repeated, but as inaudibly as possible, the mysterious syllable *Om* no less than twelve thousand times a day. There are certain other words, however, with which the monotony is varied, and which are regarded as sleep-inducing. Among them are Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam, and Ham—all pronounced with the *a* open, as in the English *all*, and repeated

in different orders of succession as many as six thousand times per day.

After these exercises have been thoroughly practiced, the disciple must learn to remain for three hours in a position styled *siddhâsana*, which consists in sitting with the left heel under the body and the right heel advanced, and holding the big toe of the right foot with his right hand, and that of the left foot with the left hand, which causes the lower part of his face to rest firmly against the breast-bone. He must also accustom himself to standing on his head, and to other gymnastic exercises of a type specially calculated to develop an obstinate endurance in maintaining himself in one given position. Simultaneously with this regimen, he must habituate himself to the practice of inhaling the air and retaining it for as many minutes as possible, taking care to breathe in very slowly, and to expel the volume with double deliberation. The inhalation must consume twelve seconds; the exhalation twenty-four seconds. He next learns to breathe only through the nostrils; then to inhale and retain atmospheric air; finally, to inhale with one nostril and exhale with the other.

It will be observed that one of the main tendencies of the fakir system of gymnastics is to bring the involuntary processes under the control of volition. These respiratory exercises are not particularly difficult, as the curious student may ascertain from a few experiments. I have personally had very little practice in exercises of this kind; but I can repeat, without inconvenience and slowly and distinctly, two stanzas of Poe's "Raven" at a single breath, the whole amounting to about one hundred and seventy syllables, involving an equal number of vocal impulses, and occupying about three minutes in pronunciation; and I presume that there are many elocutionists who are able to transform a single expiration from the lungs into three or four hundred separate vocal impulses.

Having perfected himself in these minor exercises, the disciple must submit to twenty-four incisions of the ligatures of the tongue, one every week. Immediately after these incisions the tongue is stroked and pulled, and carefully rubbed with astringents. The object of this cutting and manipulation is to lengthen the tongue and render it pliable. He now practices turning that member over backward, and closing the throat with its point, having previously inhaled as large a volume of air as the possible distention of his lungs and epigastrium will admit. The next step is to habituate himself to living with the nasal passages and the ears stoppered with wax.

These are the main exercises upon which the fakir relies for perfection in his art. Upon examination of them, as constituting a regimen, the inquirer finds them to consist of three separate groups, all tending to a single purpose.

The first group, including the dietetic rules, is strictly physiological, and tends to establish a nutrition abounding in heat-formatives, while very unexciting.

The second group, which includes the surgery of the tongue, tends to develop a peculiar obstinacy and persistence of volition, and to bring the involuntary processes under the control of consciousness. The extent to which the latter may be carried is illustrated by the case of Colonel Townsend, an Englishman, who was examined by the best physicians of his day, and whose ability to arrest the vital functions so completely as to present in his own person a perfect similitude of death, and to recall himself to life by mere effort of will, is scientifically attested. "Man doth not yield himself to the angels," says strange Joseph Glanvil, "nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his own feeble will"; and facts occasionally occur which serve to intimate that there is a kernel of truth in the apothegm of that ancient mystic—one, by the way, that Poe had an affectation of quoting. Physiologically, the question resolves itself into this: Can the nerve-centers of the unconscious life be brought under the control of volition? Theorists say they cannot. Facts say they can. Of the two, it is generally better to credit the testimony of the facts.

The third group of exercises practiced by the fakir has a special tendency to induce a nervous state analogous to that known as mesmeric slumber. The curious reader who will experiment as to the physiological effect of the regular and measured pronunciation of the vowel *o*, followed by the labial liquid *m*, will find that the Hindu mystic by no means overestimates the sleep-inducing property of the combination, and that the full *a* (as in the word *fall*), similarly followed by *m*, is scarcely less potent in its nervous action. Observe, also, how deftly the fakir intermingles a vigilant volition with these sleep-inducing exercises, by prescribing for himself a mathematical accuracy as to the number of repetitions of the mystic Om, and by taking care to arrange Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram,

Yam, Ham, in different ways, and to allot a given number of repetitions to the different permutations. Let the reader who is curious to verify the effect of continually repeating these syllables, try a single series of the permutations—thus:

Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam, Ham,
Ham, Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam,
Yam, Ham, Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram,
Ram, Yam, Ham, Soham, Bam, Lam,
Lam, Ram, Yam, Ham, Soham, Bam,
Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam, Ham, Soham.

Let him pronounce these six permutations over and over, until he nods with the drone and monotony of the rhythm, which, if his nerves are sensitive, will occur within seven minutes. Let him then draw out on paper the seven hundred and twenty permutations of which the six words are susceptible, and attempt to repeat them all in their order, without a single slip. He will thus be able to form some adequate idea of the sleepless vigilance of consciousness that the fakir carries into his exercises.

The tendency of a culture of this special type is to induce that lethargy of the vital and muscular functions which is the primary condition of sleep, while maintaining in normal intensity the activity of those centers of the brain appropriated to consciousness and volition; and, with what is known of the results attainable by morbid culture in any given direction,—witness the phenomena of spiritualism,—it would be wholly unsafe to prescribe the limits of morbid function to which the Hindu mystic may attain. Sir Claude M. Wade testifies that in the case examined by him there was no indication of life, except that the coronal region of the brain still developed heat.

Before proceeding further, note one point in the dietetic regimen incident to this culture of morbid nervous function, which illustrates the careful adaptation of the dietary table to its purpose. The great staple of the fakir's diet is melted butter, ten grains of which in combustion heats 18.68 pounds of water one degree Fahrenheit, while ten grains of dry beef heats only 13.12 pounds one degree, and ten grains of albumen only 12.85 pounds. The heat of ten grains of butter would lift 14.421 pounds one foot high, while the same quantity of beef lifts only 10.128 pounds, and the same quantity of albumen only 9.920 pounds. As compared with other cereals, wheat and rice have like superior potentialities in the generation of heat.

To return now to the psychological aspects of the regimen under consideration. As every student of the nervous and psychical phenomena associated with the action of anæsthetics is aware, it is not altogether unusual for consciousness to be retained in the midst of such complete motor paralysis as renders manifestation of consciousness impossible, and of such benumbing of sensation as completely annihilates pain. Cases are on record in which, though both sensibility and consciousness had apparently ceased under the action of the anæsthetic, and important surgical operations involving some minutes had been performed, the victim was afterward able to enumerate every step in a very complicated operation, from having consciously witnessed it by means of a persistence of consciousness and of simple tactile sensation. Of all anæsthetic agents, ether has, perhaps, the most distinctive tendency in this direction, and leaves most distinct vestiges of its action in a well-marked mental aura of a peculiarly trance-like cast. Indeed, after the habit is once established, in many cases a single whiff of sulphuric ether results in the immediate supervention of trance. There can be no doubt that different portions of the nerve centers are unequally affected by agents whose ultimate effect may be provisionally represented as consisting, in various forms, of molecular vibrations induced in the elements of their tissues. The mode of action of such substances—as, for example, ether, which must pass into the blood and thus elude our direct observation—may perhaps be inferred from that of agencies of another kind, whose influence upon molecular vibrations is initiated in massive and visible movements. Thus the action of passing "the tips of the fingers," etc.

In like manner, to pass the tips of the fingers slowly across velvet induces a state of comparative lethargy in a very few minutes. To lift the eyes at an angle and retain them in that position, without special fixedness of attention in other respects, has the same physiological action. To sit on the rim of a laterally revolving disk, so as to move slowly in a circle, produces slumber of the mesmeric type with a rapidity that an accomplished professor might emulate. To fix the eyes upon a wheel revolving so rapidly that the spokes give the impression of waves of blur, has the same effect; yet if the rapidity of the revolution is so lessened as to render the spokes distinctly visible, or so augmented as to destroy the impression of successive

waves, the nervous action is imperceptible, no matter what the fixedness of attention. On the same principle, given sound-waves, impinging upon the nervous filaments of the harp in the ear, and communicating given vibrations to the auditory nerve, are potent in the production of a nervous state that eventuates in lethargy.

These are facts that tend to negative a proposition long insisted upon by those who have studied the phenomena of mesmerism, to wit,—that fixedness of attention is the specially important element concerned in artificially inducing the nervous state of which trance is the exponent. On the other hand, vibratory phenomena, of regular and rhythmical pulsation, are far more active in this direction than concentration of the mind, or of the vision, upon any particular object; and in concentration of the vision, even upon an object so *criard* as a disk of scarlet morocco, if the experimentalist will wink as often as he pleases, he may postpone the physiological action as long as he pleases. Again, when, the condition of not winking observed, the action supervenes and the experimenter glides into somnolence, the result is, no doubt, directly due to the effect on the optic nerves of the continued exposure of the eyeball to atmospheric action, without the frequent lubrication that dropping the lid produces—not to fixedness of attention, as has been so ingeniously urged by metaphysical speculators. So on to the end.

It would require a volume of observations and experiments in this department of psychology to construct a coherent theory of the nature of mesmeric action; but it is very obvious that, whether addressed to the optic, olfactory, gustatory, auditory, or peripheral nerves, these vibrations inducing lethargy lie within certain limits of rapidity, and have certain qualities in common.

If we turn from this class of phenomena to another, even more subtle, which indicates so-called clairvoyance and somnambulism, we involuntarily ask permission to extend to their interpretation these laws of elementary molecular vibrations. It would, however, be premature to grant this permission. We do not know whether there exist between the brains of two human beings any medium of transmission for molecular vibration. Still less, therefore, could we undertake to measure and describe such vibrations as might be characteristic of certain kinds of influence—and which, initiated by the molecular processes of one man's brain, could ultimately infringe upon the sensitive elements of that of another, in such a way as to accelerate, retard, or suspend its activities. It is not, however, inconceivable that the ether which serves for the transmission of light may also be a medium for vibrations emanating from the entire periphery of the nervous system of human beings. The impressions which furnish the basis for our most distinct intellectual conceptions; for the strongest amount of psychic existence, are those made upon the retina. This is equivalent to saying that the vibrations of this ether, constituting rays of light, are capable of initiating, through long intermediate series of changes, the thoughts of the brain. We may figure to ourselves the process reversed—and a series, initiated in the thoughts of the brain, or the molecular changes which coincide with them, descending through radiating fibers and sensory ganglia and optic nerves, and finally starting ethereal vibrations up that strange and indefinable boundary line, where the soul of a man seems to look out of his eyes. This is conceivable, but it is far from being demonstrated; and until much more is known about it than at present, we can but guess at the medium through which the nervous system of one person is sometimes able to exert such a powerful influence upon that of another, below the sphere of his consciousness.

Again, that the restoration to light is an important factor in the process of resuscitation, is evinced by facts. Drown flies in wine and cork them in a bottle of Madeira for a period running into months; then lay them in the sunshine to dry, and they will "come to," perform their toilets with their fore legs, trim their wings with their hinder ones, and walk away about their business again. Bottle cerastes in dried sand for years; then put the withered creatures in the sun, and they will crawl off. To ascend from insects and serpents to higher organisms, cats have been resuscitated after lying frozen stiff for ten hours; and it is very probable that a man might be resuscitated under similar circumstances, provided that the attempt was begun before the cardiac ganglion and other nerve centers indispensable to life had become disorganized. The difficulty with human beings, or with any adult among the higher animals, lies in the unstable equilibrium of their nervous systems, correlative with the extreme complexity of the latter; and, consequent upon this, in the extreme facility with which those centers become damaged beyond possibility of repair.

This conclusion is strictly scientific in its

terms, as may be ascertained by following out the history of experimental investigation in this special department, as commenced by Leeuwenhoek, in 1719, and continued by Turberville Needham, Duméril and Treyer, Henry Baker and Buffon, Spallanzani, Bonaventura Corti, Dr. Gillies, Dr. Franklin, Lefèbvre, Voss, Home, Sternberg, De Candolle, and more recent experimentalists; one result of which has been an insight into the conditions of life and death, and into the laws ruling in the border-land between them, that enables the physiologist to venture confidently upon many a vexing problem; although, practically, no modern physiologist has yet been able to adjust all these conditions with a precision so nice and exact as to lie consciously moored for months at the very docks of death, and then steer back his devious way to life, as an effort of consciousness and volition imprisoned in a body whose nutritive processes have been mysteriously arrested,—as it would seem, almost to the point of extinction. The torpor of hibernation and the vital suspension of catalepsy, though similarly dependent upon the exclusion of light, are as twilight to midnight in comparison.

The case of Miss Bonney, who, in November, 1872, predicted the date of her death, and of her return to life after a period of suspended animation, and who appears to have actually terminated her life at the appointed day by an effort of will, but to have been unable to resuscitate herself, presents an instance near home of an attempt to practice the apparent death of the fakirs, but one in which the training seems to have been too imperfect to admit of the experiment.

Not that it is absolutely essential that consciousness should be carried into this lethargic state, in order to insure the action of volition at the expiration of the set period. On the other hand, as is demonstrated by authenticated instances, it is possible so to impress the nervous system, on going to sleep, with a determination to awaken at a given hour and minute, that the impulse of volition shall act even in unconsciousness. Many persons, whose business affairs have necessitated the formation and culture of the habit, are able to awaken punctually at a given hour, by impressing their minds with the determination of doing so before dropping to sleep. No limits can be set to culture of the will in this aspect of its activity; and the fact proves that, so long as the brain lives, unconsciousness is never quite unconsciousness; in other words, that there is a species of cerebral intelligence that persists and is indued with a dusky cognition, even in the unconscious processes of perfect slumber.

It is possible, also, to carry an imperfect consciousness into the processes of sleep. I once tried a series of experiments on this point, by vigilantly and determinedly persisting in consciousness to the last moment, while in other respects submitting myself passively to all the conditions necessary to the process. The consequence was, after a lengthened struggle with normal function, that my nights were transformed into a series of rational and coherent trances, wrapped about in a thin vapor of dream-land, and though connected and logical, yet strangely transcendental and introspective. Nor did this prevent my dreaming. On the contrary, dreams came and went, and I was conscious of them as beautiful or haggard illusions, and tried to prolong the former, and to elude the latter. But by far the most singular of all the psychological experiences associated with these experiments was the consciousness of being asleep and of being conscious of it. I discontinued the habit, as a perversion of function, after verifying the possibility; but for many months my dreams were accompanied with a perfect consciousness that they were dreams, and, to whatever pinnacle of ghastliness they mounted, I had the consolation of knowing that they were illusory experiences.

Among all the nerve centers, those of the superior region of the cerebral hemispheres are, apparently, the most capable of independent action. The inquirer who will take the trouble to investigate the phenomenon of muscular contractility may learn why authorities so generally agree in explaining the muscular rigidity of catalepsy by a withdrawal from the limbs of the cerebral influence which habitually restrains their spinal innervation. If a cataleptic attack be ever really produced by an effort of the will (and not simulated), it would be by means of a self-annihilation of the motor functions of the upper portion of the cerebrum. The medullary spinal axis is not *excito-motor* at all. But if a man should succeed in withholding all outward and downward flow of cerebral nervous energy, he would, indirectly, increase the excitability of the spinal cord by emancipating it from an habitually restraining influence. If, further, he could habituate himself to indraw *all* nervous activity, and concentrate it in the cerebro-spinal axis, he might be able, at will, to produce the rigidity, though not the un-

consciousness, of catalepsy, and, at will, to recover from the attack. It is not many years since a London swindler and his confederate, who was able to counterfeit *rigor mortis* in this way, practiced extensively on the insurance companies of the British metropolis. The trick was at last detected, however, and the rigor of the law was substituted for that of the grim sculptor who finally transforms all men into marbles. Muscular rigidity has been shown, by the most recent physiological researches, to be really analogous, in many respects, to cadaveric rigidity. Not the least important point of resemblance lies in the association, in both cases, of apparently exalted muscular irritability * with entire loss of innervation to the muscle. If this loss be voluntarily induced, by means of such intense mental absorption as we have seen to be assiduously cultivated by the Hindu mystic, we may approximately understand the secret of the fakir.

* This depends on coagulation of the contractile substance of the muscle.

ELSINORE.

It is strange in Elsinore
Since the day King Hamlet died.

All the hearty sports of yore,
Sledge and skate, are laid aside;
Stilled the ancient mirth that rang,
Boisterous, down the fire-lit halls;
They have quite forgot to hang
Christmas holly on the walls.
Claudius lets the mead still flow
For the blue-eyed thanes that love it;
But they bend their brows above it,
And forever, to and fro,
'Round the board dull murmurs go:
"It is strange in Elsinore
Since the day King Hamlet died."

And a swarm of courtiers flit,
New in slashed and satined trim,
With their freshly-fashioned wit
And their littleness of limb,—
Flit about the stair-ways wide,
Till the pale Prince Hamlet smiles,
As he walks, at twilight tide,
Through the galleries and the aisles.

For to him the castle seems—
This old castle, Elsinore—
Like a thing built up of dreams;
And the king's a mask,—no more;
And the courtiers seem but flights
Of the painted butterflies;
And the arras, wrought with fights,
Grows alive before his eyes.
Lo, its giant shapes of Danes,
As without a wind it waves,
Live more nobly than his thanes,
Sullen carpers, ale-fed slaves.

In the flickering of the fires,
Through his sleep at night there pass
Gay conceits and young desires—
Faces out of Memory's glass,
Fragments of the actor's art,
Student's pleasures, college broils,
Poesies that caught his heart,
Chances with the fencing-foils;
Then he listens oftentimes,
With his boyhood's simple glee,
To dead Yorick's quips and rhymes,
Leaning on his father's knee.
To that mighty hand he clings,
Tender love that stern face charms;
All at once, the casement rings
As with strength of angry arms.
From the couch he lifts his head,
With a shudder and a start;
All the fires are embers red,
And a weight is on his heart.

Christmas-eve draws hither soon;
It is strange in Elsinore.
Underneath the icy moon
Footsteps pat the icy floor;
Voices haunt the midnights bleak,
When the wind goes singing keen;
And the hound, once kept so sleek,
Slinks and whimpers and grows lean.
And the very sentinels,
Timorous, on their lonesome round,
Starting, count the swinging bells,
Starting at the hollow sound;
And the pine-trees chafe and roar,
Though the snow would keep them still.
In the state there's somewhat ill;
It is strange in Elsinore.

THE RAILROADS AND THE PEOPLE.

In approaching the problem of the relations of the railroads of this country to the people, it must, first of all, be borne in mind that transportation on sea and land has developed under radically different principles. The ocean being free to all and open to any individual who chooses to place his ship thereon, a vessel could go wherever its owner chose to send it; the laws of competition, and of supply and demand, which have heretofore been found potent to protect the public interest, applied here, as in other branches of trade, and answered their purposes fully. So universal was the operation of this law that it has been relied upon to govern the relations of railroads to the public, and only upon the larger development of the new means of transportation has it become evident to all—what had been foreseen by a few—that the conditions of the two kinds of commerce are essentially different: that a railroad is a natural monopoly, and must be treated as such.

In 1874, the Senate of the United States, in response to a general demand, appointed a special committee on transportation, composed of Senators William Windom, of Minnesota; John Sherman, of Ohio; Roscoe Conkling, of New York; H. G. Davis, of West Virginia; T. M. Norwood, of Georgia; J. W. Johnson, of Virginia; John H. Mitchell, of Oregon; and S. B. Conover, of Florida. The committee occupied the entire summer of 1874 in making an exhaustive examination of the subject, and in their report we find the following:

"In the matter of taxation, there are to-day four men representing the four great trunk lines between Chicago and New York, who possess, and who not infrequently exercise, powers which the Congress of the United States would not venture to exert. They may at any time, and for any reason satisfactory to themselves, by a single stroke of the pen, reduce the value of property in this country by hundreds of millions of dollars. An additional charge of five cents per bushel on the transportation of cereals would have been equivalent to a tax of forty-five millions of dollars on the crop of 1873. No Congress would dare to exercise so vast a power except upon a necessity of the most imperative nature; and yet these gentlemen exercise it whenever it suits their supreme will and pleasure, without explanation or apology. With the rapid and inevitable progress of combination and consolidation, these colossal organizations are daily becoming stronger and more imperious. The day is not distant, if it has not already arrived, when it will be the duty of the statesman to inquire whether there is less danger in leaving the property and industrial interests of the people thus wholly at the mercy of a few men, who recognize no responsibility but to their stockholders, and no principle of action but personal and corporate aggrandizement, than in adding somewhat to the power and patronage of a government directly responsible to the people and entirely under their control."—*Report of the United States Senate Committee on Transportation Routes, page 158.*

In the State of New York, dissatisfaction regarding railroad management has existed for a long time; a statement of the grievances suffered by the producing and other interests has from time to time been laid before the Legislature, and investigation of the same asked; but so many members were controlled by the railroads that for several years even an investigation of grievances—a thing which ought to be the common right of every citizen—was denied. Public sentiment regarding this question has been constantly growing stronger, and last year the Assembly appointed an able committee of nine members,—Hon. A. B. Hepburn, chairman,—which occupied nearly nine months in an investigation of the subject. It found the principal charges "fully proven," and its comment upon the state of things then developed was as follows:

"The mistake was in not providing proper safeguards to protect the public interest, and hold the railroads to a strict accountability for their transactions. Thus through the laxity of our laws and the want of governmental control (measurably excusable, considering the unforeseen possibilities of railroad development at the time of the enactment of those laws, but no longer pardonable in the light of the evidence herewith submitted), have crept in those abuses hereafter mentioned, so glaring in their proportions as to savor of fiction rather than actual history." (Report, page 7.)

Yet this investigation did not touch upon one of the most serious phases of this question—the political corruption directly resulting from the departure from correct principles in railroad management. In order to arrive at a proper understanding of this question, it is necessary to review briefly these principles and sketch the progress of this greatest invention of the age.

It is generally admitted that railroads, being public highways and common carriers, should treat all shippers with equality under like circumstances, and with relative equality

where circumstances differ. The function of the railroad being essentially public in nature, and the vote of the small shipper having had as much to do with conferring the franchises under which railroads are constructed and operated as that of the large shipper, the right of the citizen on the highway here comes in to limit the operation of the law of wholesale and retail, which governs in private transactions. When the capital actually invested in railroads has been fairly compensated, the rest of the advantages accruing from the discovery and application of steam to the purposes of transportation should be enjoyed by the public.

Within the memory of comparatively young men, ordinary dirt roads were the only means of communication except that furnished by our water-ways. These were owned and kept in order by the public. The demand for improved roads resulted in turnpike companies, which were chartered by the State and allowed to charge tolls to reimburse the capital invested in these improved roads. Their charges, however, were required to be publicly posted, and to be the same to all. Next, the railroad was invented; associations of individuals solicited privileges from the State to construct railroads on the same principle which had governed the construction of improved turnpike roads. The first idea was to allow any citizen to put his own vehicle on the new iron roads, but this was found impracticable, and the corporations owning the road became the sole carriers over it. This was the first step toward a monopoly around which has gathered many evils. At that time, however, the danger was not apparent; the principle of the common carrier treating all shippers alike was recognized, and it was not until the many short lines of railroad were consolidated into great systems that the power of monopoly was understood and exercised. The evils, however, soon came, but the advantages of the new roads were so enormous, and so eager were the people to secure them, that the evils remained for a long time unnoticed. Among the first of these was that of fictitious cost; the railroad law of most of the States was based upon the theory that the capital invested in these steam roads was entitled to a fair return —and the public was entitled to all the rest of the advantages. It was something like the principle of our patent-law, which insures to the public the benefit of all inventions after they have yielded certain returns to the inventor. In one sense, it was a partnership—the State, which is the natural owner of all highways, contributing the franchises, while the associations of individuals in a corporate capacity constructed the roads. In the State of New York, it was stipulated that after their charges for transportation yielded more than ten per cent., net, upon the capital actually contributed for the construction of these roads, then the Legislature might reduce the charge for transportation to a point which would not yield more than this; or, in other words, that after capital had been thus compensated, the public should come in for its share of the profits of the partnership, in the shape of reduced charges for transportation. Thus it was made a primary principle that charges should be based upon *cost of service*.

How this principle has been evaded by stock-watering, by construction-companies and other devices, is well known, but until recently it was not so well known that railroad managers had formulated a new principle upon which to base charges, viz.: "*what the traffic will bear*," and that in the application of this principle some of the most important evils in our transportation system have developed.

The following, from the "Graphic," illustrates the working of the new principle on the Pacific coast:

"Instead of having rates for freight, they want to make special contracts according to a man's profits. For instance, a man in Arizona has a mine and gets out a quantity of ore, but has no facilities for fluxing and smelting it, and must send it to San Francisco. He says to the railroad:

"'I want to send my ore up to San Francisco. What will you charge me a ton?'

"'How much does it assay?'

"'That is none of your business.'

"'Yes, it is. We want to know how much it assays in order to know what to charge you.'

"'Thirty dollars a ton.'

"'Well, we will charge you ten dollars a ton, and that will leave you twenty dollars.'

"Another man has a mine, and he puts the question:

"'What will you take my ore to San Francisco for?'

"'How much does it assay?'

"'That is none of your business.'

"He, too, must tell, and he says:

"'Well, it yields three hundred dollars a ton.'

"'Then we will charge you one hundred dollars a ton to take the ore to San Francisco. That leaves you two-thirds.'

"The man has no alternative, and pays the money to sell his ore, but he becomes a discouraged miner. Thus the railroad company is forcing the question as to what are the restrictions on a common carrier, and whether the mere carrier can be despotic with the people, arbitrary in its rates, and virtually an owner in every interest on the line."

Again, on page 69 of the Hepburn Committee's report, we find:

"Now, as to the necessity for some regulation to protect the public, see testimony of Mr. Rutter, pages 453-4, where he testifies that he serves the stockholders only, and only regards the public interest to make it tributary to the interest of the stockholders.

"Mr. Vilas [testimony, page 415] testifies to the same controlling motives. Mr. Blanchard, after describing a railway officer as subject to three practical tribunals,—first, the president of the road; second, the law as laid down affecting transportation; and third, the unwritten law of commerce,—says: 'It has been our policy in this matter, while keeping within the statute law as far as I knew it, or had occasion to know it, that wherever this public unwritten law came into contact with the interests of the shareholders, I believed it to be my conscientious duty to decide in favor of the shareholder; I knew of no claim that the non-shareholding interests had upon me as a railroad officer so long as I was within the written law, to concede its views in the matter of rates, and in the management of our traffic.' The marked importance which is here attached to keeping within the law, emphasizes the necessity for a law for governmental control."

"What the traffic will bear" is, to some extent, a legitimate consideration in fixing charges, but, left to the uncontrolled discretion of railroad managers, the public interest is not sufficiently considered, and out of the power to make special rates, which railroad companies have conferred upon their freight agents, favoritism, both as between individuals and communities, has resulted. This has prevailed, and still exists in a greater or less degree, throughout the United States. To what extent in the State of New York is indicated by the report of the Hepburn Committee; the report says (page 48):

"The charge that the railroads of this State discriminate against the citizens of this State, and in favor of Western and foreign producers, is fully proven by the evidence taken. The charge that they discriminate against certain localities in the State, as compared with others, is fully proven. The charge that they discriminate in favor of certain individuals, as compared with others in the same locality, is fully proven."

It is a remarkable fact that not only did the railroads oppose this investigation, but the presidents of the New York Central and Erie roads, in a joint letter to the committee previous to the investigation, generally and specifically denied the existence of the alleged abuses which were afterward proven to exist. The Hepburn Committee accompanied their report with a series of seven bills designed to remedy, in the State of New York, the existing abuses. Of these, four of minor importance were not opposed by the railroads, and were allowed to become laws, but the session of the Legislature developed the fact that no bill to which the railroads objected could pass; a majority of the Senate had been elected in their interest, and bills, in themselves just and conservative, were defeated.

This tendency on the part of consolidated corporate interests to perpetuate, through the acquirement of political power, abuses which they have found it to their interest to perpetrate, is one of the most serious of the evils which threaten the public welfare. United States Senator David Davis, in a recent letter, says:

"The rapid growth of corporate power and the malign influence which it exerts by combination on the national and State Legislatures, is a well-grounded cause of alarm. A struggle is pending in the near future between this overgrown power, with its vast ramifications all over the Union, and a hard grip on much of the political machinery, on the one hand, and the people in an unorganized condition on the other, for control of the government. It will be watched by every patriot with intense anxiety."

It is an open secret that the railroads furnish a large share of the money required to operate the machinery of our elections, and in all districts where political parties are closely matched, their money, on the side of the candidate who will promise to favor their interests, generally carries the day. They know no party, and consult no interests but their own, and, as a matter of course, the venal and less worthy element in our political life, under such a system as this, usually triumphs, and men who are too honest or too independent to bow to corporate will are so weighted in the race for political preferment that they seldom come to the front. Mr. Jay Gould, in his evidence before the New York Legislative committee of 1873 which investigated the affairs of the Erie Railroad, openly testified as follows:

"I do not know how much I paid toward helping friendly men. We had four States to look after, and we had to suit our politics to circumstances. In a Democratic district I was a Democrat; in a Republican district I was a Republican, and in a doubtful district I was doubtful; but in every district and at all times I have always been an Erie man."

The state of things unearthed by this investigation was officially described in the report of the Legislative committee, as follows:

"It is further in evidence that it has been the custom of the managers of the Erie Railway, from year to year in the past, to spend large sums to control

elections and to influence legislation. In the year 1868 more than one million ($1,000,000) was disbursed from the Treasury for 'extra and legal services.' For interesting items see Mr. Watson's testimony, pages 336 and 337.

"Mr. Gould, when last on the stand, and examined in relation to various vouchers shown him, admitted the payment during the three years prior to 1872 of large sums to Barber, Tweed, and others, and to influence legislation or elections; these amounts were charged in the 'India-rubber account.' The memory of this witness was very defective as to details, and he could only remember large transactions; but could distinctly recall that he had been in the habit of sending money into the numerous districts all over the State, either to control nominations or elections for Senators and members of Assembly. Considered that, as a rule, such investments paid better than to wait till the men got to Albany, and added the significant remark, when asked a question, that it would be as impossible to specify the numerous instances as it would to recall to mind the numerous freight-cars sent over the Erie road from day to day." (See testimony, page 556.)

The report of the Legislative committee concludes with the following remarkable words:

"It is not reasonable to suppose that the Erie Railway has been alone in the corrupt use of money for the purposes named; but the sudden revolution in the direction of this company has laid bare a chapter in the secret history of railroad management such as has not been permitted before. It exposes the reckless and prodigal use of money, wrung from the people to purchase the election of the people's representatives, and to bribe them when in office. According to Mr. Gould, his operations extended into four different States. It was his custom to contribute money to influence both nominations and elections."

A recent editorial in the New York "Evening Post," entitled "Wealth in Connecticut Politics," discusses this subject as follows:

"* * * With slow but steady progress the principle has come to be recognized, especially in the Congressional districts and by the Democratic party, that a man who wants an important nomination must get it by the promise or implication of a liberal contribution after the nomination is secured. The result is the free use of money at Connecticut elections and a corresponding debauchment of the political morals of the State.

"A good illustration of this evil appears in the Fourth Congressional district, made up of Fairfield and Litchfield counties. This is the district represented in Congress for several years by William H. Barnum, afterward United States Senator, and now the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Probably no man ever succeeded so well as did he in organizing corruption. In each town was his band of workers, charged with the dispensation of funds on election day. He knew his men and his men knew him, and after each election, when it was found that 'Bill' Barnum had run ahead of his ticket all over his district, men understood the reason why. Presently the Republicans caught up the trick and practiced it in the Congressional election of two years ago, when a comparatively obscure candidate for Congress ran ahead of Governor Andrews in the Governor's own town, where his well-deserved popularity was unquestioned. In every small town of the district it has now come to be the fact that a venal band of from twenty to fifty electors offer their votes to the highest bidder. A secondary result has been that no man of moderate means can afford to run for Congress or even for a State Senatorship. * * *

"All this, which every intelligent voter in Connecticut knows to be a fact, is a most disreputable and scandalous state of affairs. * * * As it is now, the fact of general and comprehensive bribery at important elections is notorious, and it is no small stigma on the good name of a New England commonwealth that the crime is stimulated by a moral cowardice in communities which prevents alike the prosecution of the briber and bribed. A little wholesome law and some independent voting will go far toward remedying an evil that every good citizen in the State sees, feels, and understands, yet too often hesitates to rebuke."—New York "Evening Post," August 19th, 1880.

Mr. Barnum is a type of a ruling class in both political parties, half statesmen, half railroad men, who mix railroads and politics for their own advantage. They differ materially, however, from the John Adams type of statesman, who, when elected to Congress, immediately sold his stock in the United States Bank, on the ground that no representative should have a pecuniary interest in any matter likely to come before him in his Legislative capacity. The railroad statesman is found in both parties and in every Legislative assembly; while perhaps not numerically in the ascendant, through packing the principal committees, and "retaining" members of the legal profession who happen at the time to be Legislators, their ends are usually obtained. This feature is alluded to in one of the speeches of Senator Beck, of Kentucky, as follows:

"It is impossible to have an honest Legislature, State or federal, so long as representatives are sent who owe their election to, or are personally interested in, great moneyed corporations or monopolies. No matter whether they call themselves Democrats or Republicans, they are not the representatives of the people; they are simply the agents and attorneys of those who seek, by taxing the masses, to enrich themselves, whenever they owe their election to monopolists, or are themselves interested in class legislation."

That the great corporate interests of the country do not stop at electing their own men to shape legislation, is shown by a recent revelation in Pennsylvania. The following "Associated Press" dispatch tells its own story:

"PHILADELPHIA, March 28th, 1880.—A consultation was held here to-night by a number of leading politicians regarding the persons convicted of attempted bribery, in order to devise plans for their pardon. The case is by no means given up by Kemble and his fellow defendants. The bitterness

of the fight is sowing seeds of much future trouble. Palmer and Stone, the two members of the Board of Pardons who are holding out against an amnesty, are the subject of severe comment, and have cut themselves off from all future political preferment as far as it is controlled by the dominant politicians. It is generally believed that, if pardons are not obtained, the sentences will be very light. The cases are the subject of general discussion in this city to-night, and there is much conjecture as to the general result. Many political leaders, including Senator Don Cameron, are here."

In 1877, the great railroad riots took place, and at Pittsburgh a large quantity of railroad and other property was destroyed. The railroad companies refused to indemnify shippers, but at the same time had bills introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature to make the State responsible to them. They employed lobbyists to buy these bills through the Legislature, but their operations were exposed, and William H. Kemble, E. J. Petroff, and several others, were arrested, tried, and, notwithstanding extraordinary efforts were made to secure their acquittal, were convicted. They immediately applied for pardon, *and were pardoned.* It shows what politics in the State of Pennsylvania have come to when it is publicly stated that "Palmer and Stone, the two members of the Board of Pardons who are holding out against an amnesty, are the subject of severe comment and have cut themselves off from all political preferment," and a Senator of the United States leaves his seat and returns home to "arrange things." Kemble had been State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, and Petroff was at the time a member of the Legislature.*

In a lecture by James Parton, Esq., we find the following:

"Men who bribe and are bribed nowadays talk about the matter without a blush. An officer of the New Jersey Legislature told me how the bribing was done, and how he did it himself. The railroad man said to him, 'Come to my room at eight o'clock this evening,' and when the farmer-legislator got there the railroad man said: 'By the way, Mr. Smith, you did not call upon us to subscribe toward the expenses of your election. I know it must have cost you a great deal, and, better late than never, here is something toward it,' and the railroad man passes over a pile of money, much more than the farmer's election expenses. 'I know,' added the corruptionist, by way of casual remark, 'that you would not vote for any bill that would not be good and honest, but there is a bill of ours now before your House that, you will take my word for it, is for the best interests of the community; examine it, and if you conscientiously think so, too, of course you will vote for it.'"

Most Americans will admit that such practices are evil and should be abated, but so conservative are Americans in all their methods, so respectful of property rights, so self-reliant and conscious of their own power to overcome evil when it becomes "worth while" to put forth the effort, that they are tolerant of abuses to an extent that seems absurd to other nations. An illustration of this may be had in the different results accompanying similar action by the Governments of the United States and Brazil. The latter country a few years since, for the purpose of meeting extraordinary expenditures, imposed a tax upon the street railways of Rio de Janeiro, equivalent to about half a cent for every passenger carried. The companies undertook to re-impose this upon the public by adding the exact amount of the tax to the fare; the people rebelled. A riot ensued, tracks were torn up, cars destroyed, and the companies were compelled to recede from their attempt to make the public pay the tax. During our late war, a tax was imposed upon horse-car companies of half a cent for each passenger carried; the companies paid the tax, added a whole cent to the fare, and the American public acquiesced without a murmur. During the war, our Government, under the then existing tax-laws, collected from the New York Central Railroad about half a million dollars. The railroad company claimed this was unauthorized, raised certain legal points, brought suit to compel the Government to refund the amount, employed Senator Conkling as counsel, and was successful. The bearing of political influence upon this case was so obvious that it was commented upon at the time by several newspapers—among others the Utica "Observer," as follows:

"Now, when Mr. Conkling went down to Canandaigua to try this railroad case, he carried with him a greater political influence than any other man in our State wields. He appeared before a Judge whom he had elevated to the bench only a few months before. He confronted a District-Attorney who could not hold his office for a day if Mr. Conkling

* On the twenty-seventh day of January, 1880, Mr. Franklin B. Gowen, President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, in an argument before the Committee on Commerce of the House of Representatives of the United States, in Washington, stated: "*I have heard the counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, standing in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, threaten that Court with the displeasure of his clients if it decided against them, and all the blood in my body tingled with shame at the humiliating spectacle.*"

In the "Associated Press" reports this was suppressed; and only when the argument was published by Mr. Gowen was this remarkable statement verified to those who heard it.

should demand his removal. He secured a verdict which the jury was forced to render by the rulings of the Judge. Under that verdict the railroad recovers a round half million, which it might have lost but for its shrewdness in employing the right man to prosecute its claim."

The New York "Tribune," in an article at the time, entitled "Legislator and Lawyer," alluding to this case, said:

"The appearance of Senator Conkling as attorney in a recent railroad case, in behalf of a railroad corporation and against the Government of which he is a sworn official, suggests a question of political expediency, and incidentally of morals, which must sooner or later be very fully and freely discussed before the people. * * * Somewhere there must be a line which separates the profession of an advocate from the functions of the legislator. Would it not be well to have that line authoritively defined?"

It is not strange that the best legal talent of the country is permanently retained by corporate interests, nor that lawyers should naturally gravitate toward politics. Railroads can afford to compensate professional men better than private clients can, for the reason that their own revenues under the present system are practically unlimited, all production and commerce in the sections through which they run being tributary to them, and extraordinary expenditure for counsel fees, election expenses, or bribery funds are simply re-imposed upon the public.

The extent to which this power to tax is exercised is indicated by the following straws: It is little more than fifteen years since Huntington, Hopkins & Co. were hardware merchants of limited means in San Francisco. They built the Central Pacific Railroad, and deservedly made fortunes estimated at from three to five millions each. They found the railroad enabled them to tax the production and commerce of the entire Pacific coast. Twelve years have rolled around, and recent estimates, based upon legal proceedings necessary in the estate of Mrs. Hopkins, place the partnership wealth of Mr. Leland Stanford at $34,543,308; that of Mr. Charles Crocker at $34,495,458; that of Mrs. Hopkins at $25,280,972, while Mr. Huntington's wealth is estimated even higher than that of Messrs. Stanford and Crocker.

It is about twenty years since the late Mr. Vanderbilt was graduated from the steamship business into railroad management; his possessions at that time were valued at from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000; at his death, some three years since, they were estimated at $80,000,000.

Mr. Jay Gould "obtained his start" in the management of the Erie Railroad, in connection with the late James Fisk; at the time he gave his now famous testimony before quoted (in 1873), he was considered worth from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000; today no one knows how much he is worth, but in Wall street estimates are made ranging from $30,000,000 to $60,000,000.

Railroad men who have accumulated, within a few years, amounts ranging from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000 are too numerous to mention, as are those, also, in branches of trade depending upon and closely identified with railroad transportation—shippers who, through the favor of railroad managers, have been enabled to outstrip or break down all competition.

These are found in every branch of trade, but in none, perhaps, are they so prominent as in the petroleum business. If a true history of the Standard Oil Company could be written, it would read more like a romance of the Middle Ages than a statement of commercial facts possible in the nineteenth century. This is the organization to which the Hepburn Committee alludes as "this mysterious organization, whose business and transactions are of such a character that its members decline giving a history or description of it, lest their testimony be used to convict them of a crime."

The testimony in the Pennsylvania investigation showed that the trunk lines of railroads paid in rebates to the Standard Oil Company, *within the period of eighteen months*, $10,151,218 (ten million, one hundred and fifty-one thousand, two hundred and eighteen dollars), which was contributed by the roads in the following proportions:

Total shipments—October 17, 1877, to March 31, 1879..... bbls.	18,556,277
Total rebates during that time at 55 cents (average) per barrel... ...	$10,151,218.00
Of which there was paid to Standard by Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 11 per cent., as per contract, Oct. 17, 1877.....	1,116,633.98
Paid by New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, 21 per cent., as per contract, October 17, 1877.	2,131,755.78
Paid by Erie Railway, 21 per cent., as per contract, October 17, 1877.	2,131,755.78
Paid by Pennsylvania Railroad, 47 per cent., as per contract, October 17, 1877—17½ months.....	4,771,072.46
Total rebates, October 17, 1877, to March 31, 1879.....	$10,151,218.00

In a report to the New York Chamber of Commerce, the Committee on Railroad

Transportation of that body alludes to this subject as follows:

"How oblivious of their obligations as common carriers, and how regardless of public rights are the great trunk lines, is illustrated by their making an agreement with the Standard Oil Company (Article 4) to protect them '*against loss or injury from competition.*' What has happened in the case of the Standard Oil Company may happen in other lines of business. *With the favor of the managers of the trunk lines, what is to prevent commerce in the rest of the great staples from being monopolized in a similar manner?* Already, indeed, it is taking this course. One or two firms in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, with their branch houses in the West, are, by the favor of the railroads, fast monopolizing the export trade in wheat, corn, cattle, and provisions, driving their competitors to the wall with absolute certainty, breaking down and crushing out the energy and enterprise of the many for the benefit of the favored few."

Railroad managers admit that such things are wrong, that they are opposed to public policy and private morality. Ask a railroad manager the remedy, and he will tell you "a pool," with legislation to enable one railroad company to enforce agreements made with another company. He is certain that any legislation or supervision in the interest of the public would not only be inoperative, but probably unconstitutional, and certainly mischievous. He will point to granger laws which were afterward repealed, but he will forget to state that they were purposely misconstrued by the railroads, and instead of acquiescing in and carrying them out in good faith, railroad managers made them as troublesome as possible to the public, in order that they might create a reaction in public opinion, and, with the liberal use of money in both elections and the lobby, secure their repeal. He will forget to tell you that, wherever this result has been attained, it was accomplished only after the railroads had conceded material reforms for which the people had contended. He will not mention the fact that the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the so-called granger cases, established beyond question the principles for which the grangers contended, and swept away the web of sophistries which learned counsel had been spinning upon the Dartmouth College case.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the granger cases, rendered March 1, 1877, was one of the most important declarations of public rights since the declaration of independence. Regarding the power to regulate, Chief Justice Waite said:

"We find that when private property is affected with a public interest it ceases to be *juris privati* only. This was said by Lord Chief Justice Hale more than two hundred years ago in his treatise '*De Portibus Maris*,' and has been accepted without objection as an essential element in the law of property ever since. Property does become clothed with a public interest when used in a manner to make it of public consequence and affect the community at large. When, therefore, one devotes his property to a use in which the public has an interest, he in effect grants to the public an interest in that use, and must submit to be controlled by the public for the common good to the extent of the interest he has thus created. He may withdraw his grant by discontinuing the use, but so long as he maintains the use he must submit to the control."

A prominent railroad manager, while recently arguing against governmental supervision and control of rates, and in favor of the pooling system now so much in vogue, stated, in almost the same breath, that "the pooling system would remove the discriminations and other evils of which the public complained," and that "competition would insure reasonable rates"—seemingly forgetting that pooling is expressly designed to prevent competition. Undoubtedly, the pooling system does protect the public interest against much of the personal discrimination which has existed in railroad management, but as regards the more important part of the question, What is a reasonable rate? it leaves the production and commerce of the country—to use the words of the United States Senate committee—"wholly at the mercy of a few men who recognize no responsibility but to their stockholders, and no principle of action but personal and corporate aggrandizement."

A recent report of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation says:

"Honestly and equitably managed railroads are the most beneficent discovery of the century, but perverted by irresponsible and uncontrolled corporate management, in which stock-watering and kindred swindles are tolerated, and favoritism in charges is permitted, they become simply great engines to accomplish unequal taxation, and to arbitrarily redistribute the wealth of the country. When this state of things is sought to be perpetuated by acquiring political power and shaping legislation through corrupt use of money, the situation grows more serious."

The railroad is the invention of the last half century; the tremendous development of corporate life, attended by the abuses of which the public complain, has occurred within this period, and largely within the last twenty-five years. Continue for another half century the present power of corporations to tax the public, and we will have a moneyed aristocracy in this country such as the world has never seen, and with it all the attendant phenomena of venal legislators

and corruption in high places, which has caused the downfall of all the great republics of history.

These are some of the questions which are forcing themselves upon the attention of thoughtful American citizens; individualized, they may be stated:

Can Americans, whose forefathers abolished the law of primogeniture and entail to avoid the evils of vast accumulations of wealth in the hands of individuals, afford to leave unregulated new agencies far more potent to that end than any which were at that time dreamed of?

When corporate life or trade combinations develop into organizations like that of the Standard Oil Company, controlling a staple fourth in magnitude among our nation's exports, and hundreds of legitimate traders are driven out of existence, is it not time to inquire what steps should be taken to protect the interest of the producing, commercial, and consuming classes?

When, to perpetuate power already acquired by these organizations, corruption is openly practiced in our elections, and the bribery of legislators goes unpunished, is it not time that American citizens should consider where such practices lead, and insist that the State should resume the sovereignty and control over its creatures which it has inadvertently and temporarily relinquished?

The only answer thus far made by the apologists for these practices has been to denounce those who opposed them as "communists" or "socialists." So bare of facts and so hard pushed for arguments favorable to their case are they, that Messrs. Vanderbilt and Jewett must fain adopt this policy, and conjure up the phantom of socialism to shield their practices! In their joint letter to the Hepburn Committee they suggest that the staid and conservative merchants of the New York Chamber of Commerce are fast tending in that direction—their words being:

"The growth of a disregard of property in this country is very marked, and railroad corporations offer favorable forms of attack. The encouragement, by such a body as the Chamber of Commerce, to such ideas will not stop at railroad corporations, but will reach all kinds of associated capital, and will not stop before it reaches all property. This growing tendency to socialistic principles is one of the dangerous signs of the times, and, if not checked, will produce scenes of disaster that would now appall the country."

Some months after this, when the Legislative committee had pronounced the principal charges made by the Chamber of Commerce "fully proven," the committee of that body having the matter in charge alluded to this subject, in their report to the Chamber, as follows:

"Your committee beg that the members of the Chamber of Commerce will carefully compare these utterances of Messrs. Vanderbilt and Jewett with the findings of the Legislative committee. The assertion that the action of this Chamber tends to the encouragement of socialistic or communistic principles, is on a parity with much of the other reasoning of the presidents of the great trunk lines. They seem to be entirely oblivious of the fact that it is their disregard of public rights, and not the efforts which this Chamber has made to compel their observation, which is chiefly responsible for the growth of communistic sentiment in this State. If railroads were not public highways, upon which all shippers, as well as passengers, are entitled to equal rights; if the discovery of steam, and its application to the purposes of transportation, with all its attendant benefits, could be esteemed alone the private property of these gentlemen, then the argument of Messrs. Vanderbilt and Jewett might be considered valid, and the efforts of your committee seditious, socialistic, and worthy of condemnation.

"It is hardly necessary to say that your committee have no sympathy with socialists or communists who want something for nothing; this class of persons might perhaps find fault with your committee for being capitalists; but, on the other hand, we cannot uphold a system of operating public highways which is honey-combed with abuses, and which is controlled absolutely by a few individuals who tax production and commerce at will, and who practically dictate what reward the producer, manufacturer, and merchant shall receive for his labor."

All classes of citizens are interested in having remedies promptly applied to these evils, and especially are those interested who have property; for if ever communistic views make headway in this country, it will be in consequence of the toleration of class privileges, and disregard of the spirit of our free institutions. These are the breakers ahead which every true patriot will pray that our ship of state may avoid.

The immediate remedy is:

The creation of an intelligent public opinion, through which reasonable limits may be placed upon the growth and power of corporate life.

It is time enough to take further steps when this has been accomplished. At present, the corporations are masters of the situation, but with an intelligent public opinion thoroughly aroused, it is only a question of time when it will compel a fair adjustment of the relations between the people and the creatures the people have created.

TIGER-LILY.

IN THREE PARTS: PART II.

THE tranquillity of Ridgemont was this summer disturbed by several events of unusual local interest. Two, of a melancholy nature, were the deaths of good old Parson Townsend and of Dr. Brown, one of the only two regular physicians of whom the town could boast. The latter event had the effect to bring about the beginning of young Dr. Horton's professional career. The road now lay fair and open before him. His father had been widely known and liked, and people were not slow in showing their allegiance to the honored son of an honored father.

Of course this event, being one of common interest, was duly discussed and commented upon, and nowhere so loudly and freely as in the post-office and cobbler's shop, where, surrounded by their disciples and adherents, the respective proprietors dispensed wit and wisdom in quantities suitable to the occasion.

"He's young," remarked the worthy postmaster, with a wave of his clay pipe, "an' he's brought home a lot o' new-fangled machines an' furrin notions, but he's got a good stock of Yankee common-sense to back it all, an' I opine he'll *do*."

And such was the general verdict.

His popularity was further increased by the rumor of his engagement to Miss Florence Fairfield. Miss Fairfield being a native of the town, and the most elegant and accomplished young woman it had so far produced, was regarded with much the same feeling as the brick block and the soldiers' monument; and as she drove through the village streets in her pretty pony phaeton, she received a great deal of homage in a quiet way, particularly from the masculine portion of the community.

"A tip-top match for the young doctor," said one. "She's putty as a picter an' smart as lightnin', an' what's more, she's got 'the needful.'"

"Well, as to that," said another, "Horton aint no need to look for that. He's got property enough."

To which must be added Mr. Hanniford's comments, delivered amidst a rapid expectoration of shoe-pegs.

"She's got the littlest foot of any girl in town, an' I ought to know, for I made her shoes from the time she was knee-high to a grasshopper till she got sot on them French heels, which is a thing I aint a-goin' to countenance. She was always very fond o' my singin', too. Says she, 'You'd ought to have your voice cultivated, Mr. Hanniford,' says she; 'it's equal, if not superior, to Waktel's or Campyneeny's, any time o' day.' Though," he added, musingly, "as to *cultivatin'*, I've been to more'n eight or ten singin'-schools, an' I guess there aint much more to learn."

The death of Parson Townsend brought about another crisis in the life of Lilly O'Connell. It had been his express wish that she should remain an inmate of his family, which consisted now of a married son and his wife and children. But, with her quick intuitions, Lilly saw, before a week had passed, that her presence was not desired by young Mrs. Townsend, and her resolution was at once taken.

Through all these years she had had one true friend and helper—Priscilla Bullins, milliner and dress-maker.

Miss Bullins was a queer little frizzed and ruffled creature, with watery blue eyes, and a skin like yellow crackle-ware. There was always a good deal of rice-powder visible in her scant eyebrows, and a frost-bitten bloom upon her cheeks which, from its intermittent character, was sadly open to suspicion, but a warm heart beat under the tight-laced bodice, and it was to her, after some hours of mental conflict, that Lilly went with her new trouble. Miss Bullins listened with her soul in arms.

"You'll come and stay with *me*; that's just what you'll do, Lilly, and Jim Townsend's wife had ought to be ashamed of herself, and she a professor! I've got a nice little room you can have all to yourself. It's next to mine, and you're welcome to it till you can do better. I shall be glad of your company, for, between you and me," dropping her voice to a confidential whisper, "I aint so young as I was, and, bein' subject to spells in the night, I aint so fond of livin' alone as I used to be."

So Lilly moved her small possessions into Miss Bullins's spare bed-room, and went to work in the dingy back shop, rounding out her life with such pleasure

as could be found in a walk about the burying-ground on Sundays, in the circulating library, and in the weekly prayer-meeting, where her mellow voice reveled in the sweet melodies of the hymns, whose promises brought such comfort to her lonely young heart.

From the window where she sat when at work she could look out over fields and orchards, and follow the winding of the river in and out the willow-fringed banks. Just opposite the window, a small wooded island interrupted its steady flow and separated it into two deep channels, which met at the lower point with a glad rush and tumult, to flow on again united in a deeper, smoother current than before.

Along the river bank, the road ran to the covered bridge and across it into the woods beyond. And often, as Lilly sat at her work, she saw Miss Fairfield's pony phaeton rolling leisurely along under the overhanging willows, so near that the voices of the occupants came up to her with the cool river-breeze and the scent of the pines on the island. Once, Roger Horton happened to look up, and recognized her with one of those grave smiles which always brought back her childhood and the barren pasture where the tiger-lilies grew; and she drew back into the shadow of the curtain again.

Doctor Horton saw Lilly O'Connell often; he met her flitting through the twilight with bulky parcels, at the bedsides of sick women and children, and even at the various festivals which enlivened the tedium of the summer (where, indeed, her place was among the workers only), and he would have been glad to speak to her a friendly word now and then, but she gave him little chance. There was a look in her face which haunted him, and the sound of her voice, rising fervid and mournful above the others at church or conference-meeting, thrilled him to the heart with its pathos. Once, as he drove along the river-side after dark, the voice came floating out from the unlighted window of the shop where he so often saw her at work, and it seemed to him like the note of the wood-thrush, singing in the solitude of some deep forest.

Before the summer was over, something occurred to heighten the interest which the sight of this solitary maiden figure, moving so unheeded across the dull background of village life, had inspired.

It was at a lawn party held upon Mrs. Fairfield's grounds, for the benefit of the church of which she was a prominent member. There was the usual display of bunting, Chinese lanterns, decorated booths, and pretty girls in white. A good many people were present, and the Ridgemont brass band was discoursing familiar strains. Doctor Horton, dropping in, in the course of the evening, gravitated naturally toward an imposing structure, denominated on the bills the "Temple of Flora," where Miss Fairfield and attendant nymphs were disposing of iced lemonade and button-hole bouquets in the cause of religion. The place before the booth was occupied by a group of young men, who, in a frenzy of competition, were flinging away small coin with that reckless disregard of consequences peculiar to very youthful men on such occasions. All were adorned with *boutonnières* at every possible point, and were laughing in a manner so exuberant as to lead to the suspicion that the beverage sold as lemonade contained something of a more intoxicating nature.

Miss Fairfield was also standing outside the booth, one bare white arm extended across the green garlands which covered the frame-work. She looked bored and tired, and was gazing absently over the shoulder of the delighted youth *vis-à-vis*.

Her face brightened as Dr. Horton was seen making his way toward the place.

"We were laughing," said the young man who had been talking with her, after greetings had been exchanged,—"we were laughing over the latest news. Heard it, Doctor?"

Dr. Horton signified his ignorance.

He was abstractedly studying the effect of a bunch of red columbine nodding at a white throat just before him. He had secured those flowers himself, with some trouble, that very day, during a morning drive, and he alone knew the sweetness of the reward which had been his.

"A marriage, Doctor," went on the youth, wittily. "Marriage in high life. Professor Samuel Commeraw to Miss Lilly O'Connell, both of Ridgemont."

Horton looked up quickly.

"From whom did you get your information?" he asked, coolly regarding the young fellow.

"From Commeraw himself," he answered, with some hesitation.

"Ah!" Dr. Horton returned, indifferently. "I thought it very likely."

"I don't find it so incredible," said Miss Fairfield, in her fine, clear voice. "He is the only one of her own color in the town. It seems to me very natural."

Dr. Horton looked into the fair face. Was it the flickering light of the Chinese lanterns which gave the delicate features so hard and cold a look?

He turned his eyes away, and as he did so he saw that Lilly O'Connell, with three or four children clinging about her, had approached, and, impeded by the crowd, had stopped very near the floral temple. A glance at her face showed that she had heard all which had been said concerning her.

The old fiery spirit shone from her dilated eyes as they swept over the insignificant face of the youth who had spoken her name. Her lips were contracted, and her hand, resting on the curly head of one of the children, trembled violently.

She seemed about to speak, but as her eyes met those of Dr. Horton, she turned suddenly, and, forcing a passage through the crowd, disappeared.

Dr. Horton lingered about the flower-booth until the increasing crowd compelled Miss Fairfield to resume her duties, when he slipped away, and wandered aimlessly about the grounds. At last, near the musicians' stand, he saw Lilly O'Connell leaning against a tree, while the children whom she had in charge devoured ice-cream and the music with equal satisfaction. Her whole attitude expressed weariness and dejection. Her face was pale, her eyes downcast, her lips drawn like a child's who longs to weep yet dares not.

Not far away he saw, hanging upon the edge of the crowd, the tall form of Commeraw, his eyes, alert and swift of glance as those of a lynx, furtively watching the girl, who seemed utterly unconscious of any one's observation.

Some one took Horton's attention for a moment, and when he looked again both Lilly, with her young charge, and Commeraw were no longer to be seen. He moved away from the spot, vaguely troubled and perplexed.

The brazen music clashed in his ears the strains of "Sweet Bye-and-Bye," people persisted in talking to him, and at last, in sheer desperation, he turned his steps toward the temple of Flora. It was almost deserted. The band had ceased playing, people were dispersing, the flowers had wilted, and the pretty girls, tired and bored, had dropped off one by one with their respective cavaliers. The reigning goddess herself was leaning against a green pillar, looking, it must be confessed, a little disheveled and a good deal out of humor, but very lovely still.

"You must have found things very entertaining," she remarked, languidly. "You have been gone an hour at least."

"I have been discussing sanitary drainage with Dr. Starkey," Horton answered, taking advantage of the wavering light to possess himself of one of the goddess's warm white hands, and the explanation was, in a measure, quite true.

Miss Fairfield made no other reply than to withdraw her hand, under the pretext of gathering up her muslin flounces for the walk across the lawn. Horton drew her white wrap over the bare arms and throat, and walked in silence by her side to the hall door. Even then he did not speak at once, feeling that the young lady was in no mood for conversation, but at last he drew the little white figure toward him, and said:

"You are tired, little girl. These church fairs and festivals are a great nuisance. I will not come in to-night, but I will drive round in the morning to see how you have slept."

To his surprise, the girl turned upon him suddenly, repulsing his arm.

"Why," she began, hurriedly, "why are you always defending Lilly O'Connell?"

She shot the question at him with a force which took away his breath. She had always seemed to him gentleness itself. He hardly recognized her, as she faced him with white cheeks and blazing eyes.

"It was always so," she went on, impetuously, "ever since I can remember. You have always been defending her. No one must speak of her as if she were anything but a lady. I cannot understand it, Roger! I want to know what it means—the interest you show, and always have shown, in that —that girl!"

Horton had recovered himself by this time. He looked into the angry face with a quiet, almost stern, gaze. The girl shrank a little before it, and this, and the quiver of her voice toward the close of her last sentence, softened the resentment which had tingled through his veins. Shame, humiliation, not for himself, but for her, his affianced wife, burned on his cheeks.

"What interest, Florence?" he said, repeating her words. "Just that interest which every honest man, or woman, feels in a fellow-creature who suffers wrongfully. Just that—and nothing more."

Her lips parted as if to retort, but the steadiness of her lover's gaze disconcerted

her. He was very gentle, but she felt, as she had once or twice before, the quiet mastery of his stronger nature, and the eyes fell. He took both her hands and held them awhile without removing his eyes from her face.

"Good-night, Florence," he said, at last, almost with sadness.

She would have liked to let him see that she was sorry for her ill-temper, or rather for the manifestation of it, but she was only overawed, not penitent, and bent her head to his parting kiss without a word.

Two or three evenings later, Doctor Horton received an urgent summons from one of his patients, who lived at the end of a new and almost uninhabited street. A lamp at the corner of the main street lighted it for a short distance, beyond which the darkness was intense. When just opposite the lamp, and about to cross over, he observed a woman pass swiftly across the lighted space in the direction toward which he was himself going. There was no mistaking the erect figure and graceful gait—it was Lilly O'Connell. After an instant of wondering what could have brought her there at such an hour, for it was late, according to village customs, he changed his intention as to crossing, and kept down the other side.

The sight of this girl brought back afresh that brief, unpleasant scene with Florence, which he had tried to forget, but which had recurred to him very often, and always with a keen sting of pain and shame. His faith in the woman he loved was so perfect! Should hers be less in him? For him there was no happiness without repose. To doubt, to be doubted, would end all. He walked on in the darkness, lost in such thoughts, and quite forgetting where he was, but all at once he became aware of other footsteps behind him, and involuntarily looking back, he saw, just on the edge of the lamp-lit space, the figure of a man—a tall figure, with a certain panther-like grace of movement. There was but one such in the town, that of Commeraw, the mulatto.

The sight gave him a disagreeable shock. That he was following Lilly O'Connell he had no doubt. Could it be true, then, the rumor to which he had given so little credence? He remembered, now, that he had seen this fellow hanging about at various times and places when she was present. Might it not have been pretense—her proud indifference and scornful evasion of his advances? He asked himself, with a hot flush of mortification, the same question which Florence had put to him. It was true that he had many times openly defended her. He had been forced to do so by that quality of his nature which moved him always to espouse the cause of the weak. Perhaps he had elevated this girl to a higher plane than she deserved to occupy. After all, it would not be strange if her heart, in its longing for sympathy, had turned toward this man of her dead mother's race. Then her face, so sensitive, so overshadowed with sadness, came before him, and he could not think of it in juxtaposition with the brutal, though handsome, face of Commeraw. He banished the thought with disgust.

In the meantime, the man could be seen creeping along, a black shadow thrown into faint relief against the white sand of the overhanging bank. There was something furtive and stealthy in his actions which excited Horton's fears. He saw that he had at last overtaken the girl, and he quickened his own pace until he was so near that the sound of their voices came over to him.

"There is no other answer possible," she was saying. "You must never speak to me in this way again."

She would have gone on, but the man placed himself before her. There was a deliberation in the way he did so which showed his consciousness of power.

"This is a lonesome place," he said, with a short, cruel laugh.

She made no answer.

The man muttered an imprecation.

"You are not going to leave me so," he said. "Curse it! why do you treat me so, as if I were a dog? What are you more than I am? Are you so proud because you have a few more drops of their cursed white blood in your veins than I have? What will that help you? Do you imagine it will get you a white husband?"

"Let me pass!" interrupted the girl, coldly. "You can kill me if you like. I would rather die than give you any other answer. Will you let me pass?" and she made another swift motion to go by him.

A savage cry came from his lips. He sprang toward her. She made no outcry. The two shadows struggled for a moment in deadly silence, but it was only for a moment. Quick as thought, Horton flung himself upon the man, who, taken thus by surprise, loosened his hold upon the girl, shook himself free, and, with a fierce oath, fled.

Lilly staggered back against the bank.

"Do not be afraid," said Horton, panting. "The fellow will not come back."

"Doctor Horton!" she said, faintly.

"Yes, it is Doctor Horton. Where were you going? I will see you in safety."

"I was on my way to watch with Mrs. Lapham," she answered, in firmer tones.

"I am going there, too," said Horton. "If you feel able, go on, I will follow after awhile. Or will you go home?"

She came forward, walking a little slowly.

"I will go on; she expects me."

And in a few moments she had disappeared from sight.

Horton remained where she had left him for perhaps a quarter of an hour. Then he proceeded on his way. An old woman admitted him to the house, and he went into the sick-room. Lilly O'Connell was sitting by the cradle of the youngest child, who lay across her lap. She greeted him with a bow, and averted her head, but the glimpse he had of her face showed him that it was not only pale, but drawn as if with physical pain.

As he was about to leave his patient's side, he looked toward her again, and his eyes fell upon the arm which supported the child's head. About the close, black sleeve, a handkerchief, stained with blood, was tightly bound.

He went over to the corner where she was sitting.

"Will you come into the next room?" he said. "I would like to give you some directions about the medicine."

She gave him a quick, upward glance, arose, laid the baby in the arms of the old woman, and followed him mutely into the adjoining room, where a light was burning on the table, and stood before him, waiting for him to speak.

"You are hurt," he said, taking the bandaged arm in his hand. "That fellow has wounded you."

"I suppose he meant to kill me," she answered, leaning with the disengaged arm against the table.

Horton unbound the handkerchief. The blood was oozing from a deep flesh cut below the elbow. With skillful fingers, he ripped open the sleeve and turned it back from the fair round arm. Then, with the appliances the country doctor has always at hand, he dressed the wound. When he had finished, Lilly drew the sleeve down and fastened it over the bandage.

Horton looked into her face. She was deadly pale, and her hands, which had touched his once or twice during the operation, were like ice.

"You are weak and unstrung. You have lost a great deal of blood. Sit down, Miss O'Connell."

She did so, and there was a little silence. The young man's nerves were still thrilling with the excitement of the last hour. For the moment, this girl—sitting there before him, this fair girl with her hard, cruel destiny—filled him completely.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, at length.

"Do?" she repeated. "Nothing."

"You will let this villain escape justice?" he said. "You will take no measures to protect yourself?"

Lilly raised her head. A look of intense bitterness swept across her face.

"I shall not do anything," she said. "Doctor Horton, you have always been good to me. As far back as I can remember, you have been my friend. I want you to promise me not to speak of what has happened to-night."

Horton bit his lip in perplexity.

"I do not think I have any right to make such a promise," he said, after a little pause. "This was an attempt at murder."

She rose and came close up to him.

"You *must* promise me. Do you not see?" she went on, passionately. "If I were any one else, it would be different—do you not understand? To have my name dragged before the public—I could not bear it! I would rather he killed me outright!"

Doctor Horton walked the floor excitedly.

"It is a terrible thing," he said. "I cannot blame you, but it does not seem right. Think the matter over. Perhaps you will feel differently. In the meantime, I will do nothing without your consent."

"Thank you, Doctor Horton," she said.

A feeble call came from the sick-room, and she turned away. Soon after, Doctor Horton left the house.

The next day Commeraw's shop remained closed, and it was discovered that he had fled the town. Numerous debts and embarrassments which came to light sufficiently accounted for his departure, and were also ample guarantee against his return. In this way, the question which had vexed Doctor Horton's mind was unexpectedly settled.

He did not see Lilly O'Connell for several days, but met her at last on the street in such a way that she could not well avoid him.

"It goes against my sense of justice that that scoundrel should escape so easily," he said, after having made professional inquiries after the wounded arm, "but at least you will now be safe," and, touching his hat respectfully, he turned to leave her. At that instant, Miss Fairfield's phaeton dashed around the corner. The occupant drew the reins slightly and regarded the two with a flash of the turquoise eyes; then, bowing coldly, she gave her horse a touch of the whip and dashed on again.

When Horton appeared at Mrs. Fairfield's that evening, however, Florence received him with unusual sweetness, and when chided playfully for the coldness of her greeting on the street, replied only with a ripple of silvery laughter.

The next morning rain was falling steadily, but it did not prevent Miss Fairfield from appearing in Miss Bullins's shop, taut and trim in her blue flannel suit, the shining yellow hair and delicate rose-tinted face finely relieved against the black velvet lining of her hat. She found Lilly O'Connell in attendance and the shop otherwise unoccupied, as she had expected. She was very gracious. She brought with her a parcel containing costly linen and laces, which she wished made into mysterious garments after the imported models inclosed.

"My dresses will be made in Boston," she explained, with a conscious blush, "but I want these things made under my own supervision—and I want *you* to make them."

What was it in her crisp, clear tones which gave the common words so subtle an effect? The two girls looked each other full in the face for a moment. Miss Fairfield was the first to look away.

"You do your work so beautifully, you know," she added, with a very sweet smile.

There was nothing more to say, yet she sauntered about the shop a while, looking at the goods displayed, or out into the rainy street.

"I'm sorry to see you looking so badly," she said, at last, turning her eyes suddenly upon the pale face behind the counter. "But I don't wonder, either. It is natural you should take it hard."

Again the gray eyes met the blue in that mute encounter.

"I don't think I know what you mean," said Lilly, her fingers tightening upon the laces she was folding.

Miss Fairfield raised her silken eyebrows.

"Oh, of course," she went on, sympathetically, "of course, you don't like to talk about it, but I'm sure *you* are not in the least to blame. It was shameful of Commeraw to go off the way he did. I am really sorry for you. *Good*-morning!"

A moment later, when she was well outside, a low laugh broke from her lips. It had been very well done—even better than she had meant to do it.

The new minister, a susceptible young man, meeting her at this moment, thought he had never seen his fair parishioner looking so charming.

Just after, he was equally struck by another face, framed in reddish-golden hair, which was gazing out from the milliner's window at the murky sky. Its set, hopeless expression startled him.

"What a remarkable face!" he reflected. "It is that girl whose voice I noticed the other evening." And, being a well-meaning young man, he mentally added, "I really must speak with her, next conference."

Summer passed tranquilly away, autumn ran its brief, glowing course; and in November, when the days were getting toward their shortest and dreariest, something happened which startled Ridgemont out of the even tenor of its way. The small-pox broke out among the operatives in the paper-mill, and spread so rapidly during the first days as to produce a universal panic. The streets were almost deserted; houses were darkened, as if by closed shutters one might shut out the fatal guest. Those who were compelled to go about, or whose social instinct overcame their fear, walked the streets with a subdued and stealthy air, as if on the lookout for an ambushed foe.

The village loafers were fewer in number, and their hilarity was forced and spasmodic. Jokes of a personal nature still circulated feebly, but seemed to have lost their point and savor, and the laughter which followed had a hollow ring. Mr. Hanniford was visibly depressed, and the sallies which his position as local humorist compelled him to utter were of a ghastly description. He still endeavored to enliven his labors with his favorite ditty, but it had lost perceptibly in force and spirit.

Mr. Jackson, the postmaster, bore himself with a dignified composure truly admirable, going fishing more persistently and smoking more incessantly than ever.

"What you want, boys," he remarked, with great earnestness, to the few faithful retainers whom the potent spell of ginger-pop rendered insensible to other considera-

tions,—"what you want is to take plenty of exercise in the open air, and smoke freely. Tobacco is a great—a—prophylactic."

Meetings of citizens were held, and all the usual sanitary means adopted and put in execution. An uninhabited farm-house, whose rightful owner was in some unknown part of the world, was chosen for hospital uses, and thither all victims of the disease were carried at once. From the beginning, Dr. Horton had been most prompt and active in suggesting prudential measures, and in seeing them carried out. By universal consent, he was invested with full powers. Dr. Starkey, the only other physician, on the ground of failing health, willingly submitted to the situation. The young physician's entire energies were aroused. He worked indefatigably, sparing neither strength nor pocket; for among the victims were several heads of families, whose sickness—and, in a few cases, whose death—left want and misery behind them.

One of the greatest obstacles encountered was the scarcity of nurses, most of those responding to the call becoming themselves victims in a few days. Two men only—veteran soldiers—were equal to the occasion, and acted in multifarious capacities—as drivers of the ambulance, housekeepers, cooks, nurses, undertakers and grave-diggers.

On the evening when the certainty of the outbreak was established, Dr. Horton, after a day of excessive labor, went around to Mrs. Fairfield's. It was a dark, rainy evening, and the house seemed strangely cheerless and silent. A faint light shone from one upper window, and he fancied, as he reached the steps, that he saw a girlish figure leaning against the window-sash. The housemaid who admitted him, after a second ring, did so with a hesitating and constrained air, eyed him askance as she set her lamp upon the parlor table, and retreated hastily.

He was kept waiting, too, as it seemed to him, an unnecessarily long time. He was tired and a little unstrung. He was in that mood when the touch of a warm, tender hand is balm and cordial at once, and the delay fretted him. He could hear muffled footfalls over his head, and the murmur of voices, as he wandered about the room, taking up various small articles in a listless way, to throw them down impatiently again; pulling about the loose sheets of music on the piano, and wondering why so lovely a creature as Florence need to be so scrupulously exact about her toilet, with an impatient lover chafing and fretting not twenty paces away. But at last there was a sound of descending footsteps, a rustling of skirts, and the door opened to admit—Mrs. Fairfield. She, at all events, had not been spending the precious moments at her toilet-table. Something must have thrown her off her guard. She was negligent in her attire, and certain nameless signs of the blighting touch of Time were allowed to appear, it may be safely asserted for the first time, to the eyes of mortal man. She was also flustered in manner, and, after giving Dr. Horton the tips of her cold fingers, retreated to the remotest corner of the room, and sank into an easy-chair. He noticed as she swept by him that her person exhaled camphor like a furrier's shop.

"It's dreadful, isn't it?" she murmured, plaintively, holding a handkerchief saturated with that drug before her face. "Perfectly dreadful!"

Dr. Horton was at first puzzled, and then, as the meaning of her remark came to him, a good deal amused. He had not felt like laughing, all day; but now he was obliged to smile, in the palm of his hand, at the small, agitated countenance of his future mother-in-law, seen for the first time without "war-paint or feathers."

"It is certainly a misfortune," he said, re-assuringly; "but it is not wise to become excited. The disease is confined at present to the lower part of the town, and, with the precautions which are to be taken, it will hardly spread beyond it."

Mrs. Fairfield shook her head incredulously.

"There's no telling," she murmured, sniffing at her handkerchief with a mournful air.

"I have only a few moments to stay," the young man said, after a slight pause. "I have to attend a citizens' meeting. Is not Florence well?"

"Y–yes, she is well," came in hesitating and muffled accents from behind the handkerchief. "She is not *ill*, but she is terribly upset by the state of things, poor child! She has *such* a horror of disease! Why, she can't bear to come near me when I have one of my sick headaches. So sensitive, you know. So ——"

A light had gradually been breaking upon Horton's mind. He colored, and stepped forward a little. He had not been asked to sit down, and was still in overcoat and gloves.

"I think," he said, slowly, looking Mrs. Fairfield full in the face,—"I *suppose* I know

what you mean. Florence will not come down. She is afraid to—to see me."

Mrs. Fairfield fidgeted in her chair, and a red spot burned in her sallow cheek.

"You must not think strange of it, Roger," she began, volubly. "You know how delicately organized Florence is. So nervous and excitable. And it would be *such* a misfortune—with her complexion!"

Dr. Horton took one or two turns across the room. He was not apt to speak on impulse, and he waited now. He stopped before a portrait of Florence, which hung over the piano. The tender face looked out upon him with the soft, beguiling smile about the small, curved lips, which had become so dear to him. Above it was a bunch of gorgeous sumac, which he had gathered for her one heavenly day, not long ago; and on the piano-rack stood the song she had taught him to believe the sweetest song in all the world:

"Du bist wie eine Blume,
So schön, so hold, so rein."

He looked at the face again. She *was* "like a flower." How could he have found it in his heart to blame her, even by the remotest thought?

"I'm sure," came the plaintive voice again, "you ought not to blame her. I think it's perfectly natural."

Dr. Horton turned toward her, with a cheerful smile.

"Yes, it is quite natural. Of course I have taken every precaution; but it was wrong of me to come without finding out how she felt. Tell her I will not come again until"—he paused, with an unpleasant feeling in his throat—"until she wishes me to come."

"Well, I am sure," said Mrs. Fairfield, rising with an alacrity which betrayed how great was her relief, "you must know what a trial it is to her, Roger. The poor girl feels *so* badly. You are not angry?" giving her hand, but holding the camphorated handkerchief between them.

"No," Dr. Horton said, taking the reluctant fingers a moment, "not at all angry."

He went away into the outer darkness, walking a little heavily. The house-door shut behind him with a harsh, inhospitable clang, and as he went down the steps the wind blew a naked, dripping woodbine-spray sharply against his cheek, giving him a curiously unpleasant thrill.

When he was part way down the walk, he looked back, and saw, to his surprise, the parlor windows standing open, and Mrs. Fairfield flitting about like an undersized and elderly ghost. At the upper window the girlish figure was still visible, the face pressed against the pane. His heart bounded at the sight, and then sank with a sense of remoteness and loss for which, a moment later, he chided himself bitterly.

Mrs. Fairfield waited only until she believed Roger was off the grounds, when she threw open all the windows in the room, sprinkled everything liberally with carbolic acid, and went up to her daughter.

She found Florence standing at the window where she had left her.

"What did he say?" she asked, without looking around.

"Oh, he was very reasonable," Mrs. Fairfield answered, seizing the camphor-bottle from the bureau, "very, indeed. He said it was wrong in him to have come under such circumstances, and he would not come again until the danger was over. Roger always was so sensible."

Tears rolled from the girl's eyes down over her blue cashmere wrapper, and she bit her lips to keep back the sobs which threatened to break out.

"Hannah says three more cases were reported to-night," said her mother, re-entering, after a short absence.

An exclamation escaped the girl's lips, and she wrung her fingers nervously.

"We'd better go, hadn't we?" said Mrs. Fairfield.

"No!" cried the girl. "Yes! Oh, I don't know! I don't know!" and she threw herself upon the bed, crying hysterically.

The evil news being corroborated by the milk-man next morning, led to another conference between mother and daughter, the result of which was that the following notes awaited Dr. Horton on his return from an exhausting day's work:

"My Dearest Roger: Do not be *too* much hurt or shocked to hear that mother and I have left town on the 3:30 train. We think it best. It is hard, of course; but the separation will be easier than if we were in the same place. I assure you, dear Roger, it pains me to go, *dreadfully;* but I cannot bear such a strain upon my nerves. Do, dearest, take care of yourself—though, of course, you wont take the disease. Doctors never do, I believe. I don't see why, I'm sure.

"Oh, how I wish you had settled in Boston, or some large place, where your practice would have been among first-class people only. Those low mill people are always breaking out with some horrid thing or other. It is too bad. We are going to stay with Aunt Kitty, in Boston. She has been wanting me

to spend the winter with her. She is very gay, but of course, dearest, I shall have no interest in *anything*. Of course you will write.

"Your own, as ever,

"F. F."

Doctor Horton read this letter twice before opening the other, which was from Mrs. Fairfield herself, and ran as follows:

"My Dear Roger: I am sure you will not blame me for taking our darling Flossie out of harm's way, nor her for going. As I told her last night, you always were *so* sensible. The poor child has been in such a state, you've no idea! We feel real anxious about you. Do take every precaution, for Flossie's sake, though they say doctors never take diseases. Do wear a camphor-bag somewhere about you. I always did wish you had chosen the law—it is so much nicer. Of course Flossie will expect letters, but don't you think you had better soak the paper and envelopes in carbolic acid beforehand? They say it's very efficacious.

"Yours, affectionately,

"Mrs. A. Fairfield.

"P. S.—You have no idea how the darling child's spirits have risen since we began packing. She is quite another creature.

"A. F."

Doctor Horton smiled as he read, but as he put both notes away in his desk, his face became grave and sad again.

"It is perfectly natural," he said to himself, as he went down to his lonely tea. "Perfectly so, and I am glad she has gone. But ——" The sentence ended in a sigh.

(To be continued.)

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI,

PATRIOT AND EVANGELIST.

Outside of Italy there is but one Gavazzi. In Italy there have been many. Magistrates of this name have more than once ruled at Bologna, and here, in the earlier part of this century, Alessandro Gavazzi was born. His father was an eminent barrister and judge. His nineteen brothers and sisters have had the respect and esteem of all who knew them. They are of tall and commanding figure, the men being six feet high and proportionately stout. In this country the typical Italian is a Genoese; but the Bolognese are well-nigh as different from these in stature, appearance, and character as are the English. And the Gavazzis surpass the other Bolognese in size and vigor.

Gavazzi was educated at the University of Bologna, and at twenty was a professor at Naples. He became a monk and a priest. His preaching was new and unusual. He ignored rites, ceremonies, processions, penances, and urged the weightier matters of the law—justice, truth, integrity, piety. Moreover, he was a patriot-preacher. He boldly denounced the corrupt court of Gregory XVI., and for this had been a year in virtual confinement at a convent when that pontiff died.

As is usual upon accession to the Papal throne, Pius IX. began his reign as a reforming pope. His brother, Count Joseph Mastai, was a friend of Gavazzi's, and introduced him to the Pope, who became his friend, though warning him not to speak of a united Italy. The Pope had been frightened from his better purposes by the conspiracy which had nearly accomplished his assassination. Gavazzi, however, was appointed to preach the sermon of thanksgiving for the Pope's escape. In it, he denounced the abuses which had grown up, and called for their redress in no measured terms. Cowardice was never one of his characteristics. But Pius had thrown himself into the hands of the Jesuits, and Gavazzi was forbidden to preach. He obeyed—for a time.

In 1848, the Italians of Milan and Mantua were in deadly conflict with the Austrians. During that year, on one occasion, the Roman University Church was crowded with people praying for their brethren. Some one espied a stalwart form amid the crowd, and instantly the cry arose, "Gavazzi! Gavazzi! Gavazzi!" The preacher ascended the pulpit and poured out a torrent of invective and irony, such as only he could utter, against the Austrian "butchers," and did not spare even the court of the pontiff, composed largely as it was of the corrupt members of that of his predecessor. For this he was imprisoned in the Franciscan convent of La Polviera, where five thousand Romans called upon him within three days, to express approval of his course. A deputation of nobles waited on the Pope, and received the promise: "To-morrow morn-

ing he shall be delivered." At midnight he was forcibly removed to Genzano, twenty miles away. It was five days before his prison was discovered,—five days of excitement in Rome,—but then he could be held no longer, and was set free. Even Pius IX. could not entirely resist the swellings of the Italian spirit.

Like a second Peter the Hermit, Gavazzi led a crusade to drive the Austrians from Italy. The night before they left Rome, he preached to thirty thousand in the Coliseum. The pontiff gave his blessing, and made Gavazzi grand chaplain of the legion, sixteen thousand strong, which had been enlisted so largely by his fiery patriotism. And when the vacillating Pius changed his mind and recalled the legion from the walls of Vicenza, Gavazzi and the more determined of his soldiers refused to return. In every city of note he preached his patriotic mission, and made collections for his soldiery. The oration to the assembled thousands in the Piazza San Marco, at Venice, secured for this purpose a sum equal to twenty thousand dollars. Men emptied their purses on the platform; women cast in their jewels, and even cut off their hair and threw it upon their country's altar.

On the flight of the Pope from Rome, November 5, 1848, a provisional government was proclaimed, and Gavazzi returned and took charge of the military hospitals. When he called for nurses, six thousand Roman women responded to his appeal, and were duly organized for the care of the sick and wounded.

When the republic was suppressed by the French arms, Gavazzi, through the kindness of the American Consul, was enabled to escape, and reached England in safety. Throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and the United States he told the story of Italy's wrongs, and then returned to London.

Once and again he was in Italy, always stimulating his countrymen with patriotic zeal. In 1860 he was with Garibaldi, at Palermo. This, perhaps, may be reckoned as the last of his great adventures as a patriot, though the spirit of patriotism flames as brightly in his soul to-day as ever.

But while in exile a change had come over the spirit of his dream. He had read the Bible. He had sought enlightenment, and found it. He now saw clearly that no mere patriotism could give to Italy, or any other country, the future it needed. Henceforth, leaving political affairs to others, he devoted himself to the spiritual regeneration of his people. Born to be a leader among men, beloved and revered by all who knew him, swaying multitudes like flames moved by the wind, he cast behind him every dream of earthly ambition and became simply and only a herald of the cross. United Italy received him, not as a soldier, but as an evangelist. When Garibaldi was Dictator at Naples, he said to his friend: "Go! go! Evangelize all you choose!" Accordingly, Gavazzi credits Garibaldi with being the originator of evangelization in Italy! But the fact is that, as soon as religious freedom came to Italy, the pious colporteur found his way to every part. He distributed tracts; he sold Bibles; he preached the gospel; he instituted prayer-meetings; and went thus from town to town, leaving behind him what we should call neighborhood prayer-meetings, where one would read, another pray, and another, perhaps, exhort, as the Spirit gave him utterance.

The leading spirits of Italy's renovation had long been casting about to discover some form of Christianity in which there should be no germ of priestly domination. They found it, they thought, in England, among "The Brethren," who had their origin at Plymouth. Here was no pope, no bishop, no priest, no presbyter, no deacon, even; but all were brethren. No one claimed any authority over another. And here, it seemed, could be no danger of priestcraft. Accordingly, this form of Christianity began to prevail in free Italy.

Gavazzi was the first to foresee the impending danger. He perceived that without government there could be only anarchy. He beheld congregations dividing, subdividing, disintegrating. The results of so many years' effort were in danger of being frittered away and lost. And the isolation of the far-separated little congregations was painfully felt.

In 1865, an effort was made for union, but with little practical result. The churches could agree upon the desirability of some sort of union, but could not agree upon any form of union. In 1870, Gavazzi induced the large and flourishing congregation of Milan to invite delegates from the other congregations to meet with them in that city. They came together at the appointed time, and, to their surprise, found themselves of one heart and one mind. They adopted a Declaration of Principles, embracing the

doctrines held in common by evangelical Christians; and from that day to this the General Assembly of the Free Italian Church has met annually.

From the formation of this union, the churches adhering to it have regarded the evangelization of Italy as the work set before them. The General Assembly each year elects an evangelization committee, which superintends the whole work of evangelization throughout the kingdom. Of this committee, Gavazzi has always been the most active member. Submitting to the authority of his brethren, he claims no higher title than that of evangelist.

The patriot, Mazzarella, is an elder of the church of Genoa. An eminent philosophical writer, a Judge of the Supreme Court, and a member of the Italian Parliament, his devotion to the work of evangelization is second only to that of Gavazzi himself. He was Vice-President of the General Assembly of 1879, of which Gavazzi was President; and it was indeed a joy to see these two seated together in conference respecting the true regeneration of their beloved Italy.

In 1872, Gavazzi came to America to secure funds for the work of evangelization, —especially for the establishment of a theological seminary; he succeeded in gathering for the purpose thirty thousand dollars. Many will remember with what graphic utterance he told the story of evangelization; with what torrents of eloquence he hurried his audience along through his historical lectures; with what tender pathos he delivered his message. But only those who have heard him under his native sky and in his native tongue can adequately appreciate the power with which he moves the masses of his countrymen.

Hopefulness has ever been one of his characteristics. To an audience in Chicago, he said: "I think I shall have everything I want before I die. I have seen so many of my hopes realized—the independence of Italy, the unity of Italy, the freedom of Rome. I have been permitted to go back to the Eternal City and preach the free gospel in its streets. So many of my dreams have come to pass that I despair of nothing."

He has since seen the church he chiefly founded steadily eliminating the last vestiges of Plymouthism, developing in prudence, in piety, in numbers, in influence. A theological seminary in the heart of the Eternal City trains young men to preach a pure gospel, Gavazzi himself being their instructor in sacred oratory, and Professor Henderson, of the Free Church of Scotland, in theology. And the call for more laborers comes constantly from every part of the united kingdom, from the Alps to the Adriatic, from Susa to Sicily.

Gavazzi is no longer young. But his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated. He speaks with all the force and energy which have ever characterized him, though his fiery spirit has been tempered by the simple piety which manifests itself in all that he does. He has outlived the hatred and calumnies alike of enemies and rivals, and peace, like a benediction, rests upon his maturing life.

MONTENEGRO AS WE SAW IT.

"YONDER, *meine Herren*," said the obsequious young Austrian landlord of the Hotel zur Stadt Gratz, pointing to a height of some six thousand feet immediately above the town, where a towering, barren mountain descended to the waters of the Adriatic, like a petrified, ashen-gray cataract plunging sheer down from the heavens to the sea,— "yonder, *meine Herren*, up the Lowcen, lies the road to Montenegro."

We were standing in the mellow light of an October evening in 1879, Dick and I and our host, by the little hunch-backed bridge in the arid waste devoted to the Montenegrin bazaar, outside Cattaro. Facing us, the mighty rampart of the Lowcen rose from the purple haze of the valley at our feet high into the deepening azure of the sky, and following the oscillating upward movement of our host's forefinger, we traced the zig-zag markings of a path running like a thin white lacing up the broad bosom of the mountain. During our six days' cruise in the *Archiduchesse Carlotta*, along the Dalmatian coast from Trieste to Cattaro, we had heard much concerning the difficulty of travel in Montenegro,—how the absence of roads rendered vehicular traffic

impossible, and the rugged character of the country was dangerous to riding,—but it was only now, when the famous "ladder of Cattaro" (as the ascent into the Black Mountain is suggestively styled) stood fully revealed to us, that the physical impediments to comfortable transport could be fully comprehended.

Dick, who was neither as spare as a chamois hunter, nor, to judge from his spasmodic breathing up easy gradients, in the perfect condition of an Alpine athlete, gazed upon the towering perpendicularity of the Lowcen with a misgiving eye, and was eloquently silent.

"If the interior of Montenegro has the same aspect as its western frontier," I could not help ejaculating, after a lengthy survey of the bare rocks that everywhere were visible, like mammoth bones sticking through the starved carcass of the earth, "by the shade of Macadam, it must be a fine country for stones!"

"The men of the Black Mountain have a saying," said our host, "that when the Creator was in the act of placing stones upon the earth, the bag that held them burst, and they all fell upon Montenegro."

We thanked him for his information with more politeness than effusion, for, to tell the truth, we were beginning to feel the effects of considerable disappointment. At home, in the seclusion of the library of the British Museum, our imaginations, heated, perhaps, by too copious references to romantic hand-books of travel and sensational gazetteers, had conjured up a glowing picture of the Montenegrin highlands, covered—as most of these alluring works of fiction assured us they were—with vast forests of oak and

beech and pine, the rocks carpeted with the luxuriant undergrowths of arbutus, juniper, rosemary, and myrtle. To enjoy the outdoor life amid such sylvan scenery, we had a tent made, from designs kindly supplied by the inventive brain of Dick. The special characteristics of our canvas residence, on which Dick told me he rested his claim to future celebrity, were to be found in the marvelous union of (1) extreme lightness with (2) economy of space, united to (3) great strength and (4) portability. The same creative mind furnished the drawings for an entirely original cooking apparatus, which gave excellent promise—on paper, at least—of being the happiest combination of tea-pot, frying-pan, gridiron, and Dutch oven conceivable, and was moreover warranted to pack in any unoccupied corner of our saddle-bags. Owing to some slight miscalculations on the part of the gifted inventor, the tent, which was otherwise a triumph of construction, was made about the size of a marquee, and weighed a trifle over eighty pounds; while the colossal proportions of the cooking apparatus, originally intended to prepare a meal for two, seemed quite equal, judging from cubic capacity at least, to satisfy the rapacity of a company of the hungriest soldiers. Nevertheless, we had brought these necessary adjuncts to the more perfect enjoyment of existence on the wood-crowned heights of Montenegro with us here, to the southern extremity of Dalmatia, after numerous hair-breadth escapes at frontier custom-houses, and at unheard-of expense, owing to Dick's "light and portable" inventions hampering us with about a hundred-weight of excess luggage. Bitter, therefore, was our disappointment when the youthful landlord revealed the true aspect of this much misrepresented country. The vision of the wood-crowned heights capped with our snowy tent, pitched under the shadow of some primeval oak, and the blue smoke curling upward from our cheerful camp-fire, faded from our mind's eye, and in its place a horrible picture presented itself of two unfortunate travelers entombed in an elevated stone-quarry, having to blast holes in the rocks before driving in their tent-pegs, and compelled to live on raw victuals by reason of the dearth of "undergrowth" wherewith to develop the resources of the magic cooking apparatus.

We turned disconsolately from our survey of the Lowcen, and sought the retirement of our *locanda*.

It soon got noised about Cattaro—for rumor travels with telephonic rapidity in a town covering about the same area as we should devote to a block of alms-houses—that two adventurous spirits were anxious to hire saddle and pack horses to transport themselves and their effects over the Lowcen to Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro. This news caused great excitement in the Montenegrin bazaar, anything on four legs and bearing even the most distant resemblance to horse-flesh being immediately quoted in the market at a price equal to a native prince's ransom. It was several days before the wild, untutored drovers of the Black Mountain could be brought to moderate their demands. The time was principally occupied by us in fruitless endeavors to squeeze Dick's tent into a smaller compass than the dimensions of a moderate hay-stack, so as to adapt it to the requirements of a pack-saddle, and in an equally abortive attempt to master the rudiments of the Illyrian language. The triple *c* in the Cyrilian alphabet, however, was too much for us, so Dick, who still clung to the hope of ultimately bringing the cooking apparatus into action, got our young landlord to write him out a list of equivalents in the Slav tongue for such daily requisites as mutton, fowls, rice, eggs, bread, coffee, etc., on a leaf of his sketch-book. My lingual accomplishments were confined to *dobró* (good) and the Slavonic for "how much," which became indelibly impressed upon my recollection by its exact resemblance to "calico" pronounced with a strong Yorkshire accent.

On the evening of the fourth day after our arrival in Cattaro, a needy proprietor of four half-starved mountain ponies capitulated to our terms, which the landlord had fixed, out of consideration for our being strangers, at double the usual tariff, viz.: six florins each for our saddle-horses, and five florins for a couple of pack-animals.

The following morning we were up betimes and out in the bazaar making preparations for the start. Quite a crowd of white-coated Montenegrins and black-clad, silver-buttoned Bocchesi had collected at the foot of the Lowcen to see us off, for speculation was rife upon the object of our visit to Cetinje. Not one of the comfort-loving Cattarines would believe that even the maddest of proverbially mad Englishmen would voluntarily undergo the rigors of travel in the rocky wilderness of the Black Mountain merely to satisfy a craving after adventure and a love for the picturesque. So, as we carried letters of introduction to the

Prince, an idea had got abroad in the bazaar that our mission was of a diplomatic character. If we were not embassadors sent from Queen Vittoria to invite the Prince to England, we must assuredly be the English representatives of a new frontier commission, come to patch up the all-absorbing Gusinje question, and thus prevent the impending war between the Montenegrins and the Albanians. These impressions were strengthened by the sight of one of our under-fed baggage-animals staggering about the bazaar in a drunken manner under the load of Dick's "light and portable" inventions—the cooking apparatus and tent-poles which dangled over one side of the gable-shaped wooden pack-saddle, and counter-weighted the canvas bundle of the tent on the other, being immediately set down as portions of our surveying paraphernalia.

The natives who watched our start were either very seriously disposed, or too well-bred to express their appreciation of the ludicrous. But the spectacle of Dick's efforts to squeeze his somewhat Dutch proportions into the small cavity of an old Turkish *demi-pique* saddle, with a pommel on it like a buffalo-hump and a back like the top of a Windsor chair, must have been a severe trial to them. Nor was I altogether free from the consciousness of a certain quaintness in my appearance, perched upon the apex of the Gothic elevation of a flea-bitten pony, with a rolling, sailor-like action about him which threatened an immediate dissolution of partnership,—my feet thrust well home into the shortest of stirrups, and my knees screwed up to a level with my waistcoat. Inwardly convinced of the precarious nature of our tenure in a Turkish saddle, but with a fairly confident exterior expression, we set off in Indian file, with our guide tugging at the halter of the leading horse, upon our *voyage en zig-zag* up the "ladder" of Cattaro.

Never having experienced the sensation of going upstairs on horseback before, I may be pardoned for a slight feeling of nervousness at the outset, the more so when a few steps up the ladder revealed the perilous character of the ascent. Let the reader imagine a mere ledge of rock some five feet broad, entirely unprotected by either wall or railing, standing out at right angles to the mountain, and having an ascending inclination of from 30 to 75 degrees, according to the length of each zig-zag. Let him, moreover, picture to himself this twisting shelf of a road thickly strewn with a loose *débris* of bowlders and jagged stones, which are constantly shifting and sliding down the narrow "shoot" behind him as his horse stumbles about in search of firm foothold; let him add to this a sense of insecurity begotten by the knowledge that the saddle he is balancing himself in has no girths and is simply attached to the framework of his horse by a rotten rope, and that the slightest derangement of his saddlery would inevitably hurl him down upon the chimney-pots of Cattaro,—and he will have an approximate idea of the varying emotions which accompany the traveler upon his clamber into Montenegro.

Twelve hundred feet above the town of Cattaro is the small fortress of St. Giovanni, built originally by the Turks in the fifteenth century. Thirty-nine "tacks," to use a nautical term expressive of our course up the Lowcen road, bring us on a level with it. Thirty more, and we have dismounted to take a breather, and are looking straight down upon the diminished ramparts and gray towers, and right into the citadel of the Austrian stronghold. At the close of 1813, San Giovanni, after suffering the usual vicissitudes of fortresses on the Dalmatian coast, and belonging in turn to Turk and Venetian, Austrian and Russian, was taken from the French by the English under Hoste, to whose extraordinary skill in carrying heavy artillery up the craggy mountains that commanded it the highest compliment was paid by the French commandant, who had pronounced a decided opinion that it was impossible to establish a battery there. The astonishment of General Gautier on discovering Hoste's great guns above the fortress of San Giovanni could only be equaled by the surprise with which Dick and I found ourselves without mishap in a similar position. However, as the portion of the mountain which was immediately over our heads was pronounced to be, if possible, steeper and stonier than that which lay at our feet, we elected to do the rest of the journey on foot. Nor did our ponies seem at all displeased with our want of confidence in their ability, Dick's animal, especially, giving vent to sundry equine expressions of delight on finding himself free and independent.

It had been hot enough in the saddle, but now that we were nearer the ground the glare of the sun, reflected from the bare gray rocks, was intolerable. The difficulties which beset our path, too, forced us to look constantly on the blinding track, which grad-

ually narrowed down to the semblance of the top of a ruined wall, strewn ankle deep with crags as sharp as bottle-glass. I have neither space nor inclination to dwell upon the tortures of the last stage of our clamber; suffice it that our progress can only be described as a rapid and varied succession of such staggers, lurches, plunges, and recoveries as might accompany a 'prentice hand upon the tight-rope; and that when we did ultimately throw our dislocated anatomies upon the top of Lowcen, it was only to realize those aches and pains which are said to follow a liberal use of the rack and bastinado.

There is consolation in companionable misery: instinctively we turned to solace ourselves with a study of the anguish of our guide. He was sitting composedly on a rock, eating chunks of goats' cheese and maize-bread, without a bead upon his brow or a flutter in his respiration.

I have described at length the character of the road from the coast into Montenegro, so as to give the readers of SCRIBNER as vivid an impression as possible of the stupendous barrier raised by nature between the Sclavonian mountaineers and the source from whence they draw their supplies. Up the track we had just ascended, pack-animals alone can be used to transport goods. But as horse-flesh is scarce since the war, and serviceable only to carry such small commodities as can be slung panier-fashion to a pack-saddle, the bulkier necessaries of life, together with the more ponderous articles of merchandise, have all to be brought from the sea into the principality upon the shoulders of the mountaineers.

Many men, carrying live sheep around their necks, like big woolly comforters, or heavily laden with packing-cases on their backs, passed us on our way up the "ladder" with their swift and noiseless tread, muffled by the soft, sun-dried goat-skin of their mountain shoes. Even as we sat resting and fanning our flushed faces in the cool highland air, a train of stalwart, big-boned, broad-hipped women, clad in their mournful-looking black-and-white garments, and singing a strange, monotonous chant, came up from below, each with a heavy sack of maize-flour strapped upon her back. Yet there was not the slightest trace of moisture on their broad brown faces, nor a quaver in a single voice to show that they were fatigued or overburdened.

Inwardly wishing that our powers of endurance in the mountains were but equal to those of the Montenegrin women, we once more hoisted our groaning bones into our respective saddles and went on our way to Cetinje. Turning reluctantly from the magnificent view spread out like a huge ordnance map at the foot of Lowcen, with the waters of the Bocche di Cattaro winding like a blue serpent between the olive-clad hills of Dalmatia, out to the broad Adriatic sparkling on the horizon, we faced inland and saw nothing but the gleaming limestone of the mountain desert.

The track still led upward, but in a tolerably straight line, to a point where occasional loud explosions, accompanied with innumerable echoes, told us that the laborers were at work, blasting the rocks to make the new carriage-road from Cattaro to the capital. Presently we come upon them, and a more picturesque gang of navvies it would be difficult to conceive than these same mountain road-makers, clad in their shaggy sheep-skin jackets and white woolen pantaloons, each with a big gourd water-flask at his waist, and a long yataghan thrust through the party-colored scarf wound around his middle.

The new carriage-road through Montenegro, planned to run by easy gradients round the Lowcen to Cetinje, and thence to Rjeka, where the river joins the lake of Scutari, is destined, when finished, to work a wonderful alteration in the present aspect of the country, for it is only then that the land will be opened up to the influence of outer civilization and commerce. Originally commenced at Cattaro in 1872, under the direction of M. Slade, a Dalmatian engineer from Ragusa, the work had to be suspended as soon as it reached the Montenegrin frontier, on account of the outbreak of the war. Now, however, that the unusual blessings of peace have fallen upon the land, Prince Nikita—surnamed by his people "the road-maker"—is pushing the work vigorously forward. By the end of the present year it is expected that half of the road will be completed; so that soon the traveler may avoid the horrors of the "ladder," and visit Cetinje in a diligence or mountain wagon.

Leaving the highland navvies to their work at the top of the pass, we turned our horses' heads south-east, and crossed a sterile, undulating plain leading to Niegūsh, the village birthplace of the reigning Prince. Half-way thither, we reached the edge of a plateau, and halted involuntarily to gaze down upon the panorama of Montenegro revealed. It was only now, as the eye wandered in astonishment over the rocky chaos of the

THE LADDER OF CATTARO.

Dinaric Alps, rolling away to the horizon in a succession of ridges and bluffs and irregular spurs, that one could fully realize the vast sterility of this Great Stone Land.

In every language which has given a name to the country it is called the Black Mountain: thus, in Greek it is styled *Mavro Vouni;* the Albanians speak of it as *Mal-Esija;* on the Arabic maps it is marked *Al-jubal-al-Aswad;* the Turkish for it is *Karadagh*, and the Slavonic *Tzernagora*. These are curiously unanimous misnomers for a mountain which, from the light, gleaming character of its limestone forma-

tion, ought by common consent to have been christened "White" instead of "Black." Etymologists, however, have a tendency to get over the difficulty by telling us that in days of old the gaunt, bare mountains of the principality were covered from base to brow with forests of oak and pine; but that five hundred years of constant warfare with the Turk has cleared every vestige of cover from their sides; so that the soil, having no longer the necessary net-work of roots and undergrowth to bind it to the rocks, has been gradually washed away from the face of the mountains. The Montenegrins, on the other hand, attribute the name of their country to the deep purple shade which the rocks assume during the after-glow of sunset.

We were followed into the village of Niegūsh by a young goat-herd, who left his flock to take care of themselves, and was friendly and communicative in the extreme, but who would doubtless have been better company if we could only have understood him. He insisted upon carrying Dick's Winchester rifle, which he handled with the air of a veteran warrior. The lad could not have been more than fourteen, and was evidently thoroughly acquainted with the mechanism of its repeating action. Dick, by the by, had rather relied upon his Winchester to astonish the natives; but we soon discovered that every Montenegrin knew it perfectly, many hundreds of the carbine pattern having been taken from the Turks during the last war. Nevertheless, the Niegūshians, who came out in a crowd to welcome us, were most anxious to prove its shooting qualities. On our part, we were nothing loth to test their reputation as marksmen, of which we had heard much. So one of the villagers who, from his confident bearing, appeared to be the crack shot of the place, took the rifle, rested it over one rock and aimed at another about the size of a tombstone, some three hundred yards off, and, after occupying an unconscionable time in getting a comfortable sight, made an elaborate miss, a full yard below his target. They used the whole magazine full of eleven cartridges, each excited villager in turn, and would willingly have exhausted Dick's pouch if he had permitted it, but without coming much nearer the mark. Yet we had no difficulty in striking the target at the first shot—and that fired from the shoulder. This feat was hailed with great acclamation, and seemed to strike the villagers as a very considerable achievement indeed. Subsequent friendly matches at rocks—in the absence of game—in various parts of the principality, satisfied us that the Montenegrins are anything but the great shots they would have the outer world believe them to be, and that we, who were by no means "plumb-center" men with the rifle, could always hold our own, and frequently beat the best of them.

They made much of us in Niegūsh; and we responded by inviting the discomfited marksmen into a little hovel, with only a door and no window to it, dignified with the title of a khan or inn, and by circulating a large gourd full of raki amongst them until it was empty. Then we went upon our way, sliding down declivities, and scrambling over obstructive bowlders, until we came to a spot where I noticed in a little basin of the rock a stone wall, some four feet high, surrounding a little disk of earth no bigger than the top of a loo-table. We took it at first for a burial-place. On closer inspection, however, it turned out to be a cultivated inclosure, protecting about half a dozen blighted potato plants! Proceeding farther, I discovered that every particle of soil which the wind or rain had not swept from the crevices and hollows of the rocks was walled about and guarded in a like careful manner. Surely no more pitiable picture than this can be given of the fight for life amongst the stones of Montenegro. After having been seven hours on the road, we pulled up at nightfall at the hotel in Cetinje.

The Montenegrin capital lies on a little plateau of verdure, inclosed in an amphitheater of barren rock. At the southern extremity of a broad, well-kept *chaussée*, flanked to the right and left for five hundred yards by squat, red-tiled, stone-built cabins, curiously Irish in aspect, is the Vuko Volotič, sole house of entertainment in the little mountain metropolis. The dimensions of Vuko Volotič, as it is called after the patronymic of its director, are altogether out of proportion to the size of the capital. Next to the Prince's palace, it is the most imposing building in Cetinje, and boasts the unusual architectural adornment of an upper story. Its interior is fitted with the luxuries of a *salle-à-manger* and a *café*, with a billiard-table on the ground-floor, and a large reception-room and commodious bedrooms—all excellently furnished in the French style—under the roof. Here we eat and sleep with a heartiness and tranquillity which can only be engendered by a knowledge that we are being boarded and lodged upon the equitable principles of the

fixed-tariff system. It is the first time in our lives, moreover, that we have been able to patronize royalty,—for Prince Nicholas himself is the proprietor of this highland hostelry. In no other country in the world, I imagine, could the traveler have such a chance of interviewing its ruler,—the mere pretext of an overcharge in his bill or the fancied incivility of a servant being enough to procure an audience with the head of the reigning house of Petrovič. We, however, can find no such excuse. The charges are not exorbitant; the "boots" is civil and the chambermaid attentive. Were it not that the Montenegrin "Mary" is clad in a white chemise, black apron, and flannel coat without any sleeves to it, and that "boots" brings us our "Blüchers" in the morning arrayed in innumerable gold-embroidered red waistcoats and a long white coat, confined at the waist by a crimson scarf, from which protrude a small arsenal of fire-works—were it not, we repeat, that the Prince's secretary, M. Popovic, always presides at the *table d'hôte* in the full splendor of the national costume, and with a long Austrian "Gasser" revolver thrust into his girdle, we might, at least from the comfort with which we are housed, imagine ourselves in a good French *pension* or a superior German *Gasthaus*.

SHEPHERD BOY OF THE LOWCEN.

Cetinje has been justly styled the smallest capital in the world. Including the public buildings, such as the old Palace, or *Bilyarda*,—so called from the first billiard-table brought into Montenegro having been placed there by the present Prince's uncle,—the new Palace, the Convent, the Hospital, the Hotel, the Prison, the Cartridge Manufactory, the Schools, and the Reading-room, there are not so many as a hundred houses in it. These are all substantially built of stone (of which there is, heaven knows, no lack in the country), with roofs of rugged Italian tiles, guarded against the mountain storms by weighty rocks placed upon them. One peculiarity about the cottages is, that they have no chimneys. Although most of the Montenegrins have a home, they cannot lay claim to the comforts of a hearth—it being the fashion of these

TABLE D'HÔTE AT CETINJE.

people to light their wood-fires in the center of the floor, and to allow the smoke to escape through the numerous apertures left for this purpose in the roof. But where the smoke issues, the rain finds an entrance, so that from the middle of October, when the rainy season commences, until the beginning of the new year, when it ends, it is quite as necessary to put up one's umbrella in-doors as out.

Judging from the depopulated appearance of what one might call the High street, I should imagine it would require a very small statistical staff indeed to prepare a census of Cetinje. During the late war, however, its aspect must have been unique, deserted as it was by all save a score or so decrepit highlanders, left under charge of the school-master, the sole able-bodied adult non-combatant remaining in the place. The Prince, with all his war-loving subjects commanded by the ministry, the members of the Senate, the heads of the civil service, and the *élite* of the clergy, were every mother's son of them away fighting in the Herzegovina, or grappling with their old enemies on the Turkish border; while the Princess, as the Director-General of the Transport Corps and Chief of the Commissariat Department, was hurrying up and down the country at the head of every sound woman and child in the principality. Dismal as Cetinje must have looked in those desperate times, when the liberty of the land was trembling in the balance, it is none of the liveliest now that the freedom of Montenegro is assured. There are seldom more than a dozen men visible in the only thoroughfare of the town, and these have a listless, apathetic, do-nothing air about them telling too plainly that, now that the war is over, the Montenegrins' occupation's gone. With these gentry, time seems infinitely more difficult to kill than the Turks. The Montenegrin is a fighting man or he is nothing, never having been taught any peaceable pursuits, and reared as he has been from childhood only to the use of arms. In peace as in war, his girdle is full of silver-ornamented artillery and decorated offensive cutlery. He is a walking magazine of murderous weapons. Under his red-morocco pouch, or *kolan*, lurks the long, heavy, six-chambered "Gasser" revolver, with a barrel a foot in length, and capable, when used over the left arm by way of a rest, of bringing down a man at five hundred yards. By the side of this miniature Gatlin, and ready to hand, stuck crosswise through the silken waist-sash, is an ivory-hilted yataghan—an ugly serpentine weapon as long and heavy as a sword-bayonet, and as formidable in their practiced hands as a Goorkha's kookree; while over his shoulder is slung his *dobró pouska*—an Austrian "Wenzel" breech-loader, or a Turkish Peabody-Martini rifle. Yet, despite the aggressiveness of his appearance, a Montenegrin never uses his weapons except in warfare against the enemy. It speaks volumes for the control these mountaineers habitually exercise over their spirited tempers when I state that, although loaded fire-arms are constantly carried by every grade of man in the country, only four murders have occurred during the present reign (nineteen years), and that assassination or robbery with violence are crimes almost unknown. Thus, notwithstanding the outward ferocity of their appearance, they are, among themselves and to all strangers who visit them, in the main a chivalrous and courtly race. Therefore, let none of the wandering tribes who yearly set out from our shores to explore new ground, avoid these picturesque people on the score of their murderous proclivities. Let them be assured, on the faith of the latest visitors to the country, that in no part of the habitable globe can they travel with greater personal security than in Montenegro.

Candor, however, forces me to admit that we did not find the Montenegrins so scrupulously honest as most writers on the country have reported them. The great fault in existing works on Montenegro appears to me to be that they have all been written with a strong Slavophile bias. The Rev. Mr. Denton, in his "Montenegro," depicts an almost Utopian race, with barely a moral blemish to sully their spotless purity. "Another virtue besides their simplicity of life," says this gentleman, "is their perfect honesty." Lady Strangford, again, tells us that, during her sojourn in Cetinje in the summer of 1863, she mentioned to the Prince that she had lost a gold bracelet in Albania. "Had you dropped it here," said Nikita, "even in the remotest corner of the Black Mountain, it would have been returned in three days." "I am sure this was not mere talk," adds her ladyship, "because I was frequently told of a traveler who left his tent, with the door open, on a Montenegrin hill-side, and returned, after three years' absence, to find every single thing as he had left it." Now it so happened that, after leaving Cetinje we went to look at Podgoritza, a town

A MONTENEGRIN INTERIOR.

hich had been annexed to Montenegro nder the Berlin treaty some nine months efore our arrival. Outside Podgoritza, ist beyond the fine old Tzernitza bridge spanning the Moraça, there is a plain; and at a spot opposite the ruins of a palace of Diocletian, we pitched Dick's tent. We gave hospitable entertainment to all com-

ers in celebration of the ultimate utility of Dick's inventions, and, among others, to two young Montenegrins with a perfectly unappeasable voracity of appetite. At night we all slept soundly under canvas without taking the precaution of keeping any guard, relying implicitly on what we had heard and read about Montenegrin honesty. On waking in the morning we found ourselves relieved of a quarter of sheep, a saddle-bag containing a silver tobacco-case, a knife and fork, and a bag of

ONE OF THE PRINCE'S BODY-GUARD.

tobacco. The affair made quite a commotion in Podgoritza, and the Minister of War, who was in residence at the quaint little war-office by the bazaar, was fearfully indignant on hearing of this outrage upon strangers, the more particularly, perhaps, because, at an interview we had with him before starting on our camping expedition, he was most impressive in his assurances of the Montenegrin regard for the sanctity of property. Thanks to the rapidity with which the Voivode Plamenaz put a couple of men and a sergeant, accompanied by a singularly intelligent dog, on the track of the thieves, they were captured before the afternoon, and everything was restored to us save the mutton, which the robbers—who were none other than the young gluttons whom we had entertained the previous day—had eaten raw. They were taken to Podgoritza, where each received twenty-five stripes with the bastinado and a short term of imprisonment. After this adventure we did not care to test the people's love of honesty further, seeing that the only chance we ever gave them they punctually availed themselves of.

By the robbery from our tent we were, perhaps, selected as the unfortunate exceptions to prove the rule of Montenegrin honesty. That the people are, as a rule, honest is beyond doubt; and the virtue is more exalted by their extreme poverty. But that the needy are not beyond temptation—even in Montenegro—was shown us in the most practical manner possible.

To return to Cetinje,—we soon were quite at home in the little capital, the more so as most of the frequenters of the Vuko Volotič spoke German. Dick became very active and expert in model-catching, and even overcame the maiden coyness of one of the prettiest girls in the place—the black-eyed Emily Kovič, who stood to him for a sketch. And a pretty picture the little "highland lassie" made as she leaned against her cottage wall, dressed in her delicate white sleeveless coat and green gold-embroidered waistcoat, open at the bosom so as to show the dainty golden-edged shirt confined by a single button at the throat. The white woolen coat, or *gunj*, and the *kappa*, or cap, are two articles of the national costume worn alike by both sexes with the distinction only that with females the coat is made sleeveless and of a finer quality of cloth, ornamented at the skirts with gold embroidery, and that a black cashmere veil is attached to the crown of the *kappa*, and so arranged as to fall down at the back of the head.

The cap is, perhaps, the most peculiar part of the Montenegrin dress. By the men it is rarely removed from the head either in doors or out. In shape it is like a large forage-cap, with a black-silk edge and a crimson-cloth crown. On the rim of the crown is embroidered, in gold thread, a small semicircle, inclosing either the arms of Montenegro or the initials of the Prince

With this quaint head-covering is associated a legend which says that, when the Serbs were conquered, each member of the race placed a mourning-band around the edge of his fez, but that the Montenegrins added the half of a small golden disk to the edge of the uncovered portion of the cloth, to mark their own bright spot of freedom on the blood-red field.

The *struka*, or long brown slip of a shawl worn over the shoulders as a German student carries his plaid, is another characteristic portion of male attire, almost as indispensable to the comfort of the mountaineer as his *opankes*, or soft, pliable, sun-dried skin slippers, so curiously attached to his feet by a net-work of string running from the toe to the instep. As long as a Montenegrin has his *struka*, in which he can roll himself, he is perfectly indifferent as to whether his sleeping-place is the hard mud floor of some smoky way-side khan or the harder bed of his native rocks. It is his sole baggage in a campaign, where it serves him in lieu of a tent; for the rugged character of his country forces him to march in the lightest of marching order, unhampered by knapsack or haversack, relying on the women, who follow to battle on the heels of their warrior lords, to replenish his cartridge-belt and supply him with rations. Thus it will be seen that no very elaborate machinery is required to set the Montenegrin army in motion, which is, perhaps, the reason why it is so seldom quiet, the transport, commissariat, and medical branches of the service being in the hands of the women, who are freely "requisitioned." Neither is the state hampered with the expense of paying or clothing the troops. Each of Prince Nikita's 20,000 fighting men gives his service gratuitously, and supplies his own uniform, which is simply his national dress; the officers according to their various grades being merely distinguished from the men by different devices, displayed on a silver or golden badge sewn on the front of their *kappas*. Thus the Montenegrin army is, perhaps, unique in its organization. It is entirely self-supporting in time of peace, and nearly so when in the field, ammunition being the costliest government material necessary to its support; and to this, I imagine, can be traced the secret of its long-continued resistance to the Turks.

The social organization of the Slav, we are told, is essentially a family confederation. This would certainly appear to be the case in Montenegro, where everybody

EMILY KOVIČ.

stands in the closest relationship one with another. To the stranger, this kindred alliance is somewhat confusing, the more so as all proper names in the principality invariably end in vič, pronounced vitch. Great discrimination is, therefore, required on the part of any one who, like ourselves, happened to be of cockney origin, in order to distinguish *vitch* from *vitch*. In Cetinje the ties of blood are certainly superior to anything like considerations of caste. In the Vuko Volotič, as I have before mentioned, is a *café*, where most of the male inhabitants of the capital beguile themselves with card-playing and billiards during the—to them, no doubt—monotonous days of peace. Here, in the evening, after *table d'hôte*, may be witnessed the unusual spectacle of a "family confederation," composed of the postman, His Excellency the Minister of Finance, the "boots," the Prince's secretary, and Mr. Vuko Volitič, all engaged in a sociable game of skittle-pool! Surely the great republican principles of Liberty, Equality,

and Fraternity could be put to no severer test than this. One of the most difficult problems which the traveler in Montenegro may set himself to solve is, not exactly how the people manage to live in their highland desert,—for that becomes apparent when he discovers that their daily wants are almost as small as the productiveness of their country,—but how, in the absence of all any hard labor,—it would be difficult to point to any trade or industry which could give him employment, there being no shops in the capital, except one or two devoted to the sale of raki and tobacco, and the one solitary factory in the principality making only—cartridges!

Yet the *café* at the Vuko Volotič is seldom empty, and the clicking of the billiard-

THE MONTENEGRIN WAR OFFICE.

trades and industries, they can earn any money. Certain it is that during the whole period of my stay in Cetinje I never saw a single male Montenegrin at work upon anything which was likely to produce him a single "*zwanziger*." Supposing even that he showed a laudable desire to set about some lucrative occupation,—an extremely unlikely conjecture, by the by, if it involved balls is incessant. But where does the money come from to pay the score? This is beyond the limits of conjecture; unless, perhaps, the Prince, in his dual capacity of father of his people and proprietor of the hotel, supplies his children with the necessary pocket-money to patronize his house of hospitable entertainment.

Life in the Montenegrin capital, we soon

found, was not by any means a continual delirium of excitement. The dismal secretary to the Austrian Legation attached to the court of Montenegro, a fellow-lodger in our hotel, likened existence in Cetinje to being shut up in a sarcophagus. We considered his simile a happy one long before we had been twenty-four hours in the capital, while we, too, began to share the depressed diplomate's sense of being buried alive. "Lions" there were none either in the village or its neighborhood, and, with three exceptions, the show places of the tiny metropolis were entirely without interest. These favorable exceptions were the Prison, the assembling-place of the Senate, and the Reading-room. The Cetinje Prison is certainly the most remarkable house of correction in Europe. It is, in fact, more like a pound than a prison, being built only of four stone walls about eight feet high, with no roof, and a door which generally stands wide open, by reason of its being nearly off its hinges. In Montenegro, a criminal is his own jailer. He is a simple and docile sort of fellow, who, when he has committed any crime, expiates it in the most exemplary manner by walking straight to prison, and obstinately refusing to come out until he has completed the term of his sentence.

PRINCE NICHOLAS I.

If Cetinje is the smallest capital in the world, the meeting-place of the Senate is undoubtedly the largest in the universe, for it holds its sittings in the open air, under the famous plane-tree, in the center of the village. The legislative power in Montenegro is vested in the Senate, which is composed of sixteen members, elected annually by all males having borne or bearing arms—a voting qualification tantamount to universal suffrage among so warlike a race, with whom the military age commences at twelve, and the obligation for offensive service runs from seventeen to fifty. This Senate, for which every Montenegrin is eligible, although the heads of the principal families are invariably chosen, is invested with administrative functions, and also acts as a court of justice. Under the shadow of the plane-tree the Prince may be seen from time to time, seated on a low stool dispensing justice, surrounded by a circle of Senators. The Rev. Mr. Denton, however, tells us that only minor offenses are judged under the tree, such, in fact, "as require not so much the discrimination of a judge as the intervention of an arbiter." There is, however, no stated period for the holding of these *al fresco* as-

sizes; the feast of St. Basil, the occurrence of a fair or market, or any time, indeed, "when people most do congregate," being sufficient for the jail-delivery of the district.

Mr. Gladstone, the most powerful and eloquent friend of the men of Tzernagora, tells us that "it is impossible to relate the fortunes of this heroic people without begetting in the mind of the reader a restless suspicion of exaggeration and fable." And yet it is not a legend which honors Montenegro as being one of the first countries to set up a printing-press. The fact, as Mr. Gladstone shows, is beyond dispute. "It was in 1484," says the great liberal leader, "that the printing-press was set up at Cetinje, in a petty principality; they who set it up were men worsted by war and flying for their lives. Again, it was only seven years after the earliest volume had been printed by Caxton, in the rich and populous metropolis of England; and when there were no printing-presses in Oxford, or in Cambridge, or in Edinburgh. It was only sixteen years after the first printing-press had been established (1468) in Rome, the capital of Christendom; only twenty-eight years after the appearance (1450) of the earliest printed book, the first-born of the great discovery." The Montenegrins of to-day have remained true to their literary traditions, and the reading-room in Cetinje is always fairly patronized, and well stocked with newspapers from all parts of Europe, but the major portion of the population being limited in their lingual accomplishments, the favorite foreign journals are "The Illustrated London News," "L'Illustration," and the Leipzig "Illustrirte Zeitung." We also noticed on the reading-table "The Sunday Chronicle" of San Francisco, and a pamphlet called "Die Privat Speculation au der Borse." This stock-broker's circular must have been added to the library by some wag, and was, undoubtedly, the cruelest satire on Montenegrin poverty conceivable.

Before leaving Cetinje for Albania, Dick and I had an audience with the Prince. Nicholas I., Hospodar of Montenegro, is descended from Petrovič Njegos, proclaimed Vladika, or Prince Bishop of Montenegro, in 1697, who liberated the country from the Turks and, having established himself as both spiritual and temporal ruler, entered into a religious and political alliance with Russia. The order of succession made during the life-time of the late Prince had named Nicholas, the son of Mirko, elder brother of Prince Danilo (assassinated at Cattaro in 1860) as his heir. Danilo it was who first abandoned the title of Prince Bishop, or Vladika. At the same time he threw off the remnant of nominal dependency upon Turkey acknowledged by his predecessors, and obtained from Russia the investiture and formal sanction of his new title of Hospodar. From 1852 the religion, which is that of the Greek Church, has been governed by a bishop nominated by the Holy Synod of Russia. Former rulers of Montenegro possessed the whole of the revenues of the country, but in 1868, eight years after the present Prince's accession, a general assembly of the representatives of the people decided to separate the public from the private income of the Hospodar. At present, his annual civil list amounts only to the modest sum of £350 ($1,750). To this, the Emperor of Russia has added 80,000 rubles, and the Austrian Government, 30,000.

Prince Nicholas is, undoubtedly, the most prominent figure in his country; and to his energetic patriotism is solely due the prominent place which Montenegro occupies on the present political map of Europe. Its claims are no longer neglected at foreign courts, and at the Congress of Berlin its lengthened struggle with the Turk for life and liberty was rewarded by a considerable extension of frontier. By Articles twenty-six and twenty-seven of the Berlin treaty, the town of Podgoritza and districts of Antivari were annexed to Montenegro, giving it the long-coveted sea-port on the Adriatic. These, and other rectifications of the frontier, added no less than 1968 square miles, with 115,000 inhabitants, to the principality; so that, at present, its total area is 3738 English square miles, populated by 311,000 people. But the Montenegrins' old enemies on the Turkish border were not disposed to give up peaceable possession of a single acre under the Berlin award without a struggle. Thus, the Montenegrins narrowly escaped another war in trying to occupy the district of Gusinje, and even up to the moment of my writing, it is doubtful whether they will be permitted to claim this portion of the award of the Congress without bloodshed.

Prince Nicholas himself is of an eminently peaceable disposition. He has more of the scholar than the soldier about him. His great delight is in his schools which he has planted throughout the country; in his farm down at Danilograd, where he is experimenting in coffee-planting; and in his literary

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE PRINCE.

pursuits. As an author, the Prince has added to the literature of his country by the publication of a tragedy and a volume of songs. The poetic gift, indeed, is hereditary in the house of Petrovič, and there is scarcely a cottage in the country where at night-fall we may not hear some of the Prince's verses sung to the accompaniment of the national instrument—the one-stringed, plaintive *gusla*. Indeed, the Prince's pop-

A LOUDRA ON THE RJEKA.

ularity in the country is unbounded, as he is essentially one of his people. As the head of his highland clan, every peasant in the land, however poor, has a right to come to him for counsel or redress; and such is their affection for him, that no one would dream of questioning his judgment.

We had been led to believe, before we came to Cetinje, that the home life of the Prince was as simple and unpretentious as that of a country squire. The Palace itself is certainly not more imposing than a well-appointed French château, or a first-rate Highland shooting-box. But the Prince himself does not appear to dispense with any of the forms and ceremonies which usually surround a ruling prince.

We were ushered into His Highness' presence by an aid-de-camp, who acted his part of chamberlain with great elegance of deportment. And on our way to the audience chamber, on the first floor, we passed, drawn up in a kind of review order, a number of the stalwart body-guards of the Prince, each standing on a step of the staircase with a drawn saber in his hand. As soon, however, as our formal introduction to the Prince was ended, we were placed at our ease by the frankness and cordiality of his manner. The Hospodar, who is one of the largest men in his dominions, standing considerably over six feet, and with an almost Herculean depth of chest, was dressed in the national costume, with a revolver in his girdle, but without the *kappa* on his head. Unlike the rest of his race, he wears whiskers with his mustache, and these are trimmed in such a manner as to give to his somewhat swarthy features a distinctly Spanish look. These facial characteristics are very faithfully reproduced, as becomes an ardent admirer of his chief, in the features of M. Popovič, the Prince's secretary. The Prince, who was the first of his dynasty sent for education to Paris instead of to St. Petersburg, speaks French perfectly, and is, moreover, well acquainted with German, Italian, and Russian. We, who are more familiar with the Teutonic than any other foreign language, were soon engaged in conversation with the Prince upon his dearest topic—the welfare and development of his country.

"You have, no doubt, been long enough in Cetinje," said the Prince, "to hear that my people have surnamed me the 'road-

maker.' Well, it is the highest title to which I aspire. I look forward to the completion of my road from Cattaro to Rjeka as the commencement of a new era in my country. For centuries we have been locked up in our highlands as in a prison. But when my new carriage-road is made, we hope to let the outer world see that we are neither so uncivilized, nor so ferocious, as we are sometimes reported to be."

On my saying to the Prince that in my opinion the great want in the country was industrial occupation for the people, he replied:

"Yes, but you must give us time. For five hundred years we have been engaged in constant war with the Turks upon the border. Our only thoughts have been for the freedom of our country. But now that our land is secured to us, and a lasting peace is at hand, we hope to show the world that Montenegro has sufficient resources within herself to maintain her independence."

But the lasting peace to which the Prince looked forward so hopefully as the regenerator of his country seemed already threatened. No sooner had we returned to the hotel from our interview, than news arrived from the war office at Podgoritza that the Turks were massing in force upon the Gusinje frontier. Hostilities between the Montenegrins and the Albanians had, we were assured, already commenced in a few slight skirmishes, and an army of at least 10,000 men would be immediately required by the Prince in order to occupy the territory.

Immediately on receipt of this news, Dick and I bade farewell to the Vuko Volotič, and set off for Rjeka, where we took a *loudra* down the river to Zsabliak, whence we rode across the plains to Podgoritza. The rapidity of our flight was occasioned by our anxiety to witness the war.

THE MUSICIAN'S IDEAL.

For several years previous to my acquaintance with Herman Richter, his face had become familiar to me as a frequenter of classical concerts. On these occasions I had watched him with great interest. He would usually enter the concert-hall with sullen features, and drop into his seat with the air of one who, wrapped in meditation, becomes oblivious of all surroundings. But, under the sunshine of melody, the clouds upon his brow floated tremulously away until, when he leaned forward listening eagerly to the music, his features relaxed, as though, weary of his own thoughts, he turned with relief to commune with those of another. At one of these concerts we happened to occupy adjoining seats, and I ventured to address him concerning the performance. At first he seemed so embarrassed that I almost regretted having spoken to him; but as the warmth with which I continued betrayed my deep interest in music, his manner lost much of its hesitation and his conversation grew fluent, at times even enthusiastic. That evening's talk led to subsequent discussions, and our mutual regard finally ripened into a close friendship. As he was more than nineteen years of age when we first met, I was surprised to find that I was his only friend; but, as our intimacy developed and my understanding of his character became more complete, this circumstance explained itself. He was in the shadow of peculiar circumstances. I found a disposition by nature ardent and affectionate. As a child, already his only desire was to love and be loved; but a vivid imagination so exaggerated his bashfulness that, in time, it became a lamentable want of self-confidence, rather than a fitting modesty. His excitable temperament, while it magnified his expectations, equally intensified his disappointments, and frequently I have heard him express deep regret at the frustration of a trivial hope. His parents died when he was very young, and after their death he was obliged to live with a distant relative, so cold and unsympathetic that, until he made my acquaintance, there was no one to sweeten the bitterness of his thoughts. For these reasons I allowed him in the beginning of our friendship the comfort of my society as much as possible. Soon, however, I began to regard as a pleasure what at first I had looked upon as a sacrifice.

His secluded life made music almost his sole enjoyment, and his keen appreciation of the beautiful gave him a thorough knowledge of the master-works of his art. He was most in sympathy with those composers whose sentiment never degenerated into

maudlin melancholy, or whose intellectuality never threw a fog over their subject. These, he contended, had followed through life a lofty ideal. This ideal he believed to have assumed the shape of a beautiful woman, whose form ever floated before their eyes, and with whom their thoughts were ever in communion. He himself claimed to have a similar ideal, and would describe it to me in terms of such extravagant admiration that I believe he had then already conceived a deep passion for some woman who at that time lived in his thoughts only, but whom he hoped one day to possess.

Though he was a clever pianist, I could not persuade him to play before any one but myself. He could never overcome his nervousness, his fear of failure, and that intense bashfulness I have already mentioned. So he had placed a piano in his private apartment, and he could not be persuaded to perform on another instrument, or in the presence of others than myself, his only friend. I had chosen an artist's life, and many a pleasant evening we spent together, he looking over my sketches, criticising them candidly, but always encouragingly; while I was constantly exhorting him to cast aside his shyness, because I thought he might become, with proper instruction, not only one of the first pianists of the day, but also a leading composer—for he excelled in improvisation, and his intuitive knowledge of harmony and counterpoint was remarkable. It was his purpose, when he should become of age and obtain possession of the property left by his parents, which sufficed for a competency, to visit Europe and study music with the best foreign instructors; not with any intention to appear before the public, but simply to gratify his artistic impulse. As the course of instruction I had mapped out for myself included similar travels, we determined to journey together. This was not a very difficult matter to arrange, inasmuch as musical conservatories abroad are usually found in art centers, where the musician can draw inspiration with the artist and the poet.

At last, we started on our journey; and, without having anything special happen to us, we arrived at a small town in Germany. Here our first inquiries concerned art matters. For in these ancient places there is generally a picture-gallery containing many old paintings and a small number of modern works. From what I could learn at the inn, the local exhibit seemed unusually attractive, but I was tired, and decided to defer my visit until the morrow. Herman, however, was restless, so I asked him to see the pictures and to give me his estimate of them. He assented, and after he had departed I began to arrange our baggage and attend to matters which this involved.

About half an hour afterward I glanced out on the street, and, to my surprise, saw Herman approaching with unusual haste. A moment later he rushed into the room. I had never seen him in such a state of excitement. His cheeks glowed, his eyes were unnaturally brilliant, and his voice trembled as he ejaculated, while he grasped my arm:

"Come! Come! You must see her! She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen!—more beautiful than my ideal!"

His manner was so earnest that remonstrance died on my lips. So great was his haste that I had difficulty in keeping pace with him, and, when I attempted to retard my steps, he would hurry me along by the arm, exclaiming:

"Come! She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

At last we came to an old building, and this we entered. I saw at once that we were in an art museum. He hurried me through the hall and through several rooms, without noticing the surrounding statues and antiques, until we reached a room whose walls were covered with paintings. Here he halted and looked around. I followed his glance until it rested on a small, dark passage-way which led into another room. Two houses had evidently been thrown into one, for the passage-way was unusually long—and I accounted for this by the fact that it was cut through two walls whose thickness was part of the thorough architecture of olden time. His hasty manner became more subdued, and he approached the entrance as though he were nearing a sanctuary. He did not enter, but stood before it gazing at some object within. As I joined him I beheld, immediately opposite in the other room, one of the most beautiful faces I have ever seen. Though he did not tell me, I knew he must have recognized this as the pictorial embodiment of his musical ideal.

I forgot for an instant that my eyes were resting on a canvas; there was living beauty in the features before me. It was an exquisite portrait of a young girl. The breath of roses lingered upon her cheeks, and her deep blue eyes peered through the golden hair that fell in idle ringlets over her brow. The painter appeared to have chosen a moment when her thoughts were far above

this earth—her dreamy, absent gaze seemed to rest upon some fair offspring of a pure imagination. The passage-way was dimly lighted, and around about her hung desolate paintings by some unknown old masters; and this fair creature shone through this darkness as of a dreary night the rays of a solitary star break through the somber heavens.

For a long time we remained gazing in silence. Then I asked,—

"Who is she?"

"I do not know," he said, in a nervous, tremulous voice. "I do not know; but we will soon find out. This picture arrived here recently from Paris. I have the name and the address of the artist. I never heard the name. He must be a young man. He will show her to me. I must see her. I must know her. We leave here early to-morrow morning. In two days we can be in Paris. If ever you loved me help me now, for I cannot help myself."

Poor fellow! I pitied him for this nervous excitement. I could not move him from the spot until darkness set in, and we were informed we could no longer remain in the building. He spoke of nothing but the picture the entire evening. It had so played upon his imagination that I saw an attempt to dissuade him from visiting the artist in Paris would be vain. Even when he fell asleep while I was preparing for our journey, I noticed that his dreams were troubled and his slumbers restless. So I hastened the preparations for our departure, and next day we started.

We reached Paris on the evening of the second day. A drizzling rain chilled the atmosphere, and it was a dreary night. Herman had been so nervous that he had scarcely closed his eyes during the journey, and I was alarmed at his condition. But he turned a deaf ear to my entreaties to rest, and insisted upon seeing the artist at once. His manner was so urgent that I saw opposition would be a waste of time; so I hailed the nearest conveyance. As I gave the driver the address, he said, hesitatingly:

"Is monsieur sure of the address? The distance is great, and but few travelers go to that part of the town."

I again asked Herman to desist, but to no purpose.

The miserable weather caused the better parts of the city to look gloomy enough. But, as we hastened on, the surroundings grew gloomier still, for the streets became narrower and lonelier; and I noticed we were fast approaching a desolate quarter of the city. At last we stopped before a dingy-looking house. As we neared the door we heard loud, quarrelsome voices within; then a heavy fall, and oaths in quick succession. I had not the heart to knock, but nothing could stay Herman. As the door opened, our eyes rested upon a loathsome spectacle. A stout woman, in the stupor of gross intoxication, was lying upon the floor, and by her side an empty bottle. A strong odor of spirits pervaded the house. Poverty, hunger, and despair were depicted in the features of the old man who ushered us into a miserable room, which seemed to serve as kitchen, bedroom, and studio. But I knew we were in the right house, for on the wall hung a copy of the picture we had seen two days before. My friend saw it immediately, and said:

"Are you the artist who painted that picture?"

"I am," was the reply.

"I will give you all this," said Herman, throwing down a handful of money on the table, and pointing to the portrait, "if you will show me who sat for you."

As Herman leaned anxiously forward to catch the reply, I could not tell whether the look of pity or the sarcastic smile predominated in the artist's face. He replied:

"That picture, monsieur, was completed twenty years ago; it is a portrait of my wife before we were married. You have seen my wife; she is the lady lying in the hall. I sold the original years ago, in Paris. When it was exhibited, a great future was predicted for me, but——" He pointed in the direction of the prostrate woman.

After the first words the artist uttered Herman grew pale, and trembled so violently that I sprang to his side to support him, if necessary. When the artist had finished, I grasped my friend's arm and hurried him out.

As we passed the woman he gave her a glance of despair, and then looked back at the picture. I dragged him away, and ordered that we should be driven with all possible speed to the nearest hotel. I felt alarmed for Herman. He did not speak a word; he seemed listless to all I said, and trembled violently. When we reached a resting-place I sent for the nearest physician. When he arrived he found my friend in a raging fever, calling deliriously for the picture. When, on the third day, his fever and delirium increased, the physician pronounced his case hopeless. A week after we had reached Paris, Herman Richter died, in his twenty-second year.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

(BALLADE.)

SHE's had a Vassar education,
And points with pride to her degrees;
She's studied household decoration;
She knows a dado from a frieze,
And tells Corots from Boldinis;
A Jacquemart etching, or a Haden,
A Whistler, too, perchance might please
A frank and free young Yankee maiden.

She does not care for meditation;
Within her bonnet are no bees;
She has a gentle animation;

She joins in singing simple glees,
  She tries no trills, no rivalries
With Lucca (now Baronin Räden),
  With Nilsson or with Gerster; she's
A frank and free young Yankee maiden.

I'm blessed above the whole creation,
  Far, far above all other he's;
I ask you for congratulation
  On this the best of jubilees:
  I go with her across the seas
Unto what Poe would call an Aiden,—
  I hope no serpent's there to tease
A frank and free young Yankee maiden.

ENVOY.

Princes, to you the western breeze
  Bears many a ship and heavy laden:
What is the best we send in these?
  A free and frank young Yankee maiden!

AN ENGLISH WAR-CORRESPONDENT.

"ARCHIBALD FORBES once a private soldier? Then his origin must have been very humble and his education self-acquired." Not so fast, good readers. There are those who have poverty thrust upon them, and others who thrust poverty upon themselves. I am afraid Archibald Forbes belonged to the latter class. His father, Louis Forbes, was a Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity, while his mother belonged to the old family of Leslie. Living in the north of Scotland, Forbes studied first at school, then with a tutor, and finally at the Aberdeen university. Though excelling in classics, he had such an aversion to mathematics that when the senatus academicus recently proposed to confer upon him the degree of LL. D., an irate professor exclaimed:

"I can never consent to such a mockery. As a student Mr. Forbes was 'ploughed' in mathematics. I shall never consent that a man should receive an honorary degree from this university who has failed to pass his examinations."

Fortunately for Forbes, success on the battle-field does not depend upon the appendix of LL. D.

During Forbes's second collegiate year, his father dropped dead in his pulpit. There being nine children, and little fortune, Archibald left Aberdeen for Edinburgh, with designs first upon the law, and secondly upon the church. While endeavoring to decide upon a career, he spent all his money, and fell in love with a young lady, with whom he arranged to elope in a gig on a certain Sunday when the obdurate father was to be at church. Alas, "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." The obdurate father waylaid our hero, remonstrated with practical determination, and turned the love-lorn youth into a ditch, whence he arose sadder and wetter.

Attaining his majority in 1859, Forbes became possessed of $2,500, and determined to join a cousin in Canada who owned a large tract of land near Lake Huron. On reaching Quebec, he lingered in the old town, held by the beaming eyes of his landlord's daughter. At the end of three months, the wild Scotchman had exhausted his resources, confessed his poverty to the landlord's daughter, and abandoned the idea of joining his cousin. With eight shillings in his pocket, he shipped for home as a sailor, and steered twelve hours a day for weeks, when his vessel became water-logged. No timber-ship can sink, otherwise Forbes would have gone to the bottom. There was no cooking for a week, life being maintained on biscuits and salt meat. After several sailors had been washed overboard, the

crew took to the boat, which was picked up by the cotton-ship *Moses Taylor*, from New Orleans. Finding that the crew were sadly diseased, Forbes, who had studied medicine *en amateur*, got out the medicine-chest, killed one patient and cured the rest. Of course his susceptible heart fell a prey to the captain's daughter, upon whom, when bidding her farewell in Liverpool, after three months' taste of salt water, he squandered his last eight shillings in grapes.

What was to be done? Never without resource, Forbes sold a fine field-glass, and, with the money, went to London, where he was recruited in the Royal Dragoons. Despite his tendency to "larks," he made rapid headway. In addition to his appointment as school-teacher to his company, Forbes was made acting-quartermaster-sergeant, without the rank of sergeant, as he happened to be the only man of his company who could solve the following stupendous problem in mental arithmetic,—"If one man is allowed the thirty-seventh part of an ounce of pepper per day, what is the amount to be drawn for two hundred men per week." Having compassed this, Forbes was let off from punishment drills, and became an object of admiration to his companions. Already articles by him had been accepted for "Household Words" and the "Cornhill Magazine." Shortly after, he competed for a prize essay of fifteen guineas, to be written by a working-man, "On the advantages the mother-country derives from her colonies." He was then stationed at Weedon, where libraries were conspicuously absent, and as he knew nothing about the colonies, how could he obtain dates? Discovering an old encyclopædia, he collected his material from it, wrote his essay, and secured the prize!

Owing to literary earnings, Forbes had more money than his fellows, and consequently got into frequent trouble. His colonel—now General Wardlaw—was a strict disciplinarian, and meted out punishment unflinchingly. Toward the end of his military career, which lasted five years, Forbes bore a very good character,—a happy change, which would probably have led to promotion had not his health given way and caused him to be invalided. After enduring ignorant army-hospital treatment for eighteen months, he went to London, got well in six weeks, and was then sent to Aldershot to show the military surgeons how easy had been his cure.

In losing an obstreperous soldier, England gained a new species of correspondence. Forbes's first contributions to journalism were published in 1865, in the "Evening Star." He became a casual writer on the "Morning Advertiser," and received once eighteen pence for a paragraph accepted by the "Daily News." On this promising income he married. After publishing an article in the "Cornhill" on "Army Reform," and another in "St. Paul," entitled "Soldiers' Wives," both of which were well received, Forbes started a paper called the "London Scotsman," intended, like every other newspaper, to fill an aching void. It provided Scotchmen with condensed news from their own country, but as they either failed to see its necessity, or expected to get it for nothing, the editor did not amass a fortune. He eked out a precarious existence by occasional dramatic and musical criticisms contributed to the "Morning Advertiser."

Unfortunately for art, Forbes is not the only example of the wrong man in the wrong place. When sent to pronounce upon the merits of a performer on the pedal piano-forte, the ex-soldier regarded the artist from a gymnastic point of view and praised him as an acrobat!

On the breaking-out of the Franco-German war, Forbes was engaged in writing a novel for his paper, while cherishing the idea that nature had designed him for war correspondence, an idea he communicated to James Grant, editor of the "Morning Advertiser," who soon after said to him:

"I 've concluded to offer you a position as war correspondent. Choose whichever side you prefer."

Having studied German tactics, acquired a slight knowledge of the German language, and feeling sure that the German eagle would win, the ex-soldier-editor went direct to Saarbrück, and witnessed the "baptism by fire," on August 2, 1870. It is strange that he should have beheld the defeat at Sedan, seen Louis Napoleon dead at Chiselhurst, and his son dead in Africa.

At Saarbrück, Forbes helped to save the life of Major Battye, who belonged to the celebrated Indian Guides, and has since been killed in Afghanistan. Following the Germans as a spectator, Major Battye lost his temper on seeing a soldier killed beside him. Seizing the dead man's needle-gun, he opened upon the French, and promptly received a chassepot bullet in the ribs. Forbes picked up the impetuous major, carried him to a place of safety, and temporarily repaired him by incasing him in brown paper plastered over with paste.

Present at the battles of Courcelles, Viouville, and Gravelotte, Forbes advanced with the Germans to Paris. He and his companion were so far forward as to be ignorant of the flank movement to the right which ended in the battle of Sedan, and held on their way alone through Chalons until actually warned by the French in the street to be careful or they would fall into the hands of the Germans, who had been seen in the neighborhood. Recovering touch of the Germans, Forbes was under fire the entire day, and the next morning witnessed Napoleon's surrender to Bismarck. He and his young Dutch companion, De Liefde, were the only civilians who witnessed this historic event.

On the night of the day Napoleon left for Wilhelmshohe, Forbes and De Liefde, being unable to find quarters elsewhere, asked for lodging in the Château Bellevue, which had been the ex-emperor's temporary residence. Their request was granted, but without food. While Forbes was writing his dispatch on the table on which the capitulation had been signed, De Liefde sat gnawing a ham-bone taken from their own stores. Failing by this means to appease a ravenous appetite, he threw the bone in disgust upon the table, and upset Forbes's ink. On returning to the Château, three months later, Forbes was gravely shown the stain of his own ink as a souvenir of the capitulation! The French commander had upset the bottle in his rage at Moltke's exorbitant demands! It was then that De Liefde and Forbes tossed for the right to sleep in the ex-Emperor's bed. The ever lucky Forbes won. On a little table by the bed, with leaf turned down, was the book which Napoleon had read before going to sleep,—Bulwer's "Last of the Barons!"

Forbes was the first non-combatant to ride round Paris before the city was entirely invested, and while waiting at Meaux for the progress of the environment, he received orders to return home. The "Morning Advertiser" no longer required his services, for the quaint reason that this journal already had a correspondent inside of a city which was about to be besieged! Forbes reached London in three days, sole possessor of information concerning French plans. As his essay in war correspondence had abruptly ended in recall, he concluded to return to his miserable "London Scotsman." However, he determined, if possible, to sell his knowledge. As "The Times" turned a deaf ear to his application, Forbes stood in Fleet street, and tossed "odd man out," to which of three papers—"Daily News," "Standard," and "Telegraph"—he should go with his copy. The "Daily News" won the toss. He found favor at last, and was told to write three columns. On returning to the office to state that the subject was not yet exhausted, the editor replied:

"Write on, then, until it is. We'll take as much as you like of *this* kind of copy."

Forbes wrote six columns and arranged for another article to appear the day after, but when he presented his second manuscript the manager said:

"I don't think we want it."

The tone greatly irritated the already jaundiced Forbes, who politely requested Mr. Robinson "to go to the devil," and then proceeded to go elsewhere himself. Chasing the correspondent up the street, the manager finally overtook and calmed him by the magic announcement:

"I want you to go to Metz to-night for us."

It was four o'clock in the afternoon; Forbes left three hours later. This was his first engagement upon a journal with which he has been connected ever since.

At Metz, Forbes began to revolutionize war correspondence by living on foreposts, witnessing every fight, and substituting for curt telegrams of bare facts, long descriptive letters telegraphed in full. According to Forbes, successful war correspondence depends upon three attributes:—faculty of organization, capacity for physical endurance, and the gift of lucid writing, resulting from studiously acquired military knowledge. From a journalistic as well as from a military point of view, the base of a campaign must be secure; open communication and presence in the right place are indispensable. Forbes seems to sniff a battle afar off, and is ready to live in squalor, as he did for six weeks within easy range of French cannon before Metz capitulated. It was the wettest autumn on record, and typhoid fever and dysentery were his constant companions. During a sortie, Forbes received a flesh wound in the leg which continued open for months, but which did not force him to leave the front. For these six weeks he did not sleep in a bed except on occasional visits to the telegraphic base at Saarbrück. Before the capitulation was effected, he was the first to enter Metz, and informally joining the sanitary volunteers, he devoted himself to the removal of sick and wounded, 2000

of whom were in a state of semi-putrefaction. As the most infectious disorders reigned, including the rare type of floury typhus, Forbes's leg was attacked with gangrene, which had to be burnt out with nitric acid. By constant smoking, never removing his boots, and carrying in his mouth a sponge saturated with vinegar, he managed to keep on his legs, but was finally ordered to England, lest, by a longer stay in so foul an atmosphere, amputation should become necessary.

On reaching London, Forbes showed his disabled leg to Mr. Robinson, who remarked with a shudder:

"As a fellow-man, I say you ought to lay up for six months. As a newspaper manager, I wish you would start for the siege of Paris to-night."

Forbes started immediately, and his leg got well, probably owing partly to his rule of being a teetotaler seven days out of twenty-one. Attached to the head-quarters of the army commanded by the Crown Prince of Saxony, Forbes witnessed the hardest fighting of the siege. After the final bombardment of St. Denis, he contrived to get inside the walls, which had been reduced to a most dilapidated condition, and was offered food by a Protestant pastor. The meat consisted of part of a young gray horse that had been killed by a shell.

During the siege, Forbes wrote letters in full, which were sent to an agent on the frontier, who telegraphed them to London. This feat excited great surprise among the Germans, who knew that Forbes had permission from the Crown Prince to telegraph only short messages from the offices within his army. One day a Forbes telegram appeared dated at a place where there was no telegraph office. It was reported to Prince George of Saxony's staff by a jealous correspondent.

That same night, Forbes dined with this staff, and was asked to explain the incomprehensible.

"Why," he replied, jestingly, "I have my own private wire, and shall telegraph from here directly."

Knowing that orders had been given at Prince George's office to receive no telegram that night from him, Forbes quietly wrote a letter directed to his frontier agent, and put it in the post. The next day, it was telegraphed to London, and copies of the "Daily News" were sent to Prince George with Mr. Forbes's compliments.

Pending the capitulation of Paris in February, 1871, some fifty journalists waited hungrily to enter on the side of Versailles. Forbes arranged to enter by the north, through St. Denis, and accomplished his purpose on horseback, dressed as a Prussian, and was, in consequence, very nearly killed by a drunken National Guard. Having little knowledge of French and no knowledge whatever of Paris, he had great difficulty in finding Mr. Washburne's bureau, where sat Colonel Hoffman, who gazed with surprise upon the first man he had seen from the exterior world. He sent the stranger to Unthank's English Hotel, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, the only hotel open during the siege. Forbes brought forth from his wallet five pounds of sliced ham, which Unthank's people put on a large covered plate and exhibited in the Faubourg at ten centimes a peep, as the first outside marketing to enter Paris.

After walking about dark streets all night, Forbes, who had stabled his horse without leave, rode to Vincennes, where he passed the Prussian lines. He then galloped fifteen miles to Lagny, the terminus of the German railroad system, which he reached in time to catch the train for Germany, but killed his poor horse in the effort. On went the war correspondent for twenty-two hours, without stopping. Reaching Carlsruhe at two o'clock in the morning, he made his way to the telegraph-office, where the two girls in charge refused to take a long telegram until day set in. Coaxing and bribery, however, accomplished their purpose. At eight o'clock the dispatch was finished which gave the first details of the interior of Paris that had reached England for a week. Taking the next train to Paris Forbes entered the Hotel Chatham on the morning of the third day after his departure and was roundly chaffed for his delay by two journalists who had just got in. Fancy their feelings on reading the "Daily News"! Couriers were so untrustworthy that it was not unusual for Forbes to carry news to England twice a week. He was often the only passenger, and nearly died from fatigue.

After witnessing the great parade at Longchamps, Forbes on the same day accompanied the German troops into Paris. Leaving the German cordon and entering that part of the town still in French hands, he was assailed by the mob as a German spy. A fight ensued, in which Forbes's clothes were torn off. "Let us drown him!" shouted the mob, who threw him on the ground an

proceeded to drag him over the stone streets. Rescued by a National Guard picket, the supposed spy was taken to a police-station, and brought before a magistrate whose sister spoke English, and who testified her belief in Forbes's representations. On being released, Forbes borrowed apparel from the brother of his benefactor, who accompanied him to his hotel. "How can I repay you for all that you have done for me?" asked the correspondent. "More easily than you think," replied the Frenchwoman. "My brother and I are literally starving. He has received no salary for six months, and, as gentlefolk, we cannot stand in the queue with the populace to receive alms. Doubtless you know persons connected with the distribution of England's gift. Any food will be a godsend." As one of the English almoners happened to be staying at Forbes's hotel, a hamper was dispatched to the Frenchwoman, who went away sobbing like a child. That same night, Forbes started for England, and wrote his account of the entrance into Paris before he had washed the blood-stains from his head and hands. This account appeared in a special edition of the "Daily News," and the next morning Mr. Robinson found his correspondent asleep on the floor with the London Directory for a pillow.

On returning to Paris, just as the Commune was collapsing, Forbes entered by La Chappelle gate, and the same afternoon reached Dombrowski in Château La Muette. While dining, the report came that the Versaillists had forced the Porte de la Muette. Desperate fighting ensued, during which Dombrowski, who had mounted a wall, was wounded, and fell into Forbes's arms. All then ran away. The next morning, Forbes was "requisitioned" by the Communists to aid in erecting a barricade across the Rue Rivoli, and again, later in the day, to defend an indefensible position, the defenders of which promptly disappeared. Some hours after, Forbes stood behind shelter in Rue LaFayette and watched the Versaillists take the Grand Opéra House. There followed a pandemonium of indiscriminate slaughter. Unable to communicate with England, Forbes got out of Paris with great difficulty, and bore to London the news that Paris was in flames. He returned to the distracted city in time to witness the final downfall of the Communards in the slums of Bellevue and in Père la Chaise.

On the abdication of King Amadeus, Forbes visited Spain to watch the new republic, the difficulty of directing which was materially enhanced by the purity of its leaders. They would neither bribe nor be bribed, and without bribery no government can live in Spain. Castelar is a dreamer whose aspirations are too good for this work-a-day world. Figueras resigned because, by his own confession, he had not iron enough in his system to be a leader of men. Finding the republic a myth, Forbes, in 1872, went in search of the civil war in Catalonia, and found Contreras in command of the Republican troops at Barcelona. This fat scoundrel, who in a carriage looked as broad as he was long, afterward conducted the communistic insurrection in Carthagena, when a penny postman and a shoe-maker were joint presidents. Forbes tried to induce Contreras to march against the Carlists, and finally the fat commander succeeded in getting his army one day's march out of Barcelona, on the conclusion of which feat the army triumphantly mutinied, and were gloriously marched back. Disgusted with Contreras, Forbes underwent four months of bushwhacking with the Carlists, whom he found personally pleasanter than the royalists. They had little fighting capacity, but died like gentlemen.

Returning to England, Forbes suggested the Ashantee war in a letter to the "Daily News," his propositions being carried out immediately, and their utility being unofficially acknowledged by military magnates. Bad health prevented the inventor of this war from reporting it.

In the beginning of 1874, a famine desolated Tirboot, a densely populated district of Bengal, where the people swarm like flies. Forbes passed the summer among these miserable people, numbers of whom died, though $15,000,000 were expended in mitigating the horrors of the situation. One great difficulty in preventing starvation arose from the existence of caste. No food cooked by one caste could be eaten by another. Forbes saw a woman come to a trough for food who, on observing that the people handling this food were of inferior caste to herself, lay down and died with her infant in her arms!

After receiving a sunstroke from which he lay insensible for two days, Forbes returned home after eight months' absence. He became cognizant of the intrigue for the restoration of Prince Alfonso of Spain, who was then a boyish fellow, and a fine rider,

with a certain dignity, and a certain amount of ready brains. Accompanying Alfonso to Madrid, Forbes assisted at the coronation and followed the king to Navarre in pursuit of Carlists, who were finally paid to give up a lost cause.

Gladly leaving the land of hidalgos, in August, 1875, Forbes went with the Prince of Wales through India, where life was made up of pageants that unrolled themselves like gorgeous panoramas, and displayed the jealousies of native princes who quarreled about precedence, scowled, sulked, and even went away altogether. But, though these princes hated each other, they learned to esteem the Prince of Wales, whose manners toward them were irreproachable. He combined tact with dignity, and always did the right thing at the right time. According to Forbes, England's hold on India would not be worth a month's purchase but for military rule. All, save traders, detest the English; and they are only friendly through interest. British military rule is a semi-despotism, not always wisely directed.

April, 1876, found Forbes again in England, but the breaking out of the Servian war caused him to join General Tchernayeff, a Russian Schlavophil who undertook to organize the Servian militia, and accomplished wonders. By presenting a bold front and throwing up earth-works, he so impressed the Turks with a belief in Servian strength that a war which should have ended in a fortnight was prolonged four months. More than one narrow escape from capture and death served to keep Forbes on the alert, while life in camp was curious enough. On the approach of winter, officers and men were quartered in holes excavated in the ground and covered over with sod. Piled up in the center of each subterranean camp was a huge fire round which all slept. Mice that nibbled hair and whiskers were frequent companions,—not to mention less agreeable vermin. Forbes brought to Belgrade the tidings of the Servian collapse, having on this occasion seen a battle that lasted nine hours, traveled by post 150 miles, and telegraphed four columns to the "Daily News," in thirty-four hours.

In the spring of 1877, Forbes joined the Russian army in the campaign against the Turks, and, owing to Russian secretiveness, was sorely puzzled to learn where the Danube would be crossed. Thanks to Prince Mirski, who gave him a hint, he was the only English correspondent who solved the problem, and hurrying to Bucharest with the news, again did his journal great credit. Sole English correspondent present at the murderous and disastrous Russian assault on Plevna, in July, 1877, Forbes was decorated with the order of Stanislaus for personal intrepidity in rescuing the Russian wounded. By desperately riding his horse to death, Forbes reached Bucharest—a distance of 100 miles—the day after the battle, and telegraphed eight columns of description, which appeared in the "Daily News" of the following morning. For sixty hours he underwent continuous physical and mental exertion, almost without food and entirely without sleep. The narrative telegraphed to London bore so hard on the Russians, that all anticipated the writer's expulsion from the Muscovite army. Recognizing the truth, however, of the English account, the Russian military leaders instructed their press to accept it as accurate.

Again, having witnessed the fight at Shipka Pass, and being convinced that the Russians could hold their position, Forbes quitted the scene of combat at six o'clock in the evening, on return journey to Bucharest, and riding all night reached the imperial head-quarters the next morning, having outstripped the Russian couriers. Taken before the Emperor, who was anxious and careworn, and very shabbily dressed, Forbes gave him all the information at his command, and was warmly thanked for his promptitude. Radetsky had exclaimed at Shipka Pass: "I 've got this place, and, please God, I'll keep it as long as I'm alive." Forbes assured the Emperor that the Pass *would* be held; but as reports of a different nature reached head-quarters during the day, Forbes passed more than one *mauvais quart d'heure*, the German military *attaché* of the imperial staff assuring the Emperor that Forbes had led them astray. At last news came that corroborated his statements, whereupon the Emperor turned upon Major Lignitz, exclaiming:

"You were wrong. I believe Ignatieff's Englishman is the only man among you who knows anything about war."

Forbes and MacGahan shared between them the descriptions of the September attacks on Plevna, which lasted five days. At their conclusion, Forbes, shattered by exposure, fatigue, and fever, abandoned the field and nearly died at Bucharest. He left the interests of the "Daily News" in charge of those two masters of war correspondence, H. A. MacGahan and F. D. Millet, both Americans and both peers of

their English *confrère*. MacGahan died at his post, beloved by Bulgaria, whose wrongs he published to the world, and thereby righted; his death was deplored by friends and employers, as an irreparable loss to journalism. Millet accomplished wonderful feats, and lives to tell the tale in his American studio, where historic painting claims time once given to picturesque writing.

In the summer of 1878, Forbes went with Sir Garnet Wolseley to take possession of that pestiferous island, Cyprus, and, like everybody else, fell a victim to fever. Nevertheless, he contrived to be at Simla, in the Himalayas, shortly before the outbreak of the Afghan war, and at his own peril carried the first dispatches announcing success. The short telegram sent to the "Daily News" bore the date of ten o'clock, A. M. Ten minutes before ten, papers containing his dispatch were sold in Fleet street. This curious fact was due, of course, to the five hours' difference in time between Asia and England.

Having eaten his Christmas dinner at Jelalabad, Forbes departed for Burmah, intending to interview Young Thebau, the noble Lord of the White Elephant, Monarch of the Golden Umbrella, etc., etc., who had then just attained the throne. He accomplished his mission one week before the young monarch massacred all his relatives. Accordingly, Forbes was accused by the Calcutta press of having gone to Mandalay for the purpose of bringing about this Christian catastrophe, and thus scoring a sensation! On his way down the Irrawaddy, Forbes read the telegram which recounted the disaster of Isandula, and in an hour later received the curt order, "Go and do the Zulu war." He had a vague notion that the Zulus lived in South Africa, and a geographical friend in Rangoon told him that Durban was the sea-port to make for. So for Durban he headed—away across India, from Calcutta to Lahore, from Lahore down the Indus to Kurrachee, from Kurrachee by steam to Aden, from Aden by steam to Zanzibar, and from Zanzibar again by steam down the south-eastern coast to Port Durban. Discovering at Ulandi that Lord Chelmsford was dispatching no immediate courier, the war correspondent started at sundown from the frontier, rode alone through a trackless country swarming with Zulus, and reached the telegraph-wire, a distance of 110 miles, in fifteen hours, whence he sent the earliest account of the victory to England, as well as to Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Bartle Frere. His report in the "Daily News" was read aloud in both Houses of Parliament, amid clamorous applause. Anxious to give details to Sir Garnet Wolseley, Forbes continued his ride to Petermaritzburg, 170 miles farther on, which he accomplished in thirty hours. The entire ride occupied ninety-six hours, three of which were given to sleep. All this was done by a man with a contusion on his leg, caused by a spent bullet received at Ulandi, which afterward suppurated, and compelled his return to England.

During his enforced vacations, Forbes has lectured on the Franco-German war and the Zulu campaign, and has by special invitation addressed the United Service Club, the highest military institution in England, on "Russian military operations in Bulgaria." On this occasion the Duke of Cambridge paid him the compliment of offering to take the chair. While thanking the commander-in-chief, Forbes said that it would be more appropriate if his old colonel, now General Wardlaw, should preside. The general did so, and when the lecturer stated that he was proud to see in the chair a gallant officer who, in times long past, had more than once issued the stern edict, "Let that man have ten days' pack drill," the confession was greeted with shouts of laughter, in which General Wardlaw heartily joined, declaring, on rising to propose a vote of thanks, that he had no recollection of the little occurrences referred to, but if ever he *did* give Mr. Forbes punishment drill, it was doubtless most richly deserved.

Such is the outline of Archibald Forbes's career—a true war correspondent, who thinks a fight the most exquisite delight in the world, and considers a complicated technical battle the most elevated enjoyment of which the human mind is capable.

EAST AND WEST.

YES, quick—too quick—of act and speech am I,
Not fair to see, but darkened by the sky.
Yet, ere you blame me wholly, stop and think.
Your childhood knew the river's shaded brink,
The garden wall, the coming home from school,
Deep clover fields, and orchard alleys cool.
And mine?—Up where the breath of June is cold
I saw the light, in valleys seamed with gold,
Where even the stream is darkened in its flow,
And men are buried by the blinding snow.
To me the odor of the brush-fire tells
Of where the Platte goes rolling on in swells
Of welcome silver, sweeping leisurely
Through green Nebraska's lowlands to the sea.
The music I remember was the gale
In roaring pines, or far down in the vale,
The song of Indians as the tribe went by,—
The locust fifes, the coyote's midnight cry.
Not gentle were the faces that I knew,
Yet full of kindness, bearded, strong, and true.
The bare, brown bluffs were 'round me as I played
At evening by the camp, or, not afraid,
Flew through the morning on my pretty bay.

Would you, thus trained, not be the same to-day?
We do not choose our lives,—or well or ill.
You keep your books, and I my pony, still.

SECRETS OF CONJURING.

BY AN EX-CONJURER.

THE INDIAN-BOX MYSTERY.

ONE bright afternoon in the fall of 1873, I chanced to meet on Broadway a well-known manager, who accosted me with:

"Halloo! You're the very man I want to see. Just run your eye over that."

He handed me a daily paper, in which I read the following paragraph:

"Mr. P. T. Barnum, at present in London, telegraphs to his agent here that he has purchased from Dr. Lynn for £1000 the wonderful Indian-box trick, which has puzzled the metropolis, and filled the clever Doctor's coffers for the past few months. Mr. Barnum will produce the trick here on his return."

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"It is simply an advertising dodge," I replied. "Barnum is much too shrewd to pay any such price for an old trick."

"By which I suppose I am to understand that you know how it is done?"

"I flatter myself I do."

"Then, what do you say to producing it at my house?" he asked. "This paragraph has appeared in every daily, and will go the rounds of the press throughout the country. It is well advertised, and I believe that the best thing for us to do is to take advantage of this and 'euchre' P. T."

A few more words and the matter was settled, and the following day the public was informed, through the columns of the daily papers, that "the management of the —— Theater had secured the services of the world-renowned ——, at an enormous expense, and would shortly produce, for the first time in America, the wonderful and mysterious Indian-box trick," etc., etc.

For the three weeks following, everything

was done to advertise the trick, both through the newspapers and by posters. No less than six thousand "three-sheet bills" were "put out" in New York in two days, and for three successive Sundays two-column advertisements appeared in the "Herald," and smaller ones in the other papers. The result was that, by eight o'clock of the first night of the performance, the house was so crowded that no more tickets were sold, and hundreds were turned away from the door.

The "Indian-box trick" was in every mouth, and yet I venture to say that not one in ten had any idea of what it was. As many of my readers may be in the same state of woful ignorance, let me describe it.

A large wooden box (Fig. 1), something like a packing-case, the lid of which is

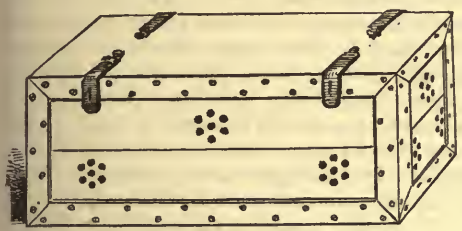


FIG. 1. THE BOX.

provided with hinges at the back and hasps and staples at the front, is brought on the stage, and a committee, appointed by the audience, is invited up to examine it. After it has undergone the severest scrutiny, and been pronounced a "fair, square box in every particular," the committee proceed to tie it up with rope in any way they see fit. When tied, the knots of the rope are covered with sealing-wax, and stamped with the private seal of some member of the committee.

On the top of this box is placed a board about as wide as the lid of the box, but not so long, somewhat like a mason's mortar-board, on two opposite sides of which are heavy plate-staples (Fig. 2). A young man stands on this board, and is covered with a

FIG. 2. THE BOARD.

conical-shaped basket. This basket has a heavy iron ring running around and woven about its mouth, and to this ring are forged, at opposite sides to each other, two staples

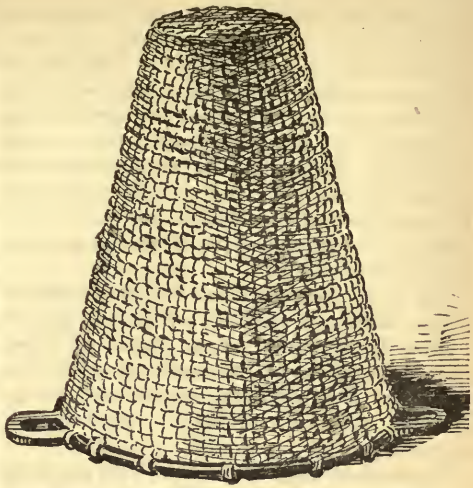


FIG. 3. THE BASKET.

(Fig. 3). When the basket is placed over the young man, the staples in its ring fit directly over those on the board; padlocks are passed through these staples and locked, the key is held by one of the committee, and, if it is desired, the key-holes are sealed with wax.

It would seem impossible for the young man imprisoned beneath the basket to get out, but yet he does. A screen is placed about the box to shut it out from sight of the audience, and in the short space of one minute and fifteen seconds* the man not only gets from under the basket without removing the padlock or breaking the seals, but gets into the corded box without apparently tampering in any way with the ropes.

How does he do it? That I shall now explain in as clear a manner as possible.

The simple-looking packing-case, as may be supposed, is in reality a trick-box. Along the edges of the front, back, and ends are fastened stout battens. These battens are screwed to the boards which form the upper part of the box; the lower boards at front and back and at both ends are simply sliding panels. The parts of these panels which come directly behind the battens are fitted with iron plates, pierced with holes of the shape shown in Fig. 4.

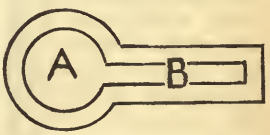


FIG. 4. THE SLOT.

The screws on the lower parts of the batten are dummies—that is, they go partly through

* I believe my former partner and assistant, Mr. Joseph Allerton, is the only person who has ever done the trick in such a short time.

the battens, but do not reach the panels. On the inner side of the battens are iron plates, each carrying a stud. Now, when the parts of the panel-plates marked A are directly opposite the studs of the battens, the panels can easily be pressed in, and will fall inside the box; but if the studs be pressed through A, and the panels shoved along so that the shanks of the studs slide through the slotted parts, B, the panels will be securely locked.

In order to slide these panels when in place, they are pierced with small holes, ostensibly to admit air, in reality to allow of a short piece of iron rod, of about the diameter of an ordinary lead-pencil, to be inserted, and thus afford the performer a purchase.

When the screen is placed about the box, the performer gets out of the basket, as I shall shortly explain, slides a panel, separates the ropes, which are more or less elastic, and, creeping inside the box, closes the panel.

Of course, only one panel is needed for the trick, but it often happens that the ropes are so closely woven about one part of the box that it would be very difficult for the performer to creep through them, and in such cases the panel in some other part is used.

The construction of the board on which the basket rests is much more complicated. The whole mechanism lies in the so-called plate-staples, which are made so as to be released at the option of the performer. The staples proper are not of a piece with the plates, but are separate; they are made with a shoulder, and in each of the ends, which fit tightly into holes drilled in and through the plates, there is an oval-shaped hole, as shown in Fig. 5. Inside the board are two double bolts, which pass through these holes and keep the staples in place. When the performer is under the basket, he passes a thin steel blade between the boards and slides back the bolts at one end. The mere operation of rising lifts the basket, carrying with it the staples. When outside, he replaces the basket, adjusts the staples in the plate and pushes it down, its rounded ends acting sufficiently on the bolts to force them back, and the light spiral springs through which the latter are run causing them to go through the holes of the staple, which in this way is again locked.

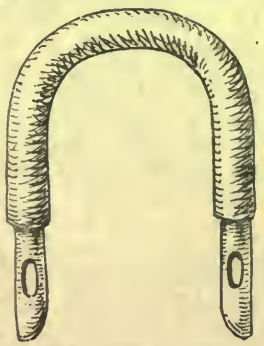


FIG. 5. THE STAPLE.

It may happen that through some accident the performer is unable to get out of the basket, or, having succeeded in that, to get into the box. In 1874, when the trick was exhibited at the Adelphi Theater, Chicago, the performer snapped in two one of the irons with which he slid the panel, and though he exerted himself to his utmost he was unable to open the box. All he could do was to come forward to the foot-lights and plead an accident. The audience was excited, however, from the fact that the committeeman, who tied up the box, was looked upon as an expert, and they concluded that the performer was, as one man forcibly expressed it, "stuck." No excuse would be listened to, until the manager, Mr. Leonard Grover, came forward and promised that the trick would be performed later on in the evening, and that, in the meantime, the box should remain in full sight of the audience; both of which promises were faithfully kept.

The delay arising from accidents of any sort is particularly embarrassing for the performer, who exhibits the trick and has little else to do than talk. His assistant, who is doing all the work, is concealed by the screen, but in any delay it is the poor unfortunate at the foot-lights who has to bear the brunt of it.

In order, then, to give my assistant plenty of time, and to keep my audience in good humor, I used to introduce a story, just as the screens were closed. I began by alluding to an idea entertained by some folks that the effect shown was the result of spiritualism.

"And apropos of spiritualism," I would say, "I will, with your permission, relate the adventures of a servant-girl at a spiritual *séance*. Miss Honora Murphy, a young female engaged in the honorable and praiseworthy occupation of general housework merely to dispel *ennui*, not hearing in some time from the 'bye at home' to whom she was engaged to be 'marrid,' was advised by the 'gerrl next doore' to consult the spirits. Miss Murphy objected at first on the ground that she had 'taken her "Father Matchew" seventeen year afore in her parish church at home, an' niver drunk sperrits,' but finally concluded to follow the advice. The result I shall give as detailed by her to her friend:"

"How kem I by the black eye? Well, dear, I'll tell yer. Afther what yer wur tellin' me, I niver closed me eyes. The nixt marnin' I ast Maggie Harnahan, the upstairs gerrl, where was herself. 'In her boodoore,' sez Maggie, an' up I goes to her.

"'What's wantin', Nora?' sez she.

"'I've jist heerd as how me cousin's very sick,' sez I, 'an' I'm that frettin', I mus' go an' see her.'

"'Fitter fur yer ter go ter yer wurruk,' sez she, lookin' mighty crass, an' she the lazy hulks as niver does a turn from mornin' till night.

"Well, dear, I niver takes sass from anny av 'em, so I ups an' tould her, 'Sorra taste av wurk I'll do the day, an' av yer don't like it, yer can fin' some wan else,' an' I flounced mesel' out av the boodoore.

"Well, I wint to me room ter dress mesel', an' whin I got on me sale-shkin sack, I thought av me poor ould mother—may the hivins be her bed!—could only see me, how kilt she'd be intoirely. Whin I was dressed I wint down-stairs an' out the front doore, an' I tell yer *I slammed it well after me.*

"Well, me dear, whin I got ter the majum's, a big chap wid long hair and a baird like a billy-goat kem inter the room. Sez he:

"'Do yer want ter see the majum?'

"'I do,' sez I.

"'Two dollars,' sez he.

"'For what?' sez I.

"'For the sayants,' sez he.

"'Faix, it's no aunts I want to see,' sez I, 'but Luke Corrigan's own self.' Well, me dear, wid that he gev a laugh ye'd think 'd riz the roof.

"'Is he yer husban'?' sez he.

"'It's mighty 'quisitive ye are,' sez I, 'but he's not me husban', av yer want ter know, but I want ter larn av it's alive or dead he is, which the Lord forbid!'

"'Yer jist in the nick er time,' sez he.

"'Faix, Ould Nick's here all the time, I'm thinkin', from what I hear,' sez I.

"Well, ter make a long story short, I ped me two dollars, an' wint into another room, an' if ye'd guess from now till Aisther, ye'd never think what the majum was. As I'm standin' here, 'twas *nothin' but a woman!* I was that bet, I was a'most spacheless.

"'Be sated, madam,' sez she, p'intin' to a chair, an' I seed at wanst that she was a very shuperior sort o' person. 'Be sated,' sez she. 'Yer mus' jine the circle.'

"'Faix, I'll ate a thriangle, av yer wish,' sez I.

"'Yer mus' be very quite,' sez she. An' so I sot down along a lot av other folks at a table.

"'First, I'll sing a him,' sez the majum, 'an' thin do all yees jine in the chorus.'

"'Yer mus' excuse me, ma'am,' sez I. 'I niver could sing, but rather than spile the divarshun o' the company, av any wan'll whistle, I'll dance as purty a jig as ye'll see from here to Bal'nasloe, though it's mesel' as sez it.'

"Two young whipper-snappers begin ter laugh, but the luk I gev 'em soon shut them up.

"Jist then, the big chap as had me two dollars kem into the room an' turned down the lights; in a minit the majum, shtickin' her face close to me own, whispers:

"'The sperrits is about—I kin feel 'em!'

"'Thrue for you, ma'am,' sez I, 'fur I kin smell 'em!'

"'Hush, the influence is an me,' sez the majum. 'I kin see the lion an' the lamb lying down together.'

"'Begorra! It's like a wild beastess show,' sez I.

"'Will yer be quite?' sez an ould chap nex' ter me. 'I hev a question to ax.'

"'Ax yer question,' sez I, 'an' I'll ax mine. I ped me two dollars, an' I'll not be put down.'

"'Plaze be quite,' sez the majum, 'or the sperrits 'll lave.'

"Jist then kem a rap on the table.

"'Is that the sperrit of Luke Corrigan?' sez the majum.

"'It is not,' sez I, 'for he could bate any boy in Kilballyowen, an' if his fist hit that table 'twould knock it to smithereens.'

"'Whist!' sez the majum; 'it's John's Bunions.'

"'Ax him 'bout his progress,' sez a woman wid a face like a bowl of stirabout.

"'Ah, bathershin!' sez I. 'Let John's bunions alone, and bring Luke Corrigan to the fore.'

"'Hish!' whispers the majum; 'I feel a sperrit nare me.'

"'Feel av it has a wart on its nose,' sez I, 'for be that token ye'll know it's Luke.'

"'The moment is suspicious,' sez the majum.

"'I hope yer don't want to asperge me character,' sez I.

"'Whist!' sez she; 'the sperrits is droopin'.'

"'It's droppin' yer mane,' sez I, pickin' up a small bottle she let fall from her pocket.

"'Put that woman out,' sez an ould chap.

"'Who do ye call a woman?' sez I. 'Lay a fing-er on me, an' I'll scratch a map of the County Clare on yer ugly phiz.'

"'Put her out!' 'Put her out!' sez two or

three others, an' they med a lep for me. But, holy rocket! I was up in a minute.

"'Bring an yer fightin' sperrits,' I cried, 'from Julius Sazar to Tim Macoul, an' I'll bate 'em all, for the glory of Ireland!'

"The big chap as had me money kem behin' me, an' put his elbow in me eye; but, me jewel, I tassed him over as ef he'd bin a feather, an' the money rowled out his pocket. Wid a cry of 'Faugh-a-ballah!' I grabbed six dollars, runned out av the doore, an' I'll niver put fut in the house again. An' that's how I kem be the eye."

I trust that no reader of SCRIBNER will attempt this box-trick in public without first practicing in private. This is a fault amateurs are very apt to fall into; they imagine that when they know how a trick is done, they can do it.

The board which is used in connection with the basket suggested another piece of apparatus, known as

THE SPIRITUAL BENCH,

with which effects somewhat similar to those exhibited by the so-called "mediums" are produced. This bench is merely a board of about two feet in length and ten inches in width. On one side, at about two inches from the ends, and running across the width of the board, are cleats or battens, into which legs are screwed; the upper side, which serves for a seat, has "plate-staples" at each end. These staples come out, as do those in the basket-board, and to release them a thin blade is passed between the board and cleats, and pushes back the bolts.

In using this bench it is placed in a "cabinet," and, while the performer is seated on it with his wrists tied to the staples by pieces of tape,—the doors of the cabinet being, of course, closed,—all the usual "manifestations," such as ringing of bells, twanging of guitars, take place, much to the amazement of the "circle."

An improvement on this bench is one in which the mechanism lies in two ring-bolts which take the place of the staples. At each end of the bench is an iron plate pierced with a square hole, and through these holes are passed ring-bolts, which are screwed in place by nuts fitting a thread at the end of each bolt. As these bolts can be taken out and passed around for examination, nothing can seem fairer; but each is, in reality, made of two pieces, the upper part fitting into a socket of the lower part. The fittings are so perfect and nice, and the bolts so well and smoothly turned, that it is impossible to separate the parts by the fingers merely; but when held by the plates, and when the hands run through the rings which they carry, a powerful leverage can be brought to bear upon them, and thus they are easily forced apart. Although this trick originated in this country, the late Robert Heller, while on a visit to England, purchased a bench in London, and brought it out here, under the impression that it was something entirely new and unknown to us.

As an illustration of the fallacy of the idea that to know how a trick is done is equivalent to the ability to do it, I will explain another excellent trick, and relate an incident that occurred in connection with it.

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE.

THE inexhaustible bottle, which produces different liquors, and apparently in endless quantity, was first made popular in this country by Professor Anderson, and since his day has been exhibited by very many "magicians." Of late years, it has been sold in the toy-shops, and the public have learned that its effect is due in part to a well-known principle in physics, and in part to the wine glasses used, which are made so as to contain, at most, not more than a thimbleful. The trick having become common and generally understood, conjurers began to look about for a means whereby something similar in effect might be produced, but by altogether dissimilar means. The result is a bottle-trick in which lager-beer is furnished in sufficient quantity to satisfy the thirst of a large audience. It is a very effective trick, and to it one well-known performer almost entirely owes his success. It is only suitable for public exhibition, however, as the beer is pumped up from beneath the stage, and passes through rubber tubing, concealed in the dress of the performer, to the bottle held in the hand. The connection with the stage is made by means of a hollow boot-heel, and during the progress of the trick, the performer is unable to move.

Señor Patrizio, one of the cleverest conjurers that ever visited our shores, but whose imperfect knowledge of our language was a bar to his success, made quite a hit in this trick, and spurred the ambition of the amateurs. One of these gentlemen, a fellow-countryman of Patrizio, and a recog-

nized "society-man," by dint of much persuasion and many dollars induced the señor to give him the secret of the trick.

This once secured, he was anxious to show his accomplishments to his friends. He ordered the necessary apparatus, hired the Union League Theater, and issued invitations for a "swell" entertainment. He did not consider it worth while to rehearse. Not he! Such unnecessary labor might be well enough for "professionals," but not for one of his transcendent genius. On the night of the entertainment, his assistant was taken ill, and the colonel—for he was a military man as well as a conjurer—was forced to call in the aid of Mr. D——, who had for many years assisted Robert Heller. This latter gentleman, called on so suddenly, could not be expected to understand the colonel's little peculiarities; but, nevertheless, managed to carry him tolerably well through the performance, until the "inexhaustible bottle," the event of the evening, was reached.

"Now, zen, ladees and gentlemens, since you 'ave been so kind-er as to honor me wiz your praisance to-er-night, I shall ask-er zat you-er vill join-er me in a glass-er of champagne."

By this time he was greatly excited. He was about to convince the "best people" of New York, *le dessus du panier*, that he was the peer of any conjurer who ever trod the boards. He took his position near a table; his heel was screwed to the stage by the man below, who was in charge of the pump, and the assistant entered with a tray of goblets.

"Now-er, zen," cried the colonel, "for ze-er champagne."

He gave the signal, and the man at the pump began to send up the liquor. The colonel held the mouth of the bottle over a goblet, but, strange to say, nothing came forth. He stamped on the stage with the foot that was free, and faster and faster the man plied the pump. Still no liquor. The colonel grew more and more excited.

"See what is ze mattair," he said in an "aside" to his assistant, who placed the goblets on the table and hurried off the stage. Everything appeared to be all right, and Mr. D—— had just returned to his position on the stage when there came a hissing noise, as of escaping steam, and the next moment the gallant colonel was drenched from head to foot with champagne. It poured from his sleeves, trickled down his back, and streamed forth from his trowsers-leg. In vain he attempted to stem the torrent; he was fixed immovably to the stage, screwed into position, and the more he exerted himself to get free, the more furiously the pump was worked. The colonel had kept his word, for here was champagne in abundance, and amid the screams and applause of the delighted audience, and the "curses loud and deep" of the disgusted performer, the curtain fell.

It seems that, in the excitement of the moment, the colonel forgot to turn on the tap which regulated the flow of the wine into the bottle, and when the rubber-tubing could hold no more, it burst.

The moral of which is: never attempt a trick until you have rehearsed it.

An audience is always pleased when they are offered some refreshment, whether in the shape of *bonbons* from a hat, wine from an "inexhaustible bottle," or coffee produced from white beans. Knowing this, the elder Herrmann, during his first engagement in this country—about 1860, I think,—introduced a very taking trick, which he christened

MARABOUT MOCHA.

His programme at the time was what is popularly known as an "Eastern" one, and was supposed to consist exclusively of the tricks exhibited by the much-bepuffed Indian jugglers: hence the name.

In introducing the trick, the performer shows two boxes, one containing bits of black muslin of about an inch square, and the other pieces of white paper. Then he hands out for examination two large colored glass or china jars. "I have here two large jars," he says, "of Bohemian glass, made in Williamsburgh. They are the only remaining two of a dozen which I once owned. Don't drop them, for you might break them, and to break a dozen doesn't do."

The examination completed, he proceeds to fill one jar with the bits of rags, and the other with the pieces of paper. Then, he rolls two newspapers into cylindrical shapes, remarking, as he pins them to preserve their form, "With a pin—so. Though it is needle-less to remark that we never sew with a pin." With these paper cylinders he covers the jars, and on removing the covers, a moment later, he pours from one jar boiling coffee, with the remark, "No grounds for complaint here," and from the other hot milk—"The milk of human kindness as extracted from the daily press." The coffee is then served up to the audience, and

the trick never fails to bring that "music to the player's ears"—applause.

As with almost every other trick, there are several ways of doing it. One is to pump the coffee and milk up from beneath the stage while the jars are resting on the table. By far the best way, and certainly the most simple, is the following, which I have used for years without ever having it fail me. Have two cylindrical tin cans, made of such size that they will go easily inside the jars, but will not quite reach the bottom. In one end there is a large hole cut, which is fitted with a cork; the other end overlaps a trifle, so that when the can is inside the jar, the overlapping end will rest on the edge of the jar, and support the cylinder. On the outside of one of these cans bits of the muslin are pasted, and on the other pieces of the paper. When about to exhibit the trick, the cans are filled, one with coffee, the other with milk, and placed inside the boxes containing the muslin and paper. In showing the contents of the boxes, the performer passes rapidly through the audience, scattering muslin and paper among them, but without allowing them to examine for themselves. When he takes the jars to fill them, he actually does do so at first, but pours their contents back again, as if to convince the audience that they are really full. The second time, however, he pulls the corks out of the cans, claps the jars over them, and then quickly reversing them, and heaping a quantity of the muslin or paper, as it may be, on the overlapping ends, shows them to the audience who imagine they see them filled, the one with muslin, the other with paper. The newspaper covers which are placed over the jars are merely to hide the cans as they are withdrawn; but they must be neatly handled, or the whole trick may be spoiled. The performer should stand with his right side to a table, on which is placed one of the boxes, say of muslin; as he removes the cover with his right hand, that hand must be brought, quite naturally, over the box, into which the can must be allowed to drop. At the same moment the left hand, holding the jar, must be extended toward the audience, who are naturally attracted to it, and the newspaper cover must be crumpled up and thrown on the stage.

As a pretty wind-up for this trick, let me suggest the following: Have a large cup, in the shape of a coffee cup, made of tin and painted white, so as to resemble china. In the center of this cup must be a partition. To one side of this partition, in the bottom, cut a large hole, and let the other side be filled with tiny bits of paper. The cup is set in a very deep saucer, and after the performer has helped the audience, he pours out a cup for himself, using this trick-cup. Of course, the coffee runs out into the saucer, but as it stands well up the stage, the audience do not see this. When the cup is apparently full, the performer walks down to the foot-lights, indulges in a little pantomime to convey the idea that he is about to drink the health of his audience, and then suddenly throws the contents of the cup toward them, which, to their astonishment, is not coffee, but a shower of paper.

SHAKSPERE.

O Poet, thou wast like a flower
That opened in the sun and shower
  Beside the way;
Though trodden on by careless feet,
Still ever through the dust and heat
Turned upward to the skies to greet
  The perfect day.

O Poet, thou wast like a lark
That slumbers in the dew and dark
  Through all the night;
The dreaming world below him lies;
He meets the morn, he mounts the skies,
And sings himself to Paradise,
  The heaven of light.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Civil Service Reform Association.

A LETTER from a correspondent in Grinnell, Iowa, says: "I have been much interested in your June article—'The Political Machine'—and indorse it heartily. But I want to ask how this machine can ever be overthrown without abolishing the primaries and conventions? I have long been of the opinion that this is the first step to be taken." Now, it seems to us that this is by no means the first step to be taken in this matter. There is an educational step, relating to the people generally, that has the precedence. We are not at all troubled about the methods of overthrowing the machine, provided the people learn what a curse it is to the civil service and the country, and determine that it shall be overthrown. When the people become ready for the revolution and the reform, the best methods will present themselves, and will grow naturally out of the new purposes and conditions. The great masses of the people—many of them people of intelligence—have, since Jackson's time, accepted as a fair, if not a sound, maxim in politics—"To the victors belong the spoils." We have come to recognize office as the reward of party service. We expect, with every change of administration, a change of servants in all the offices, the incomers in all instances receiving office as payment for party work, or as a favor procured by the personal power of party leaders.

It is not yet understood by the people that the doctrine to which we have alluded is at the root, or is the root, of the greatest evils which beset our political condition. We lament the retirement of good men from politics; but the reason for this retirement is that bad men, for their own selfish purposes, have all the political machinery in their hands. Holding out the reward of office for party service brings to party service men who do not work from principle—men, of course, who seek their ends without scruple as to means. It puts all politics into the hands of intriguing men, managing men, selfish men.

Men are selected for office out of deference to party interests, and party interests are only the interests of office. Under the present party rule, it can never be true that office will seek a man on account of his superlative fitness for it. It is sometimes true that office seeks a man because he can be of use to a party, and by his good character assist it indirectly to secure its selfish or corrupt ends; but the rule now is, that men nominate themselves, and that only office-seekers get office. The effect of all this barter of office for party labor is, of course, to corrupt all legislation and all administration at their fountain-heads. A still more obvious effect is the placing in office of a horde of ignorant and inefficient men, entirely incompetent to transact the public business. Our ministers and consuls and commercial agents abroad disgrace us by their ignorance and their social gaucheries; and those who transact the public business at home are nothing but blunderers, except by a happy accident.

Now, the fact that this is so little appreciated by the majority of the people, that neither of the two great political parties considers it worth while to redeem its pledges for reform,—for neither of them is in earnest,—shows that no thorough revolution and reform will ever be reached until after a long agitating and educational process. For, mark what is against it. Popular ignorance and indifference would seem to be very difficult to dissipate under any circumstances; but the men to whom we are obliged to look for the carrying out of a reform are bound by all their traditions and interests to oppose and suppress a reform. What reform in the civil service can we expect of men who were themselves elected to office by party machinery, and are bound to all those who assisted them to power by the ordinary party considerations? There is no hope whatever in the ordinary style of politician. There is no faith to be placed in his professions of friendliness toward reform. He lies about it and his party lies about it. The present administration has done something toward reform, and the best results follow all efforts in that direction; but neither of the two parties is in thorough earnest, and they never will be so long as they have the power to keep the rank and file in training. When both parties—in their masses—become educated in the reform doctrines, and are not only in earnest for their adoption, but insist on them as an issue, we shall get reform, and not before.

For this end we welcome the re-organization of the "Civil Service Reform Association" of this city. We read from its constitution that "its objects shall be to remove the evils of patronage, favoritism, and partisan coercion from the Civil Service, to cause appointments, promotions, and removals to be made with due reference to merit and economy; and, generally, to promote the efficiency and elevate the character of that service." The constitution further says: "The association will hold meetings, raise funds, procure addresses, cause the publication of papers, and generally contribute to the development of a sound public opinion concerning the civil service." The president of this association is Rev. Dr. Bellows,—during the civil war, the president of the Sanitary Commission,— and the secretary is Mr. Richard L. Dugdale. Dorman B. Eaton is at the head of the Executive Committee, and Mr. Curtis, of "Harper," and Mr. Godkin, of "The Nation," are on the publication committee. Dr. Bellows informs us, in a private note, that the association "has revived and gone to work again with a paid secretary, devoted to its interests, simply because evidence has begun to come in that a certain widely scattered number of American citizens feel that the question of reform in the civil service must not slumber, and that now is the time to wake and be stirring." It is hoped, of course, that the example of New York will be followed in all the cities and

towns of the country. Our Grinnell correspondent cannot do better than to form an association, and place himself in communication with Mr. Dugdale, and so assist himself and his friends in answering the question which he has propounded to the editor of this magazine. Dr. Bellows, in his note, says further: "The gifts of public office are now regarded as the chief stimulus of party life, and bring a vulgar and irresponsible class of office-holders into an undeserved and injurious prominence and importance. * * * We propose to show how this system, which may be called the 'spoils of office' system, in its natural fruits has been met persistently, patiently, successfully, in most of the great European governments, and displaced by a system of competitive examinations, in which the fittest claimants have been allowed, without regard to party affiliations, to succeed to vacancies—how the civil service has been rendered analogous in its methods of promotion to the army and navy service, where sincerity, fidelity, fitness, permanency, and pensions, after an adequate number of years of faithful service, prevail."

This is a noble and practicable scheme of work, in which we trust the New York association will have co-operation in every part of the country, until the people shall so imbibe its spirit, and be so moved by its purpose, that reform shall come as the natural fruit of an enlightened public opinion and a regenerated public conscience.

Men and Women.

AMONG all the burdens that woman is called upon to bear, there is none that can be made so galling to her as the burden of dependence. Man is usually, in the life of the family, the bread-winner. However much he may be helped by woman in the economies of home life, he is usually the one who earns and carries the money on which the family subsists. Whatever money the woman wants comes to her from his hands, as a rule. Now, this money can be given into her hands in such a way that she can not only preserve her self-respect, but rejoice in her dependence; or it can be given to her in such a way that she will feel like a dog when she asks for it and when she receives it—in such a way that she will curse her dependence, and mourn over all the shame and humiliation it brings to her. We are sorry to believe that there are multitudes of wives and daughters and sisters, who wear fine clothing and who fare sumptuously every day, who would prefer to earn the money they spend to receiving it from the ungracious and inconsiderate hands upon which they depend.

If we had entitled this article "A Study of Husbands," it would have led us more directly, perhaps, to our main purpose; but the truth is that what we have to say has to do with dependent women in all the relations of life. It is natural for woman, as it is for man, to desire to spend money in her own way —to be free to choose, and free to economize, and free to spend whatever may be spent upon herself or her wardrobe. It is a delightful privilege to be free, and to have one's will with whatever expenditures may be made for one's own conveniences or necessities. A man who will interfere with this freedom, and who will deny this privilege to those who depend upon him, is either thoughtless or brutal. We know —and women all know—men who are very generous toward their dependents, but who insist on reserving to themselves the pleasure of purchasing whatever the women of their households may want, and then handing it over to them in the form of presents. The women are loaded with nice dresses and jewelry, and these are bestowed in the same way in which a Turk lavishes his favors upon the slaves of his harem. Now, it is undoubtedly very gratifying to these men to exercise their taste upon the necessities and fineries of their dependent women, and to feast themselves upon the surprises and the thanks of those receiving their favors; but it is a superlatively selfish performance. If these women could only have had in their hands the money which these gifts cost, they would have spent it better and they would have gratified their own tastes. A man may be generous enough to give to a woman the dresses and ornaments she wears, who is very far from being generous enough to give her money, that she may freely purchase what she wants, and have the great delight of choosing.

This is one side—not a very repulsive one—of man's selfishness in his dealings with women; but there is another side that is disgusting to contemplate. There are great multitudes of faithful wives, obedient daughters, and "left over" sisters, to whom there is never given a willing penny. The brute who occupies the head of the family never gives a dollar to the women dependent upon him without making them feel the yoke of their dependence, and tempting them to curse their lot, with all its terrible humiliations. Heaven pity the poor women who may be dependent upon him—women who never ask him for money when they can avoid it, and never get it until they have been made to feel as meanly humble as if they had robbed a hen-roost!

There is but one manly way in treating this relation of dependent women. If a man recognizes a woman as a dependent,—and he must do so, so far, at least, as his wife and daughters are concerned,—he acknowledges certain duties which he owes to them. His duty is to support them, and, so far as he can do it, to make them happy. He certainly cannot make them happy if, in all his treatment of them, he reminds them of their dependence upon him. We know of no better form into which he can put the recognition of his duty than that of an allowance, freely and promptly paid whenever it may be called for. If a man acknowledges to himself that he owes the duty of support to the women variously related to him in his household, let him generously determine how much money he has to spend upon each, and tell her just how much she is at liberty to call upon him for, *per annum*. Then it stands in the relation of a debt to the woman, which she is at liberty to call for and to spend according to her own judgment. We have watched the working of this plan, and it works well. We have watched the working of other plans, and they do not work well

We have watched, for instance, the working of the plan of the generous husband and father, who says: "Come to me for what you want, whenever you want it. I don't wish to limit you. Some years you will want more, and some less." This seems very generous; but, in truth, these women prefer to know about what the man thinks they ought to spend, or about what he regards as the amount he can afford to have them spend. Having gained this knowledge by a voluntarily proffered allowance, they immediately adapt their expenditures to their means, and are perfectly content. It is a comfort to a dependent woman to look upon a definite sum as her own—as one that has been set aside for her exclusive use and behoof.

A great multitude of the discomforts that attach to a dependent woman's lot arise from the obtuseness and thoughtlessness of the men upon whom they depend. There are some men so coarsely made that they cannot appreciate a woman's sensitiveness in asking for money. They honestly intend to do their duty—even to deal generously—by the women dependent upon them, but they cannot understand why a woman should object to come to them for what they choose to give her. If they will ask their wives to tell them frankly how they can improve their position, these wives will answer that they can do it by putting into their hands, or placing within their call, all the money per annum which they think they can afford to allow them, and not to compel them to appeal to their husbands as suppliants for money whenever they may need a dollar or the quarter of one.

The absolutely brutal husband and father will hardly read this article, but we recall instances of cruelty and insult toward dependent women that would make any true man indignant in every fiber. A true woman may legitimately rejoice in her dependence upon a true man, because he will never make her feel it in any way; but a brute of a husband can make a true woman feel her humiliation as a dependent a hundred times a day, until her dependence is mourned over as an unmitigated curse.

A Hopeful Lesson.

Our Northern people have a great deal of impatience with the manner in which the Southerner treats the negro, and all those who teach or specially befriend him. They cannot appreciate, or admit, the fact that the Southerner can be conscientious in his treatment, and that he may honestly and earnestly believe that he is doing God and his country good service in keeping the negro from his vote, and even bull-dozing or shooting him to secure that end. We know that Southern men who stand well in the church have said, with all heartiness and without any apparent question of conscience, that it is better that a negro should be killed than that he should be permitted to vote. That multitudes of them have been killed in order to keep them, and scare others, from the polls, seems to be a notorious fact, that is testified to by innumerable living witnesses. To attribute this awful outrage exclusively to inhumanity, brutality, and blood-thirstiness is to fail utterly to appreciate the situation. The Southerner is tremendously in earnest in his hatred of the North and its ideas, and in his belief that to proscribe the negro is to save Southern society from the greatest peril that can befall it. Love of home, of children, of posterity even, is one of the most powerful motives in the perpetration of wrongs upon the black race which fill the Northern mind with horror and indignation.

We have a lesson at hand which may perhaps give our Northern people a charitable view of the Southern sentiment, and inspire them with hope of a great and radical change. We draw this from a work recently issued by the author, Miss Ellen D. Larned, which seems to be a careful, candid, and competent history of Windham County, Connecticut. It appears that, in 1831, Miss Prudence Crandall, a spirited, well-known, and popular resident of the county, started a school for girls at Canterbury Green. The school was popular, and was attended not only by girls from the best families in the immediate region, but by others from other counties and other States. Among these pupils, she received a colored girl. She was at once told by the parents of the white children that the colored girl must be dismissed, or that their girls would be withdrawn from her establishment. Miss Crandall must have been a delightfully plucky woman, for she defied her patrons, sent all their children back to them, and advertised her school as a boarding-school for "young ladies and little misses of color." Of course the people felt themselves to be insulted, and they organized resistance. They appointed a committee of gentlemen to hold an interview with Miss Crandall, and to remonstrate with her. But that sturdy person justified her course and stood by her scheme, as well she might. It was her business, and it was none of theirs. The excitement in the town was without bounds. A town-meeting was hastily summoned "to devise and adopt such measures as would effectually avert the nuisance, or speedily abate it, if it should be brought into the village."

In 1833, Miss Crandall opened her school, against the protest of an indignant populace, who, after the usual habit of a Yankee town, called and held another town-meeting, at which it was resolved:

"That the establishment or rendezvous, falsely denominated a school, was designed by its projectors as the theater * * * to promulgate their disgusting doctrines of amalgamation and their pernicious sentiments of subverting the Union. These pupils were to have been congregated here from all quarters, under the false pretense of educating them, but really to scatter fire-brands, arrows, and death among brethren of our own blood."

Let us remember that all this ridiculous disturbance was made about a dozen little darkey girls, incapable of any seditious design, and impotent to do any sort of mischief. Against one of these little girls the people leveled an old vagrant law, requiring her to return to her home in Providence, or give security for her maintenance, on penalty of being "whipped on the naked body." At this time, as the author says,—

"Canterbury did its best to make scholars and teachers uncomfortable. Non-intercourse and embargo acts were put in successful operation. Dealers in all sorts of wares and produce agreed to sell nothing to Miss Crandall, the stage-driver declined to carry her pupils, and neighbors refused a pail of fresh water, even though they knew that their own sons had filled her well with stable refuse. Boys and rowdies were allowed unchecked—if not openly encouraged—to exercise their utmost ingenuity in mischievous annoyance, throwing real stones and rotten eggs at the windows, and following the school with hoots and horns if it ventured to appear in the street."

Miss Crandall's Quaker father was threatened with mob violence, and was so terrified that he begged his daughter to yield to the demands of popular sentiment, but she was braver than he, and stood by herself and her school. Then Canterbury appealed to the Legislature, and did not appeal in vain. A statute, designed to meet the case, was enacted, which the inhabitants received with pealing bells and booming cannon, and "every demonstration of popular delight and triumph." This law was brought to bear upon Miss Crandall's father and mother, in the following choice note from two of their fellow-citizens:

"Mr. Crandall, if you go to your daughter's, you are to be fined $100 for the first offense, $200 for the second, and double it every time. Mrs. Crandall, if you go there, you will be fined, and your daughter Almira will be fined, and Mr. May and those gentlemen from Providence (Messrs. George and Henry Benson), if they come here, will be fined at the same rate. And your daughter, the one that has established the school for colored females, will be taken up the same way as for stealing a horse, or for burglary. Her property will not be taken, but she will be put in jail, not having the liberty of the yard. There is no mercy to be shown about it."

Soon afterward, Miss Crandall was arrested and taken to jail. Her trial resulted in her release, but her establishment was persecuted by every ingenuity of cruel insult. She and her school were shut out from attendance at the Congregational church, and religious services held in her own house were interrupted by volleys of rotten eggs and other missiles. The house was then set on fire. The fire was extinguished, and in 1834, on the 9th of September, just as the family was going to bed, a body of men surrounded the house silently, and then, with iron bars, simultaneously beat in the windows. This, of course, was too much for the poor women and girls. Miss Crandall herself quailed before this manifestation of ruffianly hatred, and the brave woman broke up her school and sent her pupils home. Then the people held another town-meeting, and passed resolutions justifying themselves and praising the Legislature for passing the law for which they had asked.

All this abominable outrage was perpetrated in the sober State of Connecticut, within the easy memory of the writer of this article. It reads like a romance from the dark ages, yet these people of Canterbury were good people, who were so much in earnest in suppressing what they believed to be a great wrong, that they were willing to be cruel toward one of the best and bravest women in their State, and to resort to mob violence, to rid themselves of an institution whose only office was to elevate the poor black children who had little chance of elevation elsewhere. Now this outrage seems just as impossible to the people of Canterbury to-day as it does to us. The new generation has grown clean away from it, and grown away from it so far that a school of little colored girls would, we doubt not, be welcomed there now as a praiseworthy and very interesting institution. The Connecticut girls who go South to teach in colored schools should remember or recall the time when they would not have been tolerated in their work in their own State, and be patient with the social proscription that meets them to-day. The world moves; the old generation passes away; the new generation strikes in ahead, and the time can hardly be far distant when the negro will find himself at home in the South. When the white man learns that a "solid South," made solid by shutting the negro from his vote, makes always a solid North, and that the solid North always means defeat, it will cease to be solid, and then the negro vote will be wanted by two parties, and his wrong will be righted. In view of the foregoing sketch of Northern history, we can at least be charitable toward the South, and abundantly hopeful concerning the future.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"A Year of the Exodus in Kansas." A Rejoinder.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, October 1st, 1880.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

DEAR SIR: Certain criticisms from the South upon my paper in the June number of your magazine seem to call for a few words of rejoinder.

Let me repeat, therefore, what was plainly stated in said paper, but conveniently overlooked in the replies thereto, namely: that my remarks touching the causes of the Exodus were incidental merely, and designed to reflect, with due allowance, the common assertions made by the freedmen. The assertions related to the general condition of affairs at the South as regards the rights and welfare of the colored race,—the practical operations of the laws, the prevalent modes of business, the facilities for education, etc.,—and the showing thus made, while not claimed to be conclusive or past refutation, was yet sufficient, it appeared to me, to leave an uncomfortable impression of something radically

wrong at the heart of things down there. Do the critics correct or remove that impression?

Mr. Aubrey denies that there are any laws in the Southern States authorizing the public sale of a man's labor. But, if human testimony is worth anything, such sales are, or have been recently, made, under claim or pretense of legal sanction. I have talked with several colored refugees in Kansas who claim to have been thus treated, and with former neighbors of theirs who declare that they were personally cognizant of the facts. Perhaps Mr. Aubrey is correct—I trust he is—in saying that the law did not warrant such proceedings. The more's the pity, then, and the blame, that they were permitted.

Mr. Bristow, referring to an alleged want of legal vigor and efficiency in Mississippi, offers to furnish, at my expense, certified records of twenty cases in his (Monroe) county "in which white men have been convicted and punished for offenses against colored men, and as many cases in which white men have been made, by legal proceedings, to pay debts due to colored men," during the past five years. And, "in the only case of the killing of a colored man by a white man" which occurs to him during that period, Mr. Bristow adds, "the accused was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life." The report is a gratifying one, and I am so anxious to credit it that I do not care to risk even a remote possibility of its disproval by calling for the records. But the glaring truth remains, that the colored people have left, and are leaving, Mississippi by thousands; fully one-third of all those who have come to Kansas are from that State—some of them, strangely enough, from Monroe county. Why is this? Mr. Bristow would have us believe it is because they are shiftless and useless—"a class that is a curse to any country," as he choicely puts it. But they have not proved to be such persons in Kansas; and we must be permitted to harbor a suspicion that Mr. Bristow is mistaken about them. It is possible, too, I fear, that for every record of justice done to colored men in Mississippi, a score of cases might be cited in which the result was strikingly different.

Mr. Bristow points his statement with the moral that Monroe county gives a Democratic majority of one thousand. He is too modest. He should have said, appealing to the official returns, that while the Republicans carried the county by a majority of 1194 in 1872, the Democrats gained it in 1877 *by a unanimous vote.* And he could have gone on to say that in 1878 only 1168 Republican votes were cast in all Mississippi, though in 1872 the Republican vote of the State reached 82,175. In other words, 81,000 Republican votes disappeared from Mississippi politics between 1872 and 1878. What became of them? It will hardly be contended that all these voters were miraculously converted to the Democratic faith. There was no Exodus to Kansas in those years, and so they did not leave the State. They were not massacred, for only one case of killing "occurs" to Mr. Bristow. How, then, were they disposed of? Can Mr. Bristow furnish any "certified records" to cover and explain such an astonishing change?

The truth is, the Exodus cannot be accounted for by special pleading. It is idle to say that twenty or thirty thousand colored people have fled from the South, to brave the rigors and privations of a new life in an alien country, without some vital cause. If that number of persons had deserted Kansas and the West during the last eighteen months, it would be legitimate to inquire what it was that moved them to do so; and our people would be able, I am sure, to give a reasonable and convincing answer. But the South simply replies with a sneer and a kick for the departing freedmen, and says she is glad to be rid of them. I submit, with the best of feeling, that this does not meet the issue. And if I may be pardoned the personal allusion, I will state, for Mr. Bristow's benefit, that I am not seriously agonized over the colored race, and am not among the advocates or promoters of the Exodus. My interest in the matter is merely that of the average citizen unprejudiced by party or sectional views, and desirous to arrive at facts which concern not the South alone, but all portions of our common country, inasmuch as they go to the very root of our scheme of society and government.

Very respectfully,

HENRY KING.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Social Aspects of the Drama in London.

THERE was opened last season in New Bond street, London, a "Dramatic Art-Gallery," an exhibition made up of the portraits of celebrated actors or actresses, and of pictures and sculptures executed by them. These last, play-works though they be, revealed, in some instances, marked aptness and ability for art, and won new consideration for a class of artists popularly supposed to pass in pleasure or sleep the hours not spent on the boards. In the current literature of London, actors are also "comin' to the fore," and making themselves known and felt, especially as dramatic essayists and critics. In society, a more widespread and intelligent interest is daily being manifested in them, their lives and fortunes, their pursuits and proclivities, and a disposition is shown to assimilate the dramatic profession as a valuable social element. By these means "players," having been accorded the dignity of workers, are becoming less and less "a peculiar people"—better known to the world, and knowing it better. The English seem to have caught the contagion of French liberality as regards the stage, and even to have gone further, assigning to it in the near future a powerful influence on

morals and manners,—an ethical as well as æsthetical mission,—whereas an eminent French writer declares that the theater in France, "though having an incontestable influence on ideas, has none on morals"; that, though "formidable as an engine of revolution," it is not to be considered as "an instrument of reform."

That it may here fulfill this higher moral mission, certain liberal, philanthropic, and enlightened minds are addressing themselves, with great earnestness and more or less ability and tact, to the "elevation of the drama"; zealously championing the too long ignored claims of its chief representatives to social and natural consideration and honor. To this end, several associations have been formed, and publications established.

The famous "Church and Stage Guild"—so much ridiculed by the small wits of the capital, as an attempt on the part of the clergy to tread a measure, a stately minuet, with the drama—meets once a month for discussion, the reading of essays, and an interchange of social amenities. Though principally under the charge of the Rev. Stuart Headlam, that martyr for the stage who, some two years since, suffered ecclesiastical decapitation under the Bishop of London, the Guild was primarily a woman's work—at least suggested and set going by a noble lady having a peculiar and ardent interest in the drama. It seemed at first to promise much, but I am told that, owing to some injudicious management, and the too free admission of a class of artists, or rather performers, who certainly stand most in need of social rehabilitation, but for whom it is most hopeless, the meetings have fallen off, and many valuable members have resigned. Some time ago, I attended a religious service, held for the Guild, by Canon Shuttleworth, in the Crypt Chapel of St. Paul's, and I can truly say I have never seen anywhere a more intelligent or attentive congregation. They seemed—ballet-girls and all—very much like Christians.

The Guild has never met with much active encouragement or sympathy from leading actors. I am told that they are jealous of the clerical element; have seemed to fear that the "parsons" would seek to evangelize them willy-nilly—beginning, perhaps, by thrusting the Thirty-nine Articles down their throats.

Another undertaking is "The Dramatic Reform Association." It has an imposing list of sponsors and officers—princes, noblemen, artists, professors, bishops, rectors, and curates *galore*. It issues a small quarterly, which has thus far contained some excellent articles on the influence, the *raison d'être*, and the destiny of the drama. But I think the name of this Association is a little unfortunate—an offense to a very sensitive class of artists, who stoutly deny that the drama stands in more need of "reform" than any one of the learned professions to which most of these zealous reformers belong.

I doubt not but that both those associations, honestly meant for good, have done good; but I feel assured that the regeneration of the drama, both intellectual and moral, must come from within. The lives of actors and actresses must be noble before the profession can be ennobled. In no walk in life does a pure womanhood, or a blameless manhood, tell for good, for honor, as in this calling. Such an actress as Sarah Siddons elevates the drama by her mere being. Such an actress we had in Charlotte Cushman, and such there are still, though of lesser genius, on the English and American stage, good women and true, who save the theater from utter demoralization, under the flood-tide of fine French sentiment and coarse French realism—the fashion and the passion of the half-world of Dumas and the under-world of Zola. Chief among the perils which menace the English drama is realism. The great temple of the realistic drama in London is the Princess's, and Warner is its prophet. He is an actor of great emotional and even tragic power, but he certainly plays down to the coarser apprehensions of the common people. Not so did Garrick, Kean, the Kembles, Macready, and Phelps, who, nevertheless, were the idols of the pit and gallery. Not so does Irving, who, though not precisely "the people's tragedian," has yet a strong hold on the hearts of working men and women of the better class, for whom his thoughtful acting is an educating and elevating influence.

Of a "National Theater" and a "National Dramatic Institute" we hear less of late. Countless plans and theories have been advanced by eminent actors and dramatists, scholars and lovers of the drama, but nothing practical has been undertaken, nothing practicable has been fixed upon. Discussion may clear the ground or may occupy it. It seems to me that the institute is more needed, or first needed. To this art-academy I think no pupil should be admitted not having, in addition to evident dramatic talent and fitness, a good preparatory English education, with some knowledge of continental languages. The slovenly and illiterate manner in which many actors and actresses of note read ordinary prose, to say nothing of verse, is disgraceful, and their pronunciation of foreign words is extremely ignorant. Perhaps nothing can make up for the lack of early home-culture and intellectual association; certain it is that in the best London theaters good Shaksperian reading, guided by a disciplined brain and harmonized by a well-trained ear, is extremely rare. Even in Mr. Irving's Shaksperian "support" there are actors whose reading betrays in every line an utter lack of culture and comprehension. The old-fashioned art of stage elocution has gone out, and no exact system or method has taken its place; the yoke of tradition is broken, and every actor goes his own way, every actress follows her own sweet will, the consequence being that the reading is sometimes good, sometimes lamentably bad.

One of the most faultless of readers here is Mr. Hermann Vezin, an American. Before adopting his present profession he had a liberal education which strengthens my theory. Forbes Robertson—an admirable young actor, and an artist in more directions than one in the way of genius—reads with accuracy and emphasis. Forbes Robertson *père*, has two younger sons on the stage, whose reading and bearing show the priceless advantage in this

profession of a home-life of refinement and artistic training. A bright example of such happy extraneous advantages is Miss Genevieve Ward.

A National Dramatic Academy could not give us such results,—could not make for us such artists as the Kendals, the Bancrofts, Mr. Hare, Mr. Toole, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Sothern, Mrs. Stirling, and Miss Litton have made themselves without any art-school; but it would insure us partly, at least, against gross ignorance and empty-headed impudence taking, through shameful favor or selfish indifference, places rightly belonging to intelligence, genius, and worth. GRACE GREENWOOD.

An English Hospital Nurse.*

THE life of Dorothy Pattison has secured a place in the public interest which is somewhat remarkable. This is due, in part, to the singularity of her character and life, but no less, perhaps, to its intimate connection with certain questions of general interest in regard to nursing in hospitals and the feasibility of establishing training-schools for medical students and nurses within their walls. This controversy has run so high that it has overflowed the limits of medical journals and found room in such periodicals as "The Nineteenth Century" and "The Contemporary Review."

Sister Dora, as drawn by her biographer, is one of those strongly marked, almost rugged, characters in which light and shadow are violently opposed. Self-willed, proud, high-spirited, with a passion for power on the one hand,—heroic, disinterested, indefatigable, with the gift of winning all hearts on the other,—she is a singularly interesting character. The spirit in which she took up her hard and sunless life, and in which she laid it down again for the sake of the poor and ignorant and suffering, challenges criticism. While one cannot fail to be moved to admiration of her unconquerable will, her energy, her executive ability, her utter self-forgetfulness, and to see that she possessed most of the qualities which go to make up a noble woman, yet, somehow, she impresses the reader of this biography as having, in some way, missed her womanhood.

Until she was nearly thirty years of age Miss Pattison remained restlessly at home, longing for something to do beyond the quiet occupations which she found there, and finally breaking away from them. After three solitary years, devoted to village school-teaching, she was stricken down with a violent illness which made it necessary that she should be taken to Redcar to be nursed. There was revived an old longing to unite herself with a sisterhood for the purposes of special training and regular work, and, in the face of the wishes and judgment of her family and friends, she became a member of the sisterhood of the Good Samaritans.

She was peculiarly unfitted for such a position. With all her heroic self-devotion, she had many disagreeable traits. She disliked women's society, and held their understandings in contempt. She was unquestionably born to rule, and, under any ordinary circumstances, in such a connection as she had just formed, would undoubtedly have made it very uncomfortable for herself and everybody else until she had gained the ascendency. Work was the very atmosphere in which she lived. No toil, however great, no hardships, however severe, ever daunted her. Her high courage and bright buoyancy did not fail her in the presence of any suffering or responsibility. She was ready, by her presence and her cheery words, to help the poor sufferers under her charge through the most terrible surgical operations. When the city of Walsall, where she lived, was smitten with the small-pox, she left her charge in the cottage hospital and shut herself up with the small-pox patients, nursing them day and night, with only an upper servant to help her, for six weary months. Fortunately she found her place early as head of the Walsall Hospital, a little queen, ruling by right divine doctors, patients, and underlings alike. And so her high qualities found scope, and her marvelous energy was not wasted in useless struggles for ascendency.

Miss Lonsdale seems to have accepted Sister Dora, with all her avowed faults, as a typical hospital nurse. She was, unquestionably, a noble worker in that field, but it was only a happy combination of circumstances which made her so wonderfully successful. She presents anything rather than an example for hospital nurses in general. Her grasp of intellect, united with her untiring vigilance and her almost inexhaustible vitality, made her the master mind where she was; but her rule, though wise and good, was that of an absolute monarch. Everything fell to pieces as soon as her will was withdrawn. Anarchy reigned in her stead in the college hospital, which she left while she was nursing the small-pox patients at Walsall. Her greatest weakness, the inordinate jealousy of power, which made her reluctant to choose first-class assistants, manifests itself most clearly just when she is most strongly challenging our admiration by her self-devotion.

We may regret the flaws in the picture and see them never so clearly, and yet such a life, with all its errors and weaknesses, its mistaken judgments and actual sins, shines out like a beacon across the misty obscurity of this self-questioning, doubting, theorizing age, luminous with the heroism of brave and gentle deeds.

Ounces of Prevention.

THE class of mothers in America who read "SCRIBNER" are not likely to neglect the mental or moral training of their children; nor their bodies, either, so far as a fervid faith and energetic practice in some pet school of hygiene or medicine is concerned. But many mothers are apt to look upon any persistent attempt to develop the beauty or full physical power of different parts of the body as mere vanity and pandering to the pride of the flesh. Every sensible mother should recognize the fact that God gave the organs of sense, with color, shape, and beauty to her child, just as well as a stomach

* Sister Dora. A Biography. By Margaret Lonsdale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

and liver, and it is as much her duty to preserve in perfection the one gift as the other, while the child is in her charge.

EYES.—The eyes are, perhaps, the most important and most neglected member of the body. Weak vision and strabismus result, in the majority of instances, from the habit of giving infants into the care of ignorant nurses to drag through the sunny streets in light-covered wagonettes, the tops of which reflect the glare into the luckless victims' eyes. The eyes of a child under a year old should not be allowed to meet the blaze of unshaded sunlight; and children of advanced age should be taught to protect their eyes by resting them when practicable on softly toned colors, as, for instance, on the green of the landscape, instead of the red clay at the side of the railway. A child can be taught thus to care for the health of his eyes until it becomes an unconscious habit. The walls, carpet, etc., of the child's sleeping and school rooms should be of solid, not mixed, colors—as grays, fawn, or green. Any indication of defective vision, whether of near-sightedness or more serious difficulty, should be referred to an oculist as early as possible, and glasses provided under his direction. There is frequently a difference in the convexity of the lenses of the eyes, for which glasses must be made of different power for each. If the parents are ignorant of this fact, the child's weaker eye gradually gives up the effort to accommodate itself to the other, and becomes absolutely useless before middle age.

TEETH.—The quality of the teeth is in a great degree hereditary, but can be materially improved by attention to the food of the child during the first and second periods of dentition. Oatmeal, limestone water, strict prohibition of what is significantly called "slop diet," may prevent all the future misery which belong to aching teeth, dentists, and bad digestion.

HAIR.—Even the highest authority sets down long hair as one of the glories of a woman. Yet while mothers are usually willing to buy their daughter pounds of switches, finger-puffs and curls from the heads of other women, they take no pains to keep the hair which Nature gave her. If the hair be of coarse texture it should not be cut short in childhood, as cutting both darkens and coarsens it. If thin and fine, as is usual with women of blonde organization, it should be cut close to the head in every case. No tonic or restoration should be used to insure a healthy growth of hair, all that is needed being to keep the scalp wholly free from any rheum or dust, and to excite the surface by frequent and prolonged brushing; this should be done by bathing the whole head in pure cold water (sea or salt water) two or three times a week, and by thorough drying and brushing until the softness and oiliness returns to the hair. Successful hair restoratives are simply mild tonics, whose success depends on the friction on the scalp in applying them. The hair of a girl should never be artificially curled, crimped, or otherwise maltreated. A silken snood or ribbon is the most artistic and healthful treatment for it.

It is folly to underrate the value of grace and ease of bearing. Some of our wisest men and most earnest women lose their effect in society by a slouching, uneasy manner, which annoys their companions and even themselves. It is greatly the fault of the mother if the child's body does not furnish a fit expression to noble thoughts within. First, let her enable it to move freely on broad, well-fitting heelless, shoes; secondly, let her give it inherent vigor and grace of motion by plenty of exercise in the open air, and by training her to womanly and courteous habits of thought. A girl who is unselfish, modest, and gentle in mind is not apt to be awkward or coarse in bearing.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Bowen's "Gleanings from a Literary Life."*

PROFESSOR BOWEN is a learned and able champion of the *ancien régime* in education, science, and literature. He seems to have an instinctive distrust of the spirit of the age, and combats with all the resources of his admirably trained mind the innovators who have attempted to overthrow the traditions bequeathed to us by past generations. We do not mean to imply that he is an obscurantist who is constitutionally opposed to progress; but he would doubtless prefer a more cautious and deliberate substitution of new theories for the old ones which we outgrow, and he seriously deprecates the ruthless iconoclasm which seems to be an inevitable concomitant of every progressive movement. The present volume, which contains a series of miscellaneous essays on philosophical, scientific, and political subjects, gives evidence of much acuteness of thought and of patient investigation; but, in spite of this, the *odium theologicum* sometimes shimmers through the apparently dispassionate discourse, and puts the reader on his guard against a too ready acceptance of the author's scientific conclusions. We refer especially to Professor Bowen's contemptuous attitude toward Darwin and his adherents, who, whatever may be their short-comings, have certainly exercised a powerful influence over the thought of the present generation, and, as it appears to us, merit a more respectful consideration than is implied in the following treatment of their cosmogonic creed:

"The hypothesis, for it is nothing more, of the evolution of all things out of chaotic dirt, through powers and agencies necessarily inherent and immanent in that dirt, unhelped and unguided anywhere by an organizing mind, is too monstrous a doctrin

* Gleanings from a Literary Life, 1838–1880. By Francis Bowen, LL. D., Alford Professor of Philosophy in Harvard College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

ever to be entertained by competent thinkers. It teaches 'the essential bestiality' of man, and, if generally accepted, it would destroy all the finer qualities of his nature and condition, and reduce him again to what it claims to have been his primitive state,—at first, a brother to the insensate clod, and then a beast."

The three essays, dealing more or less directly with the theory of evolution, which have been "gleaned" from the various periodicals to which Professor Bowen has been a contributor, are further amplifications of this proposition, and would, undoubtedly, with all the combative zeal and ingenuity which they display, have proved more convincing if they had taken into account the fact that all believers in the doctrine of development are not necessarily infidels, materialists, or fools. We are inclined to think that the professor's attempt to establish their identity with the latter varieties of the human species (for his argument, logically pursued, amounts to this) can hardly be final.

In the mooted question of the comparative merits of a classical and a utilitarian education, Professor Bowen takes a decided stand on the side of the Greeks and Romans. He traces the history of the controversy between the Ancients and Moderns through several centuries, quotes authorities of weighty reputations, and arrives at well-defined and well-fortified conclusions. Through all his argument breathes that fine affection for and appreciation of the stately Latin and sonorous Greek, which is always characteristic of the genuine classical scholar, and this fact itself is inferential proof of the educational value of those hoary mother-tongues of the civilized world. The essayist takes evident pleasure in holding up to ridicule the loose and slipshod talk of those utilitarian writers who undertake to prove the worthlessness of classical study by showing that the ancients had "no telegraphs, newspapers, chloroform, or lucifer matches." He is both amused and indignant at the allegation that the Emperor Augustus, "with all his splendor, had no glass in his windows, and not a shirt to his back"; and, although he does not profess to regard the matter as of any great consequence, he does not omit to vindicate the Emperor's honor by exposing him in his classical *negligee* of a fine woolen tunic next to the skin,—a garment which, for hygienic reasons, we of the present century have re-adopted.

We cordially agree with Professor Bowen in his antipathy to the exclusively philological training which is at present given to the young men in most of our colleges and classical seminaries. The long and dreary discipline in grammatical niceties and unessential rules is apt to remain, like a nightmare, in the student's memory, while the benefits which he may have derived from the study of Homer and Virgil are of a far less obtrusive and less palpable kind, and therefore apt to assert themselves less distinctly to his consciousness. A more evenly distributed attention to the literary as well as the philological aspects of the text, and the emphatic subordination of the latter to the former, would soon raise up a number of classical scholars among us who would, like Professor Bowen, feel a sturdy partisanship for the authors to whom they owe so large a share of their culture. What we need among us, above all things, is an enlightened public opinion; and our own experience has shown us that men whose culture is built upon the solid historic basis of classical study are apt to take sounder views of public affairs, and are less likely to be led astray by those gusts of popular feeling which from time to time are sure to sweep through a democratic society in which economic questions, affecting the welfare of all, are superficially and passionately debated and imperfectly understood. We might quote half a dozen instances, but will only refer to the Silver Question, concerning which Professor Bowen has here written an able and exhaustive essay. As will be remembered, he was one of the experts who, by a joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives, was invited to serve on the commission charged to report on the expediency of remonetizing silver. He failed to concur in the opinions expressed by the majority of his colleagues, and therefore handed in a minority report, signed by one other member of the commission, and reviewing in a concise manner the history of the precious metals as mediums of currency and exchange. This, as well as the two other essays entitled "The Perpetuity of the National Debt," and "The Financial Conduct of the War," we would earnestly recommend to all those who are anxious to form a sound and independent judgment concerning subjects which are constantly, and more or less directly, being submitted to the decision of American voters.

The philosophical essays contained in the present volume wage an unrelenting and ably conducted war against agnostics, Darwinists, pessimists, Mathusians, and all the tendency of whose teachings the author conceives to be antagonistic to Christianity.

The Sixth Year of "L'Art."*

VOLUMES I. and II. of the sixth year of "L'Art"* are before us. No one can keep *au courant* with the art movement of the day without this hospitably edited periodical. It is a constant pleasure to turn over its broad pages and to come upon some "old favorite"—a piece of well-known antique painting or sculpture; bits of architecture; recently discovered examples of the old art; reproductions of current work by artists of all countries. The contents of the San Donato collection are, in these two volumes, profusely displayed. If the illustrations do that now dispersed collection justice, it was, as might have been expected, one of accidental and very various values. It is not necessary to recite all the contents of the sixth year of "L'Art" to show how entertaining and valuable are these volumes—the papers on perspective, the account of "*La Victoire de Samothrace*," and its newly discovered pedestal, the treasures of the new "*Musée Municipal*" in Paris, etc., etc. And yet we fear it will be a long time before the letter-press of a magazine, made on this plan, will approach in interest its illustrations.

* New York: J. W. Bouton.

"L'Art" must be congratulated upon the possession of such a clever pictorial contributor as Paul Renouard, who has taken up the "*Classe des Dames*," in a series on "*Les Pensionnaires du Louvre.*" M. Renouard is so much of an artist that he gives character instead of caricature, and he has humor enough to make character extremely amusing. We hope that "L'Art" will keep M. Renouard busy; he has a rare talent. One does not need to have seen the originals of these young and old women in the galleries of the Louvre to know how true a pencil the artist wields.

The second of these volumes is largely occupied with the *Salon* of 1880, though the reviews are not completed here. Notably we find an etching and a "process" reproduction of Henner's "La Fontaine." This and M. Bastien Lepage's "Jeanne D'Arc" were, perhaps, the two best pictures in the *Salon*, and the Henner is the finest Henner we have yet seen. Its charm is easily preserved in black and white, and the "process plate," made from his own drawing and printed in a daily paper in Paris, gave quite as good an idea of the original as this etching, if not a better; for this is one of the most extraordinary examples of the ability of a French painter to make the something he calls "values" take the place of real color. Not, however, that it really does take the place of color. It is a thousand pities that Henner should have made such a one-sided study of Giorgione,—for it is certainly the artist of the "*Fête Champêtre*" who, among the old masters, has most influenced him. By the way, it is a matter upon which we may felicitate ourselves that Lepage's most mature, most beautiful, most noble painting—a picture which, though not without faults, has few equals in the work of Frenchmen now living—has been purchased by an American and brought to New York, where it is hoped both artists and public will, before long, have an opportunity of seeing it.

"L'Art" devotes a chapter to the "Strangers," who in the late *Salon* were exhibited separately from the French artists. Among Americans it prefers Sargent and Picknell, each of whom it praises highly. The reviewer, however, is anxious to see an American school, and wants our artists to send over portraits of our great citizens and American landscape views. "Hurrah!" he says. "Hurrah *pour la jeune école Americaine!* Hurrah!" With "L'Art," as well as with all French art critics, pictures that have never been seen in Paris are without existence.

Rollo's Journey to Cambridge."*

In that brightest of college journals, the "Harvard Lampoon," which has recently suspended publication, appeared, a year or so ago, a curious bit of satiric verse, in dramatic form, that attracted much attention. It was the work of a young man who had left Harvard College some five or six years before, and was a marvelously creditable production for an unknown hand.

"The Little Tin Gods on Wheels" was really clever, amusing, and original. Its success awakened public interest to the little paper, and the "world of letters" has shown a kindly and encouraging interest in two or three further ventures of the same sort. Of these the most notable is "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge," which has just been published in a cover which a certain school of poets would call "colorful." The publication is a mistake. The bright little "skit" was laughable and interesting in the pages of the unpretentious college-paper; but, like most amateur efforts, it will not stand the test of an enduring publicity. The boyish extravagance and irregularity of style, which were not only pardonable but pleasing when the work was regarded merely as a collegian's skit, become glaring faults when it appears in a form that challenges comparison with the best professional performances.

The new "Rollo" is a faint and colorless travesty beside the brilliant burlesques of R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr), one of the best as he is the least appreciated of American humorists; and it is by no means equal to its prototype, F. C. Burnand's "Sandford and Merton" parody, which it closely resembles in idea and style. Indeed, it may be called an American edition of that now famous publication, just as the "Rollo Stories" are but the American "Sandford and Merton." Abbott's series, like Day's volume, was for a long time an infant classic. "Rollo" was driven out of sight by the war stories of Charles "Carleton" Coffin and "Oliver Optic"; but the generations that were called the rising between the 'Fifties and the earlier 'Sixties can never forget how they were fed with those highly improving tales of homely realism; and many men, not yet gray-haired, will feel an involuntary shudder at the startling profanation of a burlesque "Rollo." Abbott's little books went into every New-England household; into many where no other form of fiction would have been admitted. They impressed upon the youthful mind the New-Englander's ideal of personal character and general society—that strange development of an energetic and speculative spirit, bound down within certain conventional lines by fixed rules of conduct and arbitrary principles of morality. The New-Englander grasped the eternal verities by the small end. In the new lands of the West he was a giant; at home his fine strength was dwarfed to fit the pettiness of local fashions and beliefs. "Rollo" set before children's eyes the types of New-England perfection—the prig of a father; the submissive wife, to whom that prig is the center of the mortal universe; the apt and dutiful son, and the phenomenally intelligent "hired man"—the sop to the democratic spirit of the day and place.

In "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge," these characters appear as representatives of all manner of iniquity,—still talking in stilted *Abbottese*, still antiquated prigs in outward showing, but intensely modern, sinful, and funny. This is, of course, nothing but Burnand's work done over again; but it is done well, saving for an objectionable sprinkling of local and personal allusions, which seem rather flat and affected to that portion of the world which

* Boston: A. Williams & Co.

lives, moves, and has its being outside the walls of Harvard College. On the whole, although "Rollo's Journey" is but of medium merit, judged from a sternly professional stand-point, it is a book of fair promise, in the line of humor, coming from amateur hands; and, if they are not spoiled by local enthusiasm, the authors of the new "Rollo" will some day be heard from in a worthier way.

Books for Young People.

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON has the rare talent of writing books for boys and girls which at the same time interest and amuse grown folks. Some years since, he produced a story which, under the title of "What Might Have Been Expected," was really a gentle satire, and which developed two planes of thought,—one for the young reader who dives after "the story," and one for the mature mind of mankind in general. His latest contribution to the juvenile literature of the day,* while being more discursive and less marked by a purpose, is in the same vein. The jolly fellowship of the story has for its nucleus two youngsters who are about ready to begin the serious business of college life, and who, while in search of warm weather and novel adventures, spend the winter months in Florida and the Bahama Islands. They fall in with a queer family, an untrained young daughter of which becomes a partner in the fellowship. This girl, with her free manners, fresh unconventionalities, and kindly nature, is a most admirable character. Mr. Stockton, true to his subtle purpose, has touched with mild satire, here and there, the mature characters in the story; but it is impossible not to like them all. The reader sympathizes with the lad who is supposed to narrate the story, and with his companions, who are at first repelled from each other, and then so attracted that, on better acquaintance, they become fast friends. Some of the incidents in the story are highly dramatic, that, for instance, which describes the Quixotic attempt of the two boys to storm the fort in which the Indian prisoners are confined, in St. Augustine, being most delightfully narrated. Another, and somewhat similar, escapade of the jolly fellowship, that of their political intrigue in the interest of an alleged African queen in the Bahamas, is pictured with delicious humor. It is quite possible that the author intended to suggest, in both of these episodes, the simple folly of some of the humanitarian enterprises of the day. Certainly, one can see mirrored in the placid current of the story a "picture in little" of the misdirected zeal of the grown-up world. The book may be heartily commended for its pure and healthful tone, as well as for the spirit of truthfulness which pervades it. It is illustrated with engravings which so fully embody the sentiment of the author that one is tempted to ask if the artist did not write the book, or the author draw his own pictures.

MR. HORACE SCUDDER has arranged another of his charming "Bodley Books," the present volume* being designed to show what the paternal Bodley saw in foreign parts. In order to avoid the tedium and monotony which would be sure to follow in the train of a series of letters from Europe, the author keeps his children at home with their mother; and, while they are spending the summer at Cape Cod, they have adventures and diversions, the telling of which affords agreeable interludes in the somewhat well-worn narrative of the wandering parent in Europe. It is easy to see that the writer has drawn on his own experiences in foreign travel for the materials of his book, although he has managed to dovetail into the narrative, after his usual deft fashion, a great deal of general literary and historical matter. This is not, to be sure, the highest art of book-making; but it produces an agreeable result, and it gives the young folks good honest reading; and this, we take it, is the author's purpose. The volume even excels its immediate predecessors in the showiness and originality of its binding; but most of its profuse illustrations are old acquaintances, and many of them are not printed with that care which the dainty letter-press would seem to require.

THE many friends of Mr. John Habberton will perceive with regret that he has made a book for boys which no judicious parent will knowingly put into the hands of his children. "The Worst Boy in Town"† deserves the name which is given him on the very first page of the story. He is a thoroughly bad boy, almost without a redeeming trait of character. He lies, he steals, he commits much malicious mischief, he gambles, gets drunk, disturbs a religious assembly, and finally is lodged in jail, where he might have gone earlier in his career without any violation of the principles of that eternal fitness of things which is supposed to underlie all works of fiction. Indeed, if, to the general reputation for badness which Mr. Habberton's hero deservedly maintains, he should be called a sneak, the name would not be far misplaced. For example, when, after what we may suppose to be an honest effort in the direction of beginning a Christian life, this young scamp encounters the derision of his young companions, he, like Peter, begins to curse and to swear, in order to prove that he is still a reprobate. When he has agreed with his father that he will cut a certain amount of fuel, to repay a sum of money which one of his own pranks has cost, he inveigles the boys of the village into a bet, to determine which of these innocent victims of a practical joke is made to do the work of the delighted hero of the story. And at this wood-chopping festival, by the way, there is whiskey-drinking and profanity, neither of which is introduced to receive an implied rebuke from the author. It cannot be pleaded, in extenuation of all this vulgarity and bad-

* A Jolly Fellowship. By Frank R. Stockton, author of "Rudder Grange," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880. Pp. 298.

* Mr. Bodley Abroad. By the author of "The Bodleys Afoot," "The Bodleys on Wheels," etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880. Pp. 210.

† The Worst Boy in Town. By the author of "Helen's Babies." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. Pp. 214.

ness, that the adventures of the boy-hero of the book are only what might be possible of any healthy lad. These are possible of any really bad boy, and innumerable other things, which, happily, are not introduced into this tale, might also be attributed to some such scapegrace as he whom Mr. Habberton has made the hero of a story. But none of these things is made to subserve any good purpose. The attitude of the author toward his "Worst Boy in Town," if not commendatory, is constantly apologetic. A suppressed smile of amusement, which sometimes breaks into a grin, follows the lad in all his antics. And the only explanation of the poor youngster's badness, and the excuse for his being invented, is that he is full of animal spirits, and that his parents do not understand him! He might go on indefinitely with his escapades and mischief-making, but, ludicrously enough, he is reformed by binding him an apprentice to a carpenter; and when we look to see him murder his employer and disappear in the lurid light of a bonfire of the carpenter's shop, he unreasonably reforms, marries his childish sweetheart, and the scene is thus decorously closed. There have been many and sensible protests against a class of books known as "the goody-goody species," and many more against the "blood-and-thunder" variety of books for young people. The too realistic tale of "The Worst Boy in Town" belongs to neither of these two classes. It is an unfortunate attempt to depict the misadventures of a lad whose only fault is an excess of animal spirits. The author has succeeded in producing a character which does not enlist a particle of sympathy, and the influence of which cannot fail to be vicious.

THE popularity of Jules Verne's previous volume "Famous Travels and Travelers," in his series of "The Exploration of the World," * is sufficient guarantee of the success of his latest addition to the world's knowledge. In the previous volume, the editor covered a period of history extending from B.C. 505 to the close of the seventeenth century. During this time lived some of the most famous of discoverers. In the next epoch, that beginning with the eighteenth century and ending with the twentieth, flourished Cook, La Perouse, Marchand, Bruce, Mungo Park, Behring, Mackenzie, Humboldt, and many others who were eminent as voyagers and travelers. In this period, also, lived many of the men to whose labors the science of cartography owes so much. The achievements of these, and the discoveries of the astronomers of that time, very properly furnished material for the opening chapters of this second volume of the series. Fac-similes of maps, and numerous original engravings and drawings, add to the attractiveness of the work, which is cordially commended to young folks.

IN refreshing contrast with most of the books for young people is the admirable edition of the legends of King Arthur*, prepared by Mr. Sidney Lanier. In the confused welter of sensational novels, and vapid stories for boys, to encounter this fine old romance, carefully edited and symmetrically arranged, is like being offered a cup of cold water in a dry and thirsty land. Mr. Lanier has once before earned the gratitude of parents, as well as that of the young people, by giving them the chronicles of old Froissart condensed and arranged for boys' reading. In some sense, the present volume may be said to be the complement of the other. With tender reverence for the integrity of the text of Sir Thomas Malory, whose version is the basis of the present work, the editor has not laid hands on a single word or phrase by way of expurgation or amendment. Here is the "English undefiled" into which Malory rendered the numerous versions of the romance (some of them greatly changed) during the reign of Edward IV. of England. So far as we know, the story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Table Round first appeared in English literature during the time of the Plantagenets, say about the beginning of the twelfth century, when Geoffrey of Monmouth introduced this episode into his British history—a collection of fables and traditions in which, says Knight, "we find ourselves relieved from the thick darkness of Anglo-Saxon records by the blue lights and the red lights of the most wondrous romance." In his scholarly introduction, Mr. Lanier traces that epoch of English history, more or less legendary, which begins with the founding of the British race by Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas, and is closed by the establishment in England of the art of printing, during the reign of the fourth Edward, to whom we have just referred. Presenting the text of the Arthurian romance, as written by Sir Thomas Malory and printed by William Caxton, the editor has contented himself with inclosing in brackets, in italics, the explanation of obsolete words and phrases—an expedient much less distracting to the reader than the usual method of employing foot-notes. In a very few instances, also, the editor has been obliged to omit episodes whose length would burden the book, and he has inserted in brackets, in a condensed form, the portions of the story needed to maintain its connection entire. Here, then, the eager young reader will find the fascinating tales from which so many poets, painters, and writers of fiction have drawn their richest materials. Here are Arthur, Merlin the Enchanter, Sir Launcelot of the Lake, the chivalric Sir Tristram, the spotless Sir Galahad, the ill-fated Sir Balan and Sir Balin, the wicked Sir Mordred, the Lady of Camelot, Elaine La Belle Isolde, Enid, and the whole host of lord and ladies of high degree whose adventures and misadventures enrich the foundation of the history of English chivalry. It is a wonderful and moving tale, greatly illustrated, as must needs be, with fighting, treasons, stratagems, and gore, but not un

* The Exploration of the World. By Jules Verne. The great navigators of the eighteenth century. Translated from the French by Dora Leigh. With illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880. Pp. 409.

* The Boy's King Arthur. Sir Thomas Malory's history of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Edited for boys, with an introduction, by Sidney Lanier, editor of "The Boy's Froissart." Illustrated by Alfred Kappes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880. Pp. 403.

wholesome reading withal. Mr. Alfred Kappes's capital drawings harmonize with the extravagant and poetic tone of the romance of King Arthur and his knights of the table round, and are admirable in spirit and execution.

EVERY boy will want to get hold of "The Fairport Nine."* Mr. Brooks's boys are real boys. They have their faults; they sometimes lose temper and scuffle; but they don't lie, and they are not mean, and they are not prigs. They are hearty and healthy. "The Fairport Nine" gives, as it were, disconnected stereopticon views of boy-life in a seacoast town. The town is Castine, and the romantic legends and history of the place are woven in with considerable skill. We see these village boys celebrating the Fourth-of-July with jubilant noise, outwitting the crusty sexton, ringing the bell until it almost cracks, and having a match game of base-ball in the deserted fort. The contrast of comfort and poverty is shown, and no scorn is thrown upon the little "darkey" who plays "left-field" in the famous nine, who are whipped by the "White Bears," but who retrieve their fallen fortunes in the last scene. We see these same boys form a little company, drilling with wooden lances, and building a camp in the woods, which is attacked by the "Bears" and gloriously defended. We see some of them dig for the hidden treasure left by the old pirate, Gibbs.

One naturally compares this new book of Mr. Brooks's with his "Boy Emigrants," published in 1877, and although it suffers by the comparison, it has many of the characteristics which made the latter a most excellent book for boys. "The Boy Emigrants" had a "slender plot of a story"; this has no plot, but will interest the reader by its vivid pictures and its bits of descriptive history. We can safely recommend both of these volumes as capital gifts for a lively boy; and, no doubt, there will be many inquiries for further developments in the history of "The Fairport Nine."

Other new books of this class will be spoken of next month.

Miss Jewett's "Old Friends and New."†

IT is a highly commendable practice for a young writer to begin by studying his acquaintances and the social conditions of his own immediate neighborhood. A genuine talent is sure to find material, even where nature is most unpicturesque, and humanity, to the superficial eye, most barren of interest; for it is the depth and acuteness of the writer's insight, rather than the character of his subject, which primarily determines the value of his work. It is this obvious genuineness of Miss Jewett's slight and delicate sketches which redeem them, as a whole, from the commonplaceness into which they occasionally lapse. They are so manifestly the results of actual observation that they almost impress us as personal confidences, and make us ashamed of being caught napping. "A Bit of Shore Life," for instance, which, like several of the other sketches, is told in the first person, is, to all appearances, autobiographical, and betrays the most intimate knowledge of the modes of thought and the ways of life in New England. The fisherman's little boy, with his old manners and serious, practical talk, is a delightful study, and the description of the auction and the visit to the two dreary old maids give us glimpses into the very heart of New England. The other sketches in the volume, perhaps with the exception of "Mr. Bruce" and "A Lost Lover," impress us as being too feeble to endure long the light of permanent publicity. They are written, however, with considerable vivacity, and in irreproachable English, but their substance is so slight that the reader may be excused if he yields to the temptation to skip. Some of them—as, for instance, "Miss Sydney's Flowers"—have a very juvenile air, as if they were originally intended for publication in a Sunday-school paper.

Grant's "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl."*

THE clever young graduate of '73, whose verses made the "Harvard Lampoon" known to the world, has come forward under his own name, Robert Grant, as the author of a book which has been the popular success of the past summer. "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl" is an amusing, wholesome, original bit of work, in the form of an autobiographical character study, almost French in its elaborate finish; having for its secondary object a delicate and genial satire on the "good society" of New York. This is a world which Mr. Grant seems to know quite well; but it is not a world rich in varied or striking types, or notable for its influence on outside humanity; and light and dainty as the book is, its 220 pages are rather tiresome to men and women who have something better to do than to imitate the conventionalities of Europe's aristocratic life. Still, this trifling record of Alice Palmer's *début*, her two or three "rushing" seasons, and her marriage, is interesting, because it is one of the few American literary productions that proves, by its very existence, that there is in this country a conservative, self-centered, pleasure-seeking class, corresponding to what is known in England as "society"; and also because it shows how unworthy this peculiar organization is of the exaggerated consideration in which it is held. A society that is not in sympathy with the simplicity and earnestness of a hard-working nation, and that has no genuine friendship for literature, art, or science, ought at least to be a perfect school of good manners. But the people whom this volume depicts with an unconscious correctness have little of the grace of antique courtesy, and less of the frank directness of modern good breeding, and it is an odd fact that, of all the many suitors whose pursuit of the lovely heroine makes up the plot of the story, the one worthy, eligible, and elected is the one who fails to come up to the standard of "society" in matters of external appearance and deportment—and is a professional man at that.

* The Fairport Nine. By Noah Brooks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

† Old Friends and New. By Sarah O. Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

* Boston: A. Williams & Co.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Steam Vessels.

THE peculiar character of our coast and inland waters has led to the introduction of a great variety of vessels adapted to the special features of the waters they are to traverse, and nowhere can more originality of design in marine architecture be found than in this country. The Western stern-wheeler, the Eastern sound-boat, the railway ferry-boat, and the coast and river steam-ship, are the natural outcome of their peculiar localities. Among more recent forms of commercial vessels are two that seem to offer valuable suggestions for future boat-builders. The first is a steam freight and passenger river-boat, designed to navigate a crooked and shallow stream. She is a flat-bottomed propeller, with long and tapering bow and stern, and having three keels. The first keel is in the center, and rises at the bows in the usual cut-water shape. The second and third keels are one either side, about 3.60 meters (12 ft.) apart. At the bows these keels stop short at the end of the flat bottom, and do not appear at the surface. At the stern they both extend beyond the hull in the usual manner, each carrying a propeller at the end. The center keel ends at the hull and curves up to the deck, leaving a clear space between the two outside keels. The two propellers, of the Hirsch pattern, are set to turn in opposite directions, or in going ahead turning toward the center. Each propeller is driven by an independent compound engine. By this arrangement the propellers move in clear water in turning either way, and both may be used to assist in steering the boat, and by going ahead with one and astern with the other, the boat may be turned around sharp bends in the river. The boat has two rudders, one behind each screw, in the usual position, and both arranged to move together. The boilers and engines are distributed over the hull to insure lightness, the engines being so arranged that the engineer faces the bow, and has full control of each by levers in easy reach of his hand. The second type of vessel is also designed for carrying heavy freights in a shallow river, and may be used with power, or as a barge for towing. Instead of building up the boat with ribs, the bottom is made in one massive piece, and then the sides are built up with strips of plank laid one over the other and nailed down. (This method of building has already been described in detail in this department.) To insure strength, cross and lengthwise walls of plank strips are built up to the level of the sides. This practically makes a honey-comb structure, with square or oblong compartments over the entire hull. Such a barge is extremely light and very strong, and on account of its numerous compartments can hardly be sunk. Twenty holes in the sides or bottom would only fill twenty small compartments, and there would still be enough intact to keep the boat afloat. A single deck is laid over all, with a house on top if desired. This form of construction is said to be about one-third cheaper than the usual plan of ribs, and sides, and open holds, and it has the merit of great strength and lightness combined with security from sinking.

Chemical Ventilation.

THE ventilation of mines, tunnels, and buildings of all kinds has, so far, been secured by purely mechanical means. It is now proposed to bring chemistry to the aid of mechanics, and to purify the air in inclosed places, not so much by moving it as by changing its character. This is already done, in a limited way, by the use of disinfectants and perfumes, but the new process goes further, and changes the proportions of the gases that may go to make up any given atmosphere. For instance, the air in a railway tunnel may be loaded with carbonic acid and sulphurous gases, and to remove these it is only necessary to pass the air through a strong solution of caustic soda or lime, or to agitate trays of the solution in the air. The plan is the same as that carried out in the diving-dress described last month, where the carbonic acid from the lungs is removed by passing the air over loose material saturated with a solution of soda. It would seem as if a shower or spray of the solution might prove a convenient way of bringing the air in contact with the water. Another way that might be suggested would be to pile up soft bricks, or other absorbent materials, in the air, or in the ventilators, and to allow the soda solution to trickle over the bricks. The experiments so far tried seem to prove that sulphurous gases and carbonic acids may be easily removed from the air by chemical means, and it only remains to devise some simple methods of applying the plan to practical ventilation.

Plaiting Machine.

WHEN the demands of fashion made the style of supposed ornamentation called plaiting very common, various machines, of more or less merit, were introduced for the use of dress-makers. Some of these have been already described here, and more recently a new plaiter has been brought out that seems to do the work in a convenient and effective manner. Several of the machines now in use hot-press the fabric as soon as the plaits are made. The new machine does this, and carries the work one step further by keeping the fabric pressed for some time and cooling it slowly. This is founded on the familiar fact that, when fabrics are placed in a hot-press and suffered to remain under the pressure for some little time, or until they are cold, the effect of the pressing is much more permanent. In this plaiter, the work of folding and spacing is done by hand, by means of a sliding-knife edge controlled by a lever (as in some other machines), and the folded fabric is pressed forward under an endless band of cloth that travels around a hollow cylinder of metal. Inside this cylinder is a row of gas-jets (or lamps), so placed that the heat of the flames is thrown on the inside of the cylinder, directly under the plaits as they are formed. The motion of the

lever, by means of simple connections, causes the cylinder and endless band to turn, carrying the plaited material quite around the cylinder and discharging it in front, under the operator's hand. By this arrangement, it is kept tightly pressed during nearly the whole of one revolution of the cylinder, gradually moving away from the source of heat. From inspection of the machine and the plaited fabrics, it would seem that the work is done quickly and easily, and that the material leaves the machine cold and strongly impressed with the plaits, so that it will not easily stretch or give up its form.

Pneumatic Clock System.

An elaborate system for distributing power, by means of compressed air, from a central clock to a number of others located at a distance, in such a manner that the central clock controls and moves all the others, was introduced some years since in Vienna, and was exhibited at the last Paris Exposition, during which it was examined and described in this department. While the Vienna system is practical and has come into commercial use to a certain extent, it is somewhat complicated and delicate, and a more recent American invention, based upon the same principle, seems to be worthy of attention by reason of its cheapness and simplicity. The aim is to set up a number of clock-dials in various places in a town or building, and to move the hands of each and all at the same instant by an impulse sent through air-tight pipes, laid from a central station to the dials.

To accomplish this, two simple air-pumps are connected with a good town-clock in some central position. These pumps are extremely simple, and consist of glass jars of any convenient size and open at the top. Through the bottom of each jar rises a small pipe, reaching nearly to the top of the jar and also open at the top. Above the jars are suspended smaller glass jars in an inverted position over the upright pipe in the larger jar. Each jar is filled about half full of water (or glycerine), and by raising the inverted jars clear above the water and then letting it fall, air is caught under the jar, compressed, and forced into the pipe. On raising the suspended jar out of the liquid, the inclosed air is released and the air in the pipe is restored to its natural pressure. By suspending the inverted jars from the ends of a rocking arm, the two jars become a cheap and simple air-pump, and it is easy to understand that, if the rocking arm is properly connected with the clock, the air-pump may be made to move every minute, or every second minute, or, in fact, at any moderate speed that may be required. The air-pumps thus sending alternate pressure and exhaustion through the pipes, it is easily seen that the impulse of pressure or exhaust may be by proper pipe connections distributed through a very considerable length of main pipe and branches. Clock-dials of any size may be set up along the pipe system, and by placing behind each a small air-pump of precisely the same pattern, and connecting it with the pipe, each impulse sent through the pipe may be made to move the pump and by suitable levers to control the minute-hand of the dial, the hour-hand being made to follow by means of simple wheel-work. From the apparatus examined, a small tower clock operates quite a number of dials of different sizes with apparent uniformity and precision. The system is one that may be confidently recommended for hotels, public buildings where there are many offices, railroad stations, and for tower clocks in small towns and villages.

Improved Foot-Power for Sewing-Machines.

The objections raised to the usual method of applying power to a sewing-machine are found in the unnatural position and action of the feet and limbs in operating the treadle, and the waste of power and time in starting and stopping the machine. Many attempts to correct these defects have been made, but not wholly with success. The last appliance brought out seems to be founded upon correct principles, and may prove of value to users of machines where steam or other power cannot be obtained. It consists of two long treadles of the simplest form, hinged to the floor at the lower end, and connected at the upper end, by means of leather bands and eccentrics (in place of cranks), with a shaft running on the machine in the usual position, and carrying a heavy fly-wheel. In place of a chair for the operator, a tall stool is provided, carrying a seat supported upon a screw (like a piano stool) and inclined forward like a coachman's seat. The object of this is two-fold. The screw admits of adjusting the seat to the operator, and at the same time to give it a free play under the movements of the body, as the limbs are used alternately on the treadles. The "slant," or slope, of the seat forward throws the larger part of the weight on the feet, so that the operator is partly standing and partly sitting. By this arrangement, the motion of working the machine is distributed through the whole limb and becomes a kind of walking, very much like the action of a good rider on a bicycle. The position and movement are both easy and comfortable, and as the weight is largely used to move the treadles, the labor is greatly reduced, or rather for the same labor very much more power is obtained. To enable the operator to use a heavy fly-wheel and to run it at a high speed continuously, there is a lever to be operated by the right knee, that tightens a loose belt and conveys the power to the machine. To stop the machine, the lever is moved again by the knee and the belt is made to run loose, and at the same time a brake is thrown on the machine and it is brought to rest. By this device, the machine is stopped or started independent of the treadle, and the fly-wheel may continue to turn while the machine is at rest. It will be seen that time is saved in starting and stopping the machine, which is also done independent of the treadle movement and by the knee, leaving both hands free to attend to the work.

New Method of Culture for Pot Plants.

From experiments made in a commercial green house last winter, it was found that, if a layer (or mulch) of moss was placed on the surface of the soil in a pot in which a plant was growing, a much

larger and finer growth was obtained than when the soil was left uncovered. The moss employed was the common Sphagnum used in packing plants, and in preparing it, ground bone-dust, in the proportion of one part, by weight, of bone-dust to thirty parts of moss, were well mixed together and packed into the pots, or spread over the soil where plants were growing in boxes or borders. The advantages of such a moss mulching were two-fold. The plants very quickly responded to the protection given to the soil, and grew rapidly, even sending roots upward into the mulch, so that plants could be maintained in the same pots for a much longer time, or, in other words, could be grown in pots two sizes smaller than when the same variety of plants was grown without the mulch. The second advantage was found in the saving of labor in watering the plants and in keeping the soil free from weeds. The moss was tried on a large scale upon plants of such diverse characters as begonias, carnations, roses, primulas, palms, and hot-house grapes, and it appeared to assist greatly the growth and flowering of all. The plan is one that will prove of advantage to persons having house plants, and is well worthy of adoption.

Novel Boat-Rig.

By a new system of arranging the masts and standing rigging of small boats, it is claimed that great steadiness is given to sharp and unstable boats, thus making it possible to use them in "flawy" winds, and in very rough water. The idea is to give the mast a free play in every direction, so that, in place of dragging the boat over in a sudden gust of wind, the mast will yield to the pressure without affecting the boat. The mast, instead of being "stepped," or fastened rigidly to the boat, is rested on a movable frame that allows it to tilt or move freely in every direction. To maintain it upright, powerful springs are attached to the frame and to the sides of the boat. By this arrangement the mast, when not under any lateral pressure, remains upright and carries the sail in the usual position. Now, if a sudden gust of wind presses on the sail and tends to pull the boat over, the springs give way slightly and allow the mast to bend, and the pressure on the sail is relieved. The excess of wind caught in the sail is, so to speak, spilled or lost over the top of the sail, and as soon as the gust has subsided the mast returns to its upright position. In driving the boat against a head sea, the effect is reversed. The boat, instead of plunging through the wave under the pressure of the wind on the sail, rises on the wave, and the mast yields and bends, allowing the sail to lose its wind for the moment. The instant the wave is passed and the resistance ceases, the mast returns to its upright position and the sail again takes the wind. To secure still further elasticity in the mast, the shrouds and standing rigging are fastened to springs that yield under the strains on the mast, and allow it to move freely in every direction. The amount of pressure required to bend the mast can be controlled, according to the wind, by regulating the springs by means of screws and nuts on a guide rod in each spring. The plan is one that is worthy of careful experiment by boat-builders. So far, in the few experiments made with the spring-stepped mast, it is found to work successfully. The boat is not affected by sudden increases of wind-pressure on the sail, nor by the back-pressure caused by rising on a wave, as the mast moves first, and the pressure is spent without affecting the boat.

Utilizing River Currents.

In parts of Germany it has been the custom (or was, at one time, the custom) to anchor a flat-boat in the river, and to place large paddle-wheels on each side upon a shaft extending across the boat. By anchoring such boats in the stream, the current slowly turned the paddle-wheels after the manner of an undershot water-wheel, and the power thus obtained was used to grind corn or do other useful work. Such boats were usually anchored just above or below a bridge, so that the floating mill could be easily reached. This plan, while it furnished cheap power, was inconvenient, as all the corn or other raw material had to be taken out to the boat in the river. The introduction of the dynamo-electric machine for transmitting light or power has drawn attention to these old floating mills, and it is proposed to anchor such water-mills in rapid rivers, and to use them to drive dynamo-electric machines on board the boats, and to transmit the power to the shore and to a distance, by means of cables laid under water to the bank, and thence to the place where the light or power may be needed.

New Thermometer.

A thermometer designed for use where minute differences of temperature are to be observed has been announced, which, from its cheapness and simplicity of construction, may be of use in schools and laboratories. It consists essentially of a short curved tube of glass, having a bulb at one end and open at the other end. This is suspended in a wooden or metallic frame, resting on knife edges in such a way that it will easily rock backward or forward. To compensate for the weight of the bulb, a rod is suspended from the frame, and to the end of this is fastened a counter-weight to balance the bulb. Above the frame supporting the tube is a pointer and index, to show the movements or oscillations of the tube. The curved part of the tube is partly filled with mercury, and the outside of the bulb, which contains air, is blackened. The action of the apparatus is caused by the expansion of the air in the bulb which tends to press the mercury out of place and by its change of position to alter the balance of the tube and cause the pointer to move over the index. A lowering of the temperature causes a contraction of the inclosed air, a restoration of the balance, and a reversed movement of the pointer on the index. The thermometer is said to be sufficiently sensitive to record the change in temperature caused by the entrance of a person into the room where it is placed. Checks are provided for preventing the glass from moving too far and spilling the mercury.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THE heart never loses its memory.

A man backs up his faith with his pocket-book; a woman supports hers with her soul.

Errors are like counterfeit bills. It is only when they are well executed that they are dangerous.

Exaggeration is like a rope—the further it is stretched, the weaker it becomes.

Eccentricities can add nothing to a man's reputation. If they are natural, they are blemishes, and if cultivated, they are ulcers.

The child who has learned to obey has obtained half its education.

The weakest man is he who has never been tempted nor imposed upon.

Fine clothes have a certain kind of value; but no man ever asked a real gentleman the name of his tailor.

More women's hearts are captured by surprise than by siege.

If a man has a good article of religion, there is no trouble in finding a creed to fit it.

Prudence is worth possessing, but a man may have too much of it, and so spoil all his other good qualities.

A man who is not in earnest cannot be eloquent.

The devil never enters a busy man's door without knocking.

There is no man on earth to whom we owe so much, and whom we pay so grudgingly, as the schoolmaster.

Self-reproach is often the most subtle kind of egotism.

It is the little mote in our eye that enables us to see the big beam in our brother's eye so plainly.

If ignorance is bliss, this world is a paradise of fools.

The great mistake made by many who have determined to lead virtuous lives is that they want their pay in advance.

The Knight and the Squire.

SIR MORTIMER EUSTACE FITZ CLARENCE DU BROWN
Sat driking his ruby wine;
And he called: "What ho! Here—somebody go
And summon that squire of mine,
Young Patrick de Wachtamrhein."

They passed the word for young Patrick, who came
And entered the castle hall.
"Good master," said he, "and what now might it be
You'd have me be doing, at all?
I'll do it, whatever befall."

"Now hie thee up to the palace, good squire,
And get thee speech with the King;
For fain would I know if this news be so
The palmers and peddlers bring—
Of a new crusade this spring."

Young Patrick rode forth and young Patrick rode back;
Sir Mortimer gave him go'd-den;
"Sir, war is declared, and a draft prepared,
For His Majesty must have men:
And gold has gone up to ten."

Then good Sir Mortimer straightway went
To his merchant-tailor man,
And bought for a groat a new tin coat—
Which, cut on the latest plan,
Looked stylish as any tin can.

"I sell you dot pair brass pants so sheap—
No? Mebbe you comes again?
Puy a rupper shtamp for to use in camp
For to marg your clodings plain?"
But the merchant talked in vain.

"Come hither, now, Patrick de Wachtamrhein,"
Said the knight; "thou art bold and stanch:
No wight in the castle with thee can wrestle:
I leave thee in charge of the ranch—
Take care of my lady Blanche."

Sir Mortimer rode with his banner displayed,—
Six cod-fish saltier-wise,—
But he did not go to crusade—oh, no!
But in search of army supplies,
Expecting the market to rise.

Said he: "In the army I will not go,
And they cannot impress me—
'Twere a vain attempt, for I am exempt,
As my age is fifty-three.
A contractor I will be."

So he rode abroad, and he found, with joy,
That his neighbors' sheep looked well,
And their oxen stout went straying about
So fat that they nearly fell;
And he drove them off to sell.

Young Patrick de Wachtamrhein heard these things,
And his eyes with tears grew dim;
"This castle should not," he observed, "God wot,
Belong to a chap like him,
For his moral sense is slim."

So he seized Sir Mortimer's wealth and wife
(Divorced by a chancery suit);
Of the house he was head in Sir Mortimer's stead,
And he sent off the latter, to boot,
To crusade as his substitute.

And, knights, a moral ye all may learn
From the tale that is here rehearsed:
Before you start for a foreign part
'Tis best to provide for the worst,
And mortgage your property first.

We'll A' Keep Young Thegither.

FRAE sun to sun, as seasons roll,
Thro' every sort o' weather,
Ane pledge we'll tak'—as twin o' soul,
We'll a' keep young thegither.

Sae dinna fash, tho' greetin' came,
Nae care sud weigh a feather;
In ither's heart ilk finds a hame,
We'll a' keep young thegither.

Nae dolefu' days can stay fu' lang
If linked wi' ane anither;
To banish wrang, wi' cantie sang,
We'll a' keep young thegither.

Then han' to han'—abreest we'll stan',
The kelpies a' to smither;
Oh, muckle joy dreep o'er our clan,
Whiles we keep young thegither!

An' when, at last, nae mair we need
Earth's tender, silken tether,
On yonder peacefu' flow'ry mead
We'll a' *be* young *forever!*

"O Jay!"

O JAY—
Blue-jay!—
What are you trying to say?
I remember, in the spring
You pretended you could sing;
But your voice is now still queerer,
And as yet you've come no nearer
To a song.
In fact, to sum the matter,
I never heard a flatter
Failure than your doleful clatter.
Don't you think it's wrong?
It was sweet to hear your note,
I'll not deny,
When April set pale clouds afloat
O'er the blue tides of sky,
And 'mid the wind's triumphant drums
You, in your white and azure coat,
A herald gay, came forth to cry:
"The royal summer comes!"

But now that autumn's here,
And the leaves curl up in sheer
Disgust,
And the cold rains fringe the pine,
You really must
Stop that supercilious whine—
Or you'll be shot, by some mephitic
Angry critic.

You don't fulfill your early promise:
You're not the smartest
Kind of artist,
Any more than poor Blind Tom is.
Yet somehow, still,
There's meaning in your screaming bill.
What *are* you trying to say?

Sometimes your piping is delicious,
And then again it's simply vicious;
Though, on the whole, the varying jangle
Weaves 'round me an entrancing tangle
Of memories grave or joyous:
Things to weep or laugh at;
Love that lived at a hint, or
Days so sweet, they'd cloy us;
Nights I have spent with friends;
Glistening groves of winter,
And the sound of vanished feet
That walked by the ripening wheat;
With other things. . . . Not the half that
Your cry familiar blends
Can I name, for it is mostly
Very ghostly;—
Such mixed-up things your voice recalls,
With its peculiar quirks and falls.
Possibly, then, your meaning, plain,
Is that your harsh and broken strain
Tallies best with a world of pain.

Well, I'll admit
There's merit in a voice that's truthful:
Yours is not honey-sweet nor youthful,
But querulously fit.
And if we cannot sing, we'll say
Something to the purpose, jay.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Her Rival.

AT LONG BRANCH, SEASON OF 188-.

"THE belle?" 'Tis hard to say; and yet
There is a Cuban here——
"Handsome?" Well, yes. "Her style?" Bru
nette,—
The darling of her sphere.

I've watched her, and she never moves
But some man walks close by;
And yet there's no one whom she loves
Or hates——. "The reason why?"

Just wait a little, *ma chéri;*
"Her manners?" Neither grave
Nor gay. "The golden mean?" you say;
And yet the women rave——

"In praise?" Ah no! One seldom hears
Her lauded by their lips;
Yet the sweet silence that she wears
Their malice doth eclipse.

"Brilliant?" At times. This nut-brown maid
Shines brightest when she meets
Her match. Thus conflict oft, 'tis said,
Inspires the doughtiest feats.

"Her style of beaux?" Both young and old
Yield fealty to her sway;
Blonde beauty, with his beard of gold,
And ugliness in gray.

Last night we sat 'neath the summer moon,
And her breath was like the rose;—
And odors as sweet as buds in June
Follow her where she goes.

"I love her?" Truly, that I do.
'Tis not long since I spoke
My love. I don't mind this to you:—
It ended all in smoke!

What, crying? "Hate her?" Then I fear
I've carried the jest too far;
No rival is she of yours, my dear,—
And her name is just—Cigar!

From Mrs. Barnard's aunt Addie,
X Mas 1880

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PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER. III.

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MAD FROLIC OF CHARLES XII.

CHAPTER X.

THE LEAGUE AGAINST SWEDEN.

DURING the spring of 1700, the Tsar was very uneasy at receiving no favorable news from Constantinople, for he had made engagements to declare war upon Sweden, and he saw the favorable time passing by without being able to take advantage of it. He could not yet tell whether he might not be

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obliged to use all his forces in the South, and, at any rate, he did not wish to have two wars on his hands at the same time.

The idea of recovering for Russia the border provinces which had been seized by Sweden during the Troublous Times, and ever since retained, appears to have come into Peter's mind after his visit to Vienna, when he found that the Emperor was determined on making peace with the Turks. He saw that it would be difficult for him to make war alone against the still formidable Ottoman Empire, and now that he had used so many exertions for the purpose of creating a fleet, it was necessary for him to find a sea for it to sail upon. Although he may have felt a passing anger at his reception at Riga, it was so completely effaced by what was done for him at Brandenburg that he did not openly complain of it. In Holland the great embassy had been on the best footing with Baron Lilienroth, the Swedish embassador at the Ryswyk Congress. The Tsar had been grateful for the three hundred cannon sent by the Swedish king, and Lefort had shown, in his correspondence with the Chancellor Oxenstjerna, the desire of his master to be on the most friendly terms with Sweden. It was not until after Peter had left Vienna, and had become intimate with the King of Poland, that he suggested his adventure at Riga as a possible cause of war. Peter was young, and felt the charm of the finished man of the world. In an outburst of enthusiasm at a supper with Count Flemming, Peter had promised Augustus to aid him against his Polish subjects if they rebelled, and in return asked his assistance to avenge himself on Sweden. It was a light and trifling talk over the wine, about which neither party thought much at the time, nor, indeed, for months. For a long time after Peter's return to Russia, he apparently had not the remotest idea of anything hostile to Sweden. After the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, Peter told of this conversation in his autograph corrections of the "Journal" of the Swedish war.

In October, 1698, there appeared at Warsaw a gentleman from Livonia, Johann Reinhold Patkul, with a plan for uniting the neighboring states in a war against Sweden. All had suffered loss to the profit of that country. Livonia, as well as Esthonia and Curland, had up to the middle of the sixteenth century belonged to the Order of the Teutonic Knights. After the severe defeats inflicted on the Order by Iván the Terrible, Esthonia placed herself under the protection of Sweden, Curland became a separate duchy, the vassal of Poland, the islands of Oesel and Dagö were taken by the Danes, and Livonia was united to the grand duchy of Lithuania, and in that way formed a component part of the kingdom of Poland. By a royal privilege of November, 1561, Sigismund II. (Augustus) granted to Livonia religious freedom and self-government, and guaranteed the nobility in the possession of all their estates. The attempts of the subsequent Polish kings to introduce the Polish language and laws and the Catholic religion caused great dissatisfaction in Livonia, which revolted and called in the Swedes. After a long and bloody war, the victories of Gustavus Adolphus confirmed the Swedish supremacy, and by the treaty of Oliva, Livonia, as well as the islands of Oesel and Dagö, became part of Sweden, on the same conditions as they had been annexed to Poland.

The aristocracy in Sweden, which had rapidly increased in power since th death of Gustavus Adolphus, had succeeded in making itself so hated by all the other classes of the population that the Diet restored to King Charles XI. all the preceding royal, despotic, and absolute power. One of the measures taken against the nobility was the so-called "reduction," which restored to the royal domain all the crown lands which had been at different times granted to the nobles on varying tenures, and had been wrongfully treated by them as hereditary estates, sold and alienated. The measure was legally defensible, but it caused great distress, and many innocent and honest purchasers were reduced to beggary. Although, in 1678, Charles XI. had granted a charter to the Livonian nobility confirming all their rights to their estates, and expressly promising that they should not be subjected to any "reduction," yet in 168c the "reduction" was applied in Livonia and even to lands which had never been in the possession of the Swedish crown, bu which had once belonged to the Order of th Teutonic Knights, its grand-masters, it chapters, or to the bishops and archbishops More than five-sixths of the lands of th Livonian nobles were thus confiscated, an out of 6236 separate estates only 1021 wer left in their possession, and even for thos they were required to produce documentar titles dating back to 1561. Protests wer made, but were disregarded by the King who said that the "reduction" had bee resolved upon as a measure necessary fc

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

the common weal, and that no exception could be made in favor of Livonia. The measure was unjust, and—if written charters and royal signatures mean anything—illegal; a brutal and irritated governor-general carried it out with unnecessary harshness. The Landrath Budberg and Captain Patkul were sent to Stockholm to explain and defend the privileges of the Livonian nobility, and did it with such eloquence that the King was moved, touched Patkul on the shoulder, and said: "You have spoken like an honest man for your fatherland. I thank you." But evil counselors prevailed, several high nobles were arrested, and Patkul was condemned to death on the charge of high treason. He succeeded in escaping from Stockholm, and passed several years in wandering over Europe, devoting himself to study, and, among other things, translating into French the book of Puffendorf on the duties of a man and a citizen. But he was watching for an opportunity to revenge himself, and do what he could for his native country. This opportunity he thought had come on the death of King Charles XI., when Sweden was left to the rule of a boy. Patkul was a singularly able and brilliant man, but we cannot at once admit his patriotism. He defended only the rights of his class, which included his own. That there existed in Livonia any other class besides the nobility whose rights were worth respecting, seems not to have entered his mind any more than the mind of many nobles nowadays in the Baltic provinces, who claim an exclusive regard to their rights and privileges over the general welfare of the community. In the protest to the Swedish Government, there was no discussion of the point whether the "reduction" was or was not better for the mass of the population. All that was claimed was that it infringed on the rights of the nobility. Patkul knew that it would be impossible for the small province of Livonia to become an independent state, and if it threw off the Swedish yoke it must immediately take upon itself that of some other power. Poland was a republic of nobles, and under such rule the nobility could be sure of keeping its rights. The King, too, was a German prince who could sympathize with Germans.

It seemed to him that the misery and distress inflicted on the population by a war were of far less moment than that the nobility should be reduced from wealth to comparative poverty. Indeed, the address of the Diet at Wenden, which was drawn up by Patkul, had said this very thing, "that Livonia was reduced by the 'reduction' to such despair that if it pleased God to give them the choice of a devastating invasion of an enemy or the unendurable persecution which they were now undergoing, they would unquestionably choose the former rather than the latter misfortune." Apart from the natural feelings which make a military nobility stand up for its rights and

ULREKA ELEANORA, MOTHER OF CHARLES XII.

property, there might also have been the calculation that they would suffer on the whole less by losing their revenues for a few years, by having the houses of the peasantry destroyed, and the common people reduced to beggary, than they would if their property was entirely taken away from them, and the peasantry remained untouched.

Patkul therefore proposed to King Augustus a coalition against Sweden of Poland, Denmark, Brandenburg, and Russia, and, as an incentive to action, recalled to him that Livonia had previously belonged to the Polish crown. In his memorials given to the King, especially that of April, 1699, he explained the chances of the coalition, and the difficulties it might meet with from other powers. Denmark, he thought, would be the easiest of all to persuade, on account of the known hostility of the Danes to the Swedes, and especially of the dispute between the Danish king and the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, who had married the sister of the Swedish king, Charles XII., and was bound to him by ties of personal friendship. If the Elector of Brandenburg could not be persuaded to join the union, his neutrality at least could be assured by promising to aid him in his efforts to secure for himself the title of King. The Duke of Lüneberg was in the same way to be persuaded to assist them by promising to make him Elector. The assistance of Russia was in every way necessary to the success of the plan, and it was thought the Tsar might get the aid of Austria in his negotiations with

CHARLES XII. BEAR-HUNTING.

STOCKHOLM.

the Porte if he should promise the Catholic missionaries permission to travel freely through his dominions to China, and that in this way he would also get the good will of Venice and of the Pope, and especially of the influential College of the Propaganda at Rome. In making an arrangement with Russia, it was desirable that an agreement should be made for the Tsar to assist the King both with money and with troops, especially infantry, "who would be most serviceable for working in the trenches, and for receiving the enemy's shots; while the troops of the King could be preserved and used for covering the approaches." It would also be absolutely necessary "to bind the hands of the Tsar in such a way that he should not eat before our eyes the piece roasted for us, that is, should not get hold of Livonia, and should restrict himself to Ingermanland and Karelia. He should not even be allowed to attack Narva, for in that case he could threaten the center of Livonia, and take Dorpat, Reval, and the whole of Esthonia almost before it could be known at Warsaw." As to other countries, Austria had too much to avenge for what she had suffered during the Thirty Years' War, and at the peace of Westphalia, to do anything to the advantage of Sweden. France would have enough on her hands, in view of the approach of a war for the Spanish succession. Although England and Holland would "doubtless make loud cries about the harm done to their trade," they would probably not do anything. In any case, it would be best to assure them that all the hindrances to commerce which had existed in Livonia under the Swedish rule would be done away with. As further inducements, Patkul assured the King of the easy conquest of Livonia, gave him exact accounts of the fortifications of Riga, and showed him from letters that he had already formed a conspiracy in Riga itself, and was only waiting for the proper moment to act.

The King entered into Patkul's views, and agreed to the coalition and to the war. In order to cover up the secret negotiations with Denmark, he sent the Senator Galecky as embassador to Charles XII. The greatest difficulty in the way of Augustus, was how to induce the Polish Diet to agree to the war. If the matter were discussed before the Diet, there would be great delay, and Sweden would take the alarm, and there might even be opposition and a refusal to engage in the war. If the matter were not presented to the Diet, there might be jealousy on the part of the

VIEWS IN MOSCOW.

Polish nobles, who would suspect the King of designs for aggrandizing his own family, and of taking possession of Livonia—an old Polish province—for the benefit of Saxony. Besides, there was the difficulty of getting permission for the Saxon troops to remain on Polish territory. The matter was placed before the meeting of the privy council, under the presidency of the King's friend and favorite, Flemming, and it was decided to work upon Cardinal Radziewsky, the Primate of Poland. The Cardinal hesitated, but Flemming and Patkul knew well how to overcome his scruples. After they had promised him the sum of 100,000 thalers, and given him notes for that amount, he agreed to induce the Diet, which was constantly demanding the withdrawal of the Saxon troops from Poland, to consent to seven thousand men being left in Curland, under the pretext of fortifying the port at Polangen, but in reality for attacking Riga. As an additional argument for him, he was shown a convention between the King and Patkul, as the representative of the Diet of Livonia, by which Livonia recognized the supremacy of

Augustus, and united itself forever to the Republic of Poland, preserving its internal administration, laws, and institutions. In a secret article, which was not shown to the Cardinal, the Livonian nobility agreed to recognize the sovereignty of Augustus and his successors, and to send the taxes directly to them, even in case they were no longer Kings of Poland.

To secure the entrance of Russia into the alliance, General Carlowitz, who had previously accompanied Peter from Poland on his journey home, and was much liked by him, was sent as special envoy to make a secret treaty. He was accompanied by Patkul, disguised under the name of Kindler. To prevent any rumors or any suspicions, Carlowitz took with him twelve Saxon mining engineers who had been engaged for the Russian service.

CHAPTER XI.

RUSSIA JOINS THE LEAGUE.

After King Charles XII. had been declared of age and the government of Sweden had been handed over to him by his grandmother, Hedwiga Eleanora, he sent word to Moscow that he would speedily send an embassy to confirm the treaty of Cardis, as was customary on the accession of a new ruler. Knipercrona, the Swedish Resident at Moscow, was informed that the embassy would be received with pleasure if it should arrive before the end of the Carnival, because after that the Tsar was going to the south of Russia for a prolonged absence. Nothing, however, was heard of the embassy during the winter, and it was only in the middle of June, 1699, when the Tsar was with his fleet at Azof, that the Swedish embassadors appeared on the frontier. Although Apráxin, the Voievode of Nóvgorod, gave them all facilities, they were still two months on their way to Moscow. Leo Naryshkin received them politely, but expressed his inability to understand why they should have chosen that time to come, when they must have known that the Tsar was absent, if his message had been properly delivered by the Swedish Resident. He added that the Tsar was so far off that it was impossible for them to go to him, and that they had better deliver their letters of credence to the ministry, as other envoys had done. As they were not envoys, but embassadors come to ratify the treaty of Cardis, and could deliver their letters to no one except His Majesty, there was nothing for them to do but to wait, and Peter did not arrive at Moscow until the 7th of October. He found there two embassies waiting for him—that of the Swedes to confirm the treaty of peace, and that of King Augustus, asking him to make war on Sweden. The Tsar was glad of the proposition of Augustus, and was perfectly ready to join in the alliance of Poland and Denmark, but on condition that he should have no open rupture with Sweden before the conclusion of peace with the Turks. He had already made a treaty of alliance and mutual aid with Denmark, but it was general in its terms and not particularly directed against Sweden. The negotiations with the Swedes went on openly at the foreign office; that with the Poles was carried on secretly at Preobrazhénsky, and none besides Peter and Carlowitz, except Golovín, the Danish minister Heins, and Shafírof, who acted as interpreter, were admitted to the secret. It was known that negotiations of some sort were going on with Carlowitz, but it was thought that they were for the purpose of concluding a treaty between the King and the Tsar in consequence of the rumored intentions of Augustus to overthrow the republic and establish an absolute monarchy in Poland. Some strength was perhaps given to this belief by the oft-repeated expression of Peter, that he loved the King of Poland as a brother, but that the Poles were good for nothing, even to the devil. The Swedes themselves apparently suspected nothing. They were received with great honor at the palace, where they gave up the presents they had brought, including, among others, a full-length portrait of King Charles XII.* In the absence of news from Turkey, it was necessary to go through the form of confirming the previous treaties with Sweden, but it was a little salve to the conscience of the Tsar that he could avoid taking an oath on the Gospels to keep them. This oath was insisted upon by the embassadors, but was refused by the Tsar on the ground that he had already taken it when he first came to the throne, and that it was neither necessary nor customary to repeat it. In proof of this, the Russians adduced the journal of the proceedings on the occasion of the accession of Queen Christina,

* This portrait was burnt, in 1706, by a fire that destroyed the house of Prince Menshikóf.

A SWEDISH QUEEN-MOTHER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

when the Tsar Michael did not repeat the oath which he had sworn once before. At the same time, complaints were made by the Russians of the treatment which the Grand Embassy and the Tsar himself had undergone at the hands of the Governor of Riga, and a demand was made for satisfaction. The embassadors were unable to explain the affair at Riga, of which they said they had never heard, and promised to report it to the King. After many conferences, they finally agreed to accept the precedent of Queen Christina, on the faith of the Russian documents, as the Swedish ones had been consumed in a fire, and a their farewell audience received, instead o the Tsar's oath on the Gospels, a forma letter from him to the King, confirming a the previous treaties of peace exactly th same as if he had sworn to them anew.

Nine days before this, Peter had signed treaty with Carlowitz agreeing to make wa upon Sweden. This duplicity may hav been necessary, and may have formed part of the received diplomacy of thos times, but luckily in the present day sove eigns are shielded from personal mor responsibility, because they do not then

selves personally appear in the negotiations, which are carried on by prime ministers, more or less constitutional. At that time Peter acted as his own prime minister, and took personal part in the negotiations.*

After the treaty was signed, Patkul, who had up to that time remained in the background, was presented to the Tsar and explained his plan for the conquest of Livonia, and for the concerted action of the allies. Two weeks later, Carlowitz took his departure for the Saxon army in Curland, intending to stop on the way at Riga and inspect the fortifications and defenses of the town, in order to discover their weakest places, for it had been arranged that the war was to begin on the part of the Poles by a sudden attack on Riga on Christmas-day, without any preliminary declaration of war. After Riga was taken, Carlowitz intended to return to Russia, and it was then Peter's intention to send with him his son Alexis for education in Germany. King Augustus had promised to take charge of him, and treat him as his own child. Lefort's son Henry was to join him in Dresden, and be brought up with him. The death of Carlowitz and the war put an end to these projects.

Peter now began to make serious preparations for war, and the greatest of them all was the formation of a regular army after the model of the four regiments that already existed—the Preobrazhénsky, Seménofsky, Lefort, and Butýrsky. For this purpose he ordered the prelates and monasteries to send one man from every twenty-five peasant houses, and the nobles one for every thirty to fifty, according to their means, choosing especially those useless men who were not actually at work, but were hanging about the kitchens of the monasteries and the stables of the great lords. These were to be sent to Preobrazhénsky in December, 1699, and January, 1700, and, in addition to this, a call was made for volunteers from Moscow, who were promised good pay. The recruits thus collected were instructed at Preobrazhénsky under the personal supervision of the Tsar himself, assisted by General Ávtemon Golovín, the commander of the guard, the brigadier Adam Weyde, and the lieutenant-colonel of the Preobrazhénsky regiment, Prince Nikíta Répnin, each of whom was ordered to form a division of nine regiments. General Gordon was already dead. The work of instruction went on very fast. The greatest difficulty was found with the officers, many of whom were drunken, worthless fellows, who could not even learn the use of the musket. To supply the place of those who were cashiered, many courtiers, after a little preliminary training, were enrolled as officers, and they advanced so quickly that the Tsar was delighted, and exclaimed: "Why should I spend money on foreigners when my own subjects can do as well as they?" Subsequently, nearly all the chamberlains and palace officials entered the service. The soldiers were uniformed after the pattern of the German infantry, in dark-green cloth coats, and low cocked hats, and armed with muskets and bayonets. They were taught to stand firmly side by side, to march evenly, to fire by platoons, to charge with the bayonet, to give absolute attention to the word of command, and for the least infraction of discipline were severely punished. A special commissariat was created, with Simeon Yazýkof as commissary-general, while Prince Jacob Dolgorúky was intrusted with the direction of military justice. The artillery, which was numerous and well arranged, was put under the command of Prince Alexander of Imeritia, who had studied artillery at The Hague. The articles of war were drawn up by Adam Weyde, who had thoroughly studied the organization of the Austrian army under the command of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and had taken part in the battle of the Zenta. In this way, in the course of three months, an army of 32,000 men was formed, consisting of twenty-nine regiments of infantry, two regiments of dragoons, and a special detachment at Nóvgorod. The drill and general conduct won high praise from the Saxon general, Baron Langen, in a report to King Augustus.

Toward the end of February, 1700, Peter went to Vorónezh, and busied himself about getting ready more ships for the Sea of Azof. Early in May he was able to launch his new frigate, the *Predestination*, in the presence of his son, his sister, and many boyárs, who, by command of the Tsar, were obliged to bring with them their wives. Many ladies of the German suburb were also present. While at Vorónezh, he received the news that Augustus had begun the war

* Ustriálof, who may be considered almost as the official historian of Peter, says: "Peter was not afraid either of the taunts of his contemporaries or of the judgment of posterity. Advantages gained to his country were for him higher than all other considerations, and he regarded nothing in a matter which tended to increase the greatness of his beloved Russia."

against Sweden. It had been arranged that the attack on Riga should be made on Christmas-day. The plot in Riga was ripe, the Saxon troops had been collected in Curland, close to the Livonian frontier, and yet the Swedes, and even Dahlberg, who had been so suspicious at the time of Peter's visit, apparently mistrusted nothing. But this very time had been chosen by Flemming to leave his army and to go to Saxony, to marry a lady of the famous house of Sapieha. General Paikul, who commanded the Saxon troops in his absence, knew nothing of the plot against Riga, and, however much Carlowitz tried to persuade him, refused to advance. The secret got out, and Dahlberg took such measures that any sudden attack was impossible. When Flemming returned, in February, he wrote to the King that he would immediately attack Riga, and began to move his troops on the very day on which Peter left Moscow for Vorónezh. But it was too late. All his efforts were vain, and Carlowitz was killed in an attack on Dünamünde. Flemming then went back to Warsaw, and Paikul, in spite of his proclamations, was, by the vigor of the Swedish generals, forced to retreat into Curland.

"By dissipation and inexcusable thoughtlessness, much precious time has been lost," Golovín reported to Peter.

"It is a pity," Peter replied; "but there is nothing to be done. I have not yet heard from Constantinople."

He, however, ordered Golovín to send a young engineer, Kortchmín, to Narva to buy some cannon—six, nine, and twelve pounders—that he heard were for sale, and, at the same time, to pay particular attention to the defenses and fortifications of the town, and, if possible, penetrate as far as Oréshek, "and if that be impossible, at least alongside of it. That position there is very necessary. It is the outlet from Lake Ládoga to the sea—look on the map—and very necessary to keep back the reinforcements. The child, I think, is not stupid, and can keep a secret. It is very necessary that Kniper should not find out about it, for he knows that he is well instructed."

Soon after, the news came to Moscow that the King of Denmark had begun war by invading Holstein-Gottorp with 16,000 men, and laying siege to Tönning. The time was propitious for action on Peter's part, but as yet there was nothing decisive from Constantinople. He had had no direct reports for some time from Ukraíntsef, but rumors came from all directions that the Turks were making preparations for war. These rumors disturbed Peter so much that he considered it necessary to reassure the King of Sweden as to his peaceful intentions by sending an embassy. At the end of April he therefore appointed Prince Jacob Dolgorúky, Prince Theodore Shahofskóy, and the scribe Domnín as embassadors, and sent in advance Prince Andrew Hílkof to announce their arrival, and to obtain information as to the actual policy of Sweden. He was instructed to make formal inquiries against whom the King of France had concluded an alliance with Sweden, why a war had broken out between King Charles and King Augustus, why Saxon troops had attacked Riga, whether there were any Polish troops with them, and whether Sweden was at war or peace with Denmark and Brandenburg. Knipercrona, the Swedish Resident at Moscow, spoke in high terms of the members of the embassy, especially of Prince Dolgorúky, and, as an evidence of the peaceful intentions of the Tsar, reported to King Charles, on the 26th of May, as follows:

"His Tsarish Majesty, on the next day after his return from Vorónezh, visited my house, and jestingly blamed my wife for having written to her daughter at Vorónezh that Russian troops were preparing to march into Livonia, which had made a great panic among all the Swedes at Moscow. 'Your daughter,' said the Tsar, 'cried so much that I could scarcely appease her. "You foolish creature," I said to her, "do you really think that I would consent to begin an unjust war, and to break an eternal peace that I have just confirmed?"' We were all so much moved by his words that we could not refrain from tears, and when I asked him to excuse my wife, he embraced me, adding, 'Even if the King of Poland should take Riga, it would not remain in his possession. I would tear it out of his hands.'"

Prince Dolgorúky was told not to hasten, but Prince Hílkof set out for Stockholm at the end of June. He passed through Narva, inspected its fortifications, and made a report on them to the Tsar, but arrived in Sweden too late to find the King, who had already departed for the Danish war; and he was finally presented to Charles XII. in the camp before Copenhagen, at the end of August, after the conclusion of the peace. Following Hílkof, Prince Yúry Trubetzkóy was sent on a secret mission to Berlin to state to the Elector Frederick the intention of the Tsar to make war on Sweden as soon as he had arranged affairs with Turkey, and begging him to take part in the league or

the basis of the mutual engagement by which the Tsar and the Elector had bound themselves to assist each other. This invitation was not accepted. In July, King Augustus went in person to his army before Riga, and sent Baron Langen to Moscow to persuade the Tsar immediately to send auxiliary troops and to attack Ingria, in order to draw off the Swedes from Riga. In his letter he said: "Dear brother, I beg you to spare the bearer of this from strong drinks, because they do mortal harm to his life." Peter replied that he had no intention of injuring Langen, but that drink was evidently no novelty to him, as his gout showed. Langen was very well received, and, at his request, entirely without ceremony.

"The Tsar sent his ministers out of the room, and, with tears in his eyes, said to me in broken Dutch how grieved he was at the delay in concluding peace with Turkey, through the intrigues of the opposite party, notwithstanding that he had ordered his embassador at Constantinople to conclude a peace or a truce in the quickest possible time, even to his own loss, so as to have his hands free to aid the allies with all his forces."

To Langen's earnest entreaties, Peter finally consented to give two-thirds of the cannon then in Smolénsk, and to send a few regiments of Little Russian Cossacks, but refused to come to an open rupture, because, although he was now sure of peace, "it was not yet signed, and the Porte had been informed by the Polish minister of the secret league, and had begun to be obstinate again as soon as it had heard of the war in the North." He said, however, that he "was waiting for a courier from hour to hour, and if he received news of peace to-day, he would move his troops against the Swedes to-morrow." Peter kept his word. On the 18th of August, the dispatch of Ukraíntsef, announcing the signature of the treaty, arrived. That evening, the peace with Turkey was celebrated with "extraordinary fireworks," and on the very next day war was declared in the usual form by proclamation from the Bed-Chamber Porch, "for the many wrongful acts of the Swedish King, and especially because during the journey of His Majesty through Riga, much opposition and unpleasantness was caused to him by the inhabitants of Riga." The troops were ordered to march at once, and were put under the command of Golovín, who was created field-marshal. The same day, Peter dispatched an autograph letter to Augustus, informing him of the fact—"and we hope, by the help of God, that Your Majesty will not see other than profit."

CHAPTER XII.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

No more unpropitious time for declaring war could have been chosen. The attempt of King Augustus and his Saxon troops on Riga had failed, and the King of Denmark had been awed into submission by the Swedish forces, and, on the very day that the news of the treaty with the Turks arrived at Moscow, had concluded with Charles XII. the peace of Travendal. A new and unexpected element had spoiled all the calculations of the allies. They had counted upon the youth and carelessness of the Swedish King. They were grievously disappointed.

Charles XII. of Sweden, the son of Charles XI., was born in 1682, and was therefore just ten years younger than Peter. His early years were tenderly cared for by his mother, Ulrica Eleanora, a Danish princess, whose many virtues made her beloved by all save her husband. Without being precocious, the mind of Charles was bright and active, and it was rapidly developed under the guidance of his tutor Norcopensis. His native language he neither wrote nor spoke well; German, which was then the court language of the North, he learned to speak as his mother tongue; Latin he spoke better than either, but he was only induced to learn it when told that the King of Denmark and the King of Poland habitually used it. To the study of French he always showed a repugnance, and could rarely be induced to speak it, but he understood it, read it, and enjoyed the French theater. History he studied eagerly, whether it treated of the deeds of Cæsar and Alexander, or of the Reformation and of his great predecessor, Gustavus Adolphus. He was well drilled in religion and morals, and showed a quick intelligence and much power of application, though, at the same time, great self-will and determination. His education was well begun, but the death of his mother, and then of his tutor, when he was not twelve years old, brought changes and interruptions, and it was not so carefully continued.

In his early years his health was delicate, and grief for his mother threw him into a long fever, which terminated in an attack of small-pox; but his constitution was strong, and his passion for physical sports gave him health and strength, and at the age of fourteen he was tall, slim, and wiry, and

seemed almost like a grown man. He had been put on the back of a pony at the age of four, and had even ridden at reviews of the troops. He speedily became a perfect horseman. His love of hunting developed with equal rapidity. When seven years old, he had shot a fox, and before he was twelve had killed a bear. His taste for military exercises and the art of war now took a more decided turn, and his military education was confided to General Stuart. His father delighted in the promise of the lad, and loved to take him on his hunting parties and military inspections. In this way much time was lost from study.

In April, 1697, Charles XI. died. By his will, he appointed a regency under the presidency of his mother, the Queen Hedwiga Eleanora, but fixed no time at which his son should be declared of age. By custom, the majority of Swedish princes had been fixed at the age of eighteen, but in the present case there were such disputes between the regents themselves, and among the nobles,—who were divided into Danish and French factions,—such jealousy of the nobility on the part of the other estates, such dislike to the influence of the Queen-mother, such a general appreciation of the abilities and good qualities of the young prince, and such a desire to gain his favor by being the first to please him, that little opposition was manifested to the project of declaring him of age in November of the same year, when he was just fifteen years old. The plan was matured and executed within ten hours.

Charles had given every reason for confidence. Though still a minor, he had been admitted to the meetings of the council, and had impressed every one not only by his good sense and quick decision, but by his power of silence. He had at times a gravity and determination which were far beyond his years. During the conflagration of the royal palace, shortly after his father's death, he had shown a calmness and self-restraint which were in striking contrast to the excitement and nervousness of the Queen-mother and which produced a favorable impression on every one. No sooner was he declared of age, and the sole and absolute ruler of the country, than he seemed to change. The nobles, who had counted on a mitigation of the "Reduction" edicts of Charles XI., were disappointed. The young King upheld and defended all the acts of his father. He manifested an excessive amount of self-will and obstinacy, and made it a point of honor never to draw back from a resolution which he had once made. He at the same time showed a coldness and haughtiness in his demeanor in public which had not before been noticed. At the meetings of the council he would calmly listen for a while to the arguments and statements, and then interrupt by saying that his mind had long been made up. Once having said this he would hear no more, for his will was supreme. Some of the courtiers took advantage of this side of his character to flatter him, hoping thus to advance themselves. It was owing to this that he refused to be crowned in the ordinary way, claiming that while it was proper for elected kings to be solemnly crowned, he, as being born to the throne, had no need of it. In spite of the representations of the more conservative and moderate statesmen, in spite of the entreaties of his grandmother, the utmost that he would yield was to allow himself to be consecrated by the archbishop, in order that he might carry out the Bible injunction and be the annointed of the Lord. But the ceremony was called not the coronation but the consecration, and Charles rode to the church with his crown on his head, and refused to take the oath to govern well and justly, which, on the part of the ruler, corresponds to the oath of allegiance on the part of the subject. The superstitious found many omens for the future of the King and country; there was a violent snow-storm during the ceremony; the procession looked dismal in the black dress required by the court mourning; the King amused himself during the sermon with picking the black specks out of his robe, and, worst of all, the archbishop dropped the annointing horn, and the crown fell from the King's head and rolled upon the ground. Wise and prudent men saw more serious signs of trouble and danger in the conduct of Charles toward the Diet, in his views with regard to the coronation oath, and in the systematic way in which he tried to lower the importance of the members of the council. Too late they repented of having put themselves at the mercy of a wayward and willful youth, jealous of his own power and careless of the right of others. Determined to show himself the supreme master, Charles constantly humiliated the old councilors and ministers by keeping them waiting for hours in the ante rooms while he discussed affairs of state with his favorites, Piper and Wallensted. He transacted the weightiest affairs of state

without their knowledge or advice, convoked the Council only at rare intervals in three years, to decide questions of law, or to go through the form of signing his decisions, and even went so far as to appoint a generalissimo, to send troops out of the country, and almost to declare war, before the Council was informed or consulted.

The education of Charles was naturally at an end. What time he could spare from his duties as a ruler was devoted to military exercises and to field sports. The more dangerous the amusement, the greater attractions it had for him. He took up the idea that it was cowardly to attack beasts with fire-arms, and went bear-hunting armed with nothing but pikes and cutlasses. Soon the victory seemed to him too easily gained even in this way, and he forbade the use of cold steel as well as of fire-arms, and all were armed with strong wooden forks. The sport was to wait until the bear rose on his hind legs, catch him in the neck with the fork and throw him over backward, when the huntsmen sprang out and wound a net around his hind legs. Charles rode fast and furiously, up and down hill, through forest and stream. Frequently his horse fell with him, and he returned black and blue. Once, the snow was so deep that his horse fell upon him: he could not move, and as he had far outstripped his companions, he was nearly frozen when rescued. At another time, he rode up the side of a cliff so steep that both horse and rider fell backward, and it was considered a miracle that his life was saved. On another occasion, starting out from the palace at four o'clock in the morning, attended only by a page and a captain of his guards, he came to one of the gulfs near Stockholm, which was covered with a sheet of ice so thin from the spring rains that even foot passengers scarcely dared to trust themselves upon it. In spite of the remonstrances of his attendants, he ventured upon it, and found at the other side a clear space of water fifteen feet wide. He could not go back, plunged in, and luckily reached the shore. Finally, the old equerry, Hord, summoned up courage to remonstrate with him, and told him that God had saved his life twice in such dangers, and would be excused if, the third time, He did not interpose. "God has created beasts for the service of men, but not to help them break their own necks." In winter he amused himself with sledging parties of the most dangerous character. Sometimes the sledges were fastened together in a long file, and the horses were then whipped to the top of their speed down the steep hills. Once, Charles found a peasant's sledge laden with wood, and with two or three companions mounted it, and set off down a steep which had been made like glass with several coats of ice. It was impossible to steer the sledge, and they came up against a heavy stake at the bottom. His companions were severely injured; he remained unhurt.

The military sports were, if possible, still more dangerous. As under Peter's direction in Russia, the sham fights in Sweden were carried on with pasteboard hand-grenades, and frequently cost many lives. In taking a snow intrenchment, the King had his clothes nearly torn off him, and many others were seriously injured. Sometimes there were sea-fights of a peculiar character. The boats were armed with fire-engines, and the crews with large squirts with which they fought. On one occasion, Arvid Horn, one of Charles's great friends, stripped himself to his shirt, rowed away from his yacht in a small-boat, and attacked the King and his suite. He was repelled with such vigor that his boat soon filled with water, and began to sink. Jumping out, Horn swam once around the yacht. Charles at last asked him if swimming were difficult. "No," said Horn, "if one is not afraid," at which the King immediately jumped into the water, but found that courage did not make up for want of skill, and would have drowned had not Horn caught him by the clothes and brought him a long distance to land. Another day, the guards were divided into two parties, led by Charles and Horn. The horses were not allowed to be saddled, and the men were armed with nothing but stout hazel sticks. No one was spared. The blows given by Horn were so vigorous that Charles, in a moment of excitement, aimed a blow at his face, and hit a boil on his cheek. Horn fell fainting to the ground, and the pain and the heat combined threw him into a violent fever, which nearly cost him his life. Charles repented, frequently visited him, and gave him two thousand thalers for his cure, promising to repeat the prescription as often as he was again wounded. All this Charles did, not for amusement alone, but in order to harden and inure himself to the fatigues of real war. He would frequently rise from bed, and sleep the rest of the night half-naked on the bare floor. One December, he slept three consecutive nights without un-

dressing, on the hay in the stables. Nothing annoyed him so much as his delicate skin and fair complexion. He used every means to get sunburned, so as to appear manly, and took a childish pride in some pock-marks on his face. He dressed simply; he wore a wig until his first campaign in Denmark, when he threw it aside forever. He ate but little, and always plain and coarse dishes. Wine he gave up after finding its effects too strong for his self-control.

Cold of temperament, of love Charles knew nothing, and cared little for the society of ladies. Six princesses sought his hand in vain, and the very mention of marriage distressed him.

The freaks of Charles, even when not dangerous, were disagreeable to those about him. Their worst point was reached during the visit of his cousin Frederick III., Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, who came to Stockholm in 1698 to marry the Princess Hedwiga Sophia. The Duke was as foolhardy as his brother-in-law, and soon acquired great influence over him. Then began what was called the "Gottorp Fury." They rode races till they had broken down several horses; they coursed a hare in the parliament-house; for days they practiced on beheading sheep in order to see which had the greater force of hand, and the greater knack with the sword—all this, too, in the private apartments of the palace, till the floors and staircases were running with blood. This was to the great astonishment of the passers-by, for the bleeding heads were thrown out of the windows.* They sallied into the streets at night, and broke the windows of the peaceful citizens. In broad daylight they made cavalcades from the palace with no costume save their shirts, and with drawn sabers in their hands. They jerked off the hats and wigs of all who came near them. At dinner, when they had tired of snapping cherry-stones into the faces of the privy-councilors, they would knock the dishes out of the servants' hands, and then break all the furniture and throw the fragments through the closed windows, carrying glass and frame with them. They broke all the benches in the palace chapel, so that the congregation had to hear service standing. Fortunately, the Duke was unable to lead Charles to acts of immorality. The people began to murmur. They accused the Duke of wishing to bring the King to his death, in order that, as the next heir, he might inherit the crown. Things got to such a pass that, on one Sunday morning, three clergymen preached on the same text: "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." This remonstrance seemed to affect Charles, who was sincerely pious. When the Duke went away he entirely changed his manner of life, became quiet and reflective, and devoted himself with renewed ardor to his duties as a ruler.

A year later, in consequence of his war with Denmark, the Duke came again to Stockholm. The follies of the preceding year were not repeated, but in their turn were masquerades, balls, and festivities of all sorts. The court of Stockholm, renewing the traditions of the reign of Christina, became suddenly the most brilliant in Europe, except that of Louis XIV., and, of course, at enormous expense. There were balls which cost forty thousand thalers each, given with so much elegance that foreigners declared they were unsurpassed in Paris. A French company played the works of Molière, Corneille, and Racine during the whole winter, and the King was nearly always a spectator. There were processions of masks through the streets, which were covered with blue cloth. All the lords and gentlemen followed the example of the court, not even excepting the clergy. The pastor of the great city church, Iser, gave such a sumptuous dinner that every one went home with the headache. The King took no part in the drunken bouts, but danced sometimes until nine or ten o'clock in the morning, which necessitated several changes of clothes. Tessin, who arranged the court festivities with such taste, was rewarded with a title of nobility, and frequently went home with his pockets stuffed with gold by an unseen hand. Again this manner of life was broken by a sermon. When the court clergy did not dare to speak, Svedberg persuaded the palace chaplain to let him occupy his pulpit, and delivered a thundering sermon against the project of having a masked ball on a Sunday evening. The ball was given up. Just then came the news of the invasion of Livonia by Augustus, and the festivities were forever at an end.

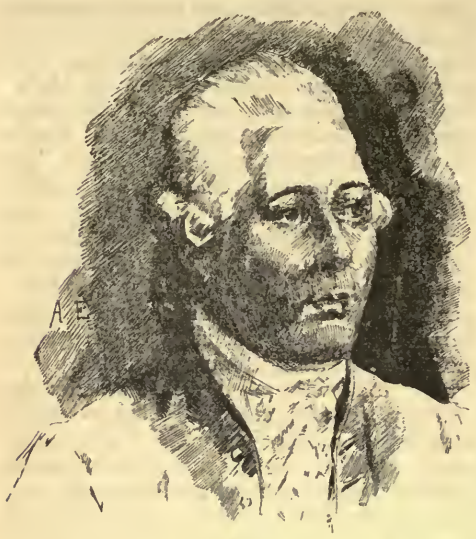
* It is impossible to avoid comparing the occupations and amusements of the three strong men of that time: Charles riding horses to death and beheading sheep and bullocks; Augustus the Strong, with his 260 illegitimate children, straightening horseshoes and rolling up silver plates with one hand; Peter hammering out iron bars, filling fireworks, and building ships.

This intelligence arrived when Charles was hunting bears at his favorite country-seat of Kungsör. It seemed to make little impression on him at the time, for he turned to the French embassador, and smilingly said: "We will make King Augustus go back by the way he came," and the sport continued. When it was over, Charles returned to Stockholm, looking firm and severe. He said to the assembled Council: "I have resolved never to begin an unjust war, but also never to end a just one without overcoming my enemy"; and on another occasion: "It is curious that both my cousins" (for Augustus as well as King Frederick IV. of Denmark was cousin to Charles) "wish to make war on me. Let it be! But King Augustus has broken his word. Our cause is then just, and God will help us. I intend first to finish with one, and then I will talk with the other."

Military preparations were pushed on with great vigor both by land and sea. The clergy and the civil officials were each ordered to furnish a regiment of dragoons, the burghers of Stockholm a regiment of infantry. A few of the higher nobility followed the old custom of arming single companies. The fleet in Karlskrona was fitted for sea, and all the vessels in Stockholm were seized on behalf of the Government for the transport service. The financial difficulty was the greatest. There was no money. Charles XI. had collected a large treasure for military purposes, and had left more than four and a half millions of thalers. All this Charles XII. had spent in two years by the extravagance of his court, by his lavish generosity to the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, to his friends and favorites, and even to families of the nobility who had been impoverished by the "Reduction." Even all the plate in the "Elephant Vault" had been melted down. During the "Gottorp Fury," Charles had spent twenty thousand thalers of pocket-money in four days, and no one knew what had become of it. Besides large sums which he gave openly as presents, he had a habit, in order to escape thanks, of secretly filling with money the pockets of his favorites. A chest filled with jewels, which had stood for years in the "Elephant Vault," was brought to Charles's bed-chamber and was speedily emptied. There had been left in the military chests of the fortresses and regiments, by the economy of Charles XI., savings to the amount of six hundred and seventy thousand thalers. Great sums had been taken even from this. Not enough remained in the treasury of the state to pay all the expenses of his sister's marriage, and Charles wished to raise a loan by pledging Pomerania or Bremen. Now that money was still more necessary for war, it became imperative to re-impose the war tax, which had been abolished by Charles XI. This brought in a million thalers, but as it was insufficient, the King called for voluntary contributions. Piper, Wrede, and Stenbock gave among them twenty thousand thalers, though this example found few followers. The citizens of Stockholm contributed thirty thousand thalers. In order to excite enthusiasm among the nobility, Charles finally decided to cancel any further proceedings under the "Reduction" laws of his father. This important edict was signed on the 23d of April, 1700, and on the same evening the King took leave of his grandmother and his sisters, in order, as he said, to go for some time to Kungsör. In the night, he quietly left the palace, and turned southward. He never again saw Stockholm, his grandmother, or his elder sister.

There would have been no need of a war with Denmark had it not been that Charles had promised the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, when he came to him for protection in 1699, that he would right him, even though it cost him his crown. This agreement was greatly blamed by all the King's counselors, but too late—the King's word had been given. Every one disliked the Holstein-Gottorp family, and all feared the cost of a war. What the disputes were between Denmark and Holstein-Gottorp it is difficult and unnecessary to explain. The King of Denmark knew that the forts in Slesvig were occupied by Swedish garrisons, and he knew, too, the Swedish threats of interference in case he attacked the Duke. Nevertheless, in conjunction with Poland and Russia, he had resolved to run the risk.

Now that war was come, in consequence of Charles's rash promise, it was certainly wiser to finish with Denmark, the nearer and more dangerous foe, before attacking King Augustus. After leaving Stockholm, Charles made a hasty journey through the southern provinces, to assure himself of the military preparations. The fleet immediately set sail and occupied the sound in connection with the fleets of England and Holland, who had also guaranteed the peace between Denmark and Holstein. Charles resolved now to cross over to Zealand, and



PATKUL.

make an attack on Copenhagen while the Danish King was occupied with the siege of Tönning. This plan was successful. With six thousand men, which were all the troops at that time collected at Malmö, Charles crossed the straits on the 3d of August, 1700, waded ashore at the head of his men, under the enemy's fire, and secured a firm position between Copenhagen and Elsinore. The next day was stormy, and had the troops and militia of Copenhagen attacked the Swedes, they might have given them a severe check. But the time passed, and, on the next day, which was clear, seven to eight thousand more men crossed, and made the force of Charles too large for the little Danish army to resist. The assault on Tönning by the Danish troops was unsuccessful, and the King hastened back to protect his capital. He saw himself powerless, and signed a peace at Travendal, on the 18th of August, in which he agreed to recognize the sovereignty of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, and to pay him a war indemnity of two hundred and sixty thousand thalers. In two weeks from the crossing of the straits, this almost bloodless war was over. Charles for a moment thought of carrying on an independent war on his own account against the Danes; but for once—the last time if not the first time of his life—he listened to good counsel and desisted. He won more fame by this than he would have done by taking Copenhagen. By the manner in which he had treated them he had already secured the respect and esteem of the population of Zealand (who still remembered his mother with affection). He recrossed the sound to Sweden on the 2d of September.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF NARVA.

THE great object of Peter in making war upon Sweden was to obtain possession of the provinces of Ingria and Karelia on the Finnish gulf, which had once belonged to Russia, but had been seized by Sweden during the Troublous Times. Ingria, or, as the Swedes called it, Ingermanland, known in the old Russian chronicles as the land of Izhóra, was a comparatively narrow strip of country extending along the southern coast of the gulf from the Neva to the Naróva. Karelia included the country between the gulf and Lake Ládoga, as far as Kexholm and Viborg. The possession of this region would give to Russia the river Neva, and, besides the possibility of having a sea-port, would furnish Nóvgorod with free access to the Baltic by the way of the river Vólkhof, Lake Ládoga, and the Neva, and would also enable an easy communication, for the most part by water, to be made between the Gulf of Finland and Archangel. The annexation of Narva, the frontier fortress of Esthonia, was not included in Peter's plans, but he believed, especially at the time when war was declared, that the surest way for him to secure the coveted territory was to attack and capture Narva, by which means the communications of Livonia and Esthonia with the Neva would be entirely cut off. Near Narva the Russian boundary was only about twenty miles from the sea.

The orders to march on Narva were much to the distaste of Patkul, and of Baron Langen, the envoy of King Augustus. Langen wished these provinces to come to his master; Patkul, as a Livonian, did not wish his country to be conquered by any one, especially by the Russians, and hoped that, as the result of the war, it would gain a position of semi-independence.

The command-in-chief of the troops was given to Theodore Golovín, admiral and embassador, now created field-marshal and who was actually as Minister of Foreign Affairs. There were three divisions respectively under Ávtemon Golovín, Adam Weyde, and Nikíta Répnin. Altogether including a force of Cossacks, 63,520 men

were assigned to this expedition. The Tsar himself, as an officer of the Preobrazhénsky regiment, accompanied the advance. At Tver, he received a message from Augustus, that King Charles with eighteen thousand men would soon land at Pernau, from which he would be within striking distance both of Narva and Riga. The news was premature, but it caused Peter great perplexity, because, if true, it meant that the Danes had been beaten, and that the Swedes had finished with one ally and were free to deal with the others. Orders were given to stop the advance, but as Peter became convinced by the examination of prisoners that the garrison of Narva was small, and that no troops had yet arrived from Sweden, he resolved to prosecute the war, and arrived at Narva on the 4th of October. With the assistance of General Hallart, who had been sent by King Augustus, he immediately began preparations for a siege. Peter now found that, even although he had begun the war late, he had not made sufficient preparations for it. The roads were in a fearful state, and every one who knows what a Russian road is now can imagine what they were in a rainy autumn, when *chaussées* were unknown. The means of transport were utterly insufficient. No provisions had been made except to seize the horses and carts in the towns and villages through which the troops passed. There was no artillery harness, the carts were all bad, and the horses broke down with the bad roads and the heavy service. Peter kept sending urgent summonses from his camp before Narva, and Golovín did his utmost to hurry them on, but it was not until October 29th that the troops from Moscow and Nóvgorod arrived, suffering from cold, hunger, and exposure. The division of Répnin, which had come from the Volga country, was far behind, and the Cossacks did not make their appearance. In all, there were rather less than forty thousand men.

Narva (called also in old Russian chronicles Rugodív), which was built by the Danes in the thirteenth century, on the right bank of the river Naróva, eight miles from its mouth, was then a sea-port of considerable importance for the trade coming from Nóvgorod and Pskof. In the flourishing times of the Hanseatic League it was not unknown, but it suffered so terribly from the frequent border wars that its trade at that time received no great development. The city was surrounded by a stout wall, consisting, on the land side, of six bastions, built of earth and partly faced with stone, and of a wall and three bastions of stone on the river side. At the southern end, on a half-detached hill, was the citadel, with its old tower, still known as *Der lange Hermann*. Connected by a good stone bridge was the old and still picturesque castle of Ivángorod, built by the Russians in 1492 to overawe Narva, but at this time forming part of the defenses of the town. The fortress was well armed, but the garrison, under the command of Rudolph Horn, was small, consisting of thirteen hundred infantry, two hundred cavalry, and about four hundred armed citizens. In appearance, Narva was like many an old German town, and even now, from the public garden, the old brick gables rising above the trees and walls have a picturesque and thoroughly un-Russian air. The political and social importance of Narva has now diminished, but the foreign trade is still not inconsiderable, and the rapids of the Naróva, just above the town, furnish water-power for large cloth and linen factories.

The Russian line of circumvallation, which was entirely on the left or western side of the river, extended from near the

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rapids above the town—about where the factories are now situated—to the village of Vepsa-kylä, two miles below the city walls. In all it was about seven miles in length. Earthworks were also thrown up opposite

the castle of Ivángorod. The lines were laid out under the personal supervision of the Tsar, who took up his quarters near Vepsa-kylä, on the little grassy island of Kamperholm, which, from changes in the river's current, has long since disappeared. At Kamperholm the river was crossed by a bridge; here was the nucleus of the Russian camp, and here were the stores and ammunitions concentrated. The artillery at last arrived, and was put into position, and on the 31st of October the bombardment began from eight batteries on the Narva side, and also from the trenches in front of Ivángorod. The artillery fire continued day and night for two weeks without success. The constant sorties of the Swedes troubled the Russians, and the gun-carriages were so badly made, or so injured by transportation, that they usually fell to pieces after three or four discharges. The powder also was bad. On the 17th of November, it was found that there was not sufficient ammunition to carry on the bombardment from the new breach batteries for even twenty-four hours. It was necessary, therefore, to stand still until new supplies arrived. At the same time, information was received that King Augustus had retired from before Riga, and had shut himself up in Kokenhusen, and that Charles XII. had landed at Pernau with an army magnified by rumor to thirty-two thousand men. Sheremétief had been sent to Wesenberg, eighty miles west of Narva on the road to Reval, with a force of five thousand irregular cavalry, to observe the Swedish movements. At Purtis, he had a meeting with the enemy, and got a slight advantage, taking a few prisoners. After ravaging and burning the country, he wisely retreated to Pyhäjöggi, a strong pass, capable of easy defense, and blocking the only road to Narva. This pass Sheremétief desired to fortify, but the Tsar, who did not fully appreciate the situation, rejected the advice, blamed the retreat as well as the devastation of the country, and sent Sheremétief back toward Wesenberg. Instead of occupying Pyhäjöggi in force, it was decided to fortify the Russian camp on the land side against an attack by the Swedes, and meanwhile vigorously prosecute the siege. Two assaults were attempted on Ivángorod, but as no breaches had been made in the wall, they were easily repulsed.

As the first siege of Azof was marked by an act of treachery, so, now, Hummert, an Esthonian by birth, an officer who had been much favored and liked by Peter, and who had recently been promoted to be major of the Preobrazhénsky regiment, went over to the enemy. He had left a wife and children in Moscow, and it was for a time thought that he had been killed or taken prisoner, and a message was sent to the town to treat him well, under threat of reprisals. Soon it was found out that he had deserted. Subsequently, Hummer, pretending that he had gone to Narva as a spy, with the design of aiding the Russians, wrote to the Tsar several letters, asking for money, and giving counsels about carrying on the war, and criticisms on the siege. He ascribed the failure to the want of discipline, to the unwillingness of the Russian officers to work and to obey orders, and to bad generalship. Hummert's letters were unanswered, and the only revenge of Peter was to hang him in effigy before the house he had given him in Moscow, of which his wife remained in undisturbed possession. The suspicious Swedes hanged him in reality. The desertion of Hummert caused a general panic. The troops in the trenches were strengthened against a sortie, and the Tsar was begged to take safer quarters.

On the 28th of November, Peter left the army and went to Nóvgorod, partly in order to hurry up the ammunition and reinforcements,—for everything moved faster when he put his hand to the wheel,—and partly to have an interview with King Augustus and decide on the future conduct of the war. He showed, at other times, proofs enough of his personal bravery to refute the charge of cowardice brought against him by his enemies, even though we remember his ignominious flight to Tróïtsa in 1689. The conduct of Augustus in withdrawing from Riga seemed suspicious to him, and he had already sent Prince Gregory Dolgorúky to the Saxon camp to find out what was really going on, and whether there was any talk of overtures of peace, and to arrange an interview for him with the King. Baron Langen, in writing to the King on the very day of the Tsar's departure, presses him to appoint a place for an interview, as he could easily go from Warsaw to the Düna in four days. The Tsar would start as soon as the courier returned. He, Langen, would go to Mitau during the Tsar's absence. All this seemed to show, not fear, but over-confidence. With the slowness of the Russian operations, neither Peter nor those about him appreciated the rapidity of the Swedish

movements under Charles, nor really understood the danger. It was expected that the siege would be still going on when Peter should return.

The Tsar took with him the field-marshal Golovín, who, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was necessary to conduct the negotiations with Augustus, and especially with Poland. Peter still had hopes of drawing the Republic into the war. The command of the army was intrusted to the Duke de Cröy. Charles Eugene, Duke de Cröy, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Margrave, Baron, and Lord of many lands, had served with distinction for fifteen years in the Austrian wars against the Turks, and had risen to be field-marshal and commander-in-chief. Having been for some reason relieved of his command, and crying out against Austrian ingratitude, he presented himself to the Tsar in Amsterdam in 1698. No arrangement was made with him at the time, and the Duke entered the service of King Augustus, and was sent by him to the Tsar just before the siege of Narva. Peter was pleased with him, took him to Narva, and had the intention of appointing him commander-in-chief, but the execution of the project was delayed. He was only forty-nine years old, and certainly had greater military knowledge and experience than any officer of the Russian army. Had he been appointed sooner, he might have served the Tsar in good stead, but it was now too late.* The Duke himself saw this, and pleaded his ignorance of the language and his want of acquaintance with the officers as reasons for refusing. He at last consented, and Peter gave him written instructions with absolute power over the whole army. In these instructions he was ordered to wait for the arrival of the ammunition before beginning the attack, and meanwhile to keep a sharp lookout for the approach of the Swedes, and prevent them from relieving the town. Langen, in writing to the King, said: "I hope when the Duke de Cröy shall have the absolute command that our affairs will take quite another turn, for he has no more wine or brandy; and being therefore deprived of his element, he will doubtless double his assaults to get nearer to the cellar of the commandant." Evidently, no one in the least expected what a surprise was in store for them all in only a few hours' time.

Charles, after his return from Denmark, was in the south of Sweden, pressing the preparations for the expedition to Livonia, when he received the news of the appearance of the Russian troops before Narva. This made him still more anxious to start, and he was so busy that he would not even see the court, which was in the neighboring town of Christianstad, saying that he had no time to receive ladies. A private letter from Karlshamn, written about this time, gives us a notion of the feelings of the King:

"We had the hope that His Majesty would return to Stockholm, but he is resolved to go to Livonia, cost what it may. That the King has acted as though he would return to Stockholm has been in order to deceive, and especially to keep the French and Brandenburg embassadors from coming here. For he tries to avoid meeting these gentlemen, in order not to be obliged to listen to proposals of peace, which, it is said, they are commissioned to place before him. He wishes, at any price, to fight with King Augustus, and is annoyed at anything which seems likely to hinder his doing this. One evening, as he was just about getting into bed, Count Polus came and said that important intelligence had come, which needed to be immediately communicated to him. The King turned hastily toward Polus, and made him one bow after another until, in this way, he had complimented him out of the door. He was afraid that Polus and Akerhjelm, in their reports, might let fall some words about peace and arrangement, and carried this so far that those gentlemen could never get his signature to the papers they had to send, unless when Piper sometimes came to their aid."

The whole preparations for the new war lasted less than six weeks, and, leaving Karlskrona on the 11th of October, after spurning all appeals for delay on account of the stormy season, Charles arrived at Pernau, in the Gulf of Riga, on the 16th, having suffered severely from sea-sickness on the journey. Some of the troops landed at Pernau, and others were driven, by stress of weather, to Reval,—about eight thousand in all. The fleet returned to Sweden for four thousand more men and the rest of the artillery. The first intention of Charles was to attack Augustus, but he soon received the news that the Saxons had given up the

* On hearing of the death of the Duke in 1702, Peter said: "If I had given him the command of my camp fourteen days sooner, I should not have suffered the defeat of Narva."

siege of Riga, and had retired into winter quarters at Kokenhusen. Time was necessary for the arrival of all the troops, and for obtaining accurate information of the position and movements of the enemy; but on the 15th of November Charles was able to set out from Reval, and on the 23d began the march from Wesenberg. The troops were allowed to take no baggage except their knapsacks, and in spite of the cold, the swamps, the bad food, and the difficulties of the march, reached Pyhäjöggi in four days.

The pass was not fortified, and the troops of Sheremétief were quickly driven back toward Narva. The strong pass of Silamäggi was also left without defense, and on the morning after Peter's departure, Sheremétief came into camp saying that the Swedes were closely following him. A council of war was at once held in the Russian camp, additional rounds of ammunition were served out, and the vigilance redoubled. But that day and night passed quietly. The next morning, the 30th of November, at about eleven o'clock, the Swedish forces appeared in battle array from behind the woods on the top of the Hermannsberg. There were only twenty thousand Russians fit for service, and these were extended along a line of seven miles. Although the Swedes did not number nine thousand men, it was comparatively easy for them, in their sudden onset, under cover of a cannonade, to pierce the thin Russian lines. They were assisted in this by a sudden snow-storm, which blew in the face of the Russians, and prevented their seeing more than twenty feet from them. The Russians were panic-stricken, and with the want of confidence which they had in their new general, cried out, "The Germans have betrayed us!" and fled in confusion. Sheremétief was one of the first to run. With his cavalry, he headed immediately for the river Naróva, near the cataracts, and succeeded in getting across, although very many men were lost in the rapids. The majority went the other way to the Kamperholm bridge. The bridge broke down, and many men were lost. Two regiments, the Preobrazhénsky and the Seménofsky, which were protecting the artillery park, and had surrounded themselves with a little fortification, held their ground. With them were the Duke de Cröy, General Hallart, and Baron Langen. Although the Russians stood firm against the enemy, yet they were in great confusion. They cried out against the foreign officers, and killed several of them. Seeing this, and fearing for his life, the Duke de Cröy said to those near him, "The devil could not fight with such soldiers," and made his way through the swamps toward the Swedish lines, followed by Hallart, Langen, and Blumberg, the commander of the Preobrazhénsky regiment. Stenbock, who for a long time could not be found in the darkness, received them politely and took them to the King. The Russian generals, Prince Dolgorúky, Prince Alexander of Imeritia, Ávtemon Golovín, and Buturlín, after holding a council in a bomb-proof, decided to surrender. They wished to keep their artillery, but the King was inexorable, and finally it was agreed that on the next day they should retreat with their banners and arms, but with only six guns. General Weyde, who was on the extreme right flank, and was wounded, knew nothing of the defeat till Buturlín sent him word of the capitulation. He then followed the example. Count Wrede wrote to his father a few days afterward:

"Yet if he had had the courage to attack us, he would have infallibly beaten us, for we were extremely tired, having scarcely eaten or slept for several days, and besides this, all our men were drunk with the brandy that they had found in the Muscovite tents, so that it was impossible for the few officers that remained to keep them in order."

The confusion and panic of the Russians were very great. Hallart says:

"They ran about like a herd of cattle, one regiment mixed up with the other, so that hardly twenty men could be got into line."

The next day the bridge to Kamperholm was repaired, and the Russians were allowed to retreat, but the generals were all declared prisoners of war, on the ground that the troops had carried away with them the army chest, containing three hundred thousand roubles, in contravention of the capitulation. Nothing, however, had been said in the agreement on this point. The Russian loss was about five thousand seven hundred men. Seventy-nine officers, including nine generals, were taken prisoners. The Swedes captured, in addition, a hundred and forty-nine cannon and thirty-two mortars, including many of the guns which Charles himself had given to Peter before the war, and one hundred and forty-six banners. The Swedish loss in

killed and wounded was less than two thousand.

Charles had constantly exposed himself to great personal danger. He was always in the thick of the fight, and in order to get around a mound of corpses fell into a morass, from which he was extracted with difficulty, and where he was obliged to leave his horse, his weapons, and one of his boots. He immediately mounted another horse, which was soon killed under him, while he himself was hit by a spent ball, which was deadened by his necktie, and was afterward found in his clothes. An officer immediately sprang from his saddle and offered him his horse. The King in mounting said, laughingly: "I see that the enemy want me to practice riding."

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE fate of prisoners of war in those days was not enviable. General Hallart was obliged to give up all his private papers and the memoranda he had made of the siege, and, more than that, experienced the personal anger of King Charles because the answers to his questions with regard to the number of troops were not to his liking. Charles insisted that the Russians had at least eighty thousand men, whereas Hallart could not make out more than thirty thousand, including the disabled. All the prisoners were sent under strict guard to Reval, and the next spring to Sweden, except the Duke de Cröy who was allowed to remain at Reval with Doctor Carbonari, the body physician of the Tsar. The King respected the high personal and military rank of the Duke, and immediately after the battle sent him fifteen hundred Swedish ducats and food and wine from his own table, when the other prisoners were almost starving. While at Reval, de Cröy wrote to Peter, Menshikóf, and Golovín, asking for money, and explaining how he had paid out of his own pocket the expenses of the foreign officers who had accompanied him to Russia, and what great expense he was put to at Reval. In reply to his first letter Peter sent him six thousand rubles, but he was so lavish that this amount did not go far, and by no means sufficed for his needs. At his death, in the spring of 1702, his debts were so great that his creditors put into force an old law refusing burial to insolvent debtors. His body was kept in the cellar of the church of St. Nicholas, the antiseptic properties of which prevented it from decaying, and up to a few years ago—when by an order of the Russian Government it was finally interred—it was still shown to travelers as a curiosity. Baron Langen and General Hallart were exchanged in 1705, but the other prisoners remained in Sweden for many years, as did Prince Hílkof, who had been arrested by royal order as soon as it had become known that the Russians had declared war. Hílkof, who had sincerely believed in the Tsar's peaceful designs, and, it is said, complained bitterly of those who had persuaded him to accept the mission to Sweden, had to pay in person for the double-dealing of his master. He was treated with great severity; all writing materials were taken from him, and at first a guard of soldiers was stationed even in his bedroom. Later the authorities contented themselves with placing a guard outside his house. He never again saw his country, but died in Vesteras in 1715. Prince Alexander of Imeritia was held by the Swedes at a high price. At one time they demanded ten kegs of gold; at another they agreed to exchange him for twenty captains, twenty lieutenants, and twenty ensigns. His father begged the Tsar to do this, but the Prince himself, who was heavily in debt, suffering from cold, and without enough to eat, wrote from Stockholm in 1710:

"It has never come to my tongue nor even into my mind to ask for anything to the detriment of the Empire in order to free me, or even those a thousand times better than I. For that are we called—to suffer and to die in the interest of our Lord and of the Empire."

The Prince was finally exchanged in 1711, together with Prince Trubetskóy, for Count Piper, but died in Finland on his homeward way. Few of these Russian prisoners returned home until after the battle of Poltáva, in 1709, which produced sufficient effect upon the Swedes for them to desire an exchange of prisoners.

The treatment of Hílkof influenced that of Knipercrona, the Swedish Resident at Moscow. When war was declared, a guard of twenty-four soldiers was placed at his door, but he was given permission to return to Sweden either by the way of Smolénsk or Archangel. The Smolénsk route was dangerous on account of the Polish war, and that to Archangel tedious from the autumn rains. He therefore pre-

ferred to remain in Moscow. When the news came of the bad treatment of Hílkof, Knipercrona was not allowed to leave his house, and was separated from his wife and four children. This lasted till August, 1701, when his family was restored to him. He was afterward sent to Stockholm, where he was living in freedom in 1709, while Hílkof was still confined in the castle.

In the early part of the war the Russians took few prisoners. The garrisons of the fortresses they captured were generally allowed to march off under the terms of the capitulations. A time came, however, when whole armies surrendered, and in the autumn of 1709, after the battle of Poltáva, there were about twenty thousand Swedes, prisoners of war, in Russia, including nearly two thousand officers, besides a great number of chaplains and civil officers. There were then so few Russians in Sweden that the exchange of prisoners made scarcely a sensible difference in the numbers. The officers received money for their support from the Swedish Government, and many of them obtained, besides, civil employment in Russia, and sometimes assistance from kind-hearted Russian governors. The soldiery were employed on the estates of the nobility, in the mines in the Ural, in the most distant provinces of Siberia, and even in the building of St. Petersburg. After the peace of Nystad, in 1721, all were allowed to go home, but some did not get away until 1724, and even later. As far as can be ascertained, only about five thousand soldiers and a thousand officers returned to Sweden. Some of them had not seen their native land for twenty years.

The battle of Narva created a great impression throughout Europe. Glowing accounts of the victory were published in many languages, and the praise of the youthful monarch was the theme for orations and poems, while satire and raillery found subjects in the "flight" of Peter and the conduct of the Russian troops. Swedish diplomates published a refutation of the reasons and additional explanations offered by Patkul in justification of the Russian declaration of war, and even Leibnitz, who had shown so much interest in Russia and the Russians, expressed his sympathy with the Swedes in no measured terms, and his wish that he could see their "young King reign in Moscow and as far as the river Amur." Medals were struck in honor of Charles with the inscriptions, "*Superant superata fidem*," and "At last the right prevails." There was another commemorative medal of a different kind; on one side the Tsar was represented warming himself over the fires of his mortars which were bombarding Narva, with the inscription, "And Peter warmed himself at the fire"; and on the other, the Russians were shown running away from Narva, with Peter at their head: his hat had fallen off, his sword had been thrown away, and he was wiping away his tears with his handkerchief, and the inscription read: "He went out and wept bitterly."

The victory at Narva was, however, in the end more disastrous to the Swedes than to the Russians. From this time on, Charles made war the main object of his life. He became convinced of his invincibility. Certain traits of his character, especially his cold-bloodedness, his indifference to the loss of life, and even to the suffering of his soldiers, became accentuated. He even seemed to take delight in carnage. This is very plain from letters descriptive of the fight at Narva, written by Swedish officers to their friends at home. Axel Sparre rode over the field of battle afterward with the King, who pointed out to him all the places of interest, and said:

"But there is no pleasure in fighting with the Russians, for they will not stand like other men, but run away at once. If the Naróva had been frozen, we should hardly have killed one of them. The best joke was when the Russians got upon the bridge and it broke down under them. It was just like Pharaoh in the Red Sea. Everywhere you could see mens' and horses' heads, and legs sticking up out of the water, and our soldiers shot at them like wild ducks."

The afterward celebrated Field-Marshal Carl Cronstedt, General Stenbock, and Carl Magnus Posse, all express themselves in nearly the same terms about the King's obstinacy, his belief in his mission, and his refusal to listen to advice. Stenbock wrote a few weeks after the battle of Narva:

'The King thinks now about nothing except war. He no longer troubles himself about the advice of other people and he seems to believe that God communicates directly to him what he ought to do Piper is much troubled about it, because the weightiest affairs are resolved upon without any preparation, and in general things g

on in a way that I do not dare commit to paper."

Posse, writing in December of the same year, says:

"In spite of the cold and scarcity, and although the water is standing in the huts, the King will not yet let us go into winter quarters. I believe that if he had only eight hundred men left he would invade Russia with them, without taking the slightest thought as to what they would live on; and if one of our men is shot, he cares no more about it than he would for a louse, and never troubles himself about such a loss."

The counselors of Charles were of opinion that he should immediately accept the propositions of peace offered by King Augustus, invade Russia, take up winter quarters in the enemy's country, and use all means to foment the discontent existing there, even to proclaiming Sophia. After such a defeat, the Russians were unprepared to resist, and it would be possible to advance even to Moscow. In any case, the Swedes could get advantages of much the same sort as they had had in the Troublous Times, and could forever secure their rule in the provinces already possessed by them. Charles was at first inclined to this opinion, and forbade his troopers foraging over the frontier, lest the country should become barren, and nothing be left for the invading army. But he speedily changed his mind. His contempt for the Russians rapidly grew, and he despised them as a people not worth fighting. He had a personal feeling of hostility toward his cousin Augustus for his treachery, and feared, or pretended to fear, that if peace were made with him, he would break it the moment the Swedes had entered Russia; but more than all, he desired to put down the third enemy by force of arms.

No doubt many of those who surrounded him secretly worked on his feelings of ambition, in order that these plans might be carried out, for they feared the march through the deserted and cold districts of Northern Russia, where, with the King's temperament, they would be obliged to suffer many privations. Sending, therefore, a small force to the region of Lake Ládoga and the Neva, Charles took up his winter quarters in the castle of Lais, a few miles from Dorpat. The troops were quartered in the villages and in the open country around about. Although he might have taken up pleasanter winter quarters in Narva, Riga, or Pernau, he did not visit these towns once during the course of the winter, and it was not until the beginning of June that he even went to the neighboring university town of Dorpat.

The time passed merrily enough in the castle, where General Magnus Stenbock invented all sorts of amusements—suppers, masquerades, spectacles, and even a great sham fight, with snow castles and snow balls. Charles paid little attention to governmental affairs, and busied himself solely with plans of war. He frequently visited the detachments of troops, but simply in order to see them drilled and go through their exercises, and not for the purpose of inquiring into their condition. Meanwhile, owing to the cold and privations, fever was making tremendous ravage in the army; two hundred and seventy of the Dalecarlian regiment died, and four hundred in that of Vestmanland, so that on the return of spring less than half the troops were fit for action. The King's cousin, the Count Palatine Adolph Johann, died from fever, as well as many of the royal servants. The lack of provisions, and even of clothing, caused the soldiers, in spite of the severe orders, to pillage and plunder the villages and houses of the inhabitants. The people wondered that the King should thus harass his own subjects, when he could have lived on the enemy in the neighboring Russian province of Pskof, and the discontent which was caused among the nobility of Livonia and Esthonia by the "Reduction" now extended to all classes of the population.

Peter had not got far from Narva when he received the news of the defeat. It surprised him, and almost stunned him by its unexpectedness and its magnitude, but it did not dispirit him. On the contrary, it roused him to new effort. He had the heroic qualities of perseverance and determination, difficulty but spurred him on, and, Antæus-like, he rose, after each fall, with new energy and new courage. At a later time, after the battle of Poltáva, he was able to judge the matter calmly, and said:

"Our army was vanquished by the Swedes—that is incontestable; but one should remember what sort of an army it was. The Lefort regiment was the only old one. The two regiments of guards had been present at the two assaults of Azof, but they never had seen any field-fighting, especially with regular troops. The other regiments

consisted—even to some of the colonels—of raw recruits, both officers and soldiers. Besides that, there was the great hunger, because, on account of the late season of the year, the roads were so muddy that the transport of provisions had to be stopped. In one word, it was like child's play. One cannot, then, be surprised that, against such an old, disciplined, and experienced army, these untried pupils got the worst of it. This victory was then, indeed, a sad and severe blow to us. It seemed to rob us of all hope for the future, and to come from the wrath of God. But now, when we think of it rightly, we ascribe it rather to the goodness of God than to his anger; for if we had conquered then, when we knew as little of war as of government, this piece of luck might have had unfortunate consequences. * * * That we lived through this disaster, or rather this good fortune, forced us to be industrious, laborious, and experienced."

But there was no time then for calm consideration of the causes and consequences of the Russian defeat. Every moment was necessary for action. The Swedes might at any time invade the country. Peter met, near Lake Sámra, Prince Nikíta Répnin, who had collected his division in the Volga country, and was marching toward Narva. He was at once turned back to Nóvgorod, and instructed to bring into order the regiments which had left Narva "in confusion." Work was immediately begun on the fortifications of Nóvgorod, Pskof, and the Petchérsky monastery near Pskof. Men, women, and children were all put to the work, and the services in the churches were given up in order that the priests and monks could help. Houses were pulled down and churches were destroyed where they stood in the way of the new fortifications. Peter set the example by laboring with his own hands at the first intrenchment at Nóvgorod, and then intrusted it to Lieutenant-Colonel Shénshín. On coming back afterward and not finding Shénshín there, he had him mercilessly whipped at the very intrenchment, and then had him sent to Smolénsk as a common soldier. At Moscow, Leontius Kókoshkin was hanged because he had taken a bribe of five rubles when engaged in receiving carts at Tver, and another official, Poskótchin, was hanged at Nóvgorod for a similar offense.

Three weeks after the battle, when the stragglers had all come in, it was found that, out of the three divisions of Golovín, Weyde, and Trubetskóy, there remained twenty-three thousand men. Adding to these the division of Répnin, Peter still had an army of thirty-three thousand men. The irregular cavalry and the local levies had practically disappeared, and were unserviceable. Orders were at once given to Prince Boris Galítsyn to make new levies, and especially to raise nine regiments of dragoons of a thousand men each. Volunteers were also again asked for from Moscow, but the prohibition against enlisting the old Streltsi was still kept in force. In a few months, the army was much larger than before, and, according to the testimony of foreigners, was in excellent condition.

Peter staid two weeks in Nóvgorod, to do what was most indispensable for the protection of the frontier. He then went to Moscow, and his activity was visible everywhere.

It was necessary to make new artillery, for nearly all had been captured by the Swedes. Vinius was charged with this task, and, in default of other metal, was ordered to melt down the bells of the churches and monasteries. The old man set to work with all his energy, and, in spite of the difficulty in finding workmen, in spite of the delays of the burgomasters in sending on metal, he was able, by the end of 1701 to furnish three hundred cannon, and prided himself on having done this so well for not only were the pieces faultless, but they had been made at a saving of ten thousand rubles over previous cost. Beside this, he had founded a school, where two hundred and fifty boys were learning to become artillerymen and skilled workmen. Old as he was, in 1702 he even undertook a journey to Siberia to investigate the copper found there. Vinius, perhaps, exaggerated the difficulties under which he labored, but what he complained of most was that, in being appointed inspector of the artillery, he had been deprived of the charge of the post-office, and inquired whether it was on account of any anger toward him. Peter replied:

"I have received your letter, in which you write about the readiness of the artillery, and how you are working at it. That business is very good and necessary, for time is like death. You ask me if the post was not taken away from you so unexpectedly from some anger of mine. But do not your conscience at all accuse you? For I long ago talked to you about it, and y

are quite aware that many people talked about it, and even gave something. The post was taken from you for no other reason than that, while you had it, it was not a profit to the state, but only to you; for, often as I have talked to you about correspondence with other places, my words were vain. For that reason it has been given to another, from whom, also, if such rumors be vain, it will be taken away again."

For a long time Vinius did wonders, but finally his energy began to flag, and he too openly filled his pockets at the expense of the state. In 1703, Peter came to Schlüsselburg, and was very indignant to find that there had been great delay in forwarding the artillery and the medical stores. Vinius was at the same time Director of the Apothecary Department, the Artillery Department, and the Siberian Department. Peter immediately wrote to Prince Ramodanófsky:

"There is great delay to our work here. It is even impossible to begin. I myself have often spoken to Vinius, but he answered me with the Muscovite 'immediately' (*seitchas*). Be good enough to inquire of him why he manages so carelessly such an important matter, which is a thousand times dearer than his head. Not an ounce of medicine has been sent from the apothecary stores. We shall be forced to cure those who take so little care."

Vinius, who tried to excuse himself, and threw the blame on others, was subsequently accused by Menshikóf, who was charged with another investigation, of giving him large bribes to let the matter drop. The wrath of Peter could not be appeased. Vinius lost his friendship forever, was deprived of the direction of the Siberian and Artillery Departments, and was fined thirteen thousand rubles.

THE BATTLE OF NARVA.

THE LONDON THEATERS.

THE author of these remarks was on the point of prefixing to them a different title from the one he has actually made use of, when it occurred to him that the latter would give a much better idea of his subject. "The London Theaters" stands for something that may, more or less profitably, be talked about, but "The English Stage" is a conception so purely intellectual, so confined to the region of theory, or reminiscence, or desire, that it eludes the most ingenious grasp. There are a great many theaters in London, enjoying various degrees of credit and prosperity; but there is nothing cynical in saying that there is no such thing in existence as an English stage. The stage is a collective organism, composed of the harmonious vitality diffused through a number of individual play-houses, which are nourished by a dramatic literature native to the country, and expressing its manners and feelings, and which work together to an effective end. When it substantially exists, it is usually summed up, typified to the world, in a theater more distinguished than the rest, in which the education of the actor has reached its highest point, and to which it is the supreme ambition of the dramatic authors of the country to see their productions represented. There is a stage in France, of which the Comédie Française is the richest expression; and we are told that there is a very honorable stage in Germany, where two or three excellent theaters—literary theaters—maintain the standard of finished and brilliant acting. It appears to be generally conceded that there was formerly a stage in England. In the last century, the English theater went hand-in-hand with a literature which

sprang substantially from the English mind itself, and which, though it has not proved of any value to posterity, ministered, for the time, to what we have called the vitality of the stage. At that time the actor's profession was looked upon as a hill of difficulty, not to be scaled at a bound, nor trodden by every comer. His art was not thought an easy one to master, and a long probation, an apprenticeship of humility, was the portion of even the most promising aspirants. The two great "patented" houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, performed very much the same function that the Comédie-Française has long been supposed to discharge (in spite of many lapses and errors) on the other side of the Channel. They protected the drama, and they had a high responsibility. They monopolized, in London, the right to play Shakspere and the poetical repertory, and they formed the objective point of actors and authors alike. They recruited themselves from the training-school which the provincial theaters then supplied, and they rewarded merit, and consecrated reputations. All this is changed, as so many things are changed in literature and art. The conditions of production are immensely different from those of an age in which the demand for the things that make life agreeable had not become so immoderate as to create a standing quarrel between the quality and the quantity of the supply. The art of writing a play has apparently become a lost one with the English race, who are content to let their entertainment be made for them by a people whose whole view of life is, however ingenious, essentially different from their own. The comparatively simple and homogeneous character of the English stage has become a sort of musty tradition, and in its place we have several dozen small theatrical enterprises, some of which are very successful, and others not at all so, but all of which live entirely on what the French call "expedients," and compass their degree of success by methods decidedly incongruous.

It is of the actual, however, that we pretend to speak, and not of the possible or impossible. Talking simply of the actual, the first thing to say of it is that the theater is nowadays decidedly the fashion in London. People go to it a great deal, and are willing to pay high prices for the privilege; they talk of it, they write about it, and, in a great many of them, the taste for it takes the form of a desire to pass from the passive

MR. AND MRS. BANCROFT IN "SCHOOL."

to the active side of the foot-lights. The number of stage-struck persons who are to be met with in the London world is remarkable, and the number of prosperous actors who are but lately escaped amateurs is equally striking. The older actors regard the invasion of this class with melancholy disapproval, and declare that the profession is going to the dogs. By amateurs we mean young men "of the world" (for of the other sex, naturally, there is much less question) not of theatrical stock, who have gone upon the stage after being educated for something very different, and who have managed to achieve success without going through the old-fashioned processes. The old actors are probably right from their own point of view—the point of view from which a long course of histrionic gymnastics was thought indispensable, and from which the touchstone of accomplishment was the art of delivering the great Shaksperean speeches. That way of considering the matter has lost credit, and the clever people on the London stage to-day aim at a line of effect in which their being "amateurs" is almost a positive advantage. Small, realistic comedy is their chosen field, and the art of acting as little as possible has—doubtless with good results in some ways—taken the place of the art of acting as much. Of course,

the older actors, with all their superfluous science, as they deem it, left on their hands, have no patience with the infatuation of a public which passes from the drawing-room to the theater only to look at an attempt, of patronage. There is no want of patronage to complain of when many hundreds of people are found every night prepared to pay the sum of ten shillings for a stall. The privilege of spending the evening in

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL IN TENNYSON'S PLAY OF "THE FALCON."

at best very imperfect, to reproduce the accidents and limitations of the drawing-room.

All this tends to prove, however, that the theater is what is called an actuality, and that if it labors under appreciable disadvantages, these are not the result of a want a stall at any theater in London is dearly purchased at that cost; the disparity between the price paid for your entertainment and the quality of the entertainment provided is often almost ludicrous. It is in the power of an enterprising play-goer to endeavor to extract a portion of that large

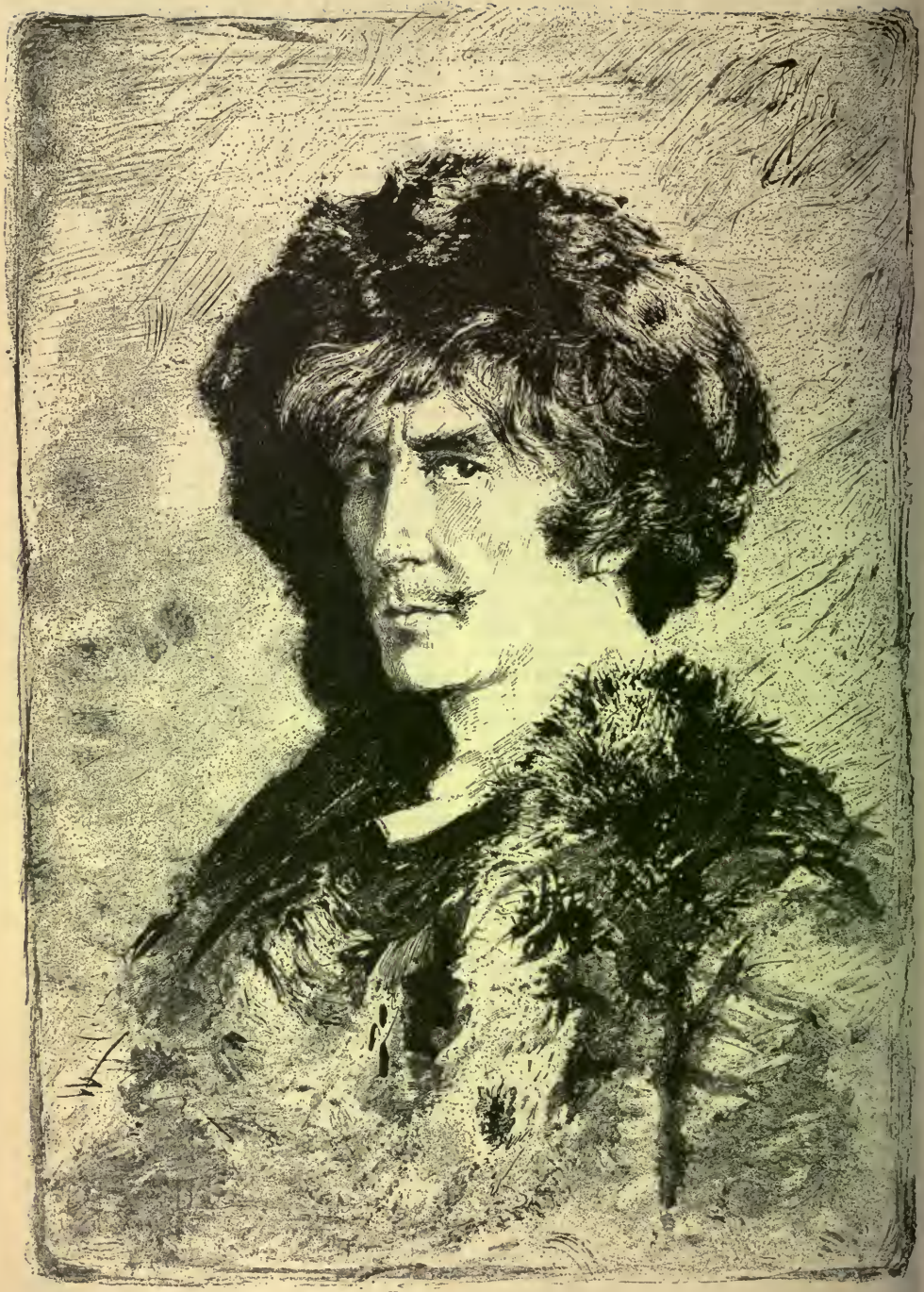
MISS ELLEN TERRY AS "OPHELIA."

amount of pleasure which is represented (to our possibly too frugal sense) by two dollars and a half, from a spectacle not unworthy of a booth at a fair. Pleasure, however, is usually expensive in England, and the theater conforms simply to the common law. Books are dear, pictures are dear, music is dear, traveling is dear. Play-going, in other ways besides, comes under the usual London disadvantages—the great distance to be traversed before reaching the theater, the repulsive character of many of the streets through which your æsthetic pilgrimage lies, the necessity of dining earlier than usual and of dressing as if for a private entertainment. These things testify to the theater's being the fashion among a certain class, and the last luxury of a few, rather than taking its place in the common habits of the people, as it does in France. The difference in favor of the French is indicated by the very much more convenient form that play-going assumes in Paris, where the various temples of the drama are scattered along the clean, bright Boulevard, and are guarded by no restriction, tacit or other, as to the costume of their frequenters. In New York as well, in these respects, we are better off than the good people who embark for an evening of

the play in London. The New York theaters are all more or less adjacent to the great thoroughfare of the town, and the ceremony of "dressing" does not, even feebly, impose itself. It must be admitted, however, that when once you are dressed and seated in London, your material comfort is greater, too, than it is in Paris, greater, too, than it is in New York. The atmosphere, for inscrutable reasons, is a very much less poisonous compound than the suffocating medium through which the unexhausted Parisian is condemned to witness the masterpieces of Molière and Victor Hugo, of Sardou and the younger Dumas. You are much better seated, less crowded and jostled, than in Paris, and you are not bullied and irritated by the terrible tribe of *ouvreuses*. Your neighbors sit quietly and reasonably in their places, without trooping out between the acts, to the deep discomfort of your toes and knees. You have, in a word, the sense of passing your evening in better company than in Paris, and this, if it be not what you go to the theater for, and if it be but a meager compensation for a lame performance, may, nevertheless, be numbered among the encouragements to playgoing. These encouragements, in all matters independent of the great matter,—the acting itself,—have multiplied greatly in London during the last few years, and have now reached a very high perfection. Everything has been done that can be done by beauty of scenery, completeness of furniture and costume, refinement of machinery, to put the auditor into good humor with what he is about to listen to. What will it matter what he listens to if he have real buhl cabinets, Persian carpets, and Venetian mirrors to look at? These tendencies have found a sumptuous home, within a small number of months, in three theaters which divide between them the honor of being the most important in London. To a stranger, inquiring which should be deemed the first of these houses, it would be difficult to give a very definite answer. "Oh, the Lyceum," it might be said, "because at the Lyceum they play Shakspere." Yes; at the Lyceum they play Shakspere; but the question is, *how* they play him. The greatest of poets is not, to our mind, interpreted at the Lyceum in a manner to assign a very high place to the scene of the attempt. At the St. James's, they play translations of MM. Bayard and Scribe, and original productions of Mr. Tom Taylor. At the Haymarket, they play Lord Lytton and M. Sardou. It is a nice question whether it is a nobler task to render Shakspere inadequately, or to represent with sufficient skill rather pale adaptations of French *vaudevillistes*. It is a question, however, that we are not called upon to solve, and we will content ourselves with saying that at the three theaters just mentioned a great many things are very cleverly done.

Upward of two years ago the Lyceum passed into the hands of Mr. Henry Irving, who is without doubt at present the most distinguished actor in England. He had been acting at the Lyceum for some years before, while the house was under the management of the late Mr. Bateman, and then of his widow, who has within a few months, with a great deal of courage and zeal, attempted to awaken the long dormant echoes of Sadler's Wells—a theater which had its season of prosperity (many years ago), but which finally, in its out-of-the-way position, was left stranded by ebbing tides. Mrs. Bateman, to whom much of the credit of originally introducing Mr. Irving to the public belongs, succeeded in some degree, we believe, in turning the tide back to the little theater to which the late Mr. Phelps's "revivals" at one period attracted the town. Mr. Irving for the last two years, then, has had his own way at the Lyceum, and a very successful way it has been. *Hamlet* and *Shylock* have constituted the stock of his enterprise, though he has also acted several of the parts in which he built up his reputation—*Richelieu; Eugene Aram* and *Charles I.*, in Mr. W. G. Wills's plays; *Louis XI.*, in a translation of Casimir Delavigne's rather dull drama, and *Matthias* in "The Bells." During the whole of last winter, however, "The Merchant of Venice" held the stage, and this performance disputes with that of "Hamlet" the chief place in his list of successes as an actor. Among his triumphs as a manager, the former play, we believe, quite heads the list; it has every appearance of being an immense financial success, and startling stories are told of the great sums of money it brings into the happy lessee of the theater. It is arranged upon the stage with a great deal of ingenuity and splendor, and has a strong element of popularity in the person of Miss Ellen Terry, who is the most conspicuous actress now before the London public, as the picturesque *Shylock* of her *Portia* is the most eminent actor. Mr. Irving has been a topic in London any time these five years, and Miss Terry is at least

as much of one. There is a difference, indeed, for about Mr. Irving people are divided, and about Miss Terry they are pretty well agreed. The opinion flourishes on the one side that Mr. Irving is a great and admirable artist, and on the other the impression prevails that his defects outnumber his qualities. He has at least the power of inspiring violent enthusiasms, and this faculty is almost always accompanied by a liability to excite protests. Those that it has been Mr. Irving's destiny to call forth have been very downright, and many of them are sufficiently intelligible. He is what is called a picturesque actor; that is, he depends for his effects upon the art with which he presents a certain figure to the eye, rather than upon the manner in which he speaks his part. He is a thoroughly serious actor, and evidently bestows an immense deal of care and conscience upon his work; he meditates, elaborates, and, upon the line on which he moves, carries the part to a very high degree of finish. But it must be affirmed that this is a line with which the especial art of the actors, the art of utterance, of saying the thing, has almost nothing to do. Mr. Irving's peculiarities and eccentricities of speech are so strange, so numerous, so personal to himself, his vices of pronunciation, of modulation, of elocution so highly developed, the tricks he plays with the divine mother-tongue so audacious and fantastic, that the spectator who desires to be in sympathy with him finds himself confronted with a bristling hedge of difficulties. He must scramble over the hedge, as best he can, in order to get at Mr. Irving at all; to get at him, that is, as an exponent of great poetic meanings. Behind this hedge, as we may say, the actor disports himself with a great deal of ingenuity, and passes through a succession of picturesque attitudes and costumes; but we look at him only through its thorny interstices. In so doing, we get glimpses of a large and various ability. He is always full of intention, and when the intention is a matter of by-play, it is brilliantly carried out. He is, of course, much better in the modern drama than in the Shaksperean; because, if it is a question of sacrificing the text, the less we are obliged to sacrifice the better. It is better to lose the verses of Mr. Wills than to fail to recognize those of the poet whom the French have sometimes spoken of as Mr. Williams. Mr. Irving's rendering of Shakspere, however, is satisfactory in a varying degree. His *Macbeth* appeared to us wide of the mark, but his *Hamlet* is very much better. In *Macbeth*, as we remember his performance, he failed even to look the part satisfactorily—a rare mistake in an actor who has evidently a strong sense of what may be called the plastic side of the characters he represents. His *Hamlet* is a magnificent young prince: few actors can wear a cloak and a bunch of sable plumes with a greater grace than Mr. Irving; few of them can rest a well-shaped hand on the hilt of a sword in a manner more suggestive of the models of Vandyke. The great trouble with the *Hamlet* was that it was inordinately slow—and this, indeed, is the fault throughout of Mr. Irving, who places minutes between his words, and strange strides and balancings between his movements. Heat, rapidity, passion, magic,—these qualities are the absent ones, and a good general description of him is to say that he is picturesque but diffuse. Of his *Shylock* during last winter, it was often said that it presents his faults in their mildest and his merits in their highest form. In this there is possibly a great deal of truth; his representation of the rapacious and rancorous Jew has many elements of interest. He looks the part to a charm, or rather we should say, to a repulsion, and he might be painted as he stands. His conception of it is a sentimental one, and he has endeavored to give us a sympathetic, and, above all, a pathetic *Shylock*. How well he reconciles us to this aspect of the character we ourselves shall not undertake to say, for our attention was fixed primarily upon the superficial execution of the thing, and here, without going further, we found much to arrest and perplex it. The actor struck us as rigid and frigid, and above all as painfully behind the stroke of the clock. The deep-welling malignity, the grotesque horror, the red-hot excitement of the long-baffled, sore-hearted member of a despised trade, who has been all his life at a disadvantage, and who at last finds his hour and catches his opportunity,—these elements had dropped out. Mr. Irving's *Shylock* is neither excited nor exciting, and many of the admirable speeches, on his lips, lack much of their incision; notably the outbreak of passion and prospective revenge after he finds that *Antonio* has become forfeit, and that his daughter has fled from him, carrying off her dowry. The great speech, with its grim refrain: "Let him look to his bond!" rising each time to an intenser pitch and culminating in a pregnant menace, this superb opportunity



HENRY IRVING AS "VANDERDECKEN" ("THE FLYING DUTCHMAN").

is missed; the actor, instead of being "hissing hot," as we have heard Edmund Kean described at the same moment, draws the scene out and blunts all its points. The best thing that Mr. Irving does is, to our taste, the *Louis XI.* of Casimir Delavigne, a part in which his defects to a certain degree stand him in stead of qualities. His peculiarities of voice and enunciation are not in contradiction to those of the mumbling old monarch and dotard whom he represents with so much effective detail. Two years ago he played *Claude Melnotte* for several months, sacrificing himself with the most commendable generosity to the artistic needs of Miss Ellen Terry, who was the *Pauline* of the season. We say sacrificing himself, for his inaptitude for the part was so distinct that he must have been aware of it. We may mention two other characters in which Mr. Irving composes a figure to the eye with brilliant taste and skill,—the *Charles I.*, of Mr. Wills, and the *Vanderdecken*, of (if we mistake not) the same author. His *Charles I.* might have stepped down from the canvas of Vandyke, and his *Vanderdecken* is also superb. We say he looks these parts, but we do not add that he acts them, for, to the best of our recollection there is nothing in them to act. The more there is to act, and the less there is simply to declaim, the better for Mr. Irving, who owes his great success in "The Bells" to the fact that the part of the distracted burgomaster is so largely pantomimic.

Miss Terry is at present his constant coadjutor, and Miss Terry is supposed to represent the maximum of feminine effort on the English stage. The feminine side, in all the London theaters, is regrettably weak, and Miss Terry is easily distinguished. It is difficult to speak of her fairly, for if a large part of the public are wrong about her, they are altogether wrong, and one hesitates to bring such sweeping charges. By many intelligent persons she is regarded as an actress of exquisite genius, and is supposed to impart an extraordinary interest to everything that she touches. This is not, in our opinion, the truth, and yet to gainsay the assertion too broadly is to fall into an extreme of injustice. The difficulty is that Miss Terry has charm—remarkable charm; and this beguiles people into thinking her an accomplished actress. There is a natural quality about her that is extremely pleasing—something wholesome and English and womanly which often touches easily where art, to touch, has to be finer than we often see it. The writer of these lines once heard her highly commended by one of the most distinguished members of the Comédie-Française, who had not understood a word she spoke.

"Ah, Miss Terry, for instance; I liked *her* extremely."

"And why did you like her?"

"*Mon Dieu*, I found her very natural."

This seemed to us an interesting impression, and a proof the more of the truism that we enjoy things in proportion to their rarity. To our own English vision Miss Terry has too much nature, and we should like a little more art. On the other side, when a French actress is eminent she is eminent by her finish, by what she has acquired, by the perfection of her art, and the critic I have just quoted, who had had this sort of merit before his eyes all his life, was refreshed by seeing what could be achieved in lieu of it by a sort of sympathetic spontaneity. Miss Terry has that excellent thing, a quality; she gives one the sense of something fine. Add to this that though she is not regularly beautiful, she has a face altogether in the taste of the period, a face that Burne-Jones might have drawn, and that she arranges herself (always in the taste of the period) wonderfully well for the stage. She makes an admirable picture, and it would be difficult to imagine a more striking embodiment of sumptuous sweetness than her *Ophelia*, her *Portia*, her *Pauline*, or her *Olivia*, in a version of Goldsmith's immortal novel prepared for the Court Theater a couple of years ago by the indefatigable Mr. Wills. Her *Ophelia*, in particular, was lovely, and of a type altogether different from the young lady in white muslin, bristling with strange grasses, whom we are accustomed to see in the part. In Miss Terry's hands the bewildered daughter of Polonius became a somewhat angular maiden of the Gothic ages, with hair cropped short, like a boy's, and a straight and clinging robe, wrought over with contemporary needle-work. As for her acting, she has happy impulses; but this seems to us to be the limit of it. She has nothing of the style, nothing of what the French call the authority, of the genuine *comédienne*. Her perception lacks acuteness, and her execution is often rough; the expression of her face itself is frequently amateurish, and her voice has a curious husky monotony, which, though it often strikes a touching note in pathetic passages, yet on the whole interferes seriously with finish of elocution. This

latter weakness is especially noticeable when Miss Terry plays Shakspere. Her manner of dealing with the delightful speeches of *Portia*, with all their play of irony, of wit and temper, savors, to put it harshly, of the school-girlish. We have ventured to say that her comprehension of a character is sometimes weak, and we may illustrate it by a reference to her whole handling of this same rich opportunity. Miss Terry's mistress of Belmont giggles too much, plays too much with her fingers, is too free and familiar, too osculatory, in her relations with *Bassanio*. The mistress of Belmont was a great lady, as well as a tender and a clever woman; but this side of the part quite eludes the actress, whose deportment is not such as we should expect in the splendid spinster who has princes for wooers. When *Bassanio* has chosen the casket which contains the key of her heart, she approaches him, and begins to pat and stroke him. This seems to us an appallingly false note. "Good heavens, she's touching him!" a person sitting next to us exclaimed—a person whose judgment in such matters is always unerring. But in truth there would be a great deal to say upon this whole question of demonstration of tenderness on the English stage, and an adequate treatment of it would carry us far. The amount of kissing and hugging that goes on in London in the interest of the drama is quite incalculable, and to spectators who find their ideal of taste more nearly fulfilled in the French theater, it has the drollest, and often the most displeasing effect. Of such demonstrations French comedians are singularly sparing; it is apparently understood that French modesty may be ruffled by them. The English would be greatly—and naturally—surprised if one should undertake to suggest to them that they have a shallower sense of decency than the French, and yet they view with complacency, in the high glare of the footlights, a redundancy of physical endearment which the taste of their neighbors across the channel would never accept. It is wholly a matter of taste, and taste is not the great English quality. English spectators delight in broad effects, and English actors and authors are often restricted to them. It is a broad effect, it tells, or "fetches," as the phrase is, to make a lover and his mistress, or a husband and his wife, cling about each other's necks and return again to the charge, and when other expedients are wanting, this one always succeeds. It is when the embrace is strictly conjugal that it is especially serviceable. The public relish of it is then extreme, and is to be condemned only on æsthetic grounds. It speaks of the soundness and sincerity of the people, but it speaks also of their want of a certain delicacy. The French contention is that such moments, such situations should be merely hinted at—that they are too sacred, too touching to linger upon, and that, moreover, at bottom they are not dramatic. Mr. George Rignold, an actor who has had some success in America, has lately been playing in "Black-eyed Susan," Douglas Jerrold's curiously antiquated drama, which tells so strange a tale of what the English stage had become fifty years ago; and this performance consists almost exclusively of the variety of situation in which the unfortunate *William* presses his devoted spouse to his bosom. It is admirable, but it is too admirable; and it is as great a mistake to give us so much of it as it would be to represent people saying their prayers. We have a vivid recollection of the tone in which a clever French lady narrated to us her impressions of a representation of Robertson's comedy of "Caste," which she had seen at the Prince of Wales's Theater. One of the principal incidents in this piece is the leave-taking of a young officer and his newly wedded wife, he being ordered away on foreign service. The pangs of parting, as the scene is played, are so protracted and insisted upon that our friend at last was scandalized; and when the young couple were indulging in their twentieth embrace—"*Mais, baissez donc le rideau!*" she found herself crying—"Put down the curtain! Such things are not done in public!"—while the company about her applauded so great a stroke of art, or rather, we ought to say, of nature,—a distinction too often lost sight of in England.

In speaking of the performances of Shakspere at the Lyceum just now as "inadequate," we meant more particularly that no representation of Shakspere can be regarded as at all adequate which is not excellent as a whole. Many of the poet's noblest and most exquisite speeches are given to secondary characters to utter, and we need hardly remind the reader how the actors who play secondary characters (putting, for the moment, those who play primary ones quite aside) are in the habit of speaking poetic lines. It is usually a misery to hear them, and there is something monstrous in seeing the most precious intellectual heritage of the human race so fearfully knocked

about. Mr. Irving has evidently done his best in distributing the parts in "The Merchant of Venice," and with what sorry results this best is attended! What an *Antonio!* what a *Bassanio!* what a *Nerissa!* what a *Jessica!* The scene between *Lorenzo* and *Jessica* on the terrace at Belmont, in which the young lovers, sitting hand in hand, breathe out, in rhythmic alternation, their homage to the southern night—this enchanting scene, as it is given at the Lyceum, should be listened to for curiosity's sake. But who, indeed, it may be asked, can rise to the level of such poetry? who can speak such things as they should be spoken? Not, assuredly, the untrained and undedicated performers of whom the great stock of actors and actresses presenting themselves to the English and American public is composed. Shakspere cannot be acted by way of a change from Messrs. Byron and Burnand, Messrs. Robertson and Wills. He is a school and a specialty in himself, and he is not to be taken up offhand by players who have been interpreting vulgarity the day before, and who are to return to vulgarity on the morrow.

Miss Marie Litton, an enterprising actress, has lately been conducting the small theater attached to the Westminster Aquarium, and wooing success by revivals of "old comedies." Success, we believe, was at first rather coy; for about the Westminster Aquarium there hovers a sensibly bad odor. The impurities of its atmosphere, however, are chiefly perceptible after nightfall, and Miss Litton has conjured away ill-fortune by giving her performances during the more innocent hours, and renaming the little play-house the "Afternoon Theater." It is a dusky and incommodious establishment, with that accidental, provincial look which is so fatal to the spectator's confidence in a would-be "home of the drama." But, such as it is, it has lately witnessed an attempt to bring out "As You Like It" in style, as they say at the restaurants. The style consists chiefly in Miss Litton's doing *Rosalind*, in Mr. Lionel Brough's doing *Touchstone*, and in Mr. Herman Vezin's doing *Jaques*. Mr. Herman Vezin, who is of American origin, is one of the best actors in London. He plays a remarkable variety of parts, and plays some of them extremely well. He is what is called in London an elocutionist—he speaks blank verse more artfully than most of his neighbors. His *Jaques*, however, appeared to us to lack color and vivacity, humor and irony. The last occasion on which we had seen Mr. Lionel Brough was that of his playing in a fierce burlesque, at the Folly Theater, in conjunction with Miss Lydia Thompson. As for Miss Litton herself, she has this qualification for the part of *Rosalind*, that as *Rosalind*, during most of the play, endeavors to pass herself off as a young man, so the actress's natural organism is remarkably man-like. Miss Litton is too bulky for *Rosalind's* nimble wit. But what an artistic education it supposes, a proper rendering of the part! What grace, what finish, what taste, what sentiment, what archness! In London there is no House of Shakspere, as there is in Paris a House of Molière, and in his undomiciled condition, between the Lyceum and the "fishy" Aquarium, the poor great poet has strange bedfellows.

Among the three or four best theaters there has lately been a changing of hands. The company of the Prince of Wales's have lately established themselves at the Haymarket, which has been "done up," as they say in England, with great magnificence; and that of the Court has transferred itself to the St. James's, where, for a long time, no such promise of prosperity had reigned. The two forsaken theaters have meanwhile re-opened their doors in creditable conditions. The Prince of Wales's, indeed, has been the scene of an interesting performance, of which we shall presently speak. The Haymarket has gained by being taken by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, but we are not sure that this humorous couple have bettered themselves with the public by leaving the diminutive play-house to which they taught the public the road. The Prince of Wales's is a little theater, and the pieces produced there dealt mainly in little things—presupposing a great many chairs and tables, carpets, curtains, and knickknacks, and an audience placed close to the stage. They might, for the most part, have been written by a cleverish visitor at a country-house, and acted in the drawing-room by his fellow-inmates. The comedies of the late Mr. Robertson were of this number, and these certainly are among the most diminutive experiments ever attempted in the drama. It is among the habits formed upon Mr. Robertson's pieces that the company of the Prince of Wales's have grown up, and it is possible that they may not have all the success they desire in accommodating themselves to a larger theater. Upon this point, however, it is quite too early to pro-

nounce; and meanwhile Mr. Bancroft has transformed the Haymarket—which was an antiquated and uncomfortable house with honorable traditions, which had latterly declined—into the perfection of a place of entertainment. Brilliant, luxuriant, softly cushioned and perfectly aired, it is almost entertainment enough to sit there and admire the excellent device by which the old-fashioned and awkward proscenium has been suppressed and the stage set all around in an immense gilded frame, like that of some magnificent picture. Within this frame the stage, with everything that is upon it, glows with a radiance that seems the very atmosphere of comedy.

So much for the house, but for the rest, there is less to say. As soon as we come to speak of a theater of which the specialty is the comedy of contemporary manners, our appreciation stumbles into the bottomless gulf of the poverty of the repertory. There can be no better proof of such poverty than the fact that the *genius loci* at the Prince of Wales's was always the just-mentioned Mr. Robertson. This gentleman's plays are infantile, and seem addressed to the comprehension of infants. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's actors and actresses could not go on playing them for year after year without falling into the small manner. It is not incumbent on us to say that this manner has been found wanting on being applied to larger things, for the simple reason that it has been rarely put to the test. To consecrate his new enterprise, Mr. Bancroft has brought forward the late Lord Lytton's hackneyed comedy of "Money," and the acting of this inanimate composition cannot be said to make formidable demands. That it should have been brought forward at all at a moment when a brilliant stroke was needed, speaks volumes as to the degree in which an English manager may be unacquainted with the *embarras de choix*. In opening anew the best of English theaters, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were probably conscious of high responsibility; they had apparently decided that they ought to be local and national, and that it would be a false note to usher in their season with a drama extorted, after the usual fashion, from the French. They looked about them for an "original" English comedy, and it is certainly not their fault if they found nothing fresher nor weightier than this poor artificial "Money," covered with the dust of a hundred prompters' boxes, and faded with the glare of a thousand foot-lights. An original English comedy is not to be had by whistling—no, nor apparently even by praying—for it. There are, however, members of the company at the new Haymarket who are fit for better things; fit, some of them, for the best things. The weak side, as on the London stage throughout, is that of the women. With the exception of Mrs. Bancroft, there is not an actress who calls for mention. Miss Marion Terry, who does the young ladies, is a pale reflection of her sister, and, although a graceful and sympathetic figure, has, as an actress, no appreciable identity whatever. It will be interesting to see what they will do at the Haymarket when they have to mount a piece with an important part for a young woman. What they will do apparently will be—not to mount it. Mrs. Kendal (Miss Madge Robertson), at the Prince of Wales's, used to play the important young women; but Mrs. Kendal has now passed over to the new St. James's, the management of which her husband divides with Mr. Hare. Mrs. Bancroft in the line of broad comedy is a delightful actress, with an admirable sense of the humorous, an abundance of animation and gayety, and a great deal of art and finish. The only other actress in London who possesses these gifts (or some of them) in as high a degree is Mrs. John Wood, who is even more broadly comic than Mrs. Bancroft, and moves the springs of laughter with a powerful hand. She is brilliantly farcical, but she is also frankly and uncompromisingly vulgar, and Mrs. Bancroft has more discretion and more taste. The part most typical of Mrs. Bancroft's best ability is that of *Polly Eccles*, in "Caste," of which she makes both a charming and an exhilarating creation. She also does her best with *Lady Franklin*, the widow with a turn for practical jokes, in "Money," but the part has so little stuff that there is not much to be made of it. Mrs. Bancroft is limited to the field we have indicated, which is a very ample one; she has made two or three excursions into the region of serious effect, which have not been felicitous. Her *Countess Zicka*, in a version of Sardou's "Dora," is an example in point.

Since we have begun to speak of the ladies, we will remain a little longer in their company—apologizing for our want of gallantry in again expressing our vivid sense of the fact that they do not shine on the London stage at the present hour. It takes more to make an accomplished actress than

the usual Englishwoman who embraces the profession can easily lay her hands upon; a want of frankness, of brightness, of elegance, of art, is commonly, before the footlights, this lady's principal impediment. The situation may be measured by the fact that Miss Adelaide Neilson (whose principal laurels, we believe, were won in the United States) was one of its most brilliant ornaments. Miss Neilson was a remarkably pretty woman; but she added to this advantage, so far as we could perceive, none of the higher qualifications of an actress. We shall not soon forget a visit we paid over a year ago to the musty and fog-haunted Adelphi, where Miss Neilson was then representing the character of *Julia* in "The Hunchback." The performance lingers in our mind as something ineffaceably lugubrious. Mr. Herman Vezin did *Master Walter*, and Mr. Henry Neville, *Sir Thomas Clifford*. They are both clever actors; but either they were very much out of place, or they were playing without their usual spirit; for a sense of melancholy poverty lay heavy upon the auditor's mind, which was not enlivened by the manner in which Miss Lydia Foote, an actress enjoying great credit, expressed the characteristics of the merry-making *Helen*. We have passed some bad hours at the Adelphi—an establishment which we remember in the "good old" days, as they are called, of Mr. Benjamin Webster and Madame Celeste. Mr. Benjamin Webster used to be very effective in "The Dead Heart," a drama of the French Revolution, pervaded by the clanking of chains and the uproar of rescuing populace. As for Madame Celeste, who that ever saw her in the "Green Bushes" can forget the manner in which, as *The Huntress of the Mississippi*, she stalked about the stage with a musket on her shoulder, her fine eyes rolling, as the phrase is, all over the place, and her lower limbs, much exposed, encased in remarkably neat Indian leggings? It is not these memories that are painful, but several more recent ones. We spoke of the Adelphi just now as a "fog-haunted" house, and literally, from some mysterious reason, of winter nights the murky atmosphere of the Strand is as thick within the theater as outside of it. It is a very palpable presence at most of the London theaters; but at the Adelphi a perpetual yellow mist, half dust, half dampness, seems to hover above the stalls, and to stretch itself across the stage, like a screen of dirty gauze. Was it because we beheld it through this unflattering medium that a certain performance of "Nicholas Nickleby," which Mr. Andrew Halliday had done into a drama, recently appeared to us a terribly abortive entertainment? We are unable to say; but we remember receiving the impression that it was vain to attempt to galvanize the drama into life by expensive upholstery, for a public whose taste could resist the shock of such a performance. There was a vulgar ferocity, a shabby brutality about it which were quite indefinable; and we felt that the taste of the community that could tolerate it really offered no soil in which the theater might revive. If that was possible, better things were impossible. Mr. Herman Vezin, Mr. Henry Neville, Miss Lydia Foote, were again in the cast, together with Mrs. Alfred Mellon, a praiseworthy actress, who many years ago was almost brilliant, and who now, in a costume worthy of a masquerade in Bedlam, gave visible form to the savage humors of Mrs. Squeers. In spite of the valuable aid of these performers, however, there is nothing comfortable in our recollection of "Nicholas Nickleby," unless it be the acquirement of a conviction. We mean the conviction that it is a great mistake to attempt to transform Dickens's works into dramas. The extreme oddity of his figures, which constantly endangers them for the reader, is doubled when they are presented to the eye. Dramatic effect is not missed, but overdone, and we receive an impression of something intolerably salient and violent. Add to which the simple cutting up of a novel into episodes, tacked together anyhow, is always an abomination.

Mrs. Kendal (to return to the ladies whom we have left) is a thoroughly accomplished, business-like, lady-like actress, with a great deal of intelligence, a great deal of practice, and a great deal of charm. She is not, we should say, highly imaginative, but she has always the manner of reality, and her reality is always graceful. At the St. James's she carries the weight of the whole feminine side of the house—she reigns alone; and it is a proof of the great value which in London attaches to a competent actress, once she is secured, that Mrs. Kendal does all sorts of business. Yesterday she was a young girl, of the period of white muslin and blushes; to-day she plays *Mrs. Sternhold*, in a revival of Tom Taylor's "Still Waters." The former Court and the former Prince of Wales's

(that is, the St. James's and the Haymarket) keep very well abreast of each other, and their rivalry is altogether friendly; but as we cited the recent revival of "Money" at the second-named of these houses as an evidence of scanty resources, so we may say that it was rather pitiful to see Mr. Hare, when he came to open his new theater, with nothing to set out as a birthday feast but an adaptation of a stale French vaudeville of twenty or thirty years ago, entitled "Le Fils de Famille." This performance had not even the merit of novelty, for it had been played at the Court for many weeks before Mr. Hare left this house. "The Queen's Shilling," however, as the English version of the play is called, offered Mr. Kendal some opportunities for very good acting. He and his wife, a few weeks after the opening of the St. James's, undertook the grave responsibility of making a success of the little drama which Mr. Tennyson has lately contributed to the stage. "The Falcon" is an attempt to convert into a poetic comedy one of the most familiar and most touching of the tales of Boccaccio, a tale which a dozen poets have reproduced in narrative verse. Mr. Tennyson's verse, in this last reproduction, aspires to be dramatic; but it works in awkward conditions. The story of the poor gentleman who, to give a breakfast to the proud lady whom he secretly adores, sends his falcon—a solitary treasure—to the pot, and then learns that the purpose of the lady's visit (she is a noble widow, of the neighborhood) had been to ask for the gift of the bird for her little boy, who is lying ill and has taken a fancy to it—this simple and affecting tale is capital reading, but it is very indifferent acting. The *dénouement* consists exclusively in the poor man's saying "My falcon? why, madam, you have had it for your breakfast!"—and before an audience with an irreverent sense of the ridiculous such a *dénouement*, in a pathetic piece, might have provoked a dangerous titter. The English public, however, is not ironical, nor analytic; it takes things on the whole very simply. "The Falcon" therefore was for a few weeks a moderate success—the author having taken the precaution not to bid for loud applause by any great splendor of verse. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, on the other hand, who recited the text with a great deal of care—the former indeed with a degree of ready art remarkable in an actor who has formed his manner upon current colloquialism, and has had the fear of the artificial constantly in his eyes—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, in their Italian dresses of the fifteenth century, were splendidly picturesque figures. The arrangement of the stage also remains in our mind as a supremely successful thing of the kind—the cool, inclosed light of a thick-walled cabin among Italian hills, with a glimpse of a glowing summer's day outside. So you stand and look, from a window with a deep embrasure, at the country about Siena.

We have spoken of Miss Ellen Terry, of Mrs. Bancroft, of Mrs. Kendal; but we have not spoken of the most interesting actress in London. It is agreeable to be able to say that she is an American; but as she is doubtless as well known in New York as in London, we ought perhaps to do no more than briefly allude to her. Miss Genevieve Ward's appearances in London take place at considerable intervals, and she has seemingly never made it her business to obtain a regular footing here. Indeed, to the best of our knowledge, she has not, until within the present year, made what is called a hit. This fact is remarkable when Miss Ward's exceptional ability is considered. She acts with a finish, an intelligence, a style, an understanding of what she is about, which are as agreeable as they are rare. We know not whether she was born under an evil star, or whether there is an insufficient demand for her peculiar qualities to produce a reputation; at any rate, the actress strikes us as having hitherto been less appreciated than she deserves. It may be hoped that now she has made a hit she will obtain her deserts; it is only a pity that her success is not bound up with a more solid opportunity. "Forget-Me-Not," the piece in which Miss Ward has lately appeared at the Prince of Wales's under the new management (she had already brought it out, shortly before the close of the summer season at the Lyceum), is the joint production of Messrs. Herman Merivale and Crawford Grove. The play is of a very slender pattern, being almost totally destitute of action, and much overburdened with talk. The worst of it is that the talk is about nothing worth while—hovering perpetually round the question of whether a low French adventuress, whom the authors have not attempted to make anything but sordid, shall or shall not quarter herself upon certain young English ladies in Rome, with whom she is connected by mysterious ties. An English gentleman, befriending his young countrywomen, un-

dertakes to dislodge the intruder, who resists with great energy, but is finally eliminated. Of these materials Miss Ward has made herself a part. It is a very bad one, but such as it is, she plays it with uncommon brilliancy. Her natural advantages are great, and, to our perception, she comes nearer than any other actress upon the London stage to being a mistress of her art.

At the Haymarket, among the men, Mr. Arthur Cecil is easily first—first, we mean, in the sense of being most of an artist. His art is the art of pure comedy, but it never loses sight of nature; it is always delicate and fine. Few English actors, we suspect, have ever achieved such a command of laughter with an equal lightness of touch. It is true that we remember Charles Mathews. There was more of Charles Mathews than of Arthur Cecil—he was much greater in quantity; but we doubt whether he was more exquisite in quality. Mr. Arthur Cecil is young; but it is his fate to represent elderly men—though when he occasionally does one of his own contemporaries (*Sam Gerridge*, for instance, in "Caste") he loses nothing of his cunning. An actor whose situation is the same, who in the vitality of youth is often condemned to depict senility, is Mr. Hare, of the St. James's. He does many things admirably, his line, however, being less humorous than Arthur Cecil's. He is less genial and less comical, but his old men, whether natural or grotesque, are always minutely studied, and brought before us with elaborate art. He should be seen in a little piece called "A Quiet Rubber" (an adaptation of "Une Partie de Piquet"), in which his *Lord Kildare*, an impoverished and irascible Irish nobleman, whose high temper and good-breeding are constantly at odds, is a remarkable creation. Among the actors of the younger school, the votaries of that quiet realism which brings down on the heads of those who practice it the denomination of "amateurs," John Hare certainly divides with Arthur Cecil the first place. Among the latter's companions, at the Haymarket, Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Conway must be mentioned. Mr. Bancroft has always had a specialty—that of the well-dressed, drawling, empty-headed but presumably soft-hearted heavy dragoon, or man about town, of whom a specimen is usually found in the comedies of Mr. Robertson. Mr. Bancroft represents him with a humor that is not too broad, and in which the characteristics of the gentleman are not lost sight of. But he recently gave proof that he was capable of more serious work; and his *Count Orloff*, in the version of Victorien Sardou's "Dora," played at the Prince of Wales's two years ago, was a vigorous and manly piece of acting. In "Diplomacy," indeed, several of the performers we have mentioned, with two or three others, showed to exceptional advantage. Mrs. Kendal was not so good as the heroine as we have sometimes seen her; she was too mature for the part. We have also said that Mrs. Bancroft, as the *Countess Zicka*, showed a good deal of misdirected energy. But Arthur Cecil, Mr. Kendal, and Mr. Clayton were all excellent, and the critical scene of the play, the scene of the three men, which on the first production of the piece in Paris did so much to secure its success, was rendered by the two latter gentlemen and by Mr. Bancroft in a manner which left little to be desired. We may say here, in parentheses, that the part of the mother, in "Diplomacy," the grotesque old widow of a South American general, was weakly filled. We mention the fact as a sign that on the London stage there is a plentiful lack of accomplished old women. There is no one that seems to us half so good as that wonderful Mrs. Vernon, who for so many years was the delightful old lady of comedy at Wallack's. Mr. Clayton, of whom we just spoke, deserves a paragraph to himself—though he has lately, if we are not mistaken, been playing in New York, and taking care himself of his credit. He is one of the best representatives of what may be called the man of the world in the contemporary drama. He has an agreeable combination of polish and robustness, and he cultivates ease without that tendency to underact which is the pitfall of the new generation. He made a great hit some five or six years ago in the "All for Her," of Messrs. Herman Merivale and Palgrave Simpson, a drama suggested by Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." We remember thinking his acting picturesque, but the piece infelicitous. At the time we write, he is playing *Sir Horace Welby*, the gentleman who fights a duel with Miss Genevieve Ward in "Forget-Me-Not." The part is a painfully weak one, but Mr. Clayton acts it in a manner which shows that he is capable of much more brilliant things. Mr. Conway, whose name we set down above, is at present an ornament of the Haymarket, where he plays the

young lovers. We say an ornament advisedly; for Mr. Conway's first claim to distinction is his remarkably good looks, which may be admired, along with those of the other professional beauties, at half the photograph shops in London. Mr. Conway follows the same line as that elegant young actor, the late Mr. Montague, who was for several years, at Wallack's, the admiration of New York. He acts with care and intention; but the spectator can hardly rid himself of the feeling that the cut of his garments bears an unduly large part in his success. He has been playing *Alfred Evelyn* in the revival of "Money," of which we have already spoken, and he throws a great deal of effort and animation into the part. But he is overweighted by it, flimsy as it is, and he labors under the disadvantage of a harsh and inflexible voice. We remember seeing Mr. Charles Coghlan play *Alfred Evelyn*, upward of five years since, when the play was brought out at the Prince of Wales's. He did it better, for Mr. Coghlan is a serious and interesting actor. Mr. Coghlan is *par excellence* a votary of quiet realism; the only criticism we shall make of him is that he sometimes confounds the real with the quiet. He has lately been playing in an English arrangement of an American piece —"The Banker's Daughter." "The Old Love and the New," as it is renamed, was brought out by the new management of the Court, with every appearance of success. There is something so truthful, touching and manly in Mr. Coghlan's acting that it is a satisfaction to see him; but he should remember that good acting consists in doing, not the real thing, but the thing which from the scenic point of view *appears* the real thing —a very different affair. This would be a guarantee against his turning his back too much to the audience and delivering too many of his speeches into corners and cupboards. We cannot speak of "The Old Love and the New" without a word of applause for a very clever actor, Mr. Anson, who plays the part of a New York commercial traveler with remarkable comic force. The wonder of it is that the actor is not, as we at first supposed, an American. His rendering of the part is a real study in linguistics. The intonation, the accent of his model, are reproduced with a verity and a sobriety together which do great honor to Mr. Anson's powers of observation. He has caught the vulgar side of his dealer in "samples" so well that for the actor's sake we could not wish the former less vulgar.

We have reached our limits, and we have left a great many things unsaid and a great many names unnoted. We have pretended only to mention the actors of the moment; we have no space even for immediate retrospect. We have omitted, for instance, to say anything of Mr. Toole, who has at present a small theater of his own, an establishment of frivolous traditions, known as the "Folly." Mr. Toole is a rich and elaborate comedian, whom we remember seeing and enjoying in all his parts when he visited the United States some years ago; but in London, we must confess, he does not interest us so much as he did in America. This is partly, we suspect, because much of the quality that we enjoyed in him, the savor of the soil, the cockney humor, was generic, as we may say, and not individual. In London this quality is in the air; every one, in certain classes, has a little of it; so that it becomes commonplace and ceases to be picturesque. Moreover Mr. Toole sometimes nods, and when he does, it is portentous. No less an adjective than this will express the lugubrious quality of his unsuccessful attempt to produce a great comic effect in Mr. Byron's dreary little drama entitled "A Fool and his Money." The source of laughter, for the spectator of this misguided effort of actor and author alike, converts itself into a fountain of tears,—tears of humility for our common liability to err. Though we have not said it hitherto, we must here say a good word for Mr. Charles Warner, who for unnumbered months distinguished himself as the Anglicized hero of the dramatization of Emile Zola's "Assommoir," which Mr. Charles Reade did into English (under the name of "Drink") for the Princess's. Mr. Warner's *Coupeau* is one of the best pieces of acting seen in London for many a day; it revealed, as the French say, the actor, who, though he had played much, had never played half so well. His *Coupeau* was an inspiration. We know not whether Mr. Edward Terry, who is the comic gentleman at the Gaiety, ever has inspirations, but it would be a happy one for him that should lead him to escape from the baleful circle of the punning farces and burlesques of Messrs. Byron and Burnand. He is one of the most amusing actors in London, and strikes us as having a comic vein that might be worked much more profitably than we see it worked in "Little Doctor Faust" and "Robbing Roy." The same may be said of his comrade, Miss

Nelly Farren, whom we ought to have included in our group of noticeable actresses. Many knowing critics in London will tell you that Miss Farren is a great actress, and that if she only had a chance her genius would kindle a blaze. This may be; but meanwhile the chance is wanting. We have seen Miss Farren in two or three parts in which she gave a glimpse of original comic power; but these bright moments were swallowed up in the inanities and vulgarities of the comic drama, as practiced by the indefatigable punsters we have mentioned. Both she and Mr. Terry appear to be sacrificed to that infantile conception of dramatic entertainment which is the only contribution of the English imagination of the day to the literature of the theater.

POSTSCRIPT.—LONDON, November, 1880.

Since the foregoing pages were written, nothing has occurred to falsify the various judgments they contain. Very little, indeed, has occurred in any way—the months of August, September, and October being usually a period of theatrical repose and sterility. At the present writing, however, most of the play-houses are open, and the winter season may be said to have begun. The writer may add that if he was warranted a few months since in deploring the destitution of the English stage,—its want of plays, of authors, of resources,—he is to-day even more justified by the facts. Mr. Irving, desiring to open his winter brilliantly at the Lyceum, can invent nothing better than a revival of that hackneyed and preposterous drama, "The Corsican Brothers"—a piece of which the principal feature is a gentleman of supernatural antecedents, in a blood-stained shirt, moving obliquely along a groove in the stage, under a shower of electric light. "The Corsican Brothers" is brilliantly mounted, with that perfection of detail, that science of the picturesque, which, in default of more pertinent triumphs, is the great achievement of the contemporary stage. It contains a little of everything except acting. Mr. Irving's proceedings in the first act of this drama, and especially the manner in which he delivers himself of the long explanatory narrative put into the mouth of the hero, are of a nature to cause a fiendish satisfaction on the part of such critics as may hitherto have ventured to judge him severely. An incident which points in exactly the same direction as this extremely successful, but none the less significant, enterprise at the Lyceum is the production (unattended in this case with great success) of "William and Susan" at the St. James's. "William and Susan" is an arrangement of "Black-eyed Susan." Douglas Jerrold's first two acts have been rewritten and provided with scenery as trim and tidy as a Dutch picture—Mr. Wills being the author charged with the delicate task of pouring the old wine into new bottles. Mr. Wills has made a flat and monotonous little play, into which even the singularly charming and touching acting of Mrs. Kendal has failed to infuse the vital spark. Mrs. Kendal is natural and delightful; she has the art of representing goodness and yet redeeming it from insipidity. Mr. Kendal, who plays the high-toned and unfortunate tar, is a graceful and gentlemanly actor, but he is not another T. P. Cooke. He has not the breadth and body the part requires. The play, as it now stands, is of about the intellectual substance of a nursery-rhyme. The *mise en scène* is as usual delightful.

By far the most agreeable theatrical event that has lately taken place in London is the highly successful appearance of Madame Modjeska, who is so well known and generally appreciated in America. This charming and touching actress has hitherto appeared but in two parts; but in these parts she has given evidence of a remarkably delicate and cultivated talent. There are actresses in London whose proceedings upon the stage are absolute horse-play by the side of the quiet felicities of Madame Modjeska. A dismal translation of "La Dame aux Camélias" (in which the situation of the heroine is enveloped in the most bewildering and mystifying pruderies of allusion) permitted Madame Modjeska to achieve a success which was not assisted by any element of the real or the reasonable in the character represented. But she has lately been playing a business-like version of Schiller's "Mary Stuart," and in this case has shown herself able to handle with brilliancy a part of greater solidity. She is a very exquisite and pathetic Queen of Scots. Madame Modjeska is the attraction of the hour; but it only points the moral of these desultory remarks that the principal ornament of the English stage just now should be a Polish actress performing in a German play.

THE EXPENSIVE TREAT OF COLONEL MOSES GRICE.

Besides an incipient ventriloquist who had included it in a limited provincial tour which he was making in some hope of larger development of his artistic powers, the only show that had visited Dukesborough thus far was the wax figures. The recollection of that had ever remained unsatisfactory. I can just remember that one of the figures was William Pitt, and another the Sleeping Beauty; that the former was the saddest and the yellowest great statesman that I had had opportunity, thus far, to look upon, and the latter—well, it is not pleasant, even now, to recall how dead, how long time dead, she appeared. When Aggy, my nurse, seeing me appalled at the sight, repeatedly asseverated, "De lady is jes' a-tired and a-takin' of a nap," I cried the louder, and plucked so at Aggy that she had to take me away. Though not thus demonstrative, yet even elderly country people acknowledged to disappointment, and there was a general complaint that if what had been was the best that could be done by Dukesborough in the way of public entertainment, it might as well take itself away from the great highway of human travel, suspend its school, sell out its two stores at cost, abolish its tavern and post-office, tear down its blacksmith's and shoe shops, and, leaving only its meeting-house, resolve itself into the elements from which it had been aggregated. Not that these were the very words; but surely their full equivalents were employed when William Pitt, the Sleeping Beauty, and their pale associates had silently left the town.

As for a circus, such an institution was not known, except by hearsay, even to Colonel Moses Grice, of the Fourteenth Regiment Georgia Militia, though he was a man thirty-five years old, over six feet high, of proportional weight, owned a good plantation and at least twenty negroes, and had seen the theater as many as three times in the city of Augusta. The ideas the Colonel had received there were such, he said, as would last him to the end of his days—a period believed to be remote, barring, of course, all contingencies of future wars. To this theatrical experience he had been desirous, for some time, to add that of the circus, assured in his mind that, from what he had heard, it was a good thing. It happened once, while on a visit to Augusta, whither he had accompanied a wagon-load of his cotton, partly on that business, but mainly to see the great world there, that he met, at Collier's tavern, where he sojourned, a circus forerunner, who was going the rounds with his advertisements. Getting soon upon terms of intimacy with one who seemed to him the most agreeable, entertaining, and intelligent gentleman that he had ever met, Colonel Grice imparted to him such information about Dukesborough that, although that village was not upon the list of appointments,—Dukesborough, in point of fact (to his shame the agent confessed it), not having been even heard of,—yet a day was set for its visitation, and when visited, another was set for the appearance there of the Great World-Renowned Circus, which claimed for its native homes London, Paris, and New York.

It would be entertaining to a survivor of that period to make even small boys, from families of most limited means in this generation, comprehend the interest excited by those advertisements, in huge black and red letters, that were tacked upon the wall of Spouter's tavern. From across Beaver Dam, Rocky Creek, the Ogeechee, from even the head-waters of streams leading to the Oconee, they came to read over and spell over the mighty words. Colonel Grice, who had been found, upon his own frank admission, to be the main mover, was forced to answer all inquiries concerning its magnitude, its possible influences upon the future of Dukesborough, and kindred subjects. There would have been a slight drawback to the general eager expectation, on grounds moral and religious; but the World-Renowned had anticipated and provided against that, as will hereafter appear. Then Colonel Grice had signified his intention of meeting the impending institution on the occasion of at least two of its exhibitions before its arrival and should take it upon himself to warn it of the kind of people it was coming among.

The Colonel resided five miles south of the village. He had a wife, but no children (a point on which he was perhaps a little sore), was not in debt, was hospitable, a encourager, especially in words, of public and private enterprises, and enthusiastically devoted, though without experience in war, to the military profession, which—if he might use the expression—he would call his

second wife. Off the muster-field he habitually practiced that affability which is so pleasant because so rare to see in the warrior class. When in full uniform and at the head of the regiment, with girt sword and pistol-holster, he did indeed look like a man not to be fooled with, and the sound of his voice in utterance of military orders was such as to show that he intended those orders to be heard and obeyed. When the regiment was disbanded, the sternness would depart from his mien, and, though yet unstripped of weapons and regalia, he would smile blandly, as if to re-assure spectators that, for the present, the danger was over, and friends might approach without apprehension.

The Colonel met the circus even further away than he at first had intended. He had determined to study it, he said, and he traveled some seventy miles on horseback, attending daily and nightly exhibitions. Several times during this travel and afterward, on the forenoon of the great day in Dukesborough, he was heard to say that, if he were limited to one word with which to describe what he had seen, that word would be—*grandeur*. "As for what sort of a people them circus people are," he said, "in a moral and in a religious sense, now—ahem! you know, gentlemen and ladies, especially ladies—ah, ha!—I'm not a member, but I'm as great a respecter of religion as can be found in the whole State of Georgia. Bein' raised to that, I pride myself on that. Now, these circus people, they aint what I should call a highly moral, that is, a strictly religious people. You see, gentlemen, that aint, so to speak, their business. They aint goin' about preachin', and havin' camp-meetin' revivals, and givin' singin'-school lessons. They are—I wish I could explain myself about these circus people. These circus people are a-tryin'—you know, gentlemen, different people makes their livin' in different ways; and these circus people are jest a-tryin' to do exactly the same thing in jest exactly the same way. Well, gentlemen, *grandeur* is the word I should say about their performances. I should not confine myself to the word *religion*. Strictly speakin', that word do not embrace all the warious warieties, so to speak, of a circus. *My* word would be GRANDEUR; and I think that's the word you all will use when that tent is up, that door is opened, and you are rushin' into its—its—I don't know whether to use the word *jaws* or *departments*. But, for the sake of decency, I'll say—*departments*. As for moral and religious, gentlemen,—*and* 'specially ladies,—I tell you, it aint neither a camp-meetin', a 'sociation, a quarterly meetin', nor a singin'-school. I'm not a member, but I'm a respecter; and as to all that, and all them, Dukesborough may go farther and fare worse. That's all I got to say."

On the day before, Colonel Grice, by this time grown intimate with the manager, and as fond of him as if he had been his own brother (some said even fonder), in the fullness of his heart had invited the whole force to breakfast with him on the way to Dukesborough, and the invitation had been accepted. What was consumed was enormous; but he could afford it, and his wife, especially with distinguished visitors, was as hospitable and open-hearted as himself.

Other persons besides boys believed in their hearts that they might not have been able to endure another day's delay of the show. For a brief period the anxiety of school children amounted to anguish when the master expressed doubts as to a holiday; for holidays then were infrequent, and schoolmasters had to be over-persuaded. But the present incumbent yielded early, with becoming reluctance, to what seemed to be the general desire. The eagerly expected morning came at last. Many who knew that the circus was lingering at Colonel Grice's went forth to meet it, some on foot, some on horseback. Some started even in gigs and other carriages, but being warned by old people, turned, unhooked their horses, and hitched them to swinging limbs in the very farthest part of the grave-yard grove, and then set out on foot. The great show had put foremost its best wagon, but nobody had any sort of idea what things those were which the military gentlemen who rode in it carried in their hands. One person, known generally to carry a cool head, said that one of these things looked to him like a drum, though of a size comparatively enormous, but the idea was generally scorned.

"Where you goin' there, Poll Ann?" said Mrs. Watts to her little daughter, who was opening the gate. "Stay behind there, you, Jack, and you, Susan! You want to git eat up by them camels and varmints? I never see sich children for cur'osity. They've got as much cur'osity as—as——"

"As we have," said Mrs. Thompson, laughing, as she attempted in vain to drive back her own little brood.

The effect of the music in the long, covered wagon, drawn by six gray horses

slowly before the long procession, no words can describe. It put all, the aged and the young, into a tremor. Old Mr. Leadbetter, one of the deacons, who had been very "jubous," as he said, about the whole thing, was trying to read a chapter somewhere in Romans, when, at the very first blast, his spectacles jumped off his nose, and he told a few of the brethren afterward, confidentially, that he never could recollect, afterward, where he had left off. As for Mrs. Bland, she actually danced in her piazza, for, probably, as many as a dozen bars, and, when "had up" about it, pleaded that she couldn't help it. It might have gone hard with the defendant had not some of her triers been known to march in time to the band, and, besides, they had staid after the close of the animal show, contrary to the special inhibition against the circus. For the World-Renowned had provided against the scruples of the straightest sects by attaching to itself a small menagerie of animals, whose exhibition had been appointed for the opening. There were a camel, a lion, a zebra, a hyena, two leopards, a porcupine, six monkeys, a bald eagle, and some parrots. By some means, never fully known, the most scrupulous of the spectators had gotten (late during this first act) to the very loftiest and remotest seats in the amphitheater, and when the animals were shut from the view, these persons, though anxious, were unable to retire without stepping over the shoulders of those beneath—a thing that no decent person could be expected to do. So Mrs. Bland got off with a mild rebuke.

As the cavalcade proceeded, it was a sight to see those who came in late in vehicles hastily turning in, apprehensive of the effect upon their horses of the music and the smell of the wild animals. For the first and only time in the history of Dukesborough, there was momentary danger of a blockade of wheels in its one street.

"A leetle more," said old Tony to the other negroes at home that night—he was the driver of the Booker carriage—"a leetle more, and I'd 'a' driv' right into the camel's mouth."

For some reason, possibly its vast size and the peculiar dip of its under-lip in the pictures, the camel seemed to be regarded as the most carnivorous of the wild beasts, and especially fond of human flesh.

The place selected for the tent was the area west of Sweep's shoe-shop, at the foot of the hill on which the Basil mansion stood. When the door was opened at last, the crowd surged in. Colonel Grice waited long, in order to see that no one of any condition was excluded for want of the entrance fee. For at last this was regarded by him rather as a treat of his own to his neighbors, and he wanted it to be complete. Then he walked in with the deliberateness of an owner of the establishment, and contemplated everything with benignant complaisance. Those ladies and gentlemen who were within the sound of his voice, as he went the rounds of the boxes containing the animals, were fortunate.

"Be keerful there, boys—be keerful," he said kindly but seriously to some little fellows who were leaning against the rope and studying the porcupine. "Be keerful. That's the cilibrated pockapine. You see them sharp things on him? Well, them's his quills, and which, when he's mad, he shoots 'em like a bow-'narrow, and they goes clean through people."

The boys backed, although the little creature looked as if his quiver had been well-nigh exhausted in previous wars.

"That's the hyner," said the Colonel, moving on, "and they say he's the most rhinocerous varmint of 'em all. Of all victuals he loves folks the best, though he some rather that somebody or something else would kill 'em, and then him come on about a week or sich a matter afterward. They scratches up grave-yards, and in the countries where they raise, people has to bury their kin-folks in stone coffins."

"Oh, goodness gracious, Colonel! Let's go on!"

This exclamation was made by Miss Angeline Spouter, the thinnest of the party, who was locked arm in arm with Miss Georgiana Pea, the thickest.

"No danger, Miss Angeline—no danger at all," answered the Colonel, briskly raising his arm aloft that all might see what was between them and the beast, at which he looked as if it were his own pet hyena and would not think of leaving its lair without his order. "No danger whatsomever. Even if he could git out, he'd have to ride over me, and, besides, it's mostly corpses that he'd be arfter, and—ah—I don't think, anyway, that *you'd* be in the slightest danger."

As he said this, the Colonel looked rather argumentatively, and at Miss Pea more than Miss Spouter.

"Oh," said Miss Pea, gayly, "if the creetur could git out, and then took a

notion for live folks, I'd be the one he'd make for, certain sure."

Just as the party was about to pass on, the wretched beast, stopping for a moment, his snout pressed to the roof, uttered several short, loud, hoarse, terrific howls. Miss Spouter screamed, Miss Pea laughed hysterically, and Colonel Grice, before he knew it, was on the outside of his knot of followers. Recovering himself,—for he was without his sword and pistol-holster,—he stepped quickly back to the front, looked threateningly, and afterward disdainfully, at the hyena, who had resumed his walks, and said:

"You rhinoceros varmint, you! Thinkin' of them grave-yards you've robbed, and hungry for some more of 'em, ah! These is live folks, my boy; and they aint quite ready for you yit, nor wont be for some time, I hope." Then he led on to the monkeys.

"Hello, Bill! I knowed you'd be here; got your boys with you, too, I see."

The person addressed by Colonel Grice was a tall, stout young farmer. Over his other clothes he wore a loosely fitting round jacket, of thick, home-made stuff, with capacious pockets. In each of these were one foot and a considerable portion of a leg of a child about two years old. Their other feet rested easily in the man's hands, which were tucked up for that purpose, while one arm of each was around his neck. The children were exactly alike, except a shade's difference in the color of their eyes. This was Mr. William Williams, who, three years before, had been married to Miss Caroline Thigpen. At this double birth, Mr. Williams was proud and even exultant. Out of the many names suggested for the twins, he early selected those of the renowned offspring of Mars and Rhea Sylvia. Modifying them, however, somewhat for his own reasons, he called and so wrote them in his Bible, "Romerlus" and "Remerlus."

"*Remus*, Mr. Williams," urged the friend who had suggested the names. "Remus, not Remulus: Romulus and Remus are the names."

"No, Philip," he answered; "it's Romerlus and Remerlus. One's jest as old as t'other, or nigh and about; and he's as big, and he's as good-lookin', and his brother's name sha'n't be no bigger'n his'n."

As soon as they were able to stand without harm, he accustomed them to this mode of travel, and he was never so contented as when he and they went out thus together.

"I knowed you'd be here, Bill, and your boys."

"Yes, Kurnel, I thought comin' to see the beastesses and varmints might sort o' be a start to 'em in jography. You, Rom—you, Reme, you needn't squeeze me so tight. They aint no danger in *them* things."

The children, plucky for their age, and with considerable experience in travel, had gone easily enough thus far; but when they looked upon these creatures, so like yet so unlike mankind, they shrank from the view, and clung closely to their father. Colonel Grice, recovered from the embarrassment occasioned by the hyena, was pleased at the apprehension of the twins.

"Natchel, Bill, perfec'ly natchel. You know some folks says monkeys is kin to us, and the boys, mebbe, don't like the looks of their relations."

"They aint no kin o' mine, Kurnel, nor theirn," answered Mr. Bill. "Ef you think they're humans, supposin' you—as you haint no children of your own—supposin' you adopt one of 'em."

Mr. Bill suspected that the Colonel might be alluding to the fabled she-wolf. The Colonel, however, had never heard of the distinguished originals of Roman story. His remark was a mere *jeu d'esprit*, springing naturally from the numerous sources of satisfaction of the occasion.

The wild beasts were finally hidden from view, and all repaired to their seats. Colonel Grice sat high, and near the entrance of the rear tent from which the circus performers were to emerge. Mr. Williams sat on the lowest tier, near the main entrance. He had taken his boys out of his pockets and held them on his knees. The Colonel, when he could get an opportunity, quietly, and in a very pleasant way, called the ring-master's attention to him, who smiled and nodded. Then the curtain was pushed aside from the rear tent, the band struck up, and the piebald horses came marching in with their silent riders, who, at first, looked as if they had just come from the bath and had had time for only a limited toilet. Old Miss Sally Cash, cousin and close neighbor of Colonel Grice, exclaimed:

"Lor'-a-mercy, Mose! Them aint folks, is they? Them's wax figgers, aint they?"

"I assure you, Cousin Sally, that they're folks," answered the Colonel, with marked

candor. He had great respect for his cousin Sally, and some awe.

"I thought they was wax figgers, sot on springs. They aint like no folks that I've ever saw, and I've saw a good many people in my time, both here and in Agusty." It was one of Miss Cash's boasts, which few countrywomen of that generation could make, that she had once been to that famous city. After a short interval, she added: "I b'lieve yit they're wax figgers."

At that moment the clown, all spotted and streaked, bringing up the rear, shouted:

"Here we all are, my masters."

"My Lord-a'mighty!" exclaimed Miss Cash and some three hundred other females. Only Colonel Grice, and a very few others who had been at yesterday's exhibition, could preserve any amount of coolness. The rest abandoned themselves to unlimited wonder.

"I'm sixty-nine year old," said old Mr. Pate, "and I never see sich as that before, and I never 'spected to see sich as that."

As they made their involutions and evolutions, destined, apparently, to be endless in number and variety, the old man looked on as if in his age he was vouchsafed the witness of the very last and highest achievement of human endeavor.

"Do you think that's decent, Mose?" asked Miss Cash. The performers were then in the act of the "ground and lofty tumbling," turning somersaults forward, backward, over one another, lying on their backs, throwing up their legs, and springing to their feet, etc., until they were panting and blue in the face. Miss Cash was not disposed that her Cousin Mose should know how much she was interested in this performance.

"I shouldn't say it was *on*decent, Cousin Sally."

"I don't say it is," said Miss Cash.

"You know," said the Colonel, winking slyly to his wife, and other friends of both sexes, "nobody is obleeged to stay and see the show. Anybody can go that wants to. They aint no law agin goin', if anybody's desires is to git away."

"No," answered Miss Cash, downright. "I've paid my half a dollar, and they sha'n't cheat me out of it, nor nary part of it."

The next scene was one which Colonel Grice had eagerly anticipated. A steed rushed into the ring. He was as wild, apparently, as Mazeppa's, and the clown, when the ring-master inquired for the rider, answered, in a pitiful tone, that he was sick, and none other of the *troupe* would dare to take his place. Then followed the usual fun of the master ordering the clown to ride the horse, and the clown, after vain remonstrance, trying to catch the horse, and the horse refusing to be caught; and, finally, the giving up the chase, and the master lashing the recusant beast around the ring, and wishing in vain for a rider to set him off properly. In the midst of this, an extremely drunken young man, homely clad, came through the main entrance, after a dispute and a scuffle with the door-keeper, and, staggering to where Mr. Bill Williams sat, looked down upon him.

"Two babies. One *(hic)* yours, s'pose."

"Yes," said Mr. Bill.

"And *(hic)* t'other ——"

"My wife's; but that aint nobody's business but ourn. You pass on."

The stranger declined, and fixing his muddled attention on what was going on in the ring, said:

"I can *(hic)* ride that horse ——"

The words were no sooner uttered than the man stumbled upon the track, just after the horse had dashed past. The whole audience, except Colonel Grice and the select few, rose and cried out in horror.

"Take him out, Bill! Take him out!" cried Colonel Grice. Indeed, Mr. Bill had already slid his babies into his wife's lap, and was dragging the man out of the ring. He insisted upon returning.

"Look a-here, my friend," said Mr. Bill. "I don't know you, nor nobody else don't seem to know you; but if I didn't have Rom and Reme ——"

The fellow made another rush. Mr. Bill took hold of him, but receiving a trip he fell flat, and the stranger fell into the ring, rolling out of the track in lucky time. The ring-master seemed much embarrassed.

"Oh, give him a little ride, Captain!" cried out Colonel Grice. "If he falls, he's too drunk to git badly hurt."

"It's a shame, Mose!" remonstrated Miss Cash. "I didn't come here and pay my money to see people killed. Notwithstanding and nevertheless the poor creeter's drunk, and not hardly fitten too live, he ought by good rights to have some time to prepare for the awful change that ——"

But by this time Mazeppa was mounted and dashing away; and, but that Miss Cash had made up her mind not to be cheated out of any portion of her money, she would have shut her eyes, or veiled her face, as the maddened animal sped along, while the infatuated inebriate clung to his mane. An anx-

ious time it was. Kind-hearted people were sorry they had come. In the struggle between life and death, the stranger seemed to be beginning to sober. Sooner than could have been expected, he raised himself from the horse's neck (Miss Cash twisting her mouth and screwing her neck as he reeled back and forth from side to side), gathered up the reins, shook from his feet the thick shoes he was clad with, flung aside his old hat, brushed up his curly hair, and before Miss Cash could utter a word, was on his feet. Then began that prolonged metamorphosis which old Mr. Pate was never satisfied with recounting, whether to those who saw it or those who saw it not.

"Coat arfter coat, breeches arfter breeches, gallis arfter gallis, shirt arfter shirt, ontwell he shucked hisself nigh as clean as a ear o' corn."

When everybody saw that the stranger was one of the showmen, the fun rose to a height that delayed for full five minutes the next scene. As for Colonel Grice, his handkerchief was positively wet with the tears he shed. Even Mr. Bill forgot his own discomfiture in the universal glee.

"It's a shame, Mose," said Miss Cash, "to put such a trick on Bill Williams, and that right where his wife is. It would be a good thing if he could put it back on you."

Even at this late day, a survivor of that period can scarcely recall without some exaltation of feeling that young girl of eleven (who had been advertised as "Mademoiselle Louise, the Most Celebrated Equestrienne in the World"), as she ran out with the daintiest of frocks, the pinkest of stockings, the goldenest of flounces, the bluest of belts, the curliest of hair, the peachiest of cheeks, kissed her hand to the audience, put one foot into the clown's hand, and flew into the saddle. As she went around, dancing upon that horse in full gallop, hopping over her whip and jumping through rings, and, when seated, smoothed down her skirt and waved her sleeveless arms—well, there was one boy (his name was Seaborn Byne) that declared he "would be dinged if it wasn't enough to melt the hearts clean outen a statute."

In the interval before the last, named "The Wonderful Tooth-Drawing-Coffee-pot-Fire-cracker Scene," an incident occurred that was not on the programme—an interlude, as it were, improvised by the exuberant spirits of both spectators and showmen. Colonel Grice, deeply gratified at the success of what, without great stretch, might be called his own treat, was in the mood to receive special attention and compliment from any source. When the pretended inebriate had been lifted upon Mazeppa, the clown took a bottle from his pocket, tasted it when he had gotten behind his master, smacked his lips, set it down by the middle pole, and, being detected in one of his resortings to it, was reproached for not inviting some one to drink with him. They were on the portion of the ring next the main entrance.

"Why don't you invite Colonel Grice?" said Mr. Bill Williams, in a low voice. "He expects it."

The master turned to notice from whom the suggestion proceeded, and, before he could determine, the clown, though with some hesitation, said:

"If Colonel Grice ——"

"Stop it!" whispered the master.

But he was too late. The Colonel had already risen, and was carefully descending.

"Is you goin' there, Mose, sure enough?" said Miss Cash. "It do look like Mose is complete carried away with them circus people and hisself."

Having gotten safely over the intervening heads and shoulders, the Colonel stepped with dignity into the ring, at the same time feeling somewhat of the embarrassment which will sometimes befall the very greatest warrior when, without his weapons, he knows himself to be the object of the attention of a large number of civilians, both male and female. This embarrassment hindered his observation of the captain's winks, and the clown's pouring a portion of the liquor upon the ground. He walked up rapidly and extended his hand. The clown, with an effort at mirthfulness, the more eager because he was doubtful of perfect success, withdrew the bottle from his grasp, spread out his legs, squatted his body, and, applying the thumb of his disengaged hand to his nose, wriggled his fingers at the Colonel's face, winking frantically the while, hoping the latter would advance the joke by insistence.

In this he miscalculated. Persons who claimed to have seen Colonel Moses Grice, on previous occasions, what was called *mad*, said that that was mere childish fretfulness compared with his present condition of mind, when, after the withdrawal of the bottle, the whole audience, Miss Cash louder than all, broke into uproarious laughter. Fortunately the enraged chieftain had nor sword, nor pistol, nor even walking-cane. His only weapon was his tongue.

Stepping back a pace or two, and glaring upon the ludicrous squatter, he shouted:

"You spotted-backed, striped-legged, streaked-faced, speckled-b-breasted, p'inted-hatted son-of-a-gun!"

With each ejaculation of these successive, uncommon appellations, the poor clown lifted himself somewhat, and, by the time their climax was reached, was upright, and, dressed as he was, seemed most pitiful.

"My dear Colonel Grice ——" he began.

"Shet up your old red mouth," broke in the Colonel. "I didn't *want* your whisky. I got better whisky at home than you know anything about. But as you asked me to drink, like, as I thought, one gentleman would ask another gentleman, I didn't feel like refusing you. I give the whole of you your breakfast, your blasted varmints and all; I put at least twenty into your cussed old show, and arfter that ——"

"My dear-est Colonel Grice!"

"Oh, you p'inted-hatted, streaked-fac-ed, speckled-b-breasted ——" beginning, as it were, a back-handed stroke by reversing the order of his epithets.

At this moment the ring-master, who had not been able thus far to get in a single word, said in a loud but calm tone:

"Colonel Grice, don't you see that it was a mere jest, and that the suggestion came from one of your neighbors? The bottle contains nothing but water. We beg your pardon if you are offended; but I can but think that the abusive words you have used already are quite enough."

"Come, Mose! come, Mose!" cried Miss Cash, who had just been able to stop her laughter. "Give and take, Mose. You put it on to Bill Williams, and he stood it; and he put it back on to you, and now you can't stand it, eh?" And the old lady again fairly screamed with laughter, while hundreds of others joined.

The Colonel stood for a moment, hesitating. Then he suddenly turned, and, remarking that this was no place for a gentleman, walked toward the entrance.

"You goin' to let 'em cheat you out of the balance of your money that way, Mose?" asked Miss Cash. He turned again. Finding himself wholly without support, and unwilling to lose the great scene of the "Tooth-Drawing," etc., he halted and stood until it was over. By that time, he was considerably mollified, and the manager approaching, apologized for himself, the clown, and all his *troupe*, begged that he would join in a glass of the genuine at Spouter's tavern.

How could the Colonel refuse? He could not, and he did not.

"Go with us, wont you, sir?" said the manager, addressing Mr. Williams. "We had some little fun at your expense also; but I hope you bear us no malice, as we never intend to hurt feelings."

"Sperrits," answered Mr. Bill, "is a thing I sildom takes—that is, I don't tech it riglar; but I'll try a squirrel-load with you—jes' a moderate size squirrel-load."

At Spouter's all was cordially made up. Mr. Bill set Rom and Reme on the counter, and the clown gave them a big lump of white sugar apiece.

"They seem to be nice, peaceable little fellows," said he. "Do they ever dispute?"

"Oh, no great deal," answered Mr. Bill. "Sometimes Rom—that's the bluest-eyed one—he wants to have all his feed before Reme gits any of his'n, and he claws at the spoon and Reme's nose. But when he does that, I jes' sets *him* right down, and I makes him wait ontwell Reme's fed. I 'tends to raise 'em to be peaceable, and to give and take, and to be friends as well as brothers, which is mighty fur from bein' always the case in families."

Mr. Bill knew that Colonel Grice and his younger brother Abram had not spoken together for years.

"Right, Bill," said the Colonel. "Raise 'em right. Take keer o' them boys, Bill. Two at a time comes right hard on a fellow, though, don't it, Bill? Expensive, eh?" and the Colonel winked pleasantly all around.

"Thank ye, Kurnel; I'll do the best I can. I shall raise 'em to give and take. No, Kurnel, not so very hard. Fact, I wa'n't a-expectin' but one, yit, when Reme come, I thought jest as much o' him as I did o' Rom. No, Kurnel, it wouldn't be my desire to be a married man and have nary ar—to leave what little prop'ty I got to. And now, sence I got two instid o' one, and them o' the same size, I feel like I'd be sort o' awk'ard 'ithout both of 'em. You see, Kurnel, they balances agin one another in my pockets. No, Kurnel, better two than nary one; and in that way you can larn 'em better to give and take. Come Rom, come, Reme—git in; we must be a travelin'." He backed up to the counter and the boys, shifting their sugar-lumps to suit, stepped aboard and away they went.

After that day Dukesborough thought she could see no reason why she might not be named among the leading towns of Middle Georgia.

IN ALBANIA WITH THE GHEGS.

"Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need;
Their wrath how deadly! But their friendship sure
When Gratitude or Valor bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead."

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto II.

TOMB OF SKANDERBEG AT ALESSIO.

On the eastern shores of the Adriatic, at the southern extremity of the olive-clad coast of Dalmatia, a short distance beyond Cattaro, the Austrian rule over the Slav ceases, and the Turkish province of Albania begins. Geographically, the position of the country is described as "conterminous with the ancient Epirus and with the southern provinces of ancient Illyria," and as including part of the classic soil of Macedonia and Chaonia. The serrated coast of Albania is washed in the north by the waters of the Adriatic, and by the Gulf of Arta in the south. On the east it is separated from Servia and the Turkish province of Rumili by the rocky barrier of the Pindus and Scardus Mountains; Greece lies upon its southern frontier, and to the north it is bounded by Montenegro and Bosnia. From north to south Albania is barely three hundred miles in length, or a trifle shorter than Ireland; from the sea eastward to the Pindus and Scardus chain it nowhere extends inland beyond one hundred miles at its northern or broadest extremity, and this narrows down to thirty on the southern border. Ethnologically, Albania is broadly divided by the two great tribes or clans of Ngege, Ghegides, or Ghegs, who inhabit northern or Illyrian Albania, and the Toskides, or Tosks, who people the southern or Epirotic portion of the country. Colonel

Leake and Johann George von Hahn, the only reliable authorities on the subject of Albania, mention a third clan called the Liape, a poor and predatory race who live in the mountains between the Toke and Delvius. The principal Gheg towns are Dulcigno, Scutari, and Durazzo, and the chief Tosk cities are Berat and Elbassan. The Albanians themselves, however, know no such scientific distinctions as Gheg or Tosk. In their own language, which recent research has pronounced to be an independent branch of the Indo-European family and, according to Humboldt, "the floating plank of a vessel that has been sunk in the ocean of time and lost for ages," they call themselves *Scipetāar*, or "highlanders." The Turks in a like manner ignore all tribe distinctions, and term them broadly *Arnauds*.

The common belief is that Albania is thinly peopled. Square mile for square mile, no country on the borders of Albania possesses more populous centers. Scutari alone, the capital of the north, has a population of almost 27,000, and Joannina, the metropolis of the south, has quite as many inhabitants; Ochrida, Prisrend, Elbassan, and Berat are all considerable cities; nor are the minor towns of Dulcigno, Alessio, Durazzo, Croya, Jakova, and Ipek by any means thinly peopled. Hardly more exact is Dr. Arnold's oft-quoted saying that Albania "is one of those ill-fated portions of the earth which, though placed in immediate contact with civilization, has remained perpetually barbarian." Disguised in one form or another, this opinion has given color to English encyclopedias, until Albania has come to be regarded as a "very Botany Bay in moral geography"—a black, barbaric spot in Europe surrounded by a perfect halo of Slav civilization. That its people are, as yet, very far from the acme of civilization, all who know them will readily admit; but that they are so wofully behind the social advancement of their Slav neighbors is easy enough to disprove.

In the first place, the Albanians are not only industrious and skilled in various handicrafts, but the country has several representative manufactures which would not disgrace the art productions of our Western capitals. Can this be said of the Montenegrins, the Bosnians, or the Servians? In the towns of Ipek and Jakova, gold and silver filigrees are made, far superior to Maltese work, both in the artistic feeling exhibited in the design, and the marvelous intricacy and delicacy of the finish of the workmanship. This glittering, lace-like Jakova work is eagerly sought for in every bazaar, and the costliest

> "Gold cups of filigree, made to secure
> The hand from burning,"—

as mentioned by Byron in "Don Juan," and which are generally placed under the tiny Turkish coffee-cups,—are always of Albanian manufacture. Prisrend is famous for its carpets, but more particularly for the production of the magnificent silver-mounted pistols and chased and jewel-hilted yataghans, which lend such splendor to every opulent Albanian's girdle; while Scutari is celebrated for the skill of its cloth-workers, and the dexterity of its gold embroiderers. Have the Slavs on the northern and eastern borders any industries such as these?

ALBANIAN HORSE WITH WOODEN PACK-SADDLE.

Much has been said and more written of late concerning the turbulent spirit of the Albanians. But it must be remembered that the country is most exceptionally constituted, composed as it is of three opposing religious bodies, governed by a foreign power. The southern, or Tosk, Albanians belong, for the most part, to the Greek church; central Albania is chiefly Mahommedan; and northern, or Gheg, Albania is principally Roman Catholic. Add to this the fact that nearly all the Mahommedan Albanians are descended from *Bektashes*, or renegades from the Christian faith, and that, bitterly as these tripartite factions hate one another, they detest the Porte still more, and the only wonder left us is that internal strife and rebellion have not long ago decimated the population. Yet the Albanians are not

A MIRIDITE BY THE LAKE OF SCUTARI.

so constantly at loggerheads with each other or their rulers as one might suppose. The existing troubles, for instance, cannot be traced to these sources. They have been brought about solely by the re-adjustment of the Albanian frontier under the decrees of the Berlin Treaty. By these stipulations a very considerable portion of the country has been awarded to the Arnauds' hereditary foes, and Montenegro, Servia, and Greece each claim a portion of the Albanian border. Now, the Albanians are as distinct in race and language from their borderers, the Greeks and Slavs, as from their Moslem rulers. Even the most pronounced Slavophiles are compelled to regard the Scipetāars not merely as a tribe, but a nation. Moreover, their antiquity is as high as any of their neighbors'. Long before the Turkish conquest of Constantinople, Albania had its independence under a number of petty princes. The people are wont to boast of themselves as the only northern race who, in the fifteenth century, successfully checked the conquering arms of Mahomet the Great. This they did for twenty-four years under the leadership of the deathless George Castriot, or Skanderbeg, as the Turks called him. Such is the veneration of the Ghegs for his memory that his chivalrous deeds are the constant theme of their songs, whilst to this day—more than four hundred years

A CHRISTIAN LADY OF ALBANIA.

after his death—the Christian mountaineers wear a short black mourning jacket or *jurdin* over their white woolen dress, in memory of him whom they love to style the champion of Albanian liberty. Thus, as the Montenegrins carry the *kappa*, so the Ghegs wear the *jurdin*—as a memento of their long struggle for liberty in days gone by, and as a symbol of the freedom which they believe is yet to come. It would be strange, indeed, then, if a nation with such a history, and with these aspirations, should tamely submit to see their country parceled out and divided among those who cannot claim to have beaten them in war.

Much has been said and more written of late about the predatory habits and ferocious nature of the Albanian race. According to popular notions, the lowlanders are cutthroats and the highlanders brigands. The nearer the traveler gets to Albania, the louder and more positive become the dismal predictions concerning his fate on entering the country; and it was with many misgivings that Dick and I stepped from the *loudra* which had brought us across the Lake of Scutari from Montenegro, and set our feet on Albanian soil preparatory to entering the ancient town of Scutari or Skodra. We had our rifles and our revolvers with us, loaded against any emergency.

But our first experience of Albania dispelled the dark stain which ignorance had placed upon the people's character. And after wandering in some of the wildest districts of the north,—among the Miridite mountaineers when we visited the tomb of Skanderbeg at Alessio, and through the heart of the Clementi tribes when we tried to get into Gusinje,—I can say that the only instance of brigandage which came to our knowledge was practiced by the lake boatmen, when they charged us a quadruple fare for rowing us from Karadagh to Scutari, and that the Albanians' regard for the sanctity of our personal effects was such that we never had our saddle-bags stolen, as we did in "honest" Montenegro. The closing portion of this article will show that in our expedition to Gusinje we ran some risk of losing our heads, but the reader will also learn that the men who wanted to kill us were Bosniac Mahommedans, and that we were saved by the stanch fidelity of the Albanian Ghegs.

Candor compels me to mention an ugly blemish in the national character which, although little known to the outer world, is none the less observable in the race. I allude to the prevalence of blood-feuds amongst the various clans and religious factions in the country. If it were my object to palliate this savage custom, I might show that the vendetta has been time out of mind a rude form of retributive justice peculiar to most primitive highland races, and that, in maintaining this cowardly code of retaliation, the Albanians are neither better nor worse than were until within recent years the natives of the Basque provinces, the Corsicans, or even the Montenegrins. With these people, however, it was a barbarism of the past; with the Arnauds it is an all-prevailing practice of the present. Under these blood-feud laws, the most cowardly and cold-blooded murders—one can call them by no milder name—are of daily occurrence. The entire population is armed to the teeth against this ceaseless vendetta, and the burial-places are crowded with its victims; yet there is no authority in the country powerful enough to suppress it. So the barbarous custom prevails from one extremity of the country

to the other,—alike in the crowded bazaars and on the lonely hill-side, wherever the avenger and the victim meet,—and the Porte is powerless to punish because it is not strong enough to rule. The blood-feud, however, is confined by the people to the settlement of their own private quarrels, so that, unless a stranger is injudicious enough to intermeddle, he need have no alarm about his own safety in the country.

It would be difficult to point to a country within nine days' traveling distance from Paris so picturesquely quaint as Albania. It is a land above all others for the artist—a country locked within itself—a little stationary world within our vast whirligig outer one, where mediævalism is preserved in the most delicious freshness. It is the land of Iskander as when Iskander himself ruled over it. The billowy landscapes of the mountainous north are far more changeful than the people, for nature under the thin highland air is as various as the chameleon—now iridescent with the rainbow lights of dawn, next gleaming white and azure under the fierce midday sun, and anon wrapped in the violet mantle of the night. But time may come and go, and show the mountains and the lakes under a thousand different aspects, and yet the people have only one—that of their forefathers.

The splendid costume of Albania is brought vividly before the untraveled mind by Byron's memorable description of

> "The wild Albanian kirtled at the knee,
> With shawl-clad head and ornamented gun,
> And gold-embroidered garments fair to see."

Decked in this white and red and golden magnificence, he is to-day as picturesquely prominent in every Albanian bazaar as when the poet saw him in the south at the commencement of the century. But accurate as is this picture of a Tosk Albanian,—for Byron never traveled north,—it cannot be applied to the Christian Gheg. Curiously enough, the snowy kilt or festan is affected only by the lowland Mohammedans in the north. From the days of Iskander the mountain tribes have worn their own peculiar white woolen garments, and by these the clans are distinguishable at a glance.

In my article on Montenegro, I ended by saying that the peace which the Prince looked forward to so hopefully was hourly threatened, at the time of our sojourn in the country, by the troubles on the Albanian border, arising from the annexation of territory at Gusinje by the Montenegrins. On our arrival in Scutari, we found the people in a patriotic ferment, and the outbreak of a war with the Slavs—for which we had waited some time in Podgoritza—appeared to be imminent. This warlike demonstration against the Montenegrins appeared to be a purely popular one, for which the Turkish authorities were in no degree answerable. The little border rebellion,

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we were told, had been entirely organized by a patriotic secret association styling itself the Albanian League. While I was in Scutari, I made it my business to interview several chiefs of this League, so as to become acquainted with the governing principles of a secret society which is at the present moment sufficiently strong not only to openly defy the Turkish Government, but to number among its members some of the foremost officials of the Porte in Albania. In my opinion, the Albanian League is the forerunner of a general rebel-

A FRONTIER GUARD ON DUTY.

lion against Ottoman rule. In its infancy, the League was, no doubt, encouraged by the Turks as a convenient "cat's-paw," wherewith to tease the irritable Slav. But now the Government stands aghast and almost paralyzed at the hot-blooded ferocity of the very creatures they helped to create. The anarchy and lawlessness existing lately at Prisrend, where the European consuls were imprisoned by the mob in their consulates, and where the Russian representative was shot at through his own door, are but slight illustrations of the utter inability of the existing authorities to cope with the present disorder and anarchy; while the unavenged murder of Mehemet Ali at Jakova shows too plainly how pow erless is all justice in the land.

The following are the guiding principle of the Albanian League, as given to me b one of the most influential chiefs of tha body in Scutari:

The Albanian League is a purely patri otic association, composed of all grades o Albanians, having for its object the dete mined resistance of any annexation of te ritory by foreign powers. Thus Monte negro, Servia, and Greece—countries whic have all received portions of Albania, unde the conditions of the Berlin Treaty—ar each, in turn, to be vigorously oppose in any effort to occupy the land awarde

them. The head-quarters of the League, my informant said, were at Prisrend; but the leader of the fraternity, Ali Pasha, was then at Gusinje, organizing the revolt against the Montenegrin occupation of that district. Money, I was told, had been subscribed for the purpose at Scutari and other Albanian towns; and in the event of the League succeeding against Montenegro, it was their determination to fight Servia or Greece, as soon as either country endeavored to take an acre of Albanian ground. Further, I learned, in the event of this programme proving successful, it was the intention of the Albanians to declare their independence. Turkey, according to the notions of the League, was not capable of governing its own affairs, and Albania was the most flagrant example of the maladministration of its provinces, for here the officials of the Porte not only robbed and plundered the people, but left them without soldiers or *gensdarmes* to protect their lives and property. For these reasons the Albanians were determined to cast off the Ottoman yoke, and at all hazards to try and establish their country once more as an independent principality. In the event of the aspirations of the League proving successful, they had decided to offer the rulership of Albania to Midhat Pasha, the only man, my informant said,—but it must be borne in mind that he was a Mahommedan,—who had proved himself a thoroughly honest and capable statesman.*

As we had by this time become very much interested in the ultimate conclusion of the Gusinje question, we determined, if possible, to visit the place, and judge for ourselves as to the probable success of the Albanian cause. No sooner, however, were our intentions mentioned at the Hotel Toschli, than the utmost powers of the Scutarine Christians who frequented the *café* were exerted to dissuade us from our contemplated journey. Toschli himself was tearfully supplicative on the subject. Were we mad?—he asked. Did we not know that a Christian's life in Gusinje would be as brief as an infidel's days in Mecca? Were we aware that Their Excellencies the Frontier Commissioners had been stoned and pelted with mud by the Mahommedans when they tried to enter even the neighborhood of Ali Pasha's head-quarters? And, above all, had we no regard for our honored heads? Finding, at last, that we were determined upon our projects, our friends ceased from troubling, and confined themselves to looking at us with that melancholy cast of countenance peculiar to those who gaze upon the condemned.

The shortest route from Scutari to Gusinje was by the mountain passes cleaving through the heart of the districts of Kastrati and Clementi. The reported ferocity of the northern mountaineers, however, rendered our journey impossible without a safe-conduct, and the method of procedure in order to obtain one is sufficiently peculiar to warrant a few words upon the subject. As the Ghegs of the highlands are all Roman Catholics, it is necessary for them to appoint at the Pashalik of Scutari a Mahommedan representative, who acts in their behalf much in the same manner as a consul represents his nation in a foreign capital. This worthy is called the Boluk-Bashi of the tribe, and among the various duties of his office it is his province to grant safe-transit passes to all persons who may have business within his district. Armed with a passport from a Boluk-Bashi, escorts are unnecessary, and the traveler may wander unharmed through the wildest mountain passes, with much more security than he has in the streets of Scutari. A safe-conduct pass, however, is by no means easy to procure, as the Boluk-Bashi will only grant them to such persons as he can prudently permit within his territory. Foreigners, too, are looked upon with considerable suspicion by the mountaineers, and a recommendation from an official of the Porte to a Boluk-Bashi is more likely to prejudice him than to allay his suspicion. The existing relationship, indeed, between the mountaineers and the Turkish Government is none of the most cordial kind. The Ghegs of the hills and the Mahommedans of the plains have neither

* Even as I write these lines, five months after my interview with the chief of the League, the following proclamation has been issued by that patriotic body to their fellow-countrymen:

"Albanians: Europe has created a principality for the Bulgarians, has delivered Bosnia and the Herzegovina to Austria, has endowed Servia and Montenegro with territorial aggrandizement and independence, has given Roumelia autonomy; but what have we received? Absolutely nothing. We Albanians, who are not immigrants, but natives of the soil of this country, who obtained our independence centuries ago, must claim the right to create a State for ourselves. Thessaly, Epirus and Albania proper are the fatherland of the three million Albanians, and this our fatherland must be free and independent, and governed by a prince. We will obtain that or die in the attempt."

From this it is evident that the League has now cast aside all secrecy, and that open revolt to the Ottoman rule is an accomplished fact.

A SCENE IN A BAZAAR.

race nor religion in common, so that it requires considerable diplomatic tact and delicate manipulation on the part of the Pasha to prevent the Arnauds breaking out in open hostility to the Porte. As it is, no Turkish official will trust himself without a strong escort in the neighborhood of the mountains, while soldiers seldom venture, except in companies, through the norther passes. Indeed, at this moment it is th invariable custom of the Arnauds to pounc upon all military stragglers, and ease thei of their Peabody-Martini rifle,—a weapc which the Government would not allo them to carry, preferring, as a precautiona measure, to serve out the inferior Snider

them when the tribes were armed by the Porte against Montenegro in the last war. The number of Martinis which must have been "lifted" from the Government in this unceremonious manner may be computed when I state that, during my journey north, I passed through a territory occupied by 5000 hill men, and that every mountaineer on the rocks, every plowman at his plow, every shepherd tending his flock, and every driver with his team of pack-horses, carried the Government Martini upon his shoulder. But the mountaineers are too proud a race to steal, preferring exchange to robbery, so it is their invariable custom, whenever a luckless soldier comes in their way, to make a point of presenting him with their obsolete Sniders in consideration of the more approved Martini.

A BANQUET IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The independence of the mountaineers being a natural outcome from the security of their position, fortified as they are in the hills among ramparts of rock and citadels of stone, considerable circumspection is necessary before the stranger trusts himself within the reach of a race trained almost from infancy to the use of arms, and rendered ferocious by almost ceaseless border wars. It was, therefore, with a fixed determination to remain in Scutari should our efforts fail, that we set to work to procure a safe-conduct pass from the Boluk-Bashi of the Clementi tribe. The moment, however, that our nationality was mentioned to the consul of the Clementi highlanders, we were promised not only free entrance and safety among the northern hills, but a hearty welcome from every mountaineer in the Boluk-Bashi's district. But, despite this protection, our attempt to get into Gusinje was considered sufficiently desperate among the Scutarines to preclude all chance of our hiring a dragoman to accompany us on the journey. In vain we tried the force of argument and the weight of Turkish gold—usually a most alluring bait in Albania, where the currency looks remarkably like tin-plate. So at sunrise on a November Sunday of 1879 we went dragomanless to the house of our Boluk-Bashi, with about ten words of Albanese and as many Bosniac verbs in our vocabulary, bound on a three-days' ride through the Clementi Mountains to learn the true state of affairs in Gusinje.

It was flattering to find, on our arrival at the house, the Boluk-Bashi himself mounted and equipped, and ready to escort us to Selza, the principal village of Clementi. His presence with us was intended to make security doubly secure. Adem-Agar, as he was named, had discarded his town dress, with its voluminous white kilt and innumerable red embroidered waistcoats, and sat in the saddle, clad in the handsome white-woolen, black-braided, tight-fitting hose and waistcoat of the Arnaud mount-

ADEM-AGAR, THE BOLUK-BASHI.

aineer. The low Albanian fez, with its ponderous blue-silk tassel, was no longer on his head, but in its place he wore the white felt skull-cap, with its picturesque Arab-like turban—the traditional head-gear of the immortal Skanderbeg. Thus we found him in the inclosed court-yard of his house, sitting erect upon a small white half-bred Arabian mare—a handsome, well-knit figure, and armed at all points, with a couple of silver-hilted pistols and a formidable yataghan at his waist, three or four silver-gilt cartridge-boxes around his middle, and a Peabody-Martini rifle slung by its strap from his shoulder.

Our route to Selza lay north along the flat, marshy ground of the eastern or Turkish shore of the lake of Scutari—a tolerable road for an Albanian highway, over which we could even occasionally indulge in short canters, checked, ever and anon, by small lakes of mud, through which our horses

waded fetlock deep. Adem-Agar, we soon discovered, was well known on the road. The purport of our journey was put to him interrogatively by every peasant we passed; but the word "Gusinje" invariably met with a dubious shake of the head, most unpleasantly significant of the perils awaiting us at our journey's end. At Koplik we made a brief halt at a way-side khan for a hurried meal of maize bread and sour goat's-cheese and coffee, taken *à la Turque*, squatting on the mud-floor around a blazing log-fire, for already the weather was none of the warmest, and then, after an inspiriting pull at the raki-flask, we took saddle for the village of Kastrati, where we were to pass the night. An hour's ride from Koplik the easy character of the road began to change, and our ascent commenced up the bleak northern mountains. As we advanced, the track gradually narrowed down from a road broad enough to take a country cart, into a thin, ribbon-like course, suggestive, from its rugged rockiness, of the channel of a mountain stream. It is astonishing how unerringly the sure-footed Albanian horses pick out from among a labyrinth of stone the crevices and fissures of the track, which generally winds and twists over bowlders worn smooth as polished marble, or plunges down through loose angular crags as sharp as spear-heads. And this is the more wonderful, perhaps, when we notice the manner in which the horses are shod. Both in Montenegro and Albania the horseshoes are made in the shape of plates, with a small central hole, which completely cover the hoof and frog. These shoes are attached by strong arrow-head nails, bent over the plate in such a manner as to allow the horse to obtain a grip with their angular edges. They seem to answer their purpose admirably, although apparently opposed to our notions of scientific farriery. Slipping and stumbling over rocks and down ravines, now dismounting to ease our weary horses

A WAY-SIDE KHAN.

when the track was easy, and mounting again when our untrained feet could no longer find secure foot-hold, we reached at night-fall the village of Kastrati.

The hospitality of the house that gave us shelter was unbounded. Small trees were heaped upon the fire in the center of the floor, and scarcely were we seated by the ruddy glow which centered around a circle of smiling faces, than there was a sound without as of the strangulation of a hen. Presently some men entered bearing a newly slaughtered sheep, still warm and dressed entire, with a huge wooden spit running through the steaming carcass from head to tail. We smiled approvingly, and, for lack of language, bowed our acknowledgments and ejaculated "*Mir! mir!*" (good! good!) with great heartiness; for in Albania the *mish ipikitaun*, or sheep roasted whole, is the greatest mark of consideration and friendship a mountaineer can offer his guests. Who could describe the orgies which followed upon the dismemberment of the *mish?* We took our food after the primitive custom of the country, sitting on the floor and using one hand for a plate and our fingers for knives and forks. We swallowed lumps of tepid mutton-fat, and washed them down with draughts of a peculiar home-brew which tasted like rancid mead. Then we had a course of hot lard and honey-cakes, followed by an *entrée* of sheep's kidneys. Next a big gourd full of raki was put into circulation, and once again we returned to our mutton. But it was fearfully trying work, and after an hour or so of persistent muttonizing I tried to feign sleep as the only possible escape from apoplexy. Scarcely had I closed my eyes, however, when our host pressed a warm sheep's-trotter into my reluctant hand, with a reproachful gesture which said too plainly, *revenons à nos moutons!* During all this feasting the women-folk sat apart in a corner of the cabin, twirling yarn from their distaffs, and ever and anon casting anxious glances at the rapidly disappearing meat. Late in the night, when the *mish ipikitaun* was almost exhausted, and we had coiled ourselves up like satiated boa-constrictors under our several blankets, they were permitted to sup upon our broken victuals; for not even in the mountains in Albania are the women permitted to join their lords in the pleasures of the table. For want of any other accommodation we slept that night where we had supped—upon the floor, with our toes toasting at the embers of the fire, and our heads pillowed on our saddle-bags. But before I was wafted into the land of Nod I saw one of the mountaineers still picking at a blade-bone of mutton, and when it was perfectly clean he held it up to the light of the fire, and, according to the invariable custom of the country, began to explain aloud to a group of eager listeners the prophetic pictures which every mountaineer believes are to be traced in the transparent portions of the bone.

NIKLEKA, CHIEF OF THE CLEMENTIS.

In northern Albania, the hours of travel are limited by the nature of the mountain tracks to daylight. It is fearfully slow work, too, scaling ladders of stone and stumbling down giant staircases of smoothly worn bowlders; so that three miles an hour on horseback, and about three and a half on foot, may be reckoned as a fair average of speed in the highlands. The second day of our journey toward Gusinje lay through some of the most magnificent scenery in Albania.

along elevated plateaux covered with the red-berried arbutus, up purple-hued, snow-capped mountains seamed with a thousand cascades of snow-water, through forests of beech aglow with autumn tints, and resounding with the shepherds' guns as they drove their flocks by firing blank cartridges at them; by the rugged plain of Arapshia, and thence over the towering summit of the wooded Velikci, from whence our descent commenced by a perilous zig-zag path—a veritable *via mala*, where we dismounted, and, following the Boluk-Bashi's example, hung on to our horses' tails at each angle of the track to prevent them plunging headforemost into the abyss beneath—into the ravine where, at the bottom, the rushing Zem marks the boundary between the leafy heights of Albania and the gray ramparts of Montenegro. At the head of this defile, bounded on the north by the mountains of Triepsci and on the south by those of Nikci, we crossed the little bridge of Tamar, at the point where the river makes a fork and is joined from above by the waters of the Vukoli. Three hours' riding up the valley of the Zem brought night-fall upon us; but soon the welcome sound of baying dogs told us we were nearing a village, and, sure enough, ten minutes later the yelping curs of Selza were snapping and snarling at our horses' heels as we entered the yard in front of the cottage of Nikleka, *cru* or chief of the tribe of the Clementis. Here the mission of our Boluk-Bashi ended. From this point Nikleka was to put his highland wits to work to try and smuggle us safely into Gusinje. We soon learned, however, that Nikleka was not at home, being at the time of our arrival in Selza, in the stronghold of Ali Pasha. But his brother, who welcomed us to the cottage in the chief's absence, at once volunteered to take our letter of recommendation to Nikleka in Gusinje. He was on the point of arming himself before setting out for this purpose, when a cheery-looking Franciscan monk came bustling into the cottage and saluted us in Italian. The sound of something approaching to an intelligible tongue was most welcome to our ears, for hitherto our powers of conversation in the Albanian language had been limited to inquiries respecting such necessaries of life as coffee, bread, cheese, and mutton; so that the more elaborate efforts of sociability or conviviality had always to be conveyed by us through the primitive signs of pantomime and facial contortion. In the Franciscan *padre*, however, we found, at length, and where we least expected it, a pleasant and a courteous dragoman, with whom we conversed in a marvelous jargon of French, Latin, and Italian, and which we were astonished to find he comprehended sufficiently to translate into Albanese. Padre Gabrielle, as the monk was called, was overcome with astonishment on hearing that we were *en route* for Gusinje, and abandoned himself to many pious ejaculations of despair on finding that we were not to be shaken from our purpose by the picture he drew for us of a town in which anarchy and lawlessness reign supreme, and where six thousand of the Mahommedan rabble of Ipek, Jakova, and Prisrend were being incited to bloodshed by fanatical Mollahs and the ferocious instigators of the murder of Mehemet Ali. One thing, however, we were surprised to learn from the Franciscan, which was that the Christian Arnauds were holding sternly aloof from the machinations of the Albanian League. His statement we subsequently discovered to be true, and, from inquiry among all classes of mountaineers, it became evident to us that the League was a purely Mahommedan institution, and that the rebels in Gusinje had neither the sympathy nor the aid of the surrounding Albanian Christians. Nikleka being absent in Gusinje, where he held house property about which he was anxious on account of its proximity to the cannon of the Montenegrin captain, Marko Milano, it was suggested by Padre Gabrielle that the only safe method of insuring our heads in the rebel town was to get written permission from Ali Pasha to visit him. Accordingly, a letter asking for an interview with the rebel chief was written on our behalf by the monk and dispatched forthwith by Nikleka's brother. It was also arranged that we were to await an answer at a khan at a place called Groppa, some three hours' march from Gusinje. At noon on the following day, after a night's most hospitable entertainment at the little Franciscan mission-house, we started for a four-hour's ride through the ice and snow of the lofty northern peaks to await Ali Pasha's answer at the Groppa khan. The kindly monks had stored our saddle-bags before we left them with bread and mutton and a goat's-skin full of wine; nor was their thoughtfulness unappreciated when we discovered, on our arrival at Groppa, that the khan was the only habitation which gave a name to the locality, and that it was destitute of every necessary of life save coffee. In this

ENTRANCE TO A FISHING-VILLAGE OF ALBANIA.

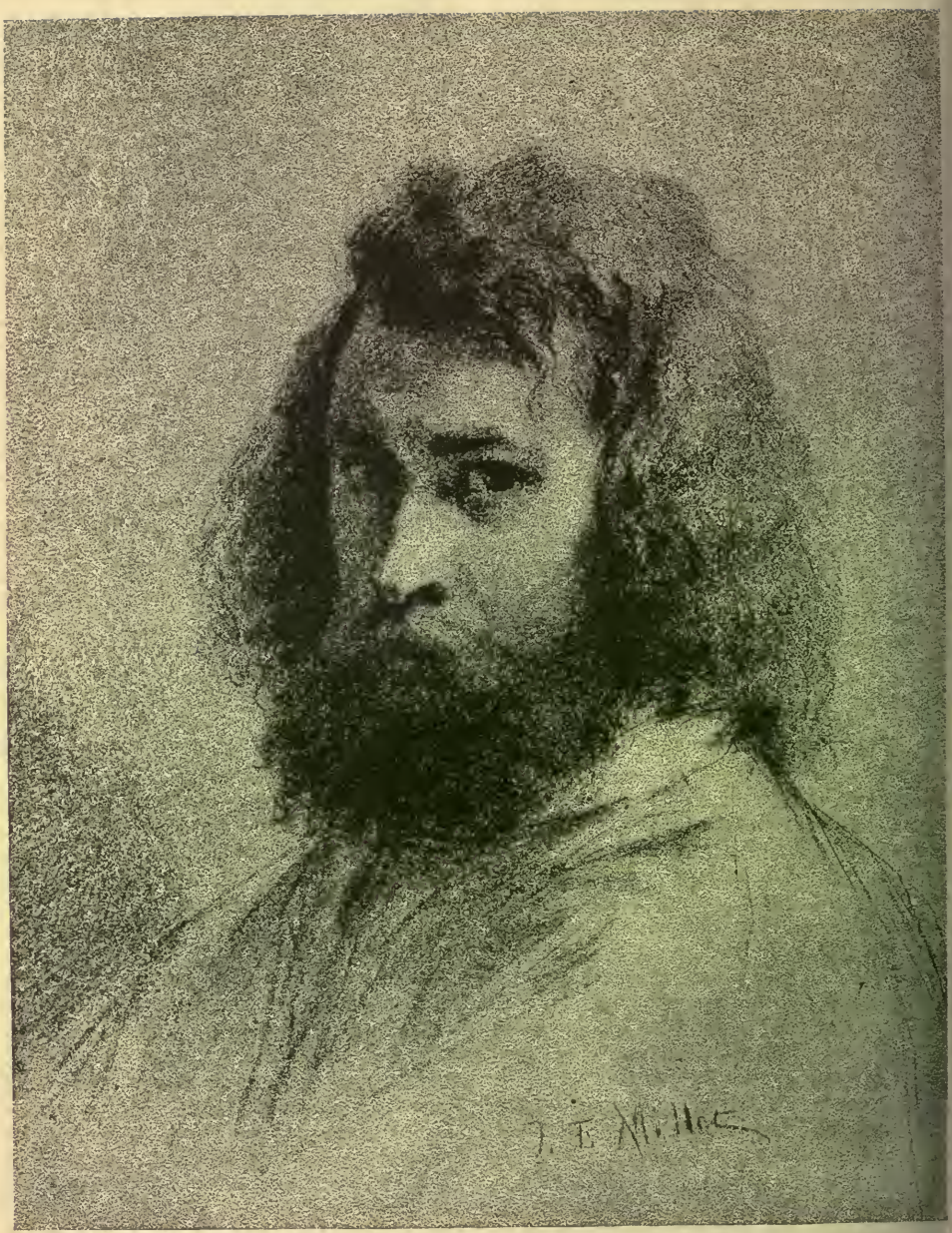
wretched and gloomy little shanty, bare of either windows or chimney, and blackened by the tar of wood-smoke to such a degree of shiny pitchiness that the rough-hewn walls look as though they were built out of coal, we whiled away the day squatting around a log-fire and listening to the dismal drone of the *gusla*, while the son of the landlord beguiled the hours with an interminable chant laudatory of the deeds of the great Skanderbeg. At dusk we huddled together under our blankets by the embers—the landlord, with his wife and family, retiring to a little pen in the corner of the cabin which served them for a common sleeping-chamber, while the fowls roosted on the charred rafters immediately over our heads. In the depth of the night our sleep was broken by the baying of dogs, and Nikleka, the Clementi chief, entered the khan, the bearer of a letter to us from Ali Pasha. We could make nothing of it, however, as it was written in Albanian, and as neither Nikleka nor the landlord could read writing, there was no help for it but for the chief to go on to Selza and get it translated by Padre Gabrielle.

It was a bitterly cold morning, with a biting *bora* blowing up the snow-clad valley of Groppa, when the Franciscan father came to us at the khan. We could tell at once, from the serious expression on his generally jovial face, that Ali Pasha's reply to our letter was unfavorable. His answer ran as follows: "I salute the reverend father. I have read, I have understood, and also have assembled the chiefs, who will go to the khan Budoch. We cannot suspend operations. If these persons will guarantee that the Slavs will retire, let them come. Not being sureties, they need not come, as they cannot protect us." Read between the lines, this letter said, as plainly as a Turk can write: "If you come to us, and the Montenegrins do not withdraw immediately from the heights commanding

Gusinje, you will answer for it with your heads." Moreover, Nikleka told us that at the council of the chiefs, assembled by Ali Pasha to discuss our letter, most of them insisted upon our being Russian diplomatic agents, sent to spy into the strength of their position. In the face of Ali Pasha's letter, and Nikleka's statement, therefore, we saw no other way of keeping our heads safely on our shoulders than by giving up our enterprise, and clearing out of the neighborhood as quickly as possible. Indeed, our safety at the khan was extremely hazardous, owing to its proximity to Gusinje—as it appeared from what Nikleka further told us, that immediately on the dissolution of the council of chiefs in Gusinje a party of thirty soldiers had resolved to set out in the night with the object of surrounding our hut and firing upon us in our sleep. It was fortunate for us that their scheme came to the ears of Ali Pasha, and that his authority, in a place given up to the wildest anarchy, was strong enough to prevent them putting their murderous plans into execution. While we were still discussing the blood-thirsty fanaticism of the Gusinjean rebels, and Nikleka was telling us that he himself had fled the town, for no Christian was safe within its walls since the Mollahs had armed themselves and were inciting the mob, there entered, suddenly, at the door of our cabin two armed Turks, who seated themselves unceremoniously by our side at the fire. The face of the Franciscan blanched, as he whispered in our ears in Latin, "*Milites Gusiniani.*" There was a sudden pause in our conversation, succeeded, on our part, by an involuntary motion toward the wall of the hut, where our revolvers hung. But as the Gusinjean soldiers remained calmly smoking their cigarettes, squatting by the fire, and looking, outwardly, at least, "the mildest-mannered men that ever cut a throat," we prudently left our weapons where they were, and awaited the speaking of our unwelcome guests. The men were both Bosniac Mahommedans, one of them wearing a patched and threadbare Turkish artillery uniform, and the other merely a pink striped shirt and red embroidered waistcoat, and the regulation Turkish trowsers. Both were fully armed with pistols, cartridge-belts, yataghans, and breech-loading rifles, which they retained in defiance of the custom of the country, which obliges every friendly traveler to hang his arms upon the wall on entering a khan in the mountains. It was obvious, from the upshot of Padre Gabrielle's conversation with these fellows on our behalf, that the object of their coming was to try and decoy us from the khan, and nearer to Gusinje, under the pretext of a parley with some chiefs of the League at the Budoch khan, in order either to murder us there, away from the protection of the mountaineers, or, failing this, to take us prisoners into Gusinje, where, as we were by this time aware, the sight of us would be sufficient to excite the Mussulmans into a fury from which it would be impossible even for Ali Pasha to save us. Finding that we were firm in our determination to remain where we were, one of them calmly and dispassionately asked the mountaineers assembled in the hut to aid them in killing us where we stood. The proposition was made in the Bosniac tongue, by the Mahommedan in the ragged artillery uniform, at the very moment when the villain was sipping some coffee we had given him. But the fierce answer which seemed literally to flash from Nikleka, as mouthpiece of his tribe, was evidently of such an unexpected kind, that both the rascals jumped to their feet, and hurried out of the khan with the utmost precipitation. Whereupon, the mountaineers posted a guard up in the rocks to prevent a surprise in numbers, and we rode rapidly back to Selza, where, in the sanctuary of the Franciscan mission-house, we could more safely congratulate ourselves upon our narrow escape, and thank Nikleka for delivering us from the cut-throats of Gusinje. The bitter Albanian winter had already set in with some severity when we left the worthy Franciscan brothers of Clementi, and journeyed back over the ice and snow to the northern capital. Our attempt to get into Gusinje had proved a failure; yet our disappointment was moderated by the knowledge that, in traveling to the Groppa khan, we had penetrated farther than had any foreigner before into the fastnesses of the northern highlands.

Nikleka himself escorted us to Scutari, and we made much of him at the Hotel Toschli. We had no *mish ipikitaun* to offer the Clementi chieftain, but the Greek cook gave our valiant highlander such a novel succession of gastronomic surprises, that Nikleka declared to us he would banquet on the recollection of them for many a day.

On our part, we shall long remember the unflinching friendship and hospitality that was shown us when we sojourned with the Ghegs in Albania.



J. F. Millet

PORTRAIT OF MILLET, FROM CRAYON SKETCH BY HIMSELF IN 1846–7.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET—PEASANT AND PAINTER. V.

HIS LAST YEARS—DEATH OF ROUSSEAU—MILLET'S ART VIEWS.

MILLET soon abandoned these Biblical compositions, and devoted himself to Theocritus, whose works a young friend, M. Chassaing, had sent him. He found subjects of country life, and we shall see him criticise sharply the translator for his ignorance of country things.

The letter is addressed to M. Chassaing:

"BARBIZON, July 20.

"DEAR SIR: I have received the two books which you sent me, Theocritus and Robert Burns, and I am doubly grateful, first, for your kind thought in sending them, and then for the pleasure which the works themselves have given me.

"I must tell you that I seized first Theocritus, and did not leave it till I had devoured the contents. It has a naïve charm, peculiarly attractive, which is not to be found in the same degree in Virgil. It is when I translate it word for word that I am most delighted; I find things much better there than in the translation at the end. Why are not words used to depict, instead of weakening the meaning by an obscure sound, and often a pretentious conciseness? If I could talk to you about it, I could doubtless make myself understood. I feel I am making a mistake in starting a question of this kind, but I will nevertheless try to give you a little sample of what I mean.

"In the first idyl, on the vase upon which all kinds of things are sculptured, among others is a vine, full of ripe grapes, which a little fellow guards, sitting on a wall; but on both sides are two foxes; one surveys the rows, devouring the ripe grapes. Does not 'surveys the rows' show you the planting of a grape-vine? Does it not make it real, and can't you see the fox trotting up and down, going from one row to another? It is a picture, an image! You are there. But in the translation this living image is so attenuated that it would hardly strike you. 'Two foxes, one gets into the vineyard and devours the grapes.' O translator, it is not enough to understand Greek—you must also know a vineyard to be struck by the accuracy of your poet's image, that it may spur you to the exertion of rendering it well. And so on with everything. But I come back to that: I can't see the fox trotting in the translator's vineyard. I stop—I have come to the end of my paper.

"I must tell you that Burns pleases me greatly; he has thoroughly his own flavor—he smacks of the soil. We will talk about it, I trust.

"My friend Sensier writes that you have been to see him. He says he will soon have some proofs taken, and that he is only waiting for a solution which you, perhaps, can hurry along. This is what he says. As for myself, I work a great deal, and the reading of Theocritus proves to me that one is never so Greek as in painting naïvely one's own impressions, no matter where they were received, and Burns proves it also. It makes me wish more ardently than ever to express some of the things of my own home, the home where I lived.

"Accept again, dear sir, my thanks, and if it is at all possible, come from time to time and spend a day here.

J.-F. MILLET."

"BARBIZON, 4th Aug., 1863.

"SIR: I am very happy to hear that you are soon coming, and that for a double reason, for I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and at the same time I can tell you all I have thought of them [the books], for I will be able to say to you in five minutes more than I could write in two hours. I will only say, in general, that it is a great while since I have read anything modern that has such a quality. Even if I were capable of the task, I should not wish to measure him [Mistral] with Homer, Dante, Shakspere, etc., but I am convinced that he belongs to the same family, whatever his stature. We will talk about it—it is worth it; we will talk also about the little volume, 'Au Village,' which you put in with 'Mirèio.' I will not say any more, for I would rather talk than write.

"Believe me that I will be delighted to have you come, and receive my thanks beforehand.

"J.-F. MILLET."

"BARBIZON, 14th Oct., 1863.

"The pleasure, M. Chassaing, which you have given me in sending me Shakspere is very great, and a double pleasure—first, because of your wish to please me, which I think a great deal of, and then because it would be impossible to have chosen anything better adapted to that end. But, as there is no pleasure without pain, one thing distresses me in all this, and that is the trouble which you give yourself for me. I am overwhelmed and almost ashamed. And to think that this is not all, and that Dante will be added to Shakspere! * * *

"J.-F. MILLET."

M. Chassaing had been struck with the just and profound reflections which Millet made upon the great classic authors, among others Shakspere and Dante. He sent him translations by François Victor Hugo and by Lamennais. Millet's notes, written on the margin, were certainly those of a profound observer.

Theocritus pleased Millet greatly. He found pictures painted by the Greek poet which he easily translated into the language of his own art. He divided his time between the compositions inspired by the antique and a certain shepherdess, about whom he spoke to no one, but who had taken possession of his heart and soul,—a shepherdess in the fields, fresh and sturdy, yet pensive as a Joan of Arc "listening to the voices,"—one of his most beautiful pictures. We will speak of this shepherdess later.

But he came back to Theocritus, and had a plan, formed on the advice of M. Chassaing, to publish a first idyl. He was soon stopped by the difficulties of such an undertaking. No publisher would compromise

himself by venturing to bring out Theocritus translated by Millet.

"BARBIZON, Nov. 8, 1863.

"* * * M. Chassaing thinks that the best thing for the Theocritus would be to offer an idyl to a publisher—an idyl already printed and illustrated—that he thinks no publisher could resist, and would then be willing to carry on the work.

"He said he would combine with his friend Rollin for means to get the necessary funds together to accomplish this much. He explained them a little to me, but the devil take me if I remember these things, which I don't even understand while they are being explained to me. He will doubtless write to you, and you can judge whether his idea is practicable. Anyhow, I have begun to scribble some compositions for the first idyl: Thyrsis and a goat-herd seated near Pan's grotto,—Thyrsis playing the syrinx and the other listening. There will be a vase, of which the figures in sculpture will be reproduced; I will treat them naturally. A beautiful woman, a divine creature, whom two men are quarreling about; an old man fishing with a net in the sea; a child sitting on a wall to watch a grape-vine beside it, but so taken up with braiding a straw cage to catch grasshoppers that he does not see two foxes near by—one filching away his breakfast, the other eating the finest grapes in the vineyard: these are the three subjects of the vase.

"There remains the death of Daphne, which is the subject which Thyrsis plays upon the syrinx, and at whose death are present Mercury, Venus, Priapus, the goat-herds, and shepherds. Five subjects in all, and I really must do them, all five. All the idyls would not take so many; some could be expressed with one picture, or two at most."

Millet had often pondered on the subject of decorative art. He loved to look at the gorgeous and facile way in which Rosso, Primaticcio, Fréminet, Ambroise Dubois, and all the school of Fontainebleau covered with their paintings the great walls and wide ceilings. Their science, their splendid ruggedness of expression, attracted him like the powerful fantasies of a race of giants.

One of us, a friend who understood him, proposed to him to paint four large subjects for a house in the Boulevard Haussmann. These paintings, destined to decorate a fine dining-room, were to be the four seasons. Millet received the order with delight, though still working on his shepherdess.

"BARBIZON, 23 Jan., 1864.

* * * * *

"The picture (the shepherdess) for M. Tesse is finished, but you know what the last days always are; scruples arise, and we try to strengthen the thing—to express it with all our might. * * * Could M. Tesse spare it for another week?"

"BARBIZON, 5 Feb., 1864.

* * * * *

"One of these days I want to tell you some of the pleasures that from time to time I have had in the midst of my sorrows, and to leave you in writing, to the best of my ability, an acknowledgment of all the good you have done me. I want you to know that I know that you have been, if not the only one, certainly my strongest support, and should 'the sheep' ever come over to my side in a flock, I could only consider it a *causa et vana et falsa*."

The public exhibition of the works of Delacroix began the 16th of February, 1864. Millet came to Paris to see them, and was deeply moved by them. He found the means, poor as he was, to pick up fifty sketches, which he studied a long time with conscientious admiration.

The following letter is a little interlude in our anxieties with regard to the decorations and other works. It points to the introduction of Japanese art in France. It may be remembered with what enthusiasm this art was received by the artists. I was the first to point it out to Rousseau and Millet, who lived like hermits. Rousseau was taken with it as with a fever; he wanted everything himself, and if Millet or I went hunting and discovered some new bit of this strange art, it seemed to him that we had robbed him.

"BARBIZON, 16 March, 1864.

"DEAR SENSIER: What plaguey wind is this that blows on us from Japan? I, too, came near having a very disagreeable affair with Rousseau in regard to some pictures which I brought back from Paris. While I wait to hear what happened between you and Rousseau, I want you to believe that no sort of meanness has been done by me toward you. I want all this made plain before my journey, for I should be a most unhappy man all the rest of my life if for one cause or another any cloud should come between us. I have left my work to say this to you. If you have no other news from me before then, come to see me and my picture before it goes.

"J.-F. MILLET."

Millet and Rousseau had an explanation; it was only a lovers' quarrel. As for me, it was soon over, and I left Rousseau in possession of all he demanded.

The *Salon* of 1864 opened on the 1st of May. Millet was represented by two canvases of equal size—a shepherdess with her flock, and peasants bringing home a calf born in the fields.

We will leave the "Shepherdess," whose success was undoubted, and go to the rescue of the poor calf, which was maltreated by the public, the caricaturists, and the roughs of the studios. All the press repeated the same criticism; it was almost unanimous in reproaching Millet with letting his men carry a calf on a litter, as if they were carrying the Host. Millet saw this rustic scene at his home, when he went there on a visit, and drew and painted the whole from nature. The attitude, the carriage, the char

acters were therefore all carefully observed; the bearers even belonged to his own family. The unfortunate calf was literally torn to pieces by the critics. Millet himself undertook to defend it:

"BARBIZON, 10th May, 1864.

"MY DEAR SENSIER: Apropos of what Jean Rousseau says about my men, who carry a calf as if it were the sacrament or the bull Apis,—how does he expect them to carry it? If he admits that they carry well, I don't ask any more for my own satisfaction, and I should say to him: The expression of two men carrying something on a litter depends upon the weight which hangs from their arms. So, if the weight were the same, whether they had the ark of the covenant or a calf, a lump of gold or a stone, the same expression would be the result; and even if they were filled with admiration and reverence for what they were carrying, still they would be subject to the law of weight, and their expression could only be that of the weight. If they put it down for a moment and then began again to carry it, the law of weight would remain the same. The more they wish to preserve the object carried, the more careful will be their manner of walking, and they will keep step; they must, in every case and always, keep step; if they do not, their fatigue will be more than doubled. And this is the whole secret of all this solemnity so much found fault with. But it is easy enough to see in Paris two *commissionaires* carrying a bureau on a litter. Any one can see how they keep step. Let M. Jean Rousseau and any of his friends try to do the same and still retain their usual gait! Don't they know that a false step may make the burden bounce off? Enough. * * *"

Thoré was the only one who took the "Calf" seriously. His article, published in the "Indépendence Belge," is a charming description, a peasant scene *à la* George Sand,—but even he admired with some reserve.

As for the "Shepherdess," things from the first took another tone. Its success was defined immediately by a warm article by M. Castagnary:

"Let us first salute M. Millet," he cries. "He is a master, and his 'Shepherdess' a masterpiece. To the right and left in the background the plain stretches far away, and on every side passes beyond the limits of the frame. The shepherdess walks along knitting, her flock follow her. * * * If you judge the worth of a work by the depth of feeling which it excites in you, this humble idyl must be considered as one of the most important pictures of the *Salon*. The great artist has put his whole heart into it, his whole soul. Those who accuse him of willfully exaggerating the ugliness of our peasants will be satisfied this time. The young shepherdess has all the beauty and even all the rustic grace compatible with her condition and race. This is an important detail; but what we must look at specially, and praise without reserve, is the harmony, the intimate union of all the parts of this beautiful landscape; the sheep are at home on the plain, the shepherdess belongs to them as much as they to her. The earth and sky, the scene and the actors, all answer one another, all hold together—belong together. The unity is so perfect and the impression resulting from it is so true, that the eye does not ask how the thing has been done. The handicraft disappears. The mind is entirely satisfied with the charm of the picture. Is not this the height of art?"

For this picture, the director of the Beaux Arts offered Millet 1500 francs. He had already sold it for 2000. After the *Salon*, he received a medal—this was all.

"BARBIZON, 21 Oct., 1864.

* * * * * *

"I certainly want to go back to the exhibition of Delacroix's pictures, to see again what I have already seen and what I have still to see. What you tell me of Couture and the others does not surprise me, though their manner of procedure is infamous.* Those people feel that they have produced nothing worth while; for to have done more or less work which means nothing is not to have produced. There is production only where there is expression. They do as most feeble people do—revenge themselves on those who are better constituted than they. It must be, as you say, that the great mass of the artists are very inert, for otherwise these would not dare to do what they do. * * *

"Rousseau thinks Delacroix very badly used, and is very indignant. * * *"

"BARBIZON, 18 Nov., 1864.

"* * * I have been talking to Rousseau about the reproductions from Giotto, of which you spoke; but I could not say anything for certain, except that they were magnificent and touching. * * *"

"BARBIZON, Dec. 28th, 1864.

"Tillot and his family have gone to Paris for the winter. Rousseau and his wife have gone at the same time. Rousseau wants to see a doctor about the pains in his back. I must see the perspector, M. Mayeux, who is said to be a very clever man, and M. Andrieu, a pupil of Delacroix, who may tell me some useful things on the subject of large decorative work. I must see the Louvre again, Paul Veronese and the Italian masters, who were so strong in decoration, and Poussin, who understood it. In fact, I will be a week in Paris, running about and studying; I should like to see again, if possible, the Chamber of Deputies and Peers, where Delacroix has done some great things. Before putting my hand to the canvas, I want to fill myself with these masters, who are so strong and so wise. I dread the day when I begin work definitely. * * * These are the works for M. Thomas (of Colmar), the owner of the house in the Boulevard Haussmann."

"28th Dec.

"* * * My eyes are very painful * * * it hurts them to write these few lines. * * * We wish you all that can be desired for those whom we love well, and we pray Him who orders our lives to keep far from you any such sorrow as you have experienced this year [the loss of a child]."

* Millet's letter mentions three names. We suppress two, who, indeed, are artists little worthy of judging of Delacroix. As to Couture, his antipathy for the painter of the "Crusaders entering Constantinople" is well known. Having already discussed it verbally, he wished his disdain to be preserved in black and white. The article published by Couture in the "Revue Libérale" of the 30th March, 1867, will be remembered. The impertinence with which he speaks of "the intelligent desires" and the "unfortunate efforts" of "poor Delacroix," go beyond the limits of ordinary criticism.—M.

Here the MS. of Alfred Sensier comes to an end.* But there are notes in pencil on the margins of catalogues, bits from newspapers, and, best of all, packages of long letters from Millet, with which we try to continue the story. We will leave Millet to speak as much as possible. He wrote a great deal, but no one will be surprised to hear that all the letters are not equally interesting. They are full of intimate details. He tells of his garden; like a good neighbor, he also cares for Sensier's, who was working at the Minister's, and seldom came to Barbizon. Always pursued by notes falling due, he writes about selling his drawings, and in the midst of these annoyances one of his children falls ill, and he tells his anguish and his joy when his little Charles is saved. In the first letters of 1865, he tells in detail the sufferings of Rousseau, whose health became more and more precarious; as for himself, he has his usual headaches and discomforts. Yet he works on without stopping; he finishes the decorative pictures for M. Thomas, and speaks often of them, and of the difficulty of painting the ceiling in such a cramped studio.

"BARBIZON, 26th January, 1865.

"MY DEAR SENSIER: It really seems very difficult to get permission to see the pictures at Fontainebleau. * * * If it is absolutely necessary to specify which pictures I want to see, it would be the 'Salle Henri II.' and the chapel where are the paintings of Martin Fréminet. * * * I should like to have seen the 'Antonello da Messina' of which you speak, and the other early Italians, and the Claude Lorraine and the old Greek things, which are not to be despised.† * * *

"My wife is not so well. She is suffering more. We will soon go to Paris. I have just answered M. Chassaing, who offered his services to us in the most devoted way, in case she should have to go to Vichy. He is full of kindness and goodness of heart."

"BARBIZON, 30th January.

"The weather is dark and rainy, the sky cloudy and low, but you know I like it better than the sunlight. All is of a rich and melancholy color which leaves my eyes quiet and my head calm. * * * At Fontainebleau I saw again Rosso and Primaticcio. They are strong fellows. They are of the decadence, it is true,—the fixings of their figures are often absurd and in doubtful taste, but what a strength of conception! And how strongly this rude *bonhomie* reminds one of a primitive age! It is as child-like as a fairy-tale and as real as the *bonhomie* of old times. In their art there is a reminiscence of Lancelot and Amadis de Gaul, and the seed of Ariosto, Tasso, and Perrault. One could spend hours before those good-natured giants."

"BARBIZON, 29th March, 1865.

"MY DEAR SENSIER: I am glad you have the articles on the *Salon* to do. Believe me, I will do all I can to tell you everything I can think of, either about art in general or particular things in this connection. * * * It seems to me you might show,—going back somewhat,—that art began to decline from the moment the artist did not lean directly and naïvely upon impressions made by nature; that cleverness naturally and rapidly took the place of nature, and decadence then began. Strength departs without constant relation with nature, and as example the fable of Antæus could be used, whose powers diminished when his foot did not touch the ground, and on the contrary took new vigor every time he could touch it. * * * Show that, for the same reason,—the abandoning of nature,—art becomes more and more weakened. Give as many examples as possible. Once again, I am sorry we cannot talk it over. I send * * some extracts in which you can find some good quotations, or else take the substance of them,—Montaigne, Palissy, Piccolpassi, and his translator, Claudius Popelyn. I will try to find others. I will ruminate upon it, and say as best I can what comes into my head. At the bottom it always comes to this: a man must be touched himself in order to touch others, and all that is done from theory, however clever, can never attain this end, for it is impossible that it should have the breath of life. Quote the expression of Saint Paul, '*Aes sonans et cymbalum tinniens.*' * * *"

"7th April, 1865.

"MY DEAR FEUARDENT: You are at last off for Italy! If you find photographs, either from the antique, especially those less known here, or from the painters from Cimabue to Michael Angelo inclusive, things at not too high a price, buy them, and we will arrange here to relieve you of them. Each place through which you go has its peculiar attractions; see them well. For the old masters, be sure to get only those done directly from the originals and not from engravings. Do not take anything of Raphael; he is to be found in Paris. Find out carefully at Naples whether the paintings in Herculaneum and Pompeii have been reproduced. In fact, bring whatever you find, figures and animals. Diaz's son, the one who died, brought some very good ones, sheep among other things. Of figures, take of course those that smack least of the Academy and the model,—in fact, all that is good, ancient or modern licit or illicit enough. Send us your little brats. Another idea that strikes me: if you find some books with pictures,—old books,—get them if you can."

"10th April, 1865.

"DEAR SENSIER: * * * I can't remember what Michael Angelo says about academies. I have no 'Vasari'; looking over the book you would find some excellent things. Look at a book that Rousseau has, 'Le Moyen Age et la Renaissance,' the article (I think) on the history of French art. * * * See Letourneur's preface for his translation of Shakspere. I think he says some pretty good things about what makes the real superiority of creative men over those who are only learned and practice well their profession. Rousseau has this work. You could enlarge on all this, and show the gulf between what is reasoned and what is felt."

"BARBIZON, 22d Aug., 1865.

"MY DEAR SENSIER: We went with Rousseau to see Corot and Commairas. We had the kindest possible reception, and our day was very agreeable. We dined at De Knyff's, where we were entertained like princes, as Diaz says. As for the table service, Alfred Feydeau is nowhere. Each dish a new

* [Owing to the death of Sensier, in 1877, M. Paul Mantz takes up and concludes the narrative.
ED. S. M.]

† The sale of the collection of the Cte. de Pourtalés.

course. Splendid wines, etc. I must confess that I was more embarrassed than delighted with this kind of dinner, and more than once watched those who were served before me out of the corners of my eyes, to see what they did with their food. Corot's pictures are beautiful, but show nothing new.

"We are pretty well. I have almost finished my ceiling. * * *"

The four scenes which he had painted for M. Thomas represented the four seasons. Spring and Summer, eight feet by four, were set into the wood-work, Autumn in the ceiling. Winter, a little smaller than the two others, was fixed in the chimney-piece.

Millet had thought, in undertaking a piece of work new to him, that it would be prudent to see once more the Italian work of the decadence which was to be found at Fontainebleau. But he made little use of their extravagant lessons. If he dressed his figures in a vaguely antique fashion, he kept his own rusticity and his own special poetry; except in the matter of costume, the pictures were large Millets. Spring was Daphnis and Chloë who, in a landscape with a statue of Pan, are feeding some birds; a reaper bronzed by the sun, a sort of familiar Ceres holding a sickle, was Summer walking through the yellow grain; Autumn a bacchanal; and Winter represented Anacreon's "L'Amour Mouillé."

When they were put in their places, Sensier wrote about them. When, in 1875, they came to be sold at the Hôtel Drouot, they provoked much discussion and a little disappointment. Let us say, frankly, that in life-sized figures Millet was not at his ease.* The old symbolism had stood in his way, and the painter of rustic scenes had not the showy virtues of a decorator.

"Barbizon, 28th Dec., 1865.

"My Dear M. Gavet: We have fog effects perfectly superb, and the most fairy-like frost, beyond any imagination. The forest was wonderfully beautiful, but I am not sure that the most modest things—the bushes and the briars, tufts of grass, and, in fine, all the little sprays of every kind—were not, in proportion, the most beautiful of all. It seems as if Nature wished to give them their chance to retaliate and show that they are inferior to nothing—poor down-trodden things."

In 1865, Millet began a series of drawings for the architect M. Gavet, to whom the above is addressed. This lasted several years, as he was an insatiable lover of his work, and Millet had amassed so many notes that his memory could not be exhausted. He used crayon, pastel, water-colors, and seemed at ease in every mode of expression. Some of his drawings are equal to his best paintings. When, in 1875, the collection of M. Gavet was exhibited, even those who thought they knew Millet were surprised at the variety and grandeur of his work.

"Barbizon, Jan. 3d, 1866.

"Dear Sensier: * * * I am working on my 'End of the Village [of Gréville] Opening on the Sea.' I think my old elm begins to look gnawed by the wind's tooth. What would I give to bathe it in space as I see it in my memory! Oh, aërial spaces which made me dream when I was a child, will I never be allowed even to suggest you? * * * Your laurel-tree is bound in straw against the frost. Tillot must have told you about it,—the frost,—but nothing can give you an idea of it. To speak of the 'Arabian Nights' would be commonplace and petty. These things are part of the treasures of the snow, which the book of Job speaks of."

A month later he went to Gréville, his sister Emily being at death's door.

"Gréville (Hameau le Fèvre),
"6th Feb., 1866.

"* * * When I arrived, my brother Jean Louis said, 'She no longer knows any one.' I approached her bed and called her, naming my own name. She remained some time apparently hearing nothing. At last she opened her eyes a little, with an expression of surprise; I spoke my name again, and then thrills ran over her poor face, worn and burned by the fever; then her eyes filled with tears, abundant tears, enough to wet her cheeks. She took my hand with hers, convulsively, and said with as much strength as she could gather, 'François!' Poor, dear girl! her heart was still alive and loving enough to pass through its pitiful garment of flesh and show itself to me. Imagine, my dear Sensier, the effect upon me. * * *

"My old elm is blown down. Everything passes away—and we too."

On the 11th his sister died.

About this time the doctors sent Mme. Millet to Vichy. He writes to M. Gavet:

"Vichy, 17th June, 1866.

"* * * I have not had much to do with the people at the baths, but I have made acquaintance with the environs of Vichy, where I find some pretty things. I make as many sketches as possible. * * * In many ways the country has points of resemblance with Normandy,—green fields, surrounded by hedges. As there are many water-courses, there are many mills. The women watch the cows, spinning on a spindle,—a thing I was not familiar with, and which I propose to use a great deal. It is not in the least the shepherdess with her distaff of the pastorals of the last century. It has nothing to do with Florian, I assure you. * * * The little carts of the peasants are drawn by cows. The wagons which they use for bringing home the hay have four wheels, and are drawn by oxen or cows. * * * J.-F. Millet."

The 26th of June, he tells Sensier that he has made fifty sketches and water-colors. He adds:

"The country, on the whole, is a little like many parts of Normandy. The country people are much

* [See note at end.—Ed. S. M.]

more peasants than at Barbizon; they have that good, stupid kind of awkwardness which does not remind one in the least of the neighborhood of fashionable baths. The women in general have phizes which express the very opposite of spitefulness or unkindness, and which would answer as the type of faces in Gothic art. This race cannot be unkind. They speak to you when they meet you. The other day I began a sketch near a house; I had not been at it long before a man came out with a chair. He did not wish me to stand, so near his home."

From Vichy he made a rapid excursion into Auvergne, where M. Chassaing awaited him. He saw Clermont, Issoire and the mountains. The voyage only lasted some days. The 19th of July he was again in Barbizon, writing to the friend who had showed him the Mont Dore and its splendors:

"* * * My head is full of all we saw together in Auvergne. Everything dances together in my brain; calcined ground, sharp rocks, splits, barrenness, and greeneries. The glory of God dwelling upon the heights, and other heights veiled in darkness. I hope all these things will finally arrange themselves and go each into its own pigeon-hole."

He became more and more a landscapist. He sought simplicity in grandeur, and found the emotion which is to be found in solitude, and the mysterious poetry of luminous or tragic skies. His letters accord with his works:

"One must admit that the things one sees out-of-doors in this dull weather are very touching, and are a great compensation for the little time one has to work. I would not be deprived of it for anything, and if it were proposed to me to take me to the South for the winter, I should totally refuse. Oh, sadness of field and wood! I should miss too much in not seeing you!"

The Universal Exhibition was in preparation, and the artists could send any works produced since the year 1855. Millet's friends had some trouble in bringing together his scattered pictures; he himself could never have surmounted the difficulties. The annual *Salon* opened at the same time, and Millet sent a landscape, "Winter," and another picture, "The Goose-girl."

"Barbizon, 26th March, 1867.

"My Dear Sensier: What you say in your last letter about my pictures at the Universal Exposition, the opinion of Meissonier and others, all gives me great pleasure. As to the cross, I assure you I do not flatter myself, and do not imagine that I will get it. Besides, there are plenty of people more anxious than I, who roll logs more persistently than I am willing to do. I only desire this: To live by my work and bring up my children decently, and give expression to the greatest possible number of my impressions. Also, at the same time, to have the sympathy of the people I love. If all this were secured to me I should think myself fortunate."

"April 1st, 1867.

"My Dear Sensier: To-day is the opening of the Exhibition, if the programme remains unchanged. I am not without anxiety, I assure you, in thinking of it. It is a serious question for me and for others. * * *"

Millet was wrong to be alarmed. His exhibition made a grand appearance—typical work of varied and strong character. It was "Death and the Wood-cutter" (refused in 1859), "The Gleaners," "The Shepherdess with her Flock," the large "Sheep-shearer," "The Shepherd," "The Sheep-fold," "The Potato-planters," "The Potato-harvest," and, finally, "The Angelus." He had chosen well, but he felt anxious, as a man would who had not always been well received.

Théophile Silvestre, after some hesitation, declared himself for Millet, and in his new zeal almost thought he had invented him, but he scarcely knew the painter or the man. He asked Sensier for notes.

"Barbizon, 23d April, 1867.

"My Dear Sensier: * * * I entirely rely upon what you may have said to M. Silvestre, and since I must give my opinion, you have done well to dwell upon the rustic side, for, to tell the truth, if that side is not marked in what I have done, I have done nothing. I reject with my whole soul the democratic side, as it is understood by the clubs, and which some have desired to attribute to me. I only have wished people to think of the man who gains his bread by the sweat of his brow. Let that be said, for I have never dreamed of being a pleader in any cause. I am a peasant—a peasant. As to explaining my way of painting, that would be rather difficult, for I have not taken much heed of it."

"30th April.

"Dear Sensier: You may believe that I am well pleased to get a first medal. Rousseau wrote to me about it. * * * With some exceptions, Silvestre's description of my pictures is pretty good, but too much inclined to his peculiar views. I attempted, timidly and discreetly, to hint some things in the sense in which I should better like to see them understood, but when it is so directly a question of one's self, one seems to be making a fuss. His peasant is a little the peasant which Proudhon saw. A detail of no importance to the public, and which has none, perhaps, except in my personal tastes, is that in 'The Potato-planters' he saw a piece of old sheep-skin in the sabots. If I wanted anything there it would have been straw. In my part of the country, a man who would put sheep-skin in his sabots or on them would have been an object of derision. * * * I passed over this little detail as I did not dare make any more corrections. It is true he only read me his notes."

"Winter" at the *Salon* was considerably praised. Théodore Pelloquet wrote of it:

"* * * What a melancholy impression, full of poetry and of reality, this painting makes upon the attentive and sympathetic spectator! It is not at first attractive, and we must look more than once to understand and admire it. Those who are

charmed by the brilliant puerilities of clever and rapid handling are more or less indifferent to the execution so simple, so naïve, yet so intelligent, of this master, and his profound sentiment for nature, and are more or less insensible to the quality of his powerful and true color."

When this article appeared, Millet had gone to Vichy again with his wife.

"VICHY, 26th June.

"MY DEAR ROUSSEAU: Here we are again, making the acquaintance of the gay world of Vichy. I put off from day to day telling you, fearing you might be humiliated—you who are only in Paris.

"The day after we parted, I went to see your exhibition. I must tell you now that, although I knew your Auvergne studies and those preceding them, I was again struck, in seeing them together, by the fact that a power is a power, from its very beginning. From the very first, you show a freshness of eye which leaves no doubt as to the pleasure you have in nature; one can see that she spoke very directly to you, and that you saw by your own eyes. It is *yours*, and not *some other's*, as Montaigne says. I am not going to follow your steps, picture by picture, down to the present. I only want to speak of the departure, which is the important point, for it shows that a man is of the true breed. You were, from the beginning, the little oak, which was destined to become the great oak. * * *

"Yours, J.-F. MILLET."

While absent at Vichy, Millet could not realize the gravity—still, in fact, uncertain—of the disease with which his friend was stricken [softening of the brain]; but when he returned to Barbizon, in the beginning of July, he could himself observe the alarming symptoms. The doctors understood, but were silent. Indeed, it was difficult to believe that Rousseau, apparently so robust, would so suddenly decline and die.

"12 Aug., 1865.

"DEAR SENSIER: Rousseau continues better, though yesterday he was not very well. To-day he is better. The doctor seemed encouraged. I hope for his recovery, though perhaps it may be very slow.

"Alfred Stevens came this morning, with Puvis de Chavannes, to tell Rousseau that he is elected an officer [of the Legion of Honor]. We received them—my wife and I—on the stairs, begging them not to go up, lest his quiet should be disturbed. I told him, and he seemed very much pleased."

"BARBIZON, 22 Dec., 1867.

"MY DEAR SENSIER: I am trembling and overwhelmed. Our poor Rousseau died this morning, at nine o'clock. His death-struggle was very painful. He often tried to speak, but his words were stifled by the rattle in his throat. Let those know whom you think should be told. Tillot telegraphed to Besançon. I write to Silvestre at the same time."

After Rousseau's death, Millet took charge of the tomb to be erected to him of rocks and trees taken from the forest of Fontainebleau. He also helped Sensier to go through his papers and art treasures, and, lastly, took care of the unhappy wife whom Rousseau had left behind with an incurable malady. Millet's headaches were very severe, and his health seemed broken. But he had a new client, M. Fred. Hartmann, for whom he began several paintings. Unfortunately, he seems often to have been interrupted in his work, and died without having finished the promised pictures.

He had to go again to Vichy, and seems to have gained very little from this visit. He was too unwell to work; he only made a few excursions and drawings.

He sent nothing to the *Salon;* but the Administration remembered the absent, and at the distribution of rewards on August 13th, Millet was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. The Government, never famous for promptness, had taken seventeen years to find out that Millet was a master. The men of the time had but a lukewarm taste for the works of the rustic painter. At last they had to yield, and, after long hesitation, decided to give him a ribbon. Those who were present in the *grand salon* of the Louvre at the distribution of medals, will remember that Marshal Vaillant, Minister of Fine Arts, who presided at the ceremony, obtained so unexpected a success that he became speechless. He was far from expecting the outburst which he was to produce. The name of Millet had hardly been spoken when the applause broke out, so vigorous, so energetic, so sincere, that the venerable council and its president were troubled. The Administration had chosen well, without wishing it and without knowing it. And at the confusion of these distributors of rewards, who for once, and almost against their will, represented justice and public sentiment, the applause redoubled. Millet's success was tremendous.

Whether or not Millet felt pride from this *fête*, or rather this revenge, we do not know—there are no letters. But everything leads us to believe that he accepted his triumph with the calm modesty of a philosopher, and worked on in silence. In September, he and Sensier made a charming journey. They went to see M. Hartmann, at Munster, and saw a corner of Alsace. From Munster they went into Switzerland, for six or seven days. They first went to Bâle. "We saw the museum and the cathedral," Millet says, on the back of a letter to his wife. So the painter of "The Sheep-shearer" saw the moving masterpieces of Hans Holbein. He did not tell his impressions. The travelers were

very much hurried. They saw in the rain and fog Lucerne and its famous lake, Berne, and Zurich. "I want to get back to Barbizon," Millet writes; and in a letter the next day: "My homesickness continues."

We now find him at work on an illustration for a sonnet, to be published in a curious book called "Sonnets and Etchings." There were to be only 350 examples, and the plates were to be destroyed. Millet refused to understand how, when a plate has been etched by an artist, it can enter the mind of any one to spoil the plate in order to prove to purchasers that no more proofs can be printed. Already forty-one etchers, among others Jules Jacquemart, Corot, Seymour Haden, Daubigny, Bracquemond, and Ribot, had consented to have their plates destroyed. There remained one only who was stubborn. Millet was too much of a barbarian to understand how the height of civilization could consist in destroying a work of art. But he had to yield, for he could not be a solitary exception.

"BARBIZON, 24th Jan., 1869.

"* * * I have consented to the destruction of my plate, in spite of my desire to keep it. * * * Between ourselves, I consider this destruction of plates the most brutal and barbarous of proceedings. I am not strong enough on commercial questions to understand the use of it, but I know that if Rembrandt and Ostade had each made one of these plates, they would have been annihilated."

"BARBIZON, 16th Feb., 1869.

"* * * The terrible death of poor Mme. Rousseau fills us with distress. It stirs up many things in the past. The poor thing has been hardly used by events. I can't think, without emotion, that she used to take care of me at times when I was ill. * * * God knows, I remember all the good she has ever done me. I pray for the peace of her poor soul."

Sensier wrote, about this time, a series of articles on Rousseau, afterward published under the title "Souvenirs sur Théodore Rousseau," and many letters of this date touch upon conversations between the friends.

"BARBIZON, Feb. 1st, 1870.

"* * * To finish, we had a lively discussion on Thoré's belief that the subject was of great moment in the elevation of a work of art. Rousseau and I were against him. I let Rousseau speak, as I did not know Thoré, but I found myself caught in the net. I tried to show Thoré that I thought grandeur was in the thought itself, and that everything became great that was employed in a great cause.

"A prophet comes to threaten a population with a plague and fearful devastation, and this is what the God who sends him says by his mouth: I will send you grasshoppers and locusts—my great army, etc. And the prophet makes such a description of their devastation that never has a greater desolation been imagined. I asked him whether the threat would have been more terrible if, instead of locusts, the prophet had spoken of some king with his chariots and war-horses; for the devastation is so great that nothing is untouched. The earth is denuded! Lament, husbandman, for the harvest of the field has perished. The wild asses and all creatures have cried out, for there is no more grass. The object is accomplished and the imagination aroused. * * * *"

On the 24th of March, 1870, the painters were called together to vote for the jury of the coming Exposition, and of eighteen jurors Millet was the sixth elected. It was a sort of tardy consecration; the suffrage of the artists raised him to be a judge whose works had been refused, not only in his youthful beginning, but as late as 1859, when he painted "Death and the Wood-cutter." He sent two pictures, "November," a landscape, and "Woman Churning," a favorite theme which he often varied in repeating. The "Knitting-lesson," exhibited earlier in the season, was more favorably noticed, and the "Spinning-woman," of rather uncertain date, is a picture which reminds us in execution of Terburg and some of the masters of his school. It is in place to remark here that during this period of his life Millet, who never sought to pass for a colorist, was much occupied in the harmony of tones, and often tried to strike the brilliant or the intense note of color. The catalogue of the sale at the Hôtel Drouot, after the artist's death, gives 1867-1869 to his "Pig-killers." The motive is not heroic—it is taken without shame from the realities, one may say the cruelties, of peasant life. It is not a picture for a *boudoir*, but it is an energetic and robust painting, in which truth is not veiled. The work has strength from the quality of its tone; if we are not mistaken, Millet has found occasion to introduce some very fine reds. It is a color which he has never abused. He always preferred dim tints and softened notes of color. He loved delicate harmonies, freshness, and daintiness. In drawing his pastels he had renewed what has been called his flowery manner, and though he was not, like Delacroix, an absolute colorist, a scientific colorist, he often made happy hits in his choice of tones.

But questions of art were to be long veiled in the smoke of battle. The enemy approached. Sensier was sent to Tours and then to Bordeaux. Millet left Barbizon, where work, as well as the material support of the family, would have been impossible, and the uniforms of the Uhlans would soon

make unpleasant spots in the quiet landscape. It is useless to say that he worked but little. Calmness of spirit was lacking to him, as to us all,—the time of eclogues had passed.

"CHERBOURG, 22d September, 1870.

"MY DEAR SENSIER: I am glad you are at Tours and not at Paris. * * * Our hearts and heads are in a vise. * * *

"I cannot draw a line out-of-doors. I should immediately be strangled or shot. I was arrested and carried before a military bureau; I was let off by the reports from the *mairie*, but I was ordered not even to pretend to be holding a pencil. * * *

"Our country is really beautiful, and how happy I should be to see it in different circumstances! But truly, when I find myself forgetting a little and taking pleasure in seeing things, I am angry at myself and call myself an egotist."

Millet was reaching the age when the infinite seems nearer. He could understand the sea, and we saw at the posthumous sale of his works that he understood often better than professional marine painters how to express the serenity of distant perspectives, the depth of limpid skies, and the play of light on luminous water. He had always loved the sea; he early understood its mysterious seduction, and still a child, on the cliffs of Gréville, studied the riddle of the enchantress. But those great spectacles, where the horizon and wave play together, demand, to be felt, a certain maturity of mind and of heart. The letters from Cherbourg are all in a sad, agitated tone:

"CHERBOURG, 9th April, 1871.

"* * * We are very glad to think you are in Barbizon. What a horrible mess we are in! Where are we drifting? I will not speak of it, for it seems to me a fierce bedlam let loose in the place of intelligence. * * * My dear Sensier, take as much pleasure as you can in the things of nature; they are always enduring. I try, for my part, to drive out of my mind (only I can't do it enough) the horrors which I cannot remedy, and plunge myself into work. Durand-Ruel has happily sent to me for pictures, but I cannot send him many. * * *

"This country is really very interesting, and has many antique aspects. Putting aside some modern things, one might believe one's self in the time of old Breughel. Many villages look like old Flemish tapestry. What velvety greens! What a pity the cows can't paint!"

While he was thinking of Flemish tapestry, Millet little dreamed that an eccentric group of Paris artists had put his name on their flag. He was not very proud of the remembrance of the hot-heads of Paris, and he addressed the following letter to the "Vigie," of Cherbourg, the "Gaulois," and several other journals:

"CHERBOURG, 25th April, 1871.

"TO THE EDITOR: 'La France,' of Sunday, 23d inst., having come to my notice, I find myself named a member of a commission of artists called the *Fédération des Artistes de Paris*.

"I refuse the honor which they have wished to do me.

"Please insert this card in your journal, and accept my thanks and respects. J.-F. MILLET."

"CHERBOURG, May 2d, 1871.

"MY DEAR SENSIER: How wretched is all this business in Paris! Did you see that I had been nominated by the *Fédération des Artistes de Paris?* I replied, 'I do not accept the honor which has been offered me.' What a set of wretches they all are! Courbet, of course, is their president.

"Our time might be called the time of the great slaughter. One can cry out with the prophet, 'O sword of the Lord, wilt thou never rest?' I have no heart to speak of the spring, which comes in spite of all these horrors."

"27th May, 1871.

"Is it not horrible what these wretches have done to Paris? Enormities without precedent. Beside these, the Vandals were conservative; they at least ravaged a foreign country! Poor Delacroix, who was so anxious to paint in the public buildings—what would he say?"

"20th June.

"We went to pass two days at Gréville, where we had not all been. I had been there alone two days in November, and had not returned here. It gives me a great and sad emotion to look like any stranger at the house where I was born and where my parents died. In approaching this poor dwelling, my heart seems to be bursting. How much it brings to my mind! I went over the fields which I once plowed and sowed. Where are those who worked with me? Where are those dear eyes that, with me, gazed over the stretch of the sea?

"The fields belong to strangers, who have the right to ask me my business there and to turn me out. I am full of sorrow and melancholy, and can speak of nothing else; it takes hold of me and oppresses me."

"GRÉVILLE, 12 Aug.

"How I wish, my dear Sensier, that you could see my native place with me! I fancy this country would please you in many ways, and that you would understand how I become more and more attached to it. Of course, I have reasons that every one has not—the remembrance of my parents and my youth; but I think it might attract a person open to certain impressions. Oh! once more, how I belong to my native soil!"

The 3d of October, 1871, Sensier reached Cherbourg. The two friends immediately began a series of excursions, of which Sensier has sketched an outline. They saw Baumont, Jaubourg and Vauville. They went to Gréville, saw the church and cemetery, and a little further on the hamlet of Gruchy and Millet's paternal home, the garden of his childhood, now in the possession of strangers. Seeing these places, hallowed by tender and painful associations, Millet needed all his self-control to keep from tears. The next day they visited the "Hameau Cousin," which Millet painted for M. Feuardent. They also saw the village of Eculleville, the valley of the Sabine, and, after another visit

to the priory of Vauville, they returned to Cherbourg. To Sensier it seemed as if he had been walking in Millet's pictures. On the 7th November, 1871, Millet returned to Barbizon. He brought back several pictures, finished or half done. We have not the list of them; but Sensier mentions a woman carrying milk in a copper vessel which she holds on her shoulder, of which we give the sketch.* [See SCRIBNER for September, 1880, p. 748.]

We have now come to Millet's last years. He will never leave Barbizon again. His circumstances are improved; he has not to wait for orders, and when his pictures appear at sales they bring higher and higher prices. Criticism is disarmed, if not convinced. Millet seems to have reached the goal; but, unhappily, his health is more and more affected. His stern will is no longer an absolute monarch, and often work becomes difficult.

"BARBIZON, 8th Jan., 1872.

"DEAR SENSIER: We are very much distressed that you should only have illness to console you for sorrow. If, as some Christians believe, God chastens those whom He loves, and gives them a high place above there, you must have a very glorious seat in Paradise.

"M. Durand-Ruel asks for pictures of all sizes. * * *

"An American gentleman and lady, M. and Mme. Shaw, of Boston, came to ask me for a picture. I must paint them one. They chose among my drawings 'The Priory of Vauville.'

"Detrimont and his wife came to get the little shepherd. He wants another picture."

"25 April, '72.

"TO M. ALFRED BRUYAS—SIR: Believe me honored and flattered by the request of your letter of the 8th April. I only regret that I cannot immediately comply with your request, as I have had so many demands since my return. But you may depend upon me to remember the object of your wish, and to give it my attention as soon as I possibly can. * * *

"What you say of the works of Barye does not surprise me; it is just what I think of him. He is one of the artists best fitted for the accomplishment of great things. * * * "

"BARBIZON, 6th Aug., '72

"DEAR SENSIER: I have not yet finished my 'Church of Gréville.' I have done little. I have groaned more than I have worked, for I have made little more than a sketch. You know the subject. A cow-herd blowing a horn to call his cows together: end of day (sunset effect). I am working on my woman sewing by lamp-light..

"Barye is here. I have not yet seen him. I will go to see him, as he is not out yet, though he is better."

In 1872 and 1873 Millet finished the pictures begun at Cherbourg, and worked on others. Besides the landscapes for M. Hartmann and the young mother with her baby in her arms (life size), he painted the "Priory of Vauville," and several other pictures. Unfortunately, a nervous distress and the frequent recurrence of painful headaches lessened greatly his hours of work. Several remained unfinished, and those he completed he kept by him, thinking to take them up again and work on them, for, as he often said, he believed with Rousseau that a picture was never finished. The "Eglise de Gréville," now in the Luxembourg, was in his studio at his death.*

"31st Dec., '72.

"My eyes are very painful. * * * I work very little, which distresses me. My 'Priory' is in the same state as when you saw it. I will have the measures taken for the cross on Rousseau's tomb.

"Here goes the year 1872 where all the years have gone! We all embrace you, you and Marguerite, and wish you all we can wish to those we love the best."

In 1873, M. Camille Lemonnier, a critic at Brussels, sent to Millet a pamphlet called: "The Paris *Salon*, 1870." Millet, in a reply thanking him for it, took the opportunity to express briefly the thought which it seemed to him should be dominant in all art creations.

"BARBIZON, 15th Feb., '73.

"DEAR SIR: I am very much flattered by your letter, and thank you for making me acquainted with your work as art critic. The most enviable reward of those who try to do their best is to excite the sympathy of intelligent men. This is equivalent to saying that I am happy to have been the occasion of your expressing certain truths of art. Only, you say of me things which I consider to be so desirable that I dare not believe myself possessed of them. It is not that I would doubt your judgment, but I distrust myself.

"But let me put myself aside quickly, that I may say (without stumbling over my own toes) that I must give you great praise for considering things from their fundamental side. It is the only true solid side. Many people, far from taking this point of view, seem to think that art is only a sort of show of professional ability. *You* understand that the artist must have a high and definite aim. Without it, how can he make efforts to reach a point of which he does not even suspect the existence? How can a dog pursue game which he cannot scent? It depends, therefore, upon his aim, and the way in which he has reached it, that an artist is of interest.

"I assure you, sir, that if it only were a question of my own will I would express strongly the type which is, in my opinion, the greatest truth. You are quite right to think that such is my intention

* A milk-carrier of very different design was engraved by Hédouin.

* The state bought "The Bathers." At the Luxembourg may also be seen four of his drawings "Shepherdess Knitting," "Shepherdess Seated," "Sewing-women," and "A Church near Cusset."

But I find myself started on a very difficult road, and I do not want to go any further [in writing]. If you ever come to Paris and get as far as Barbizon, we could talk about it. * * * J.-F. MILLET."

We see him always looking for the type, the accentuation of the physiognomy; at that time, at least, these were his principal preoccupations. In truth, he had always thought of it, and in his search it had happened to him as to the early masters and sincere painters of the sixteenth century; in pursuing character he had on the road met ugliness. I mean that, hostile on principle to commonplace idealizations, he was not afraid to put into his rustic compositions figures of rough aspect and coarse individuality, with expressions which seemed to admit that the human is not always vastly superior to the animal. It is this tendency, scarcely veiled, which so often excited the heat of Théophile Gautier and Paul de Saint-Victor, and which even Thoré mentioned in the "Peasants Bringing Home a Calf." In the "Man with the Hoe," the head of the terrible worker of the ground has something disturbing in it. The little Barbizon beggar is not much beautified, and the "Vine-dresser," resting, is not altogether charming. "What more terrible than the 'Vine-dresser' at rest," writes M. Burty, "seated, sweating, the arms hanging and legs apart! His hands, which have grown knotted like the stock of the vine, his feet dusty, his mouth open, his brow incapable of a thought beyond the vine which has taxed his strength." Millet was convinced that expression redeems everything.

At a sale on the 7th of April, 1873, Millet had the pleasure of seeing his "Woman with a Lamp" sell for 38,000 francs. His "Washerwoman" reached the price of 15,350, and later, "Geese," 25,000, and the "Woman Churning," engraved by M. Martial, 14,000. If Millet had been vain, these sums might have consoled him for his past misfortunes.*

"BARBIZON, 22 Sept., 1873.

"DEAR SENSIER: Since I saw you I have suffered greatly. My cough kills me. Only these last few days am I a little better. I am breaking down completely, I assure you."

Unfortunately, the breaking down of which he speaks is a real thing. In the spring and summer he had been more or less ill. One June night, after an accident which his letters do not explain, he was seized with a dreadful hemorrhage which greatly weakened him. An unfortunate cough deprived him for weeks of all vigor or energy. He worked, nevertheless, and finished several pictures. At the sale of his studio effects, some of the unfinished pictures of this time were seen; especially two unfinished shepherdesses were to be regretted. In one, the tower of the mill of Chailly showed on the horizon; in the other, I think more advanced, the shepherdess was bringing back her flock. The sun is already set; the girl walks, followed by her sheep, which a dog, mounted on a hillock, watches as they hurry past. The landscape is wrapped in vapor. Millet always understood the melancholy of evening and the silent hour when the first stars come out.

Millet's correspondence stops abruptly in the spring of 1874. Writing, formerly so easy to the brave artist, has become a fatigue.

"BARBIZON, 18 March, '74.

"How long it is since I have written to you, my dear Sensier! I am in such a weak state of health that I put off from day to day what I have to do. Believe me, I think of you all the same. If my body is weakened, my heart is not colder. * * *"

The Republic wished to repair the long forgetfulness of the past. The administration of the Beaux Arts, then headed by a writer to whom the honor of French art was always precious, conceived the idea of decorating the cold walls of the Pantheon, or of Sainte Geneviève,—for it seems the Pantheon is a church without looking like it. M. de Chennevières, to his honor be it said, did not forget Millet. The 12th of May, 1874, the minister signed an order allowing him 50,000 francs for the execution of decorative paintings in the chapel of Sainte Geneviève. Millet was to paint the "Miracle des Ardents" and the procession of the shrine of Sainte Geneviève—in all eight subjects, four big and four little. He immediately began to make out in charcoal the plan of his compositions. He was both appalled and delighted at such a beautiful task, but Death did not permit him to carry it out.

Sensier and M. Hartmann went to see Millet on the 9th of July, 1874. He was finishing the "Priory" for Mr. Shaw, and "The Spring" for M. Hartmann was finished. He was working on two others, "Haycocks" and "Buckwheat-Threshers."

"We saw in the studio," writes Sensier, "another subject almost done, and promising to be very fine—a reminiscence of Millet's home. A sea-view, framed by the posts of a gate-way, opening on land going

* [During Millet's life-time "The Angelus" was resold for 50,000 francs.—ED. S. M.]

down to the shore. Some cows feeding in the inclosure, whose heads only were visible, permitted the artist to express the steep movement of the soil. The strength of color was extraordinary." The visitors must have also seen the "Ass on a Moor,"—on the incline of a rocky piece of ground an ass braying,—above the landscape a great spring sky, in which the luminous clouds, driven by the wind, whirl up in spirals. This strange and brilliant picture was much admired.

Sensier stayed a week. Millet was very melancholy.

"One day in August, the day after Nôtre Dame, Millet felt a little better. All the children and grandchildren were assembled. We decided to go all together for a long drive in the forest. We went off full of gayety, the young people in front in an open wagon; Millet, his wife, and I, in a little *calèche*, brought up the rear. The day was pure and clear. Millet was open and talkative, and seemed happy to see around him his numerous offspring. He had words of kindness and affection for me.

"'Friends,' he said, 'get tired or leave us, in the hard moments of life. Some die, or disappear. You have remained. You have always helped, sustained, encouraged, and understood me.'

"The drive was long. We saw again Bellecroix, the valley of the Solle, Mount Chauvet, the Calvary, the old forest trees, the rocks of St. Germain,—all the marvels of this forest of inexhaustible enchantment. And Millet kept ever returning to the memory of past times, the splendors of this living nature, which had decided him to cut loose from old mythology. I shall never forget this day. I saw him several times again, but never in such bright spirits. He suffered all the time, and knew that the great day of rest was approaching."

The autumn was sad. In November, Millet was already very weak, but he still worked. He finished his "Priory," which he sent to America. He thought over his decorations for Sainte Geneviève, and improved them. He sketched the "Sewing Lesson,"—a quiet rustic scene, in which, as usual, he throws over daily labor a poetic charm, and in which an open window shows a garden full of greenery.

In the month of December, the fever became more frequent, with intervals of delirium, followed by long prostration. Here and there he had days of calm, in which he was conscious of his state. He made his last requests, talked a great deal to his children, begged his family to keep together, and said, with a touching melancholy, that his life was closing too soon—that he died just as he was beginning to see clearly into nature and into art.

Sometimes he regained a little serenity, and believed—or pretended to believe—in a possible recovery. He asked to have "Redgauntlet," which he had once liked, re-read to him. But Millet could not again feel the pleasure that the book had inspired in his youth.

At the end of December, he went to bed, and did not rise again.

Sensier gives us, in a note, a pathetic detail. In the first days of January, 1875, when the doctors no longer hid their anxiety about him, Millet had gone to sleep between two attacks of fever. He was suddenly awakened by the noise of guns and the baying of a pack of hounds. A stag, driven by the hunters and filled with frenzied terror, had jumped the fences, and taken refuge in a neighbor's garden. The wretched animal was cruelly butchered. Millet, who had never liked huntsmen, was struck by the tragedy. "It is an omen," said he.

He was right; he had but a few days to live. The great painter breathed his last on the 20th of January, 1875, at six in the morning.

Everywhere his death provoked a feeling of deep regret. A volume could be made of the newspaper articles written about him. His friends, who had long understood him, eloquently expressed their sorrow. The indifferent ones themselves were touched; they discovered that the French school had sustained an irreparable loss. There was an explosion of sympathy and justice; the time of old recriminations was past, and irony was silenced. On the 6th of April, an exhibition was opened for the benefit of the Millet family. In June the collection was sold, and in the interval the contents of the artist's studio were sold at the Hôtel Drouot. They consisted principally of sketches in pastels, water-colors, and crayon. People then saw how wide a field the master covered, what variety there was in his manner, the intensity of his conviction, and the strength and gracefulness of his handling.

Millet was worthily praised. Those who remember good criticism have not forgotten the two articles by M. Philippe Burty in the "République Française," nor the excellent notice by M. Charles Yriarte in "L'Art." In Belgium, where Millet had many friends, and where, thanks to M. Arthur Stevens,

his works were to be found in famous collections at a time when the French amateurs were still indifferent,—Belgium also brought her praises to the painter of Barbizon. And even America sent her testimony of esteem and regret. The article by Mr. Edward Wheelwright, in the "Atlantic Monthly" of September, 1876, is one of the most complete and personal studies of Millet that have been published.

Such an enumeration must perforce be incomplete. But we cannot pass over some phrases, sympathetic in spite of their reserve, which Fromentin has written about Millet:

"An original painter of our own time, a lofty soul, a melancholy spirit, a good heart, a nature truly rustic, has said of the country and country people, of the severity, the melancholy, and the nobility of their work, things which no Dutchman would have ever dreamed of looking for. He said them in a language a little rude, and under forms where the thought has more clearness and vigor than the hand. We were deeply thankful for his tendencies; and in the French school of painting we saw in him the sensibilities of a Burns, less clever than the poet in making himself understood. After all, has he or has he not left beautiful pictures? Has his form, his language—I mean that exterior envelope without which the things of the mind cannot exist or last—has it the qualities to make him a beautiful painter, and to assure his future fame? He is a profound thinker compared with Paul Potter and de Cuyp; he is a sympathetic dreamer compared with Terburg and Metsu; he has something incontestably noble when we think of the trivialities of Steen, Ostade, and Brauwer. As a man, he puts them all to the blush; as a painter, is he their equal?"

Our friend, Fromentin, who pushed his penetration to the verge of uneasiness, has asked an indiscreet question. The difficulty of judging definitively of the talent of a contemporary master was seen by a writer who sometimes compromises himself so far as to express our own thought. The "Temps" of the 2d of March, 1875, contains some lines in which the author has tried to explain why Millet was dear to us. This quotation may serve as a conclusion to the present volume:

"There is in every work of art a sort of perfume which evaporates with time. A new breath passes over the mind; generations coming up, seeking a new ideal, are often uncertain and troubled before some picture or drawing, which, at the moment that the artist finished it, aroused in the soul of his contemporaries a whole world of sentiment and ideas. Something like this may perhaps happen to Millet. In the future it may create surprise that his cause was defended with such extreme heat, at a time when his advance met with resistance. Did this rustic really occupy in modern art the great place which our esteem has made for him? Why not? Let it be remembered to what meager diet we were then condemned—how few consolatory spectacles had been offered to us. During the historic period ending in 1870 we saw the painful work of artists who, under pretext of style, moved about in an artificial world, which amounted to nothing but supreme stupidity. Life was not in it. So, when, after his first gropings, we found in Millet healthy simplicity and frankness, a certain grandeur reflected upon types which were not invented,—an almost unconscious remembrance of the methods dear to the old masters,—we praised his effort and went out to welcome this new poetry. The future will decide whether we have made a mistake or not. It seems to us that Millet brought into the school a new element, a manner which by condensing form generalizes and aggrandizes it.

"It would be a mistake to reproach him with having suppressed details and taken away accidentals; he was seeking the essential, and he found it. Millet had his ideal, and even if he did not always succeed in reaching it, it will always be to his honor that he strove with indomitable energy to be faithful to truth while escaping the littleness of prose."

Sensier had often begged Millet to write down the thoughts which came to him on questions of art. Millet was not a writer, and thought that his art work ought to present a clear enough expression of his thoughts and his dreams. Once or twice, however, he consented to take pen in hand. This "note," which we found among his friend's papers, will be read with interest:

"When Poussin sent to M. de Chantelou his picture of the 'Manna,' he did not say, 'Look what fine handling! Isn't it swell? Isn't it tip-top?' or any of this kind of thing which so many painters seem to consider of such value, though I cannot see why they should. He says: 'If you remember the first letter which I wrote to you about the movement of the figures which I promised you to put in, and if you look at the whole picture, I think you will easily understand which are those who languish, which ones are filled with admiration, those who pity, those who act from charity, from great necessity, from desire, from the wish to satiate themselves, and others,—for the first seven figures on the left hand will tell you all that is written above, and all the rest is of the same kind.'

"Very few painters are careful enough as to the effect of a picture seen at a distance great enough to see all at once, and as a whole. Even if a picture comes together as it should, you hear people say, 'Yes, but when you come near it is not finished!' Then of another which does not look like anything at the distance from which it should be seen: 'But look at it near by; see how it is finished!' Nothing counts except the fundamental. If a tailor tries on a coat, he goes off to see it at a distance great enough to see the fit. If he likes the general look, it is time enough then to examine the details; but if he should be satisfied with making fine buttonholes and other accessories, even if they were *chefs d'œuvres*, on a badly cut coat, he will none the less have made a bad job. Is not this true of a piece of architecture or of anything else? It is the conception of a work which should strike us first, and nothing ought to go outside of that conception. It is an atmosphere beyond which nothing can exist. There should be a *milieu* of one kind or another, but that which is adopted should rule.

"As confirmation to the proposition that details are only the complement of the fundamental construction, Poussin says: 'Being fluted (pilasters) and

rich in themselves, we should be careful not to spoil their beauty by the confusion of ornament, for such accessories and incidental subordinate parts are not adapted to works whose principal features are already beautiful, unless with great prudence and good judgment, in order that this may give grace and elegance, for ornaments were only invented to modify a certain severity which constitutes pure architecture.'

"We should accustom ourselves to receive from Nature all our impressions, whatever they may be and whatever temperament we may have. We should be saturated and impregnated with her, and think what she wishes and makes us think. Truly she is rich enough to supply us all. And whence should we draw, if not from the fountain-head? Why forever urge, as a supreme aim to be reached, that which the great minds have already discovered in her, because they have mined her with constancy and labor, as Palissy says? But, nevertheless, they have no right to set up for mankind forever one example. By that means the productions of one man would become the type and the aim of all the productions of the future.

"Men of genius are gifted with a sort of divining-rod; some discover in nature this, others that, according to their kind of scent. Their productions assure you that he who finds is formed to find; but it is funny to see how, when the treasure is unearthed, people come for ages to scratch at that one hole. The point is to know where to find truffles. A dog who has not scent will be but a poor hunter if he can only run at sight of another who scents the game, and who, of course, must always be the first. And if we only hunt through imitativeness, we cannot run with much spirit, for it is impossible to be enthusiastic about nothing. Finally, men of genius have the mission to show, out of the riches of Nature, only that which they are permitted to take away, and to show them to those who would not have suspected their presence nor ever found them, as they have not the necessary faculties. They serve as translator and interpreter to those who cannot understand her language. They can say, like Palissy: 'You see these things in my cabinet.' They, too, may say: 'If you give yourself up to Nature, as we have done, she will let you take away of these treasures according to your powers. You only need intelligence and good-will.'

"An enormous vanity or an enormous folly alone can make certain men believe that they can rectify the pretended lack of taste or the errors of Nature. On what authority do they lean? We can understand that, with them who do not love her and who do not trust her, she does not let herself be understood, and retires into her shell. She must be constrained and reserved with them. And, of course, they say: 'The grapes are green. Since we cannot reach them, let us speak ill of them.' We might here apply the words of the prophet: '*Deus resistit superbis, sed gratiam dat humilibus*' [God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble].

"Nature gives herself to those who take the trouble to court her, but she wishes to be loved exclusively. We love certain works only because they proceed from her. Every other work is pedantic and empty.

"We can start from any point and arrive at the sublime, and all is proper to be expressed, provided our aim is high enough. Then what you love with the greatest passion and power becomes a beauty of your own, which imposes itself upon others. Let each bring his own. An impression demands expression, and especially requires that which is capable of showing it most clearly and strongly. The whole arsenal of Nature has ever been at the command of strong men, and their genius has made them take, not the things which are conventionally called the most beautiful, but those which suited best their places. For example, in its own time and place, has not everything its position? Who shall dare to say that a potato is inferior to a pomegranate?

"Decadence set in when people began to believe that art, which she (Nature) had made, was the supreme end; when such and such an artist was taken as model and aim without remembering that he had his eyes fixed on infinity.

"They still spoke of Nature, but meant thereby only the life-model which they used, but from whom they got nothing but conventionalities. If, for instance, they had to paint a figure out-of-doors, they still copied, for the purpose, a model lighted by a studio light, without appearing to dream that it had no relation to the luminous diffusion of light out-of-doors—a proof that they were not moved by a very deep emotion, which would have prevented artists from being satisfied with so little. For, as the spiritual can only be expressed by the observation of objects in their truest aspect, this physical untruth annihilated all others. There is no isolated truth.

"The moment that a man could do something masterly in painting, it was called good. If he had great anatomical knowledge, he made that pre-eminent and was greatly praised for it, without thinking that these fine acquirements ought to serve, as indeed all others should, to express the thoughts of the mind. Then, instead of thoughts, he would have a programme. A subject would be sought which would give him a chance to exhibit certain things which came easiest to his hand. Finally, instead of making one's knowledge the humble servant of one's thought, on the contrary, the thought was suffocated under the display of a noisy cleverness. Each eyed his neighbor, and was full of enthusiasm for a manner.

"My small experience in writing * * * makes me omit a great many things, which causes obscurities. Try, therefore, to guess what I intended to say without taking literally what I have said. What I began to say was not sufficiently thought out before saying it; and I have not written enough. But I will try to come back to it, and do it with less haste."

[NOTE.—(See page 397, Millet's "Four Seasons.") We are told by Mr. Wyatt Eaton, who had heard much of these decorations, and who finally had the opportunity to study them carefully during their brief exhibition at Hôtel Drouot, that "the disappointment felt by himself and others deeply interested in Millet's art, was that of not being able to see the decorations in the places for which they were designed. The work itself was another proof of Millet's comprehensiveness and power. Although not painted in the usual manner of large decoration, the effect of the panels in the room where they had belonged must have been complete and surpassingly fine. But to judge them in the strong light of the picture gallery, and without the requisite distance, was to ignore Millet's intuition and accomplishment." We do not understand the statement by M. Mantz that in life-size figures Millet was not at his ease. Sensier's description of the large "Sheep-shearer" has already been given. He and other critics write of the work as one of the masterpieces of painting: the figures in this picture are three-quarters length and the size of life. "The Young Shepherdess" was one of the most admired paintings in the posthumous collection: this figure is full length and life-size. The large "Sheep-shearer" is owned in Boston, Mass., and "The Young Shepherdess" has been for some time on exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.—ED. S. M.]

TIGER-LILY.

IN THREE PARTS: PART III.

THE terrible disease whose presence had sent such a thrill of horror through the quiet little town had been raging for two weeks, and though the inevitable rebound from the first pressure of dread was making itself universally felt, as a topic of conversation it had lost none of its charms.

On a wild, wet afternoon, Lilly O'Connell sat in the stuffy work-room sacred to the mysteries of making and trying on the wonderful productions of Miss Bullins's scissors and needle. She was sewing the folds upon a dress of cheap mourning, while Miss Bullins sat opposite with lap-board and scissors, her nimble tongue outrunning the latter by long odds.

"What's friends *for*," she was saying, "if they aint goin' to stand by you when the pinch comes? Folks that's got husbands and lovers and friends a plenty don't realize their blessin's. As for Florence Fairfield, it makes me ashamed of bein' a woman—the way that girl did! They say she wouldn't even see Roger Horton to bid him good-bye. I never heard the like!"

Lilly turned her head toward the window, perhaps because the dress in her hands was black, and the light dull.

"They say he's workin' himself to death for all them poor people, and he aint got nobody—no sister nor mother—to nurse him up when he comes home all tuckered out; though Nancy Swift thinks a sight of him, and she'll do her duty by him, I make no doubt. He's just like his father, and he *was* a good man. Florence Fairfield don't deserve her privileges, I'm afeard."

The street door opened, and with a gust of cold wind entered Widow Gatchell, the village Sairey Gamp. She was an elderly woman, tall, stiff and dry as a last year's mullein-stalk. Her dark, wrinkled face was fixed and inexpressive, but the small black eyes were full of life. She was clothed in rusty garments, and carried a seedy carpet-sack in her hand.

"How d'ye do?" she said, in a dry voice, dropping on to the edge of a chair. "I jest come in to tell ye if ye was *drove*, 'taint no matter about my bunnit. I sha'n't want it right away."

"Why not?" said Miss Bullins, looking up.

"I'm goin' to the pest-house nussin' to-morrow," returned the old woman, in the same quiet tone.

"Good land! Sarah Gatchell!" cried Miss Bullins, upsetting her lap-board. "Aint you 'most afraid?"

A quaint smile flitted across the widow's face.

"What 'd I be afeared of," she said, "'s old 'n' homely 's I be? The small-pox aint a-goin' to touch *me*. I'd 'a' gone a week ago, but I couldn't leave Mis' Merrill, an' her baby not a week old. I've jess been a-talkin' with Dr. Horton," she went on. "He says they're sufferin' for help. They's three sick women an' two childern, an' not a woman in the house to do a thing for 'em. They've been expectin' two nusses from the city, but they aint come. Seems to me 'taint jest right fur men-folks to be fussin' 'round sick women an' childern."

"Oh my, it's awful!" sighed Miss Bullins, pinning her pattern crooked in her distress.

"Not a woman there?" said Lilly O'Connell, who had been listening with her hands idle in her lap.

"There'll *be* one there in the mornin'," said the widow, rising to go. "I'd 'a' gone to-night, but I couldn't be o' much use till I'd gone 'round the house by daylight an' got the hang o' things."

"Wall, you've got good grit, Sarah," said the milliner, with enthusiasm. "You're as good as half a dozen common women. I declare, I'd go myself, but I shouldn't be a bit o' use. I should catch it in a day. I was always a great one for catchin' diseases."

"Aint ye well?" said Mrs. Gatchell, turning suddenly toward Lilly. "Ye look kind o' peaked. I guess ye set too much."

"I am perfectly well," said Lilly.

"Ye be? Wall, sewin' *is* confinin'. Good-bye."

Lilly had no appetite for her tea, and immediately after she put on her cloak and hat, and went out. The wind had gone down as the sun set, the rain had ceased, and a few pale stars were struggling through the thin, vapory clouds.

The streets were very quiet, and she met but few people. The choir in the Orthodox Church were rehearsing, their voices ringing

out clear and not inharmonious in a favorite hymn. She stopped, and bowing her head upon one of the square wooden posts, waited until the hymn closed. Then she went on her way. It was quite dark when she reached the end of her walk—the residence of Dr. Starkey. She seized the brass knocker with a firm hand, and was shown into the office. In a few moments Dr. Starkey entered.

He was an old-school physician, and an old-school gentleman as well. He would have considered it indecent to appear before the world in any other garb than a broadcloth swallow-tail coat of ancient date, and with his long neck wrapped in white lawn nearly to the point of suffocation. He entered the room, and bowed with courtly gallantry on seeing a graceful feminine figure standing by the table; but, as Lilly looked up and the lamp-light fell upon her face and hair, there was a perceptible congealing of his manner.

"Miss—a ——" he began.

"I am Lilly O'Connell," she said, simply.

"Oh—a—yes! Miss O'Connell. Hm! Sit down, Miss O'Connell,—sit down!" he added, observing her closely from under his shaggy brows.

The girl remained standing, but the doctor seated himself before the glowing grate, and placed himself in an attitude of professional attention.

"You are—indisposed?" he asked, presently, as she remained silent.

"No; I am quite well," she answered; and then, after a little pause, during which her color mounted and faded, she continued: "I have heard that there is need of more help at the hospital, and I came to ask you to take me as nurse, or anything you most need."

Her voice trembled a little, and her eyes were fixed eagerly upon the doctor's face.

He turned square about, the withered, purple-veined hands clutching the arms of his chair tightly, a kind of choking sound issuing from his bandaged throat.

"Will you say that again?" he asked abruptly, staring with raised eyebrows at the pale, earnest face.

Lilly repeated what she had said, more firmly.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the old man, measuring the girl from head to foot slowly.

"Child," he said, after a pause, "do you know what you are talking about?"

"I think so," the girl answered, quietly.

"No, you do not!" the old man said, almost brusquely. "It is a place to try the nerves of the strongest man, to say nothing of a woman's. It is no place for a girl—no place."

"I am not afraid," the girl said, her voice breaking. "They say I am good in sickness, and I will do any kind of work. It is dreadful to think of those poor little children and women, with no one to do anything for them but men. Oh, do not refuse!" she cried, coming nearer and holding out her hands entreatingly.

The doctor had fidgeted in his chair, uttering a variety of curious, inarticulate exclamations while she was speaking.

"But, child," he repeated, earnestly, "it would be as much as your life is worth to enter the house. You would come down in a week. You might die!"

Lilly looked up into the mottled old face, and smiled sadly.

"I am not afraid," she said again, "and there is no one to care very much."

Dr. Starkey reflected, rubbing one shriveled finger up and down the bridge of his nose. He knew how woman's help was needed in that abode of pestilence and death. He looked at the white, supple hands clasped over the gray cloak before him, and thought of the work which they would be required to perform, then shook his head slowly, and rose.

"No," he said, "I cannot consent."

Lilly made a motion as if to speak, but he raised his hand deprecatingly.

"It would be as bad as murder," he went on. "I respect your motive, Miss O'Connell, I do, indeed; but you are too young and too—a—delicate for the undertaking. Don't think of it any more."

He took one of the hands which drooped at her side and held it in his glazed palm, looking kindly into the downcast face. He knew the girl's whole history. He had been one of the fiercest opponents of her application for a teacher's place, and from conscientious motives solely, as he believed; but he remembered it now with sharp regret. There was nothing in this fair and womanly figure to inspire antipathy, surely. For the first time, a realizing sense of her solitary life came to him, and he was pained and sorry. He wanted to be very kind to her, but felt strangely unable to express himself.

"Don't say no one would care what befell you," he began, his gruff voice softening. "A young woman of your—a—attractions should have many friends.

Consider *me* one, Miss O'Connell," he continued, with a blending of the sincere and the grandiose in his manner,—"consider *me* a friend from this day, and let me thank you again for your offer. It was very praiseworthy of you, very."

Lilly bowed—she could not trust herself to speak—and went away.

Dr. Starkey walked up and down his office several times, raised and lowered the flame of the lamp, poked the fire, looked out into the starlit night, and, with a fervent "Bless my soul! how extraordinary!" settled himself for his customary nap over the Boston paper.

Lilly hurried home through the silent streets. Miss Bullins's shop was empty of customers, and she herself, her hair bristling with crimping-pins and curl-papers, was putting things in order for the night. She studied Lilly's face with watchful anxiety, as she joined in her labors.

"I hope to gracious she aint comin' down sick!" she reflected. "You aint got backache and pains in your limbs, have you?" she inquired, with thinly veiled anxiety.

Lilly laughed.

"No, Miss Bullins; nothing of the kind."

"I thought you looked kind o' *queer*," said the good creature, coloring.

"I am only a little tired; not sick."

She came and stood by the old maid's chair, as she sat warming her feet at the stove, and laid her hand on the thin gray hair.

"Good-night, Miss Bullins."

"Good-night, dear. Hadn't you better drink a cup of pepper-tea before you go to bed?"

"No, thank you; I am only tired."

She sat by the window of her little bedroom over the shop a long time before lighting her lamp. Dim and dark, the river wound along, its surface gleaming here and there faintly through the leafless branches of the willows. Overhead, the solemn stars shone coldly. The houses along its banks were already dark and silent. At some involuntary movement, her hand fell upon a soft white mass of needle-work which strewed the table near her, and the contact seemed to rouse her. She rose, lit the lamp, folded the dainty, lace-trimmed garment, and made it into a parcel with some others which she took from a drawer, and went to bed. It was long before she slept, but the early morning found her asleep, with a peaceful smile upon her face.

The next day, being Saturday, was a busy one, for let Death stalk as he will, people must have their Sunday gear. The little shop was full at times, and feminine tongues and fingers flew without cessation, mixing millinery and misery in strange confusion.

"You don't say that's Mis' Belden's bonnet, with all them flowers on it? Well, I never! And she a member!"

"Why, you're a member too, aint you, Mis' Allen?" says another, with a glance at the first speaker's head, where feathers of various hues waved majestically.

"Oh, you mean my feathers?" was the spirited answer. "Feathers an' *flowers* is different things. You must draw the line somewhere, an' I draw it at feathers."

"They say one o' the women died up to the pest-house yesterday," said one woman, in the midst of an earnest discussion as to the comparative becomingness of blue roses and crimson pansies.

"Dear me!" said Miss Bullins, compassionately, "an' not a woman there to lay her out! Sarah Gatchell didn't go up till to-day."

"They don't lay 'em out," remarked the other, unconcernedly, holding a brilliant pansy against her bilious countenance. "They roll 'em up in the sheet they die on, and bury 'em in the pasture."

Lilly's hands trembled over the bonnet she was lining.

"Well, good-day, Miss Bullins. I guess I'd better take the roses. I'm most too old for red. Get it done if you can. Good-day."

It went on so all day. At one time there was a rush for the window.

"It's Doctor Horton!" cried a pretty girl. "Oh my! Aint he sweet? He's handsomer than ever, since he got so pale. I don't see how in the world Flossie Fairfield could do as she did. They say she's afraid to have him write to her."

"She loves her good looks more'n she does him, I guess," said another.

"And they to be married in the spring," said Miss Bullins, pathetically. "Lilly, here, was makin' her underclo'se, and they're a sight to see,—all hand-made, and so much lace in 'em that it aint modest, I do declare!"

"If she got her deserts she wouldn't have no use for weddin' clo'se," said another, with acerbity; "not if *I* was Roger Horton."

"Wall, you aint," said her companion, drily, "an' he aint no different from other men, I guess."

Lilly worked on with feverish haste.

About four o'clock she rose and went out, pausing an instant at the door, and looking back. Miss Bullins, intent upon some button-holes for which every moment of daylight was needed, did not look up. Lilly closed the door, and went up to her room.

It was small and simple, but it was the best she had known. There were some innocent efforts at decoration, a daintiness about the bed, a few books on hanging shelves, and a pretty drapery at the one window. She looked around with a sinking heart. There was a small writing-desk upon the table, and she went to it and wrote a few lines, which she sealed and directed. She put a few articles together in a satchel, put on her cloak and hat, and stole down the stairs and into the street.

Choosing the quietest, she walked rapidly through the village until the last house was passed, and the open country lay before her, bare and brown and desolate, except for the blue hills in the distance, which, summer or winter, never lost their beauty.

Two or three farmers, jogging homeward with their week's supplies, passed her, and one offered her a lift as far as she was going, which she declined.

A mile from the village, a road turned off to the left, winding through barren fields, until lost in the pine woods. As she turned into this, a man driving toward the village reined in and called to her, warningly:

"The pest-house is up yonder!"

She merely bowed and kept on. The man stared a moment, and whipped up his horse again. It was dark in the woods, and chilly, but she felt no fear, not even when the sere bushes by the way-side rustled, or twigs snapped beneath the tread of some living creature.

As she came out into comparative light she saw a buggy driven rapidly toward her. She recognized the horse at once, and with a quick heart-throb sprang behind a clump of young pines, and crouched upon her knees.

Dr. Horton drove by, his face turned toward her place of concealment. He did not know that any human eye was upon him, and the heaviness of his spirit appeared unrepressed in every feature. His eyes followed listlessly the irregular outlines of the way-side walls and bushes, but it was evident that his thoughts were not of surrounding things, otherwise he must have seen the crouching figure and the white face pressed against the rough bark of the tree whose trunk she clasped.

The girl's eyes followed him until he was lost to sight in the woods. Then she came out and pursued her way.

A curve in the road brought her in sight of the house now devoted to hospital uses. It was a two-story farm-house, black with age, shutterless and forsaken-looking. Over it hung the cloud of a hideous crime. A few years before, the owner, led on by an insane passion, had murdered his aged wife in her bed. The sequel had been a man's life ended in prison, a girl's name blasted, a dishonored family, a forsaken homestead,—for the son, to whom the property had fallen, had gone away, leaving no trace behind him. It had stood for years as the murderer had left it; its contents had been untouched by human hands; the hay had rotted in the barn; the fields were running waste. The very road itself was avoided, and the old wheel-ruts were almost effaced by grass and weeds. Swallows had possessed themselves of the cold, smokeless chimneys and sunken, mossy eaves; vagrant cats prowled about the moldering mows and empty mangers. The old well-sweep pointed like a gaunt, rigid finger toward heaven. The little strips of flower-beds beneath the front windows were choked with grass, but the red roses and pinks and columbines which the old woman had loved, still grew and bloomed in their season, and cast their petals about the sunken door-stone, and over the crooked path and neglected grass.

There were no flowers now,—only drifting masses of wet brown leaves. The setting sun had just turned the windows into sheets of blood, and down in the pasture could be seen the rough clods of several new-made graves. The silence was absolute. Faint columns of smoke, rising from the crumbling chimneys, were the only signs of human presence.

A tremor shook the girl from head to foot, and she ceased walking. After all, she was young and strong, and the world was wide; life might hold something of sweetness for her yet. It was not too late. She half turned,—but it was only for a moment, and her feet were on the door-step and her hand on the latch.

She turned a last look upon the outer world,—the bare fields, the leafless woods the blue hills, the fading sky. A desperate yearning toward it all made her stretch out her hands as if to draw it nearer for a last

farewell. Then from within came the piteous cry of a sick child, and she raised the latch softly and entered the house. The air of the hall smote her like a hand, coming as she did from the cool outer air; but guided by the cry, which still continued, she groped her way up the bare, worn stairs, pushed open a door, and entered.

The child's voice covered the sound of her entrance and, sickened by the foul air, she had leaned for some moments against the wall before Widow Gatchell, who was holding the child across her knee, turned and saw her. The old woman's hard, brown features stiffened with surprise, her lips parted without sound.

"I have come to help you," said Lilly, putting down her satchel and coming forward.

"Who sent ye?" the widow asked, shortly.

"Nobody. I offered my services, but Dr. Starkey refused to let me come. I knew you would not send me away if I once got here, and so I came."

"What was folks thinkin' of to *let* ye come?" asked the old woman again.

"Nobody knew it," Lilly answered.

"Wall," the widow said, "ye had no sort o' business to come, though the Lord knows they's need enough of help."

"Perhaps *He* sent me, Sarah," the girl said, gently. "Oh, the poor, poor baby! Let me take it."

Widow Gatchell's keen eyes rested on the girl's compassionate face with a searching gaze. She rose stiffly and laid the child in her arms.

"There!" she said, drawing a long breath. "You're in for it now, Lilly O'Connell, and may the Lord have mercy on ye!"

When Dr. Horton entered the pest-house in the morning, the first person he encountered was Lilly O'Connell, coming through the hall with a tray in her hands. In her closely fitting print dress and wide apron, the sleeves turned back from her smooth, strong arms, her face earnest, yet cheerful, she was the embodiment of womanly charity and sweetness. He started as though he saw a specter.

"Good heavens!" he said; "how came you here? Who—who permitted you to come here?"

"No one," said Lilly, supporting the waiter on the post at the foot of the stairs. "I just came. I asked Dr. Starkey to take me as nurse, but he refused."

"I know, I know," said the young man. He stepped back and opened the door, letting in the crisp morning air. "But why did you come? It is a terrible place for you."

"I came to be of use," she answered, smiling. "I hope I am useful. Ask Mrs. Gatchell. She will tell you that I am useful, I am sure."

Horton's face expressed pain and perplexity.

"It is wrong—all wrong," he said. "Where were your friends? Was there no one who cared for you, no one that you cared for enough to keep you from this wild step?"

She looked up into his face, and, for one brief moment, something in her deep, luminous eyes chained his gaze. A soft red spread itself over her cheeks and neck. She shook her head slowly, and taking up the tray, went on up the stairs.

Miss Bullins found the little note which Lilly had left for her, when, as no response came to her repeated summons to tea, she mounted the stairs to see what had happened.

She read the hastily written lines with gathering tears.

"You can get plenty of milliners and seamstresses; but those poor women and children are suffering for some one to take care of them. Forgive me for going this way, but it seemed the only way I *could* go. May be I shall get ill; but if I do, there is no beauty to lose, you know, and if I die, there is nobody to break their heart about it. *You* will be sorry, I know. I thank you, oh so much, for all your kindness to me, and I do love you dearly. May God bless you for all your goodness. If I should die, what I leave is for you to do what you please with.

"Your grateful and loving
"LILLY."

The good little woman's tears fell faster as she looked about the empty room.

"I never was so beat in my life," she confided to a dozen of her intimate friends many times over during the next week. "You could have knocked me down with a feather."

Dr. Starkey's amazement surpassed Miss Bullins's, if possible. He first heard of the step Lilly had taken from Dr. Horton. He saw her himself a day or two later, on making his tri-weekly visit to the hospital, and commended her bravery and self-sacrificing spirit in phrases something less stilted than usual.

He could not entirely banish an uneasy feeling when he looked at the fresh young face, but he became tolerably reconciled to

the situation when he saw what her energy and tenderness, in co-operation with Widow Gatchell's skill and experience, were accomplishing.

As for the girl herself, the days and nights passed so rapidly, making such demands upon body and mind, as to leave no time for regret. The scenes she witnessed effaced the past entirely for the time. In the midst of all the pain, and loathsomeness, and delirium, and death, she moved about, strong, gentle and self-contained, so self-contained that the vigilant eyes of the old nurse followed her in mute surprise.

"I never see nothin' like it," she said to Doctor Horton one day. "I've known her since she was little, an' I never would 'a' believed it, though I knew she'd changed. Why, she used to be so high-strung an' techy, like, an' now she's like a lamb."

On the tenth day after her coming, Doctor Horton in making his round entered an upper chamber, where Lilly was standing by one of the three beds it contained. She had just drawn the sheet over the faces of two who had died that morning—mother and child.

The dead woman was the deserted wife of a man who had left her a year before, young, weak and ignorant, to certain want and degradation.

"I cannot feel sorry," Lilly said. "It is so much better for them than what was left for them here."

Doctor Horton hardly seemed to hear her words. He was leaning wearily against a chair behind him; his eyes were dull, and his forehead contracted as if with physical suffering.

"You are ill!" she said, with a startled gesture.

"No, only getting a little tired out. I hope the worst is over now, and I think I shall hold out."

He went about from room to room, and from bed to bed, attentive and sympathetic as ever, and then left the house. A half hour later, one of the men came into the kitchen where Mrs. Gatchell was stirring something over the fire.

"Got a spare bed?" he asked, laconically.

The widow looked up.

"'Cause we've got another patient."

"Who is it?" she asked, quickly.

"Come and see."

She followed the man to the rear of the house, where, upon a stone which had fallen from the wall, Dr. Horton was sitting, his head bent in slumber. She listened a moment to his heavy breathing, laid her hand upon his forehead, and turned silently away.

A bed was made ready, and the young doctor, still wrapped in the heavy sleep of disease, was laid upon it, and one of the men was sent for Dr. Starkey.

In the delirium which marks the first stages of the disease, young Horton would allow no one but Lilly O'Connell to minister to him. Sometimes he imagined himself a boy, and called her "mother," clinging to her hand, and moaning if she made the least effort to withdraw. At other times, another face haunted him, and another name, coupled with endearing words or tender reproaches, fell from the half-unconscious lips.

Who but a woman can comprehend the history of those days and nights of watching and waiting? Each morning found her more marble-pale; purple rings formed themselves about the large eyes, but a deep, steady light, which was not born of pain and suffering, shone in their clear depths.

At last, one night, the crisis, whose result no human judgment could foretell, was at hand. No delirium, no restlessness now—only a deep sleep, in which the tense muscles relaxed and the breath came as softly as a child's.

Widow Gatchell shared the young girl's watch, but the strain of the last month had told upon her, and toward morning she fell asleep, and Lilly kept her vigil alone. Only the ticking of the old clock in the hall and the breathing of the sleepers broke the deep silence which filled the house. The lamp threw weird shadows across the ceiling and over the disfigured face upon the pillow. Of all manly beauty, only the close-clustering chestnut hair remained, and the symmetrical hands which lay nerveless and pale, but unmarred, upon the spread.

Statue-like, the young girl sat by the bed-side, her whole soul concentrated in the unwavering gaze which rested upon the sleeper's face. A faint—ever so faint—murmur came at last from the hot, swollen lips and one languid hand groped weakly, as if seeking something. She took it gently and held it between her own soft palms. It seemed to her fine touch that a light moisture was discernible upon it. She rose and bent over the pillow with eager eyes. A storm of raptured feeling shook her. She sank upon her knees by the bed, and

pressed the hand she held close against her breast, whispering over it wild words which no ear might hear.

All at once, the fingers which had lain so inert and passive in her grasp seemed to her to thrill with conscious life, to return faintly the pressure of her own. She started back.

A ray of dawning light crept under the window-shade and lay across the sick man's face. His eyes were open, and regarding her with a look of perfect intelligence.

The girl rose with a smothered cry, and laid the drooping hand upon the bed. The dark, gentle eyes followed her beseechingly. It seemed as if he would have spoken, but the parched lips had lost their power.

She went to the sleeping woman and touched her shoulder.

"I think he is better," she said, softly.

Instantly, the old nurse was on the alert. She went to the bed, and laid her hand upon the sick man's forehead and wrist, then turned toward Lilly, with something like a smile.

"Go and take some rest," she said in a whisper. "The crisis has passed. He will live."

Dr. Horton's recovery was not rapid, but it was sure.

From the hour of his return to consciousness, Lilly O'Connell had not entered his room.

When a week had passed, he ventured to question his faithful attendant, Widow Gatchell, in regard to her. For twenty-four hours he had missed the step and voice he had believed to be hers, passing and repassing the hall outside his door. The old woman turned her back abruptly and began stirring the already cheerful fire.

"She aint quite so well to-day," she answered, in a constrained voice.

The young man raised his head.

"Do you mean that she is sick?" he asked hastily.

"She was took down last night," the widow answered, hesitating, and would have left the room; but the young man beckoned her, and she went to his side.

"Let everything possible be done for her," he said. "You understand—everything that *can* be done. Let Mason attend to me."

"I'll do *my* part," the old nurse answered, in the peculiarly dry tone with which she was accustomed to veil her emotions.

Dr. Starkey, who, since the young doctor's illness, had been, perforce, in daily attendance, was closely questioned. His answers, however, being of that reserved and non-committal nature characteristic of the profession, gave little satisfaction, and Horton fell into a way of noticing and interpreting, with the acute sense of the convalescent, each look of his attendant, each sound which came to him, keeping himself in a state of nervous tension which did much toward retarding his recovery.

Three or four days passed in this way, and one morning, just at day-break, Dr. Horton was roused from his light sleep by sounds in the hall outside his door—hushed voices, shuffling footsteps, and the sound of some object striking with a heavy thud against the balusters and plastered wall. He raised himself, his heart beating fast, and listened intently. The shuffling steps moved on, down the creaking stairs and across the bare floor below. A door opened and shut, and deep silence filled the house again. He sank back upon his pillow, faint and bewildered, but still listening, and after some moments, another sound reached his ears faintly from a distance—the click of metal against stones and frozen mold.

He had already been able, with some assistance, to reach his chair once or twice a day; now he rose unaided, and without consciousness of pain or weakness, found his way to the window, and pushed aside the paper shade with a shaking hand.

It was a dull, gray morning, and a light snow was falling, but through the thin veil he could see the vague outlines of two men in the pasture opposite, and could follow their stiff, slow motions. They were filling in a grave.

He went to his bed and lay back upon it with closed eyes. When he opened them, Widow Gatchell was standing by him with his breakfast on a tray.

Her swarthy face was haggard, but her eyes were tearless, and her lips set tightly together. He put his hand out and touched hers.

"I know," he said, softly.

The woman put the tray on the table, and sank upon a chair. She cleared her throat several times before speaking.

"Yes," she said, at last, in her dry, monotonous voice. "She is gone. We did all we could for her, but 'twarn't no use. She was all wore out when she was took. Just afore she died she started up and seized hold o' my hand, her eyes all soft an' shinin', an' her mouth a-smilin'. 'Sarah,' says she, 'I shall know the meanin' of it now!' The good Lord only knows what she meant—

her mind was wanderin', most likely—but them was her last words. 'I shall know the meanin' of it now, Sarah!'"

The old woman sat a while in silence, with the look which watching by so many death-beds had fixed upon her face; then, arranging the breakfast upon the stand, went out again.

It snowed persistently all day. From his chair by the window, Doctor Horton watched it falling silently, making everything beautiful as it fell,—rude wall, and gnarled tree, and scraggy, leafless bush,—and covering those low, unsightly mounds with a rich and snowy pall. He watched it until night fell and shut it from his sight.

Lilly O'Connell's was the last case. The disease seemed meantime to have spent its force, and in a few weeks the unbroken silence of midwinter rested over the drear and forlorn spot.

Doctor Horton was again at home. He was thin, and his face showed some traces of the disease from which he had just recovered, but they were slight, and such as would pass away in time. The pleasant chamber where he was sitting was filled with evidences of care and attention, for every woman in Ridgemont, old or young, desired to show in some way her admiration and esteem for the young physician. Fruit and jellies and flowers and books filled every available place.

He was seated before a cheerful fire. Upon the table by his side lay many papers and letters, the accumulation of several weeks. One letter, of a recent date, was open in his hand. A portion of it ran thus:

"* * * It has been very gay here this season, and mother and Aunt Kitty have insisted upon my going out a great deal. But I have had no heart in it, dearest, especially since I knew that you were ill. I assure you, I was almost ill myself when I heard of it. How thankful I am that you are convalescent. I long to see you so much, but Aunt Kitty does not think I ought to return before spring. Oh Roger, *do* you think you are much changed? * * *"

Shading his eyes with his thin hand, he sat a long time in deep thought. At last, rousing himself, he went to his desk and wrote as follows:

"My Dear Florence: I *am* changed; so much that you would not know me; so much that I hardly know myself; so much, indeed, that it is better we do not meet at present. R. H."

With a smile so bitter that it transformed his genial, handsome face, he read and reread these lines.

"Yes," he said aloud, "it is the right way, the only way," and he sealed and directed the letter, and went back to his reverie by the fire.

Lilly O'Connell's death made a deep impression in the village. That which her life, with all its pain and humiliation and loneliness, its heroic struggles, its quiet, hard-won victories, had failed to do, the simple story of her death accomplished. It was made the subject of at least two eloquent discourses, and for a time her name was on every tongue. But it was only for a time, for when, in the course of years, the graves in the pasture were opened, and the poor remains of mortality removed by surviving friends to sacred ground, her grave remained undisturbed.

It was not forgotten, however. One day in June, when the happy, teeming earth was at her fairest, Dr. Horton drove out of the village, and turning into the grass-grown, untraversed road, went on to the scene of the past winter's tragedy of suffering and death. The old house was no longer in existence. By consent of the owner (whose whereabouts had been discovered), and by order of the selectmen of the town, it had been burned to the ground. Where it had stood, two crumbling chimneys rose from the mass of blackened bricks and charred timbers which filled the cellar, the whole draped and matted with luxuriant woodbine and clinging shrubs. Birds brooded over their nests in every nook and cranny of the ruin, and red roses flaunted in the sunshine and sprinkled the gray door-stone with splashes of color. The air was as sweet about it, the sky as blue above it, as if crime and plague were things which had no existence.

Dr. Horton left his horse to browse on the tender leaves of the young birches which grew along the wall, and went down into the pasture. The sod above the graves was green, and starred with small white flowers. There were fifteen graves in all, distinguished only by a number rudely cut upon rough stakes driven into the ground at their heads.

He went slowly among them until he came to one a little apart from the others, in the shadow of the woods which bordered the field. A slender young aspen grew beside it, its quivering leaves shining in the sun. Soft winds blew out from the fragrant woods, and far off in their green depths echoed the exquisite, melancholy note of the wood-thrush. At the foot of the grave, where the grass, nourished by

some hidden spring, grew long and lush, a single tiger-lily spread its glowing chalice.

The young man stood there with uncovered head a long, long time. Then, laying his hand reverently upon the sod for one instant, he went away.

Several years have passed since these events. Dr. Horton is still unmarried. This is a source of great regret in the community with which he has become so closely allied, and by which he is held in universal regard and honor. There are some prematurely whitened locks upon his temples, and two or three fine straight lines just above his warm, steadfast eyes, but he is neither a morose nor a melancholy man, and there are those who confidently hope that the many closed, untenanted rooms in the old homestead may yet open to the sunshine of a wife's smile, and echo to the music of childish voices.

It was two years before he met Miss Fairfield, she having spent that time in Europe with her mother and "Aunt Kitty." It was a chance meeting, upon Tremont street, in Boston. He was in the act of leaving a store as she entered, accompanied by her mother. He recognized them with a friendly and courteous bow, and passed on.

Miss Fairfield leaned against the counter with a face white as snow.

"He is not—changed—so very much," she whispered to her mother.

Mrs. Fairfield, who had had her own ideas all along, kept a discreet silence.

The Fairfields spend a part of their time in Ridgemont, and the elegant little phaeton and the doctor's buggy often pass each other on the street; the occupants exchange greetings, and that is all.

Miss Fairfield is Miss Fairfield still. Always elegant and artistic in her dress, she is not quite the same, however. The porcelain tints have faded, and there is a sharpness about the delicate features, and a peevishness about the small pink lips. She is devoted to art. She paints industriously, and with fair result. Her tea-sets are much sought after, and she "spends her winters in Boston."

THE END.

MY NEIGHBOR'S CONFESSION.

(AFTER SHE HAD BEEN FORTUNATE.)

YES, this is what my neighbor said that night,
In the still shadow of her stately house,
(Fortune came to her when her head was white)
What time dark leaves were weird in withering boughs,
And each late rose sighed with its latest breath,
"This sweet world is too sweet to end in death."

But this is what my neighbor said to me:
"I grieved my youth away for that or this.
I had upon my hand the ring you see,
With pretty babies in my arms to kiss,
And one man said I had the sweetest eyes,
He was quite sure, this side of Paradise.

"But then our crowded cottage was so small,
And spacious grounds would blossom full in sight;
Then one would fret me with an India shawl,
And one flash by me in a diamond's light;
And one would show me yards of precious lace,
And one look coldly from her painted face.

"I did not know that I had everything
Till—I remembered it. Ah me! ah me!
I who had ears to hear the wild-bird sing

And eyes to see the violets. It must be
A bitter fate that jewels the gray hair,
Which once was golden and had flowers to wear.

"In the old house, in my old room, for years,
The haunted cradle of my little ones gone
Would hardly let me look at it for tears.
. . . Oh, my lost nurslings! I stay on and on,
Only to miss you from the empty light
Of my lone fire—with my own grave in sight.

"In the old house, too, in its own old place,
Handsome and young, and looking toward the gate
Through which it flushed to meet me, is a face
For which, ah me! I never more shall wait—
For which, ah me! I wait forever, I
Who, for the hope of it, can surely die.

"Young men write gracious letters here to me,
That ought to fill this mother-heart of mine.
The youth in this one crowds all Italy!
This glimmers with the far Pacific's shine.
The first poor little hand that warmed my breast
Wrote this—the date is old; you know the rest.

"Oh, if I only could have back my boys,
With their lost gloves and books for me to find,
Their scattered playthings and their pleasant noise!
I sit here in the splendor, growing blind,
With hollow hands that backward reach and ache
For the sweet trouble which the children make."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

In 1810 I was born in Boston. Boston was not then a city, but was governed by "selectmen." The Common was used as a pasturage for cows. Our own cow was driven to the Common every morning, and I think this practice was continued till 1825.

My first recollection is of the famous September gale in 1815. As I stood on the window-seat of our dining-room, looking out into the street, I saw Judge Thatcher—one of our most esteemed neighbors—taken off his feet and carried away by the wind. I cried bitterly, and would readily have gone to his aid. He was thrown against a house at the top of the street, which stopped his progress. Fortunately, no limbs were broken, but he was long confined to his bed.

I remember, too, the proclamation of peace, and the consequent illuminations, which we children were driven about to see.

Chestnut street and Mount Vernon street were used by the boys as coasting places, till complaints were made to the selectmen, who stopped it. I remember a troop of boys coming in with my brothers to appeal to my father, who wrote an address to Mr. Hayward, chief of the selectmen, which appeared in the morning newspaper, beginning:

"Mr. Hayward, Mr. Hayward,
Be a little kinder.
Can't you wink a little bit
And be a little blinder?
Can't you let us sliding fellows have a little fun?"
etc.

But Mr. Hayward was inexorable—as he should have been.

From our windows in 15 Chestnut street we looked over a low wooden house, surrounded by a garden, to the Common. In this house John Singleton Copley, the artist, had lived, and in it his son, afterward Lord

Lyndhurst, was born. This house was occupied later by General Knox, and, at the time of which I write, by Judge Vinal. Mr. David Sears once owned the place and built upon it a house for himself, and later, two for his daughters. These he sold for the Somerset Club, which now stands upon the ground. Next Judge Vinal's house and grounds was Mr. Harrison Gray Otis's. This house, with its garden and broad piazzas, was one of the hospitable mansions of Boston. Many delightful dinners and evening parties were given there. It is now, I believe, the residence of Mr. Edward Austin.

I have heard my father tell an amusing incident of the younger Copley and himself. They occupied a parlor in common in Philadelphia in the winter of '97, both of them very young men. They were dressing for one of the charming assemblies of that day, when Mr. Copley emerged from his bedroom, cravat in hand, begging Mr. Sullivan to teach him to tie his cravat. They no doubt both considered this to be a matter of immense importance, for cravats were cravats in those days. Mr. Copley was seated before the glass, and the lesson was given satisfactorily.

Salem was at that time a distinguished place. Many East India merchants lived there; there was great wealth for that time, and assemblies were given to which the young men from Boston went. In those days, the Endicotts, Peabodys, Pickmans, Derbys, and Saltonstalls flourished, and I have no doubt many more whose names I do not recall. My father and a young friend by the name of Greene were once riding to Salem to one of these assemblies. They had had their heads dressed and powdered in Boston (there being, I believe, no distinguished barber in Salem), and had stopped, while passing through a brook, to cool their horses' feet and to let them drink, when Mr. Greene's horse deliberately lay down, throwing his rider into the water. The head-gear was destroyed, and Mr. Greene returned to Boston.

Daniel Webster lived near the head of Walnut street in Mount Vernon street, in a basement house, his study being, I remember, at the right of the door. I was very fond of Mr. Webster, with his sweet and tender smile, his very white teeth, and his dark complexion and heavy brows. He was fond of children, and was very kind to me. Having one day made my way bareheaded to his study, and seeing my old nurse coming to inquire for me, he hid me under his table, looking quite unconcerned. After the departure of my nurse, I, being old enough to realize what a fright my absence might cause, induced Mr. Webster to take me by the hand and lead me home.

My recollections of Mr. Webster are many and various. I once heard him argue an important case. Mr. Wirt came from Baltimore for the opposite side, and the court-house was open to ladies. Mr. Wirt was eloquent, but his eloquence was of a different kind from that of Mr. Webster,—gentle and persuasive. After Mr. Wirt's argument, we all felt that he must succeed. But Mr. Webster (I can see him now, in memory, distinctly, as he stood in the court-house) soon convinced us to the contrary. After their earnest contest, it surprised me to see them driving out together in the afternoon to take tea with us—we were in the country for the summer. I could not quite realize that the apparent contest was wholly legal.

I saw Mr. Webster at table, both when he was grave and merry, silent and talkative. I knew him anxious, distressed, and in deep sorrow; in the sick-room as well as in the ball-room. I have seen him in earnest and grave conversation, and convulsed with laughter, and I liked him best, I think, when he was earnest and grave. One day, when he was dining with us quite alone, one of my brothers (John Sullivan) brought his guitar to the table, at dessert time, to sing a Yankee song. Mr. Webster was delighted. "Sing it again, John," he cried, and upon the repetition he joined in the chorus, not quite harmoniously.

In 1818, in my eighth year, I went to New York by short journeys, in our own carriage. The journey was undertaken for the health of my mother, who had been ill. I mention this journey only for the modes of traveling. Fulton had previously established some steam packets which ran from New York to Providence twice a week, but we preferred the land journey. We took rooms in New York at the Park Place Hotel, corner of Broadway and Park Place. I think it must have been the hotel highest uptown. Our party consisted of my father, my mother, Miss Olivia Buckminster (afterward Mrs. George B. Emerson), and myself. During this visit to New York, my parents took me to two country-seats—Mr. Gracie's and Mr. Hammond's. They have now disappeared, as have all those places on the East River,—the two Beekmans', Schermerhorn's, Jones's, Commodore Chauncey's; except Madame Jumel's, of which the house, I think, yet remains, at the bend of the Harlem River,

overlooking the East River. Aaron Burr married this lady in his seventy-eighth year, but they were soon separated.

Upon leaving New York, we went up the Hudson to Newburgh in one of the new boats, the carriage coming up along the shore to meet us. No journey in after life was so delightful as that. I remember being taken to see Washington's head-quarters at Newburgh.

About 1817, Thomas Phillips, the singer, came to America. He sang English songs with a sweet, clear, tenor voice, in perfect tune and with a novel method. I was taken to hear him, and have a dim recollection of the man and his singing. He was popular with all classes—even the negro wood-sawyers, then to be seen on every sidewalk with their horses and saws, were singing "Though love is warm awhile."

Mr. Wallack came to Boston about 1818, from London. I saw him in "Rolla," and in "The Children in the Wood" as *Walter*. He was very handsome and very picturesque, with an unusual charm. I do not speak merely from my impressions at that early age, for I saw him often in after years in "Much Ado About Nothing" and in his unequaled *rôle* of *The Brigand*. He had, I am told, an equal charm in social life. While in Boston he was much admired at many houses. He was at Colonel Perkins's, and I remember hearing the Colonel relate an incident, called forth by some reflection on the financial responsibility of actors:

During the journey to Philadelphia, on that abominable road from Amboy to Camden, Mr. Wallack's leg was broken. Colonel Perkins, hearing of it, and fearing he might be annoyed for want of money, sent him $1,000. The money was accepted in the same generous spirit in which it was offered. From the first money Mr. Wallack made after his recovery, the $1,000 was returned with grateful acknowledgments.

In 1820, Edmund Kean was in this country. I was taken to see him, but as I was only in my tenth year, my impressions are rather vague.

I have been told that on the occasion of his first appearance at the Drury Lane theater some of the troupe did not take the trouble to go in to see him. When they heard rounds of applause, Polk (one of the theatrical corps) remarked, "Considering how few the spectators, they make a thundering noise." His companion said, "Why, that man is a mere harlequin." "I can well believe it," said Polk, "for he seems to have leaped over our heads." Hazlitt took so eulogistic a criticism to the morning paper, that the editor was doubtful about inserting it, saying, "They don't agree with you at the clubs"; but this was but the beginning of Kean's triumphant career. On his second visit to Boston, looking through the curtain and seeing but a small audience, Kean refused to act. On his second appearance there was a riot, and he was not allowed to perform. His son Charles was a man of education, of good breeding, of much study, and a gentleman; a conscientious actor, but with little of his father's genius. He married, as we all know, one of the most charming actresses that ever appeared upon the stage—Ellen Tree. In Talfourd's beautiful tragedy of "Ion," she was perfection. Her personal beauty, her exquisite grace, her sweet voice and modest bearing made the performance all that one could desire.

In 1822 Charles Mathews, senior, came to America. He was the son of a bookseller in the Strand. His father was greatly opposed to his going upon the stage, and hearing of his performance in a certain town, resolved to stop his career by following him and hissing him off the stage, but remained to laugh and applaud with the rest of the audience. I was quite able to enjoy and appreciate his performances, though hardly able to realize his genius. I was taken to hear him again and again, and always with new delight. When he came to New York, a Presbyterian clergyman cautioned his parish against him, saying that it had pleased the Almighty to send among them a man capable of banishing every serious thought. Mathews wrote a note of thanks for the highest praise he had ever received. I met Mr. Mathews in 1833, at William Harness's, in London I need hardly say that in the grave man I saw I found little to remind me of my childish impressions.

Charles Mathews, junior, was educated with great care, and was to have inherited a good fortune from his father. In 183[illegible] he was, I believe, a favorite in London society. I met him at a villa in Richmond where we were both guests, and he was treated with much consideration. The fortune had been lost. Mathews the elder died and his son went upon the stage and may be said to have had a successful career, but he had not his father's genius.

I do not remember the year, but it must have been about 1822, that four members of Parliament came to Boston—

the late Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley, Henry Labouchère, Mr. Dennison, and Mr. Stuart Wortley. One must remember that traveling and voyaging in those days were not what they now are, with railroads to bear us, in a few hours, hundreds of miles, and steam-ships to bring us across the ocean in a few days. There were no railroads and no steam-ships, and the coming of these gentlemen was quite an event to society. Mr. Stanley was rather below the average height, with sandy hair and blue eyes,—not distinguished in appearance, though earnest in manner. Mr. Dennison was tall and handsome, a fine type of Englishman; I believe he is yet living. Mr. Stuart Wortley was considered handsome, dark, curling hair, and a color; I thought him (though, as I was very young, my opinion is not important) the least interesting of the party. Mr. Labouchère was nervous, shy, and embarrassed, but earnest, and much interested in all about him. They were often at my father's, and I was always at table.

A question arose one day at dinner as to the shortest way from Charing Cross to Finsbury Square. Mr. Sullivan, who was a great student of localities, suggested a short cut through some obscure alley. "Why, when were you in London, and for how long?" asked his guests, who were surprised by the answer, "Never."

When my father returned from the first dinner given to these gentlemen, my mother said: "How did the strangers appear?" My father said: "Very much like ourselves, but that they rushed into the room and presented the tops of their heads to Mrs. ——, dropping the head without bending the body—a fashion which has not reached us."

In 1825 Lafayette came. The whole country was in a state of excitement. It must have required immense strength to go through the fatigue he was called to endure from the assiduity of his entertainers. My grandmother (who lived a few miles out of Boston) had known Lafayette in early days, when they were both young. He, with his suite, called upon my grandmother, by appointment, on their way to Quincy to dine with John Adams. I (then in my fourteenth year) was alone with her at the time. The meeting was curious and interesting.

My grandmother's place had two gates. The second one was rarely opened. The carriage-drive, around the flower-bed in front of the house, was held sacred. It was my grandmother's pride; no pebble was allowed to show its head above another. Guests usually got out of their carriages at the second gate, and walked up to the house. On this occasion the second gate was open. The carriages, four in number, drove in and waited in front of the house. My grandmother stood at the top of the steps leading up to the piazza, wearing a black silk dress, a lace turban, a high ruffle around the neck, and a chatelaine at her side. Lafayette came up the steps, bowed low, took her hand, raised it to his lips, and said many flattering things. The drawing-room was circular, with three windows opening upon the piazza. Through these we entered the house. It was like a French *salon*. My grandmother had been in France at the time of the Revolution, and had brought with her the furniture which was for sale from the Tuileries and the many palaces which were stripped of their treasures—French gilt andirons, Gobelin tapestry in chairs, sofas, and screens, candelabras, tables, etc., etc. Lafayette might have been seated in a chair in which he had sat in Paris under very different circumstances. I remember the whole scene as a picture. Lafayette, with his coat thrown back, his ugly, benevolent, kind old French face, with the high, reddish-brown wig and the small, beaming eyes, is indelibly fixed upon my memory. There was much amusing conversation between himself and my grandmother (sometimes in French, sometimes in English) on times gone by. He was kind enough to take some notice of me, and asked me what I was doing to prepare myself to live in this great republic.

We had a slight collation in the large dining-room, and the table around which we stood was covered with French silver and china and glass. Again, I thought, Lafayette may be drinking from the same cup he has drunk from before. From the Tuileries to Dorchester! The hour and a half soon passed. They took their leave, Lafayette with sad ceremony, and my grandmother standing at the head of the steps, bowing, courtesying, and waving her hand,—the gentlemen holding hats in hand till out of sight. Thereupon my grandmother, turning round, the whole expression of her face changed, exclaimed: "How those horses have ruined my drive! It will take six months to get it in order."

The next event worthy of note in my memory was the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17th, 1825. A committee of arrangements was formed

to receive and provide lodgings for the veterans, but, as usual, so many more appeared than were expected that those unprovided for were billeted on the members of the committee.

General Cobb, who served as aid to General Washington, lived at Taunton very quietly. When the invitations were issued, he was accidentally overlooked. The matter was considered of so much importance that a carriage and four was sent to Taunton to bring the old gentleman to Boston. His chagrin was changed into great satisfaction. He was to stay at my father's. I remember his arrival, about noon on the 16th. He was a tall, robust old man with a queue, a loud voice, and a very decided manner. After the preliminaries of being shown to his room, etc., he seated himself at the front drawing-room window, my mother placing at his side a little table with wine and thin, spiced gingerbread, a favorite cake with old General Cobb. He expressed his satisfaction with the arrangement and with my mother in the style of that day.

Meanwhile a carriage drove to the door, and out of it came a most unattractive-looking person, announcing himself as "Si Pierce," with a small leather bag and a note from my father. This was one of the veterans who had fallen to our share. My mother, unwilling to treat any veteran with disrespect, was quite uncertain whether he should belong to kitchen or parlor, but sent him to a bedroom, requesting him to prepare for dinner. When dinner was ready (half-past two, the hour in that day) "Si Pierce" appeared and seated himself at table. My father had not returned. Upon a stewed pigeon being placed before him, "Si" took hold of the two legs to pull it apart. We should all have suffered, but General Cobb cried out, "Stop; put that down!" in time to save us from the gravy. He turned to my mother and begged her pardon, but added: "The brute would have had it in your face." Poor "Si Pierce!" the problem was solved. He begged to be allowed to take his dinner in the kitchen. My mother, compassionating the poor man, rose from the table and preceded him, giving him into the care of the cook. He was glad to escape from his discouraging *vis-à-vis*.

The next day, the 17th, was the day of the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the monument. "Si Pierce" had brought no baggage, and linen and a neck-tie were provided for him. He appeared in the drawing-room, neck-tie in hand, and saying that "Miss Pierce would know how to tie it becoming." My mother performed "Miss Pierce's" duty, and pronounced the result very becoming. The leather bag he had brought was only a relic, which was supposed to have carried bullets and powder at Bunker Hill. In the procession it was held aloft and made conspicuous. One of my cousins made a sketch of "Si Pierce" and his bag. It was a day of great excitement and interest, increased by the presence of Lafayette.

The ceremony over, "Si Pierce" returned to our house, and it was with great difficulty that he could be induced to leave. He tumbled down the stairs of the wash-room, painted with a priming coat of red, and covered himself with paint, looking very warlike. After at least two weeks' sojourn he was dislodged, and carried to Charlestown and left there at his own request, where, we heard, he made some money recounting the events of the battle of Bunker Hill. We had some doubts as to his ever having been present at the battle.

In 1827, Dr. Lieber came to Boston, an exilè from Germany on account of his liberal opinions. At fifteen he belonged to a battalion of students under Blücher, and was wounded at Waterloo and narrowly escaped being buried, only a movement of his face having saved him. After his recovery in the hospital, he went to the Berlin gymnasium. He was arrested on suspicion of liberal opinion. The Government published several songs of liberty found among his papers, to prove how dangerous a person they had to deal with. Upon his discharge from prison he was forbidden to study at the Prussian University, and he went to Jena, where he took his degree in 1820. Fifty years afterward Dr. Lieber wrote: "I have this moment read in the German papers that Bismarck said in the Chamber the very things we were hunted down for in 1820." When the Greek revolution broke out, he determined to go to Greece. Whether in going or returning, I do not remember, he was shipwrecked, and he made his way to Rome, poor, without clothes, and almost discouraged. He published an account of his experiences and reverses in a book called "The German Anacharsis." He applied to Niebuhr. Niebuhr received him, appreciated him, and made him tutor to his son. Dr. Lieber gave us a most amusing account of his appearance in his shabby apparel at Niebuhr's. He passed a year of happiness in Rome, enjoying his occupatio

and the friendship of Niebuhr, which never failed him. The King of Prussia promised Niebuhr that if Dr. Lieber returned to Prussia he should not be molested; but he had hardly arrived in Berlin before he was again arrested and thrown into prison. He escaped, with the aid of friends, and took refuge in England, where he gave lessons and wrote for his support, and where he met the lady whom he afterward married, and who was not only his congenial companion, but his constant aid and assistant in all his work and pursuits.

Dr. Lieber's learning and acquirements soon gave him entrance to society in Boston, where he made many friends. His letters of introduction from Niebuhr put him in communication with the best American publishing houses. When he first came to Boston, being very poor, he gave swimming lessons, and swimming became a fashionable amusement. About that time he began the editing of the "Encyclopædia Americana," which employed him five years, with the assistance of many literary men—Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wigglesworth, and Mr. T. G. Bradford. In 1832, he went to New York, and thence to Philadelphia, where he had great pleasure in the friendship of Horace Binney In 1835, he was appointed to the professorship of History and Political Economy in Columbia College, South Carolina, where he wrote many of his most important works. In 1856, he returned to New York. He had many friends at the South, who mourned his departure, but it was impossible for him to remain. He felt the coming storm, and being requested to express a disavowal of his previous opinions of slavery, he resigned. He was appointed to the professorship of Law and Ethics in Columbia College, New York, which he held till his death, in 1872.*

It is worth while to trace Dr. Lieber's course, for his writings and opinions have had great influence both here, in England, and in Germany. Always ready to aid in the cause of truth and justice, his writings, his speeches, his teachings, and his learning were devoted to the country he had adopted. During the War of the Rebellion, his work was invaluable. All his sons were engaged in the war,—one of them, Oscar, was on the Confederate side and was killed—a very great sorrow to his parents. He was a handsome, intelligent, highly educated young fellow, of whom Humboldt had written to Dr. Lieber, when the boy was studying in Germany, that he (Lieber) might well be proud of him. While he was in Germany, the insurrection in Berlin took place. He took part in it, and fought on a scaffolding raised opposite the house in which his father was born. The latter wrote to me of this at the time, adding, "This is poetic justice."

Dr. Lieber was a handsome man, with an intellectual forehead, fine expressive eyes, and a beauty of mouth rarely retained by elderly men, owing, in part, to his not smoking, and to his temperate habits. He had a very charming manner to his friends, and especially to children, of whom he was very fond; and with whom he was very playful.

* [For a fuller sketch of the interesting life of Dr. Lieber, see SCRIBNER for October, 1873.—ED.]

(To be continued.)

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

He lives within the hollow wood,
From one clear dell he seldom ranges;
His daily toil in solitude
Revolves, but never changes.

A still old man, with grizzled beard,
Gray eye, bent shape, and smoke-tanned features,
His quiet footstep is not feared
By shyest woodland creatures.

I love to watch the pale blue spire
His scented labor builds above it;
I track the woodland by his fire,
And, seen afar, I love it.

It seems among the serious trees
  The emblem of a living pleasure,
It animates the silences
  As with a tuneful measure.

And dream not that such humdrum ways
  Fold naught of nature's charm around him;
The mystery of soundless days
  Hath sought for him and found him.

He hides within his simple brain
  An instinct innocent and holy,
The music of a wood-bird's strain,—
  Not blithe, nor melancholy,

But hung upon the calm content
  Of wholesome leaf and bough and blossom—
An unecstatic ravishment
  Born in a rustic bosom.

He knows the moods of forest things;
  He holds, in his own speechless fashion,
For helpless forms of fur and wings
  A mild paternal passion.

Within his horny hand he holds
  The warm brood of the ruddy squirrel;
Their bushy mother storms and scolds,
  But knows no sense of peril.

The dormouse shares his crumb of cheese,
  His homeward trudge the rabbits follow;
He finds, in angles of the trees,
  The cup-nest of the swallow.

And through this sympathy, perchance,
  The beating heart of life he reaches
Far more than we who idly dance
  An hour beneath the beeches.

Our science and our empty pride,
  Our busy dream of introspection,
To God seem vain and poor beside
  This dumb, sincere reflection.

Yet he will die unsought, unknown,
  A nameless head-stone stand above him,
And the vast woodland, vague and lone,
  Be all that's left to love him.

GLIMPSES OF PARISIAN ART. II.

(ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL SKETCHES.)

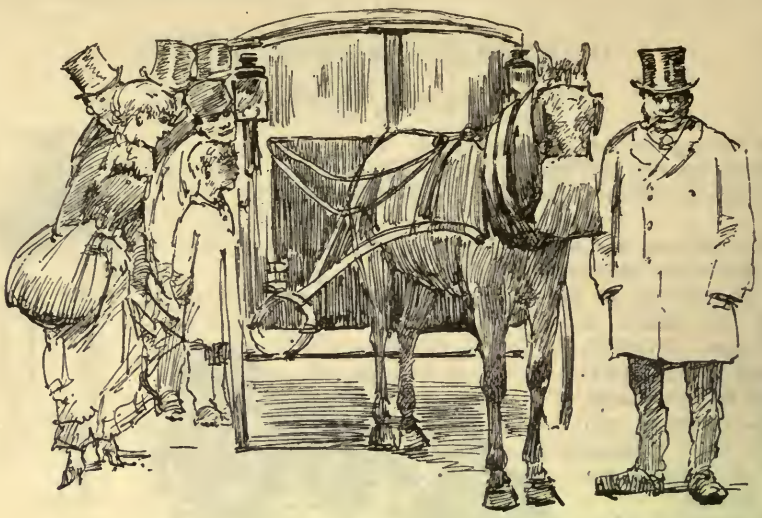
BUTIN belongs to the realistic school. He spends his summers by the sea, and in each *Salon* exhibits scenes in the life of the fisher-folk of the Normandy coast.

His first success was made by a canvas representing the fish-wives clustered together on the pier, awaiting the arrival of the fishing-boats, which are scudding in before a coming storm. In 1878, he painted a large picture, which was purchased by the Government and placed in the Luxembourg—"A Funeral in a Fishing Village."

In the *Salon* of 1879, the picture exhibited was

STUDIES FROM LIFE.

that of a "Sailor-wife Sculling a Boat." The figure is strong and statuesque, carefully observed and studied. The poise of the boat in the water is light, and one can almost feel it swashing to and fro as it is rocked by her vigorous hand, while over all the soft gray atmosphere of the sea throws its charm.



MY STUDIO.

Mon atelier
Jean Béraud

Butin's sketches in black and white are as much liked among his comrades as are his paintings. Last year a collection of them was exhibited, which was mainly loaned by friends, as we learned by reading a few inscriptions. On a portrait was written, "To my friend Duez"; on another, "To my friend Detaille," and so on through a list of friends.

SKETCH. (BÉRAUD.)

Béraud is a perfect Parisian, not only by birth but by sentiment and art, in the exercise of which he paints the most characteristic Parisian types. His studio is in the Rue Billault, which name has recently been changed to "Washington street," in honor of the American republic. The entrance between a charcoal shop and a crockery store, is sufficiently realistic for any taste and introduces you to a long court filled with the *ateliers* of sculptors and painters. Here Mr. Edward H. May, of New York, has occupied a studio for nearly twenty-five years. Here could be found at one time Jules Saintin and Madrazo, the Spanish painter. Many foreigners, some of whose names are now noted, have temporarily made their residence here. It was here that Béraud toiled on through his earlier years, and now that he has become successful, he will not leave it. Béraud's real studio, however, is a cab, and this is but a place where he can exhibit his work to dealers, and study it perhaps, under more favorable lights than in a carriage. You will see here two *Salon* pictures in his earlier style, which form a strik

ing contrast to his present, for Béraud is one of those who, having set out in the classical and academical manner, have adopted the impressionist type of the realistic school. Both of these old pictures are true to the old traditionary lines in which the artist (like all others who have been successful in the impressionist or realistic schools) has received a severe and careful training.

Béraud is not only a perfect Parisian, but he is one who appreciates and can depict Parisian life in its boulevards, *cafés*, and gardens. He paints all his pictures in the open air, as we have said, using a cab for his studio, and posing his figures on the curb-stone.

On coming up the Champs Elysées one

FEEDING THE CALVES. (CHIALIVA.)

day, we met him thus engaged. A cab, with the green blind next the street down, attracted our attention, showing that some one was paying two francs an hour for the privilege of remaining stationary. Presently up went the curtain, and the familiar head of Béraud appeared. At his invitation, we thrust a head into the miniature studio to see his last picture. His canvas was perched upon the seat in front, his color-box beside him; and with the curtain down on one side to keep out the reflection and shield himself from the prying eyes of the passers-by, he could at ease paint through the opposite window a view of the avenue as a background to a group of figures. Who originated this idea it is hard to say, but Detaille, De Nittis, Duez, Béraud, and others, have employed it for years, or since pictures of modern Paris have become so popular. It seems the only practicable method, after the sun is up, by which one may sketch unmolested in the city thoroughfares.

To Béraud belongs the credit of adopting a novel style of portrait-painting. His subject, "A Young Lady," placed in a pony phaeton, which is drawn up, apparently, by the curb-stone on the Avenue des Champs Elysées, just for a word with you. She looks you full in the face, and holds a parasol carelessly over her shoulder, throwing a coquettish shadow across the figure. The whole picture is highly finished, but the horse and carriage are made to have no more than their proper relative importance to the portrait. The background is a careful study of the great thoroughfare, and gives, in subdued tones, the busy life of a Parisian sunny midday. The favorite method of the artist seems to be the placing of dark, strongly painted figures against a light background, the prevailing colors of Paris being favorable for this effect.

De Nittis is a native of Italy. His first exhibits did not seem to take the public fancy to any great extent. A picture, to have a Parisian success, must either have some link to connect it with substantial realities, or else be wholly allegorical or imaginative. It must at least explain itself. Among the scenes depicted by De Nittis was one of a

party of tourists, lost in the crater of Vesuvius by being suddenly enveloped in the noxious steam and gases which exhale from the fissures and breathing-holes. So confused and frightened are they as to take no heed of the guide, who shouts frantically to them to follow him. Under their feet glow the streams of molten lava, throwing sulphurous heat into their faces; around them the whirling vapors, made luminous by the fires beneath. The vapors hide their feet, and the idea the observer gets is that of people in the clouds in a somewhat superhuman condition, but exhibiting a state of mind decidedly earthly.

De Nittis soon began painting pictures of Paris, its streets, boulevards, and monuments, using them as backgrounds and accessories to figures which made a part of the real life passing in and around them,—putting into the *salon* of his patron what that day, or any day, he could see in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, or at the Bois.

De Nittis carried his peculiar art to London, and surprised Paris by sending to the International Exposition of 1878 remarkable representations of the English metropolis. These pictures were afterward sent to London, on exhibition, and of them Professor Colvin, in the "Fortnightly Review," says: "* * * I allude to the exhibition of M. De Nittis, an accomplished Italian master, who has lived both in Paris and in our own country, and has caught and turned to pictorial account the physiognomy of modern cities, with a justice and an insight that hardly any other painter of similar subjects has equaled."

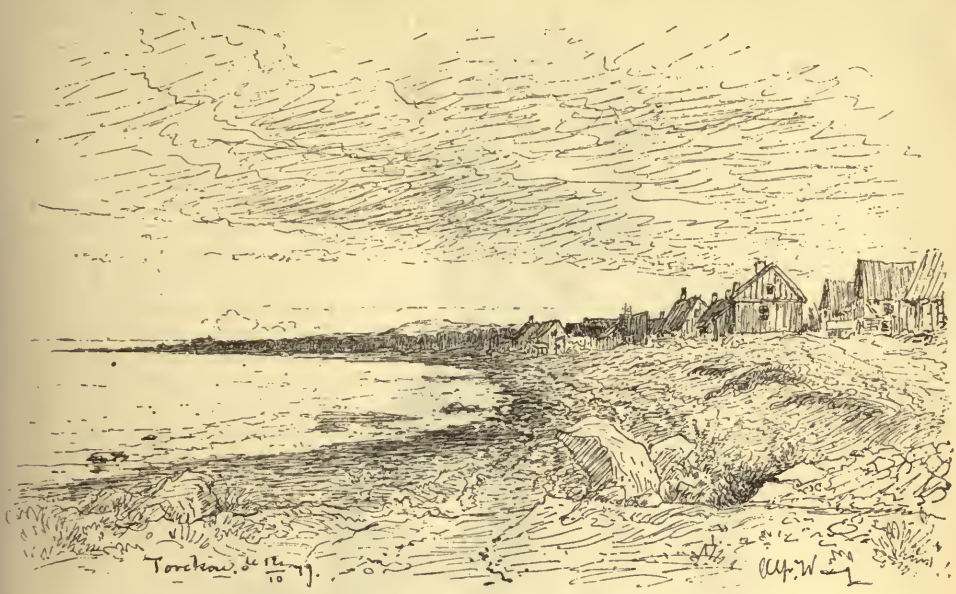
Ecouen is a small town a few miles north of Paris, which has become famous, not only as the site of a grand old château, built by the Montmorencies, but also as the residence of many artists.

The Ecouen school is known throughout the artistic world as designating a class of peasant home-life pictures. Its originator was Edward Frère, a painter beloved by all who have come in contact with him and his home.

Winter scenes are peculiarly difficult in this climate, snow remaining upon the ground but a little time, and all effects which are desirable must be caught at once, or not at all. Edward Frère, besides the rich "interiors" for which he is noted, was particularly fond of painting children in the snow, but found it difficult to get his backgrounds. One evening, when sitting around his library table with a number of his private pupils, one of these, an American boy, proposed a novel carriage, or rather sledge, with a box half covered with a light top, a charcoal brazier at the feet of the artist inside, who, having his canvas on a shelf before him, might in this way work at leisure and with comfort. Frère at once availed himself of the suggestion, and constructed a studio which was easily drawn from point to point, and from it he was able to catch just the effects he desired.

Frère was the first artist to locate in this quaint old town, but others soon gathered around him. Most artists who made their residence in Ecouen became his pupils—among others, Wahlberg, Von Becker, G. H. Boughton, Helmick, J. W. Champney, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Williams, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Johnson, of New York, and one

ON THE QUAY. (DE NITTIS.)



COAST OF NORMANDY. (WAHLBERG.)

of the authors of these papers, who for several years occupied a house on the hill, the lease of which he ceded, on leaving Ecouen, to the painter Couture. The latter afterward bought an estate in the valley at Villiers-le-bel, where he died.

At Ecouen lately resided Charles E. Frère, son of the master; Schenck, the animal-painter; and George Todd, an Englishman who owns a fine place in the village. A few years since, Luigi Chialiva, a native of Italy, purchased a fine old place here, which rumor says was built by Louis XVI. for a favorite, and in a studio erected with a view to the development of his peculiar views on art he set up his easel. His exceptionally fine painting, studious mind, and contagious enthusiasm attracted numerous pupils. In a late catalogue of the *Salon*, Mr. Todd subscribes himself a pupil of M. Chialiva. Mr. J. W. Pattison, of Boston, but more recently from St. Louis; Mr. T. Allen, also from St. Louis; Miss Mary L. Stone, and Miss C. Conant, of New York, have also been working under his advice.

Chialiva is a cosmopolite—a native of Italy, a good Englishman, thoroughly Parisian, and married to an American lady, his interests and sympathies are unusually broad and liberal. He is fond of painting English landscapes, which he treats with tenderness and sympathy. Speaking in a general way, one would describe his art as landscape with figures. He sees a landscape as a portrait-painter sees a face. It is a living thing, with ever-varying expression.

Chialiva is fond of putting children and animals into his landscapes, which add interest, but do not take such prominence in the picture as to detract from the landscape; and the habits and peculiarities of different animals he studies carefully. Each picture is a page of natural history, pleasant to read.

Alfred Wahlberg, a Swede by birth, has become a Parisian by both adoption and sentiment. His first public appearance, however, was as fifer in a Swedish regiment of soldiery. Some one, observing his musical ability, gave him instructions on the clarionet, and by his quickness in learning and skill in playing he soon obtained quite a local reputation as a musician. A wider field was open to him than this. A grocer who had become acquainted with the young man, and who was an amateur artist, invited Wahlberg to accompany him into the country on sketching excursions, and in this way gave him some idea of the rudiments of oil-painting. It was not long before the pupil rivaled his master. The interest of the kind-hearted grocer deepened in proportion to Wahlberg's success, and, by exhibiting his work to others, he engaged their efforts in his behalf. An annual pension for a number of years was

PORTRAIT. (LEMAIRE.)

assured him, and he set out on the road to artistic fame. Accordingly, in 1856, we find him at Dusseldorf, where his talent and earnestness win success. During these years of study he made a tour through Holland, and was greatly influenced by the paintings of Achenbach, but his annual pension having expired, he was thrown upon his own resources. Without money or reputation, he was forced to make many shifts for a livelihood. He played upon and taught the piano and clarionet, while making several pictures in the style of Achenbach. His finances finally became so low that he was obliged to relinquish further study and return to Sweden.

Disappointing as this was to the young artist, it proved to be his greatest fortune. His painting attracted the attention of Charles XV., who at once gave him several important orders. This opened to him a new era of prosperity, and, in 1867, he came to Paris, to infuse her fashions with the character and poetry of his misty northland. He exhibited at the International Exposition several large canvases, which he hoped to sell for a large sum. The disappointment attendant upon the failure of his hopes threw him into a melancholy, in which he feared the King would consider him possessed of less talent than he had attributed to him.

About this time, he, with Von Becker, an old Dusseldorf acquaintance, took up their abode at Ecouen, sharing the same studio. His despondency was increased by a fall from a horse, by which he sustained a severe injury. While laboring under this combination of depressing circumstances, an English art dealer purchased one of his pictures, which was immediately sold at a large price; and from that moment the tide of his prosperity has had a continuous flood. In 1870, he received a medal at the *Salon;* in 1872, a second-class medal; in 1874, the Legion of Honor; in 1878, a first-class medal at the International Exposition, and was made an officer of the Legion of Honor.

The style of M. Wahlberg has been greatly modified since his residence in Paris —becoming more tender and expressive. With no loss of boldness or originality, he mingles the strong tones of the North with the softness of the South. In fact, with his Northern blood is mingled that of sunny Italy—his mother being an Italian.

Madame Madeline Lemaire resides in a charming little hotel, where she has surrounded herself with the luxuries of a true Parisian home. From the windows across the court-yard you see a little *chalet*,—which formed a part of the Alsatian department at the International Exposition,—now converted into a studio. The dark, natural wood in which the interior of the *chalet* is finished tones well with the elegant tapestries which almost entirely cover the walls. A window, cut in the roof and down the side nearly to the floor, affords a strong, steady light for painting. The canopies, in

STUDY FOR A PICTURE. (R. MADRAZO.)

PORTRAIT. (STEWART.)

Turkish and India stuffs, the fur rugs, the quaintly carved oaken chairs, are all in keeping. Over the entrance is a small balcony, which is reached by a spiral staircase; from it you look over a heavily carved balustrade into the studio below. This little *salon* is fitted up with Persian draperies, the walls and ceilings being arranged to represent a tent, the effect of which, looking up from the floor below, is charming. Madame Lemaire paints both figures and flowers with a light and free touch.

The father of Mlle. Abbema was the last page of Louis XVIII., and her mother, with whom she now resides, is an English lady. In her slightest sketches there is an artistic spirit and movement, while her paintings combine with these a most attractive frankness.

Mlle. Abbema is always making portraits and sketches of her friends, of whom she has many. Her especial delight is an album of "*Mes Amis*," from which she kindly copied for us some of the leaves. It is already a large volume, composed of pages on which portraits have evidently been drawn at odd moments and inserted at different times. Under each portrait is the autograph of the original, and some verse or musical phrase. In the ante-room of the office of the "Vie Moderne" was held, in the spring of 1879, an exhibition of Mlle. Abbema's paintings and drawings, which was for the time one of the "sights" of Paris. But Mlle. Abbema's work is well known to the *salons* also.

Madrazo, since the death of Fortuny, has stood at the head and been the acknowledged leader of modern Spanish art. Were Queen Elizabeth living at the present time, she would —if tradition be true—choose as her portrait-painter M. Madrazo; for historians tell us, as an illustration of her absurdities, that the maiden queen insisted that her painter should copy her features upon canvas without shadows. The brilliant portraits for which he is noted are painted in a studio which admits a vast amount of light. He paints in the open air, or in a hot-house which he has hung with white curtains to exclude reflections and soften the light.

The story of his life under the old glass roof and the lovely faces which have been posed there before the artist, would fill an interesting volume. Wishing to paint a picture with open-air effect and the season being unfavorable, he conceived the idea of using this structure for the purpose, after which his old studio seemed dark and stuffy, and he never returned to it. More curtains were hung, a stove was added, the old, unoccupied *salons* of the deserted house adjoining were convenient for hanging costumes. The orange-trees and acacia blossoms made charming backgrounds for figures.

We cannot find, perhaps, more direct corroboration of our impression of this artist than the following from the pen of Charles Blanc: "His portraits of ladies are specimens of refined taste, which seem to express the happiness of life, serenity of mind; gay with a fresh, rich coloring, shining upon the

silken ribbons and satin draperies, without being strengthened by any parts thrown into shadow."

This old house served as background, while the court-yard formed the scene, of the famous "After the Ball," shown at the International Exposition of 1878, now the property of Mr. Stewart, of Paris. He obtained a first-class medal at this International Exposition, and the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Madrazo was finally driven out of this unique studio by the workmen who began tearing it down over his head.

Adjoining Madrazo's present magnificent studio is one under a dome, which admits a marvelous light. Here we find Mr. Stewart at work upon a striking picture of a fashionable group upon a beach. Upon another easel was a picture representing a large group upon the front steps and piazza of a grand mansion,—in the background a gateway or *porte cochère*, through which a handsome carriage has entered and stopped before the door for a beautiful lady, who has just taken her seat in the carriage.

Beyond this we find M. Arcos, who is a Chilian by birth, in a charming studio, which it is difficult to describe. It resembles a Spanish interior, with rich draperies over wide divans piled with luxurious cushions; while guitars, mandolins, a piano and harmonium, suggest a love for music. A curious fire-place, arrayed in a manner quaint and original, occupies nearly one side of the room. Sketches in oil are hung upon the walls. These charming studios were built by the late Comte d'Arcos, father of the artist. They are occupied indifferently by Madrazo, his brother, M. Arcos, or any of the pupils of the master; in these any arrangement of light that may be desired can be obtained.

The Madrazo family is essentially artistic. The father, Federico de Madrazo, was director of the museum at Madrid, and commander of the Legion of Honor. The elder of two sons stands at the head of Spanish-Parisian artists. The younger, Ricardo de Madrazo—destined to be confounded with the elder—now appears, and is quickly making for himself a worthy place within their ranks.

Madrazo, although not yet forty years of age, is the master of quite a circle of successful young artists, who show his strong influence in the works they exhibit.

Jules L. Stewart, a Philadelphian, has had the advantage from early youth of being the pupil of Zamacois and Madrazo. The latter is an intimate friend of the family of Mr. Stewart, whose father has one of the finest collections in Paris, and was the first Parisian who recognized the extraordinary talent of Fortuny. He now possesses the choicest works of this regretted artist.

The influence of the intimate associations of early youth with fine works of art, and of close personal relations with the modern Spanish painters, is shown by the pictures of Mr. Jules Stewart, for his works are as brilliant and full of color as those of a Spaniard or Italian.

JULES BASTIEN LEPAGE.

CAROLUS DURAN.

GEORGES CLAIRIN.

LOUISE ABBEMA.

SKETCHES BY LOUISE ABBEMA.

A Christmas Hymn.

I.

Tell me what is this innumerable throng
Singing in the heavens a loud angelic song?
These are they who come with swift and shining feet
From round about the throne of God the Lord of Light to greet.

II.

Oh who are these that hasten beneath the starry sky—
As if with joyful tidings that through the world shall fly?—
The faithful shepherds they, who greatly were afeared
When as they watched their flocks by night the heavenly host appeared.

III.

Who are these that follow across the hills of night
A star that westward hurries along the fields of light?
Three wise men from the East who myrrh and treasure bring—
To lay them at the feet of Him their Lord and Christ and King.

IV.

What babe new-born is this that in a manger cries?—
Near on her lowly bed His happy mother lies.
Oh see the air is shaken with white and heavenly wings—
This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King of kings.

WELSH FAIRS.

WELSH BLACK CATTLE. (SEE PAGE 446.)

DRAWING near a little village in old South Wales which huddles under the walls of a grand castle, once the home of Mortimers and Spencers, but now sacred to bats, witches, and goblins, I climbed a ruined tower and saw from its battlements a village fair, in a green field which seemed almost under my feet, but which was really a good ten minutes' walk away. The castle stood on a high hill; the village was quite out of sight under the precipice; my gaze passed over its concealed roofs and rested on a landscape of exquisite beauty, stretching far away, with winding river, arched stone bridge, hedge-rowed fields, green-embowered country-seats, and sky-climbing mountains, green and garden-like to the top. The fair was pitched upon a broad green lawn by the river-side, and I saw its tents, its flags flying (one of them the American ensign), and its crowds moving about. Coming down from the tower-top I went in quest of it,—descended the hill, strolled down the winding street of the village, and through a green lane with a big gate at the bottom: but I found the gate had a leafy tree lying across its top, evidently felled for the purpose of barring the passage through the gate. It was further protected by a policeman in a leather helmet, who was very respectful to the stranger, but disposed to be rough and masterful with the village folk who clustered curiously about. He pointed the way by which I might find proper entrance to the field—"Be'ind the Bear, sir"; and retracing my steps through the village I found the Bear, which was an old inn. Entering its court-yard, through an archway in its dingy wall, I came upon a ticket-seller, seated behind a table under a tree. Him I paid tribute to the extent of sixpence and received a yellow ticket (torn from a book, and numbered), which on its face authorized the bearer to pass into the castle grounds and assist at an Eisteddfod: but as the date of the Eisteddfod was some two or three years earlier, I concluded the obsolete ticket was merely an illustration of Welsh economy, and would admit to the fair.

The occasion proved to be what in Wales is called a pleasure-fair—a combination of

rustic village-fair and rural Welsh Derby-day. There are races, by horses from the neighborhood and unknown to fame, for little prizes of £2 and the like. The most important tents upon the ground are tents for beer, and they bear signs which show them to be offshoots of the public-houses in the village, as "The Bear," "The Cross Keys," "The White Lion," etc. Other tents are devoted to booths for petty gambling, and for the sale of lollipops, fruits, cakes, toys, shrimps, cockles, and an innocuous red beverage all fizz and sputter. There are also many donkey-carts, laden with black cherries, hazel-nuts, and such small deer. A small brass band is playing a brisk tune, and I penetrate through a circle of rustics to find a few couples of men and women dancing on the greensward. The women clutch their partners firmly, one arm about the man's waist and the other on his shoulder. The dance is a queer sort of quadrille, the like of which I have not seen before, in which there is much of individual and unsupported whirling on the part of the women, and of solemn leg-lifting (like a serious can-can) on the part of the men, but of the men only; and which breaks periodically into a romping waltz, in which the couples go prancing madly over whole rods of greensward, and come back panting and disheveled, to resume the balancing, the leg-lifting, and the whirling as before. With all this, there is great solemnity of demeanor, as of people with their duty to do,—a solemnity more befitting a religious rite than a merry-making,—and a vigor which causes every dancer to sweat profusely, though the day is a cool one. It is, indeed, one of those lovely September days which seem the perfection of summer weather in this fair land of Wales, and with their balmy air, soft sunshine, and delicious breezes recall the afternoons of an American June.

Nothing in its way could be more enjoyable than this open air, these free green fields, with hedge-rows all about, and the breezes sweeping full of fresh, life-giving sweetness over the fair downs. On a gently rising ground, back of that part of the ground which is devoted to beer, lollipops, and dancing, where the crowd is thick and the noise is great,—a little grassy hill, behind a green hedge-row,—are gathered a few men with spy-glasses, to watch the racing. They stand about in idle attitudes, or lie at ease upon the smooth turf—clean as any well-kept lawn in the fairest door-yard of America's choicest homes, in town or country. An American race-track, however small it may be, however remote from any large town, never gives you this pleasant sense of being out in the country; there is always such a lot of ugly board-fencing and shanties, and the like. Here there are no shanties—tents instead; and there is no fence, the field being merely guarded by half a dozen policemen, who watch the surrounding hedges vigilantly, and if any Twn or Dewi tries to steal in and save his sixpence, under or over a hedge, he is collared on the spot.

The racing is indeed rather an episode than a *raison d'être* of this festal gathering. Yet I note, when I chance to notice it at all, that the racing is full of vigor, and horses and riders are very much in earnest. The jockeys are lightly clad, and wear gay red or blue flannel caps; but the winner of the race, I observe at this moment when the horses come home, is a big, farmer-looking man in a broad-brimmed straw hat, who wears no colors, but flies a yellow sash from his hand. And now he swings his sash madly in the air, and halloos in great glee over his victory.

The people are mostly farmer-folk and village-folk; not only from the village which sleeps under the castle-walls, but from other villages round about, two or three of which are visible from the highest hill-top. There is a sprinkling of the servants of the neighboring gentry, and of the tradespeople from the sea-port town ten miles away. The day is one of the frequent general holidays which the British Government has of late taken so heartily to fostering—indeed, with such a will that, if this goes on, there will soon be more holidays than working days.

"Try yer strength, sir?" asks a rough-looking, cockneyish person at my elbow, as I pause and look curiously at an image near.

It is an amusing image—nothing less than an enormous jumping-jack, six feet high, with a pudding in his stomach, and bells on his head. The bells are as large and as noisy as tea-bells. The pudding is a cloth pudding, stuffed with some soft stuffing,—rags, I suppose,—and it is by striking this pudding in a pugilistic manner that you test your strength. When you hit the pudding a straight blow with your clenched fist, the jumping-jack trembles, the tea-bells ring with an infernal din, and a brass dial on the breast of the image registers certain figures, which show the force and skill of your blow,

thus indicating how big a man you could knock down in a given emergency. If you are strong enough and scientific enough to strike a particularly telling blow, the jumping-jack kicks up its wooden legs, to the sudden discomfiture of any one standing innocently in the immediate vicinity.

I venture to punch the pudding in the image's stomach, and so set the bells to jingling madly. The result is to draw attention to the image; a cluster gathers about it; the man takes my penny, with a touch of his hat; then he compliments me on my blow, and dexterously uses the feat as a stimulant to the ambition of the men who have gathered. "Britons, strike home!" becomes the spirit of the hour.

"Weer's another gentleman as 'ill hit off twenty-six?" he demands loudly.

Three try. They register no higher figures than fifteen, eighteen, and twenty-one; at which I cannot help being surprised, as I observe their rugged frames and their huge fists, in spite of my knowledge that hard hitting is quite as much a matter of skill as of brawn. And then comes a respectable-looking man, fifty years old in appearance, who strikes a sturdy, full-arm blow on the pudding, and registers twenty-eight. I look at this new hero with interest, and he says: "Did I beat your stroke?" I confess myself beaten. His face glows with pleasure. "Good habits of life, sir," he utters in a proud tone; "how old would you think me,

DANCING ON THE GREEN.

now?" I answer that I should think him perhaps fifty. He lifts his hat and says: "I am sixty-three." I am surprised at this, and say so. "All due to good habits of life," he repeats; "I take care of myself—drink nothing stronger than good ale, always go to bed at an early hour, and wash my breast and limbs every morning in clear cold water. Sixty-three years old, and five feet two inches high."

I ask my new friend if he is a Welshman.

"Pure red blood," he answers, again lifting his hat. "You may talk about your blue blood, sir, but I claim to be descended from one of the red-blooded heroes who fought with Ivor Bach—Ivor Bach, sir, the little Welshman no bigger than myself, who lived with his band in those mountains yonder, and for many a year held Castle Coch against all comers. You have heard of Ivor Bach?" Yes, I had read of him. "I should think so! No more a robber sir, than the Norman who held that castle

"BRITONS, STRIKE HOME!"

whose ruins you see over there, when Edward II. was king."

"Hai! Hab!" There is a shout all over the field, and a movement of the crowd in one direction, like a sea; and then I catch glimpses of three men running in red flannel breeches madly around the course, amid cries of "Go in! go in!" and a like utterance in Welsh, which I do not quite catch, followed by more deliberate observations of "Jack's the winner," "'E 'ave it," etc.; and once more the excitement subsides, and the fair resumes its normal occupations—dancing, drinking beer, cracking nuts and jokes, scuffling, chaffing, testing one's strength or skill, and gambling. To stir the British mind with emulation; to tickle the British palate with cakes, candies, and *cwrw;* to excite the British desire of winning something or other at hazard—these are the aims and purposes of the booth-keepers. At other fairs, in other parts of the world, there are other aims and purposes at work which have no place whatever at this Welsh pleasure-fair—such as to amuse for mere amusement's sake, as with Punch-and-Judy shows; to cater to curiosity and a love of the marvelous, as with two-headed calves and living skeletons. Nothing of this kind is here. The briskest business, it must be conceded, is done at the booths where beer is sold; but the next best, beyond all question, is done by those who cater to the spirit of emulation. I have mentioned the strength-tester, in the shape of a jumping-jack; besides it there are a round half-dozen other strength-testers, of a simpler sort, chiefly with levers to try your lifting power. These are well patronized. Here is one, whose proprietor bawls loudly for customers, and who, when a customer comes, utters an exclamation,—always utters it in precisely the same tone,—an exclama-

THE SHOOTING-GALLERY.

tion of extreme surprise, to wit: "*Hul*-lo!" then, quickly, to the crowd around him, "I *say!* Come an' see fair!" And the British love of fair play is sure to bring a cluster of spectators, first to "see fair," then to compete; so that the strength-tester man thrives, and his pockets grow fat with coppers.

Yonder is a gorgeous edifice, which you fancy to be some sort of a raree-show—wax-works, perhaps, or a fat woman. Not at all. There is literally nothing of the kind here. The edifice you fancied a show proves, on closer observation, to be a shooting-gallery. It is of magnificent aspect, but it is all frontispiece, so to say. It is twelve or fifteen feet high, and proportionately broad. It presents a front which is one mass of golden carvings on a deep red ground,—flowers, scrolls, and grinning lions' heads; but behind this imposing front there is no structure at all—nothing but a wagon, which supports a long cylinder of sheet-iron (twenty feet in length, perhaps, and two in diameter), at the remote end of which is a target. "A penny a shot," says the young woman in charge. She is a rather handsome girl of eighteen or twenty, small and alert, with a vulgar, good-humored face, and a shock of rich brown curling hair; neatly dressed in a calico gown, with a bright ribbon at her throat, but a girl thoroughly bent on business. Many be the shooters, plumping the feathered bullets into the target. The girl's hands are as black as ink could make them, with the grime of the powder with which she incessantly loads the guns; and there is something so indescribably attractive in her business-like but winning ways that the bucolic heart cannot resist it. The rustics shoot as fast as the girl can load, and she gathers in the pennies with a steady rattle.

She never declines a challenge to compete, but brings the gun to her soiled chin, and her half-closed eye to the sight, with a serious steadiness that invariably makes on the target a better mark than her opponents.

Various are the games of chance: some are roulette tables, where the dullest of the bumpkins stake their pennies in silence and lose them in unuttered and unutterable pain. But by far the most popular among the gambling games are those which combine the elements of chance and skill. Of these, one I have not before seen is thus contrived: An iron object, in shape like a toadstool, but flat on top, is stuck in the greensward; the top is just the size of a penny, and upon it are piled twelve pennies, one upon another. A marble is then let for a penny to the player, who snaps the marble with thumb and forefinger against the pile of pennies; if he knocks them off their pedestal they are his. Many are the marbles snapped, but few indeed are they who win. As in all the other games, the chances are fifty to one in favor of the banker.

More familiar is the game of Aunt Sally, which has lately been introduced into America. Aunt Sally is a preposterously ridiculous image of a woman, a scarecrow in figure, but dressed in a calico gown of gaudy hues, and with a wooden head on which an absurd face is rudely painted, and atop of which sits a huge red wig of outrageous proportions. In the grinning mouth of Aunt Sally's foolish face is thrust a white clay pipe. Behind this ludicrous old woman is stretched, fence-like, a wide and high strip of soiled canvas. Two or three rods in front of her lies a pile of shillalehs; and these shillalehs the player is expected to throw at her head.

"Three shies a penny, sir," says the rustic in charge, "and thrippence back," he adds, "if ye breaks the poipe."

With a depressing feeling that the eyes of a critical world are on you, you hurl

AUNT SALLY AND HER FRIEND.

three shillalehs in rapid succession at Aunt Sally's head. It is astonishing how many shillalehs you can throw at her without coming within ten feet of her! When she happens to be hit, the horrible image shakes idiotically, her goggle eyes glaring, her red wig fluttering, her straight-out wooden arms waggling, but her teeth clinging firmly to the pipe. To break it you must hit the pipe itself; nothing less will serve.

Near by is a game without a name—at least its proprietor can tell me none. "If you knocks a nut down, sir, you 'as it; that's the honly name we 'as for it; I never 'eerd o' any other, sir." A dozen cocoa-

HIRING-FAIR NIGHT.

nuts are set loosely up on stakes stuck in the ground, and you stand a rod or two away and throw a ball at them. The use of the ball costs a penny; the cocoanut is worth threepence. This feat is not difficult, it appears; at any rate, you knock a nut down; but he who, having knocked one down, will decline to invest more pence and immediately throw again, is a creature upon whom the proprietor looks with unconcealed scorn and surprise.

All this time the bustle of the fair is un-

HIRING-FAIR MORNING.

ceasing. The booths are thronged with revelers, laughing and scuffling good-naturedly. Flaxen-haired children chase each other about on the grass. The village band, with its dull-coated old brass instruments and its serious demeanor, blares melodiously while the dancers swing and cavort. An odd-looking, side-whiskered fellow, with a banjo, is singing in a loud, clear baritone the last new American song which has found its way over here, as all popular American songs inevitably do, some time after they have run their course at home; and this singer amuses you no little by his eccentric manner of misfitting the words to the melody, having evidently picked them up somewhere second-hand. At the end of his struggles with the latest imported Americanism, he strikes easily into the familiar ways of the home-made article. At the end of each song he takes off his round-top hat and passes it about among the crowd, who give him pennies liberally, which he receives without shame. In America he would be a "minstrel," and sit in a row with his face blackened, for regular wages,—a thoroughly self-respecting person in his place.

The shadows of night creep slowly over the scene, and here and there a torch is lit, but the throng only grows more dense as the hours pass. The races are over, and there is now free admission to the fair; and apparently the entire population of the village is gathering. The picturesqueness of the scene grows stronger as the light of day grows fainter. Indeed, to the stranger every feature in this moving scene is picturesque. The very peddlers are so—all the throng of little dealers who thrive by trade; they are utterly unlike the commonplace figures of an American race-course or agricultural fair. Here is one selling walking-sticks; he wears corduroy breeches and a cravat like a shawl, huge and of plaid; and his walking-sticks he carries in a deep old basket of willow cane—a basket shaped like a section of stove-pipe, and almost as dirty with the grime of years and usage. Here is another, peddling so completely ordinary a thing as apples, but looking a unique figure in a long, blue-black apron reaching from his waist quite to his feet, a bright crimson necktie over a checkered shirt, and a vest whose front is yellow, whose back is brown, and whose sleeves (for it is a vest with sleeves) are black.

Deep darkness falls; but the diversions of the pleasure-fair abate no jot. On the contrary, they increase; for all the young folks of the village being now assembled on the green, they not only dance, but play kissing-games full of romping and boisterous merriment. A great circle is gathered in one part of the field, lads and lasses to the number of full fifty joining

hands in the fitful light of the torches, and amid much slapping of backs and frantic scampering, playing *cusan-yn-y-cylch*, or kiss-in-the-ring. They have had their suppers, and are as full of fun as young colts; and the air echoes with shrieks of laughter mingling with the music of the band, and the rousing smack of rustic lips on rustic red cheeks rivals the popping of the air-guns, where the gaudy shooting-gallery glitters in the light of a dozen flaring flambeaux.

When I leave the scene, at ten o'clock, there is no flagging in the sports of the fair. I pass around a winding walk which leads me up to the old ruined castle once more; and, climbing up the worn steps of an olden tower, I look down on the weird, impressive scene, where knights and ladies were used to revel on many such a night as this, 600 years ago. The moon is up, and, lighting the grass-grown floor of the ancient banqueting hall, throws into deeper shadow the dark corners by the crumbling walls. It is easy to imagine ghosts and fairies flitting among these piles of ruin, and if the ghosts of all the dead who, living, have reveled here—who have danced to the music of the harp and pipe, or battled fiercely with besieging enemies through many a bloody struggle—if all who have passed beneath yon postern gate were to revisit the glimpses of the moon this hour, there would be a multitude compared to which the living throng below would be a handful. But there are no ghosts abroad. I see here and there dusky forms moving about, but I know they are wanderers like myself, feasting their souls with the poetry of the hour, or else—what I confess is more probable—lovers, feeding their hearts on a poetry that is older than these crumbling battlements, and sweeter, while it lasts, than all the melliloquent Welsh *englynion* that have been sung to the harp since Saliesin lived. And over yonder in the field of Llewellyn I see the torches of the fair, flaring in the moonlight; and there comes faintly to my ear the music of the musicians, still blowing inspiration through their brazen trumpets to the feet of the flying dancers.

Pleasure-fairs are of frequent occurrence in every nook and corner of Wales, and at short intervals throughout the year. The cattle-shows, horse-races, agricultural exhibitions, etc., which we call fairs in the United States—and which as local exhibitions are perhaps the finest in the world—are for the most part confined to the months of July, August, and September. In the South, as about New Orleans and Memphis, they change this time to May, I believe. But in Wales there is no limit to the time of year for fairs; like death, the fair has "all seasons for its own"; they occur in every month of the year. Notwithstanding the general bad name borne by the climate of the British Isles, that of South Wales is so far tolerable that one may usually enjoy the open air every day the year round. The grass is green and the flowers bloom out-of-doors from January to January again. On the 18th of December, 1877, strawberries were growing ripe in sheltered places along the lanes of Ystradowen, Glamorganshire; and roses grow all winter on the sunny southerly wall of my garden in Cardiff. Yet the climate is not at all enervating; there are storms enough, and snow-storms are among them.

Before large towns existed, where the necessaries of life can be bought in shops, all sorts of goods and commodities were sold chiefly at fairs, periodically held. To these everybody went, and the so-called "great" fairs, like that of Llandaff, were the scene of a prodigious display, to which half the people in Wales would go. The age of Llandaff fair is very great; tradition dates its origin to the first century, A.D. At the most prosperous period of its career it was prolonged for many days. Monks and laymen alike came to this fair, sometimes from a hundred miles away. Llandaff church-yard was one scene of buying and selling, in tents and booths. Nowadays, booths are not set up in the church-yard, but they occupy the streets of the decayed cathedral city, even to the very walls of the bishop's palace—Punch and Judy, cheap-john and all. In the old times, fairs and markets were held on Sunday more often than any other day, and remnants of this custom still exist in Wales. At Llantwit Major, an extremely ancient little town in Glamorganshire, the people have for centuries past gathered for purposes of barter on Sundays, before or after church service, and, unless it has very recently become extinct, this antique custom still prevails.

The moral tone of Welsh towns and villages is notably severe. All respectable people are church-goers, even more so than in America. I am told there are a greater number of Methodists in Glamorganshire than in any other county of its size in the world. The observance of Sunday is rigidly repressive. Even in the metropolis

of Wales, horse-cars do not run on Sunday. Yet the most anomalous customs prevail, like this regarding Sunday fairs. This fair occurs at Whitsuntide, and lasts three days, ostensibly. Whitmonday is the great holiday of Wales; the feast of Whitsuntide is characterized everywhere by *fêtes* and galas, and a ceaseless round of pleasure; but Whitmonday is the one day of the year when the people go holidaying *en masse*, as they do at no other time of the year. The great fair of Llandaff legally begins on Monday, concluding on Wednesday night. But in point of fact the revels commence with Sunday. The merry-go-rounds, the Aunt Sallies, the candy booths, etc., are set up, and throngs of people gather. The hammering of the booth-builders echoes through the aisles of the solemn cathedral where the usual congregation is gathered. The voice of the minister expounding the doctrines of Christianity within the venerable walls which have stood for centuries, mingles with the noisy revelry of the crowd which is gathered on the little green in the heart of the town, close to the cathedral gates. In front of the ruined gate-house of the ancient episcopal palace the saturnalia proceeds; people lean shamelessly against its very walls, and after nightfall they lean there drunk. All this goes on in defiance of the law, while ostensibly in obedience to it. No cries of hawkers rend the air, but a thriving trade is done in oranges, nuts, and gingerbread, all the same. Keepers of shows surreptitiously take pence and pass people quietly into their tents to see the African serpents, the wax-works, and the rest. As the hours pass, matters grow worse. After dusk, the beer begins to flow, and with the falling darkness the license becomes greater. At midnight there are uncountable crowds on the scene. The following morning the fair ostensibly begins; before noon it is roaring with bustle; Punch and Judy squeak; hawkers howl; exhibitors of curiosities bawl at the highest pitch of their voices. There are curiosities enough here, at least—fat women, living skeletons, wax-works, pigmies, giants, performing dogs and monkeys, an endless array of idle and profitless diversions. Merry-go-rounds whirl their laughing, shrieking freight through the air,—"warranted to make you sea-sick for a penny." Shooting-galleries, and even perambulating photograph-galleries, are there. "Come and get your picture pulled, Sally," is a favorite form of treat offered their sweethearts by lads of the laboring class. There is a sparring-booth, before which a burly touter roars with stentorian lungs: "Now then, gents, now is yer time fer to vitness some of the most renowned and scientific and ekally celerbrated crushers of the prize ring; valk right up; in hour establisment we do not vish to 'ave the fun hall to ourselves, ho, dear, no; we allows any gent who feels disposed to put on the gloves to any of hus; yes indeed we does—valk right up, gents; vots more, we offers any gent a shillin' who will do it, hi! hi! now's yer time!" By nightfall the scene becomes a sort of pandemonium. In the most "successful" Whitsuntide fairs of recent years the streets of Llandaff have been given up to a huge mob, crushing and swearing and tearing, and whose only idea of fun was to sustain one prolonged and lingering yell, of a sort to split the ears of the very tenants of the grave-yard close at hand.

Modern influences have served to make the Whitsunday gathering at Llandaff a scandal, and there is now a strong public feeling at work which may lead to the abolition of the fair entirely. The wonder is that it has not long ago been abolished, for it seems to violate in every way the Welsh character. Some explanation of the contrasts it presents to the more rural pleasure-fairs of Wales may be found in the fact that Llandaff is practically a suburb of Cardiff, where the population is more English and Irish than Welsh, and where also there is constantly a large floating population of foreigners, especially Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, etc., of the lower classes. These help to swell the crowd at Llandaff, and to encourage all its most lawless features. The fair is a source of pecuniary profit to one person, namely, the lord of the manor, who "owns" it, as the right is phrased, and naturally objects to its being done away with, especially as he is of a sporting turn, and is accustomed to the moral license of the Derby, a race he has at times won with his own horses. The law by which the Llandaff pleasure-fair can be abolished is so worded that all depends on this gentleman's individual will. The Dean of Llandaff publicly appealed to him in the matter no longer ago than 1876, but without apparent result. The people still gather; but whereas a few years ago they gathered in thousands, they are now present only in hundreds, each year fewer in numbers, and more quiet, gradually giving way to the pressure of public opinion.

Some Welsh fairs combine the original

office of the fair as a place of barter with the idea more common in America, viz., as an opportunity for competitive exhibition, like our State and county fairs, as we call them. Of this class are the Welsh horse-shows, flower-shows, Christmas-shows, fat-cattle-shows, poultry-shows, etc., which are sometimes also fairs. Others bear unique names, as Warm Fair, Winter Fair, Midsummer Fair, Martinmas Fair, St. Luke's Fair, Michaelmas Fair, October Fair, April Fair, Dish Fair, Pear Fair, *et id genus omne*, a list without an end. They are named after the towns, the seasons, the saints, the months, the articles originally sold at them, and the traditions or legends out of which they arose; many of these last are quaint and interesting in the highest degree. There is not, indeed, a fair in Wales that has not its history and traditions, its records and strange tales, some of which are poetical, some patriotic, others superstitious.

The only sort of fair I ever heard of which is not included in the Welsh domain, is the fighting-fair. The last of these was Donnybrook, the abolition of which almost broke as many Irish hearts as its existence formerly broke Irish heads. However, they say Llandaff pleasure-fair comes something near the idea of a fighting-fair, when any stray "swells" from Cardiff take a fancy for strolling out there about midnight to see the sights. The *oi polloi* have been known to display pugilistic and pugnacious qualities of a pronounced character, under this specially distasteful provocation.

The hiring-fair is a peculiar institution, which still lingers in Wales. But this, too, is a relic of ancient days, which will not much longer exist, for it is exciting the active animosity of the better sort of farmers and country gentlemen. From time immemorial, the custom has been to hold these fairs in every important center of a farming district, their sole purpose being to bring servants and masters together. To these fairs troop men and maidens in vast numbers, on fun and profit both intent. To them also troop the farmers, in search of the human toilers on their farms for the coming year. Sometimes, and originally I believe always, these hiring-fairs were held on Martinmas-day, known as the servants' saint's day. At present the hiring-fair is not confined to that day, but is held on different days in different towns, usually in either October or November. At these fairs there is undoubtedly a considerable consumption of *cwrw da*; a temperance or teetotal fair would hardly thrive. The men are of a certain bearish roughness which would, beyond question, prove uncomfortable to such of us as have been gently bred. It would be no joke to the average reformer of the period, I fear, to have a blackthorn cudgel thwacked across his back, with all the power of an arm accustomed to farm work, or to be hustled in the prodigiously vigorous way the grinning Welsh peasants at Kidwelly have of shouldering one another in groups, for a lark. But all this is good-naturedly done. It would be rough-and-tumble fighting if they were Irishmen, and whisky had them in its clutches; heads would crack, blood would flow, the air would ring with hurroos of defiance and debate. But where every man's face is at a broad grin, where the air echoes but roars of laughter, and half the pushers and strugglers have got their hands shoved deep down in their pockets—it may be rough, and it might break bones not overlaid with muscle, but it is not likely to do much harm. Beer is not a quarrelsome beverage, at least in Wales; it moves a Welshman's feet to dancing, not his fist to mauling, and he grins instead of growls. The Cambrian proverb is, "*Al wedd calon cwrw da*" (good ale is the key of the heart). Having stood waiting in the market-place till they have found masters who will pay them for the coming year the small wages they demand, and so laid out for themselves twelve months of good hard work, Sion and Mairi feel like celebrating their success. So when the shades of evening fall, the serious work of the day being done, the merriment waxes furious. The streets are so densely thronged with people that it is almost impossible to move among them. Vehicles cannot go about at all, and this is not attempted. Torches light up the scene; drums beat; hawkers and cheap-johns bawl; Punch and Judy add their squeaking to the din; and any Mairi or Catti whose waist is not encircled by the arm of a Twm or Sion, is a reproach to the traditions of her race. The "fair-day arm" of a Welsh hiring-fair is said to be an entirely unique feature, by persons who have visited fairs in Ireland, Scotland, Cumberland, Lancashire, etc. Annexation is the common lot, and every Catti has her own. Thus amicably linked, the couples rove about, side by side, laughing, chaffing, chuckling, roaring at Punch, hustling and shouldering each other in merriest kind; while down upon the noisy scene looks with

solemn face the ivied front of a hoary castle, whose towers have stood thus dark against the starry background for half a thousand years.

A quaint example of a local fair in the very heart of Wales is a cattle-fair in the old town of Carmarthen. Carmarthen anciently was the capital of Wales, for centuries the seat of kings, and the home of the Welsh Parliament. It is now a dull old agricultural town of 10,000 or 15,000 inhabitants. Its streets are busy only on great market and fair days, and are dark and stony of aspect; but it is surrounded by a landscape of fairy-like beauty, and its woods and rivers are as rich with legend as fairy-land itself. The enchanter Merlin was born at Carmarthen, and this was the center of his magical exploits. Quaintly set upon a hill, the old stone town looks out over a sylvan valley, through which winds the river Towy in the most graceful undulations.

The most striking peculiarities of the Carmarthen fair are its utter rusticity and its pronounced Welshiness. No language but Welsh is heard. The characteristic tall beaver hats abound on the heads of the women, who by this sign advertise their back-country residence. The women of the towns—even this old Welsh town—are less given to the shining and stubborn beaver than to a sort of calash peculiar to Wales, fitting the head snugly. The two old women standing near you, with cheeks pressed close together, whispering sleepily in each other's ears, telling some story of corpse-candle or *cyhirraeth*, could not be thus intimate with their secrets if their hats were the rigid beavers of the farmer-wives. There is no single specimen here to be seen of the characteristic cockney fair-frequenters who so abound, as a rule, in every part of the British Islands, Wales included. There are no balladists singing English songs; no hawkers crying their wares in English; no gymnasts vaunting their own powers in English; no gamblers, no Aunt Sallies, no shooting-galleries—nothing whatever uttering itself in English. There is fun enough, but it is Welsh fun—scuffling, larking, chaffing. There are hawkers enough, but they cry in Welsh, and they conduct their trades in Welsh. To beat down the price seems to be the rule with every purchase, be it nothing more than a penny-worth of sweets. To go to a fair or market and buy without chaffering is mere infantile greenness, from a Welsh point of view.

The persistent inquirer in that direction hears a great many strange tales of superstition in connection with the old-established Welsh fairs, and Carmarthen is peculiarly rich in this regard. The folk-lore of Wales, in fact, abounds with a class of tales regarding cattle, sheep, horses, birds, poultry, goats, and other features of rural life. Such are the marvelous mare of Teirnyon, which foaled every first of May, though what became of the colt no mortal knew; the *ychain banog*, or mighty oxen, which drew the water-monster out of the enchanted lake, and, by their bellowing, split the rocks in twain; the birds of Rhiannon, which sang so sweetly that the warrior-knights stood eighty years entranced, listening to their warbling; the lambs of Saint Melangell, which at first were hares, and, being frightened, ran under the fair saint's robes; the fairy sheep of Cefn Rhychdir, which rose up out of the earth and vanished into the sky; and, finally,—though the list is practically endless,—the fairy swine of Bedwellty, which the hay-makers saw flying through the air.

You cannot avoid noticing at Carmarthen fair a singular class of cattle, which are as characteristically Welsh as any Welshman here. These are the black cattle of Wales, which, if they cannot trace their ancestry back through forty centuries, are at least peculiar to the country they inhabit. This strange breed is sometimes seen in other parts of Great Britain, but they are everywhere known by the name of Welsh black cattle. In Carmarthenshire and the adjoining regions they abound. When beheld in a drove together, browsing in a field, or pouring through a gate like ink out of a bottle, they present a spectacle as uncanny as one can imagine of anything innocent and eatable. The first time one sees this sight it is nothing less than startling; for, it must be understood, there is not a spot of hide in the whole drove that is not black, from hoof-tips to nose-tips. The suggestion of something eerie and elfin in the creatures is irresistible. As a fact, their disposition is not more demoniac than that of the average cow of civilization; their aberrations are limited to kicking over milk-pails and hooking small boys, as is the bovine nature the world over. Still it would be surprising if here, at the home of Merlin, there could be discovered no mystic legend, no strange, wild tale, in connection with a creature so weird-looking and so Welsh, and their story was related to me by an acquaintance I made at Carmarthen fair, in this wise:

In olden times there was a band of elfin ladies who haunted a lake among the hills back of Aberdovey, which lake in Welsh is called Llyn Barfog. They used to make their appearance just about dusk. They were clad in green, and they had for companions a pack of milk-white hounds, which were of the same breed as the *cwn annwn*, or dogs of hell; it was their peculiar occupation to pursue and prey upon the souls of doomed men who had perished, unbaptized, along the uplands of Cefnrhosucha. But the choicest possession of the green ladies of Llyn Barfog was a drove of beautiful milk-white cattle, called in Welsh the *gwartheg feiliorn*, as they called the cow, spread throughout the surrounding country. From having been the owner of one small drove of cattle, the farmer now became enormously rich, the owner of such vast herds as are seen in our days only on the plains of Texas and Colorado. But there came a time (the story here begins to resemble that of the goose that laid the golden egg) when the farmer took it into his foolish head that the milk-white cow was getting old, and his only chance of profiting by her further was to fatten her for the *cigwr*. This he set about, and with the most amazing results. Never, since beefsteaks

THE ELFIN COW AND THE GREEN LADY.

y llyn, or kine of the lake. Now there was an old farmer living near that lake who had a small drove of cattle, which used sometimes to stray to the water's edge; and one day the farmer found that the milk-white kine had scraped up an acquaintance with his cattle. Watching his opportunity, he threw a rope over the horns of one of the elfin cows, and succeeded in driving the beautiful beast to his yard. From that day the farmer's fortune was made. Such calves, such milk, such butter and cheese, as came from the milk-white cow, never had been seen in Wales before, nor ever will be seen again. The fame of the *fuwch gy-*

were discovered, had such a fat cow been seen as this cow grew to be. The neighbors came from miles about to see her; and when the killing-day arrived, there was a vast concourse of people to witness the great event of the elfin cow's taking off. Many shook their heads and whispered their fears to one another, but the farmer seemed like one out of his mind, and urged the butcher on with eager anxiety to his bloody task. Regardless of her mournful lowing and her pleading eyes, the elfin cow was bound to the stake; the butcher raised his bludgeon, and struck fair and hard between her eyes—when lo! a shriek resounded

through the air, waking the echoes of the hills, as the butcher's bludgeon went through the goblin head of the milk-white cow, and the butcher himself reeled with the force of his blow and plunged his astonished head against the stomach of an unfortunate by-stander. At the same time a green lady was seen standing on a crag high up over the lake, with her arms outstretched toward the elfin cow, while she uttered this call to the wronged animal:

"Come, yellow Anvil,
Stray horns, spotted one of the lake,
And of the hornless Dodin,
Arise, come home."

At the sound of this voice the elfin cow raised her head and looked up at the crag; then, with a bound over the heads of the assembled multitude, she dashed up the steep acclivity, and all her descendants, even to the third and fourth generations, went with her, disappearing over the summit of the crag and plunging into the lake. Only one cow remained of all the farmer's herds, and she had turned from milky white to raven black. Whereupon the farmer in despair drowned himself in the waters of Llyn Barfog, which at once turned to the blackness of ink; and the black cow that remained behind became the progenitor of the race of black cattle which are still to be seen at Carmarthen fair.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE OLD TYROLESE MELODY, "SILENT NIGHT."

Silent night! shadowy night!
Purple dome, starry light!
Pouring splendor of centuries down,
Gold and purple, a glorious crown,
Where the manger so rude and wild
Cradles a sleeping child.

Silent night! mystical night!
Kings and seers sought thy light.
Where the watch of the shepherds is kept,
Heavenly hosts through the stillness have swept,
Clear proclaiming a Saviour born!
Singing the Christmas morn!

Holy night—heralding dawn!
Far and near breaks the morn!
Breaks the day when the Saviour of men,
Bringing pardon and healing again,
"Holy, harmless, and undefiled,"
Cometh a little child!

THE BIBLE SOCIETY AND THE NEW REVISION.

It speaks well for the Christian intelligence of the American people that they are so eager for the appearance of the Revised Version of the New Testament, now promised for publication this winter. Curiosity is quite lost in the deeper feeling of hope that at last our feet may tread upon surer ground in the investigation of truth.

For many silent years some of us orthodox people have been thrown heavily back upon our admiration for the version we use, and upon our loyalty to the venerable Bible Society which issues it. We ought to be credited with a good measure of patience, for we surely have never concealed our convictions that it is possible to retain whatever is historically precious in the King James Bible, and yet eliminate the patent blemishes from some of the verses. We may be pardoned for admitting that we have grown tired of quoting the eleventh of Jude, and then waiting for the chirk superintendent to explain: "Now, children, that does not mean *Core*, but *Korah*; Numbers xvi. 1."

We do not see why we should any longer be put to the task of explaining that in two cases, Hebrews iv. 8, and Acts vii. 45, our Bible Society chooses to print the name "Jesus" instead of *Joshua*. We can be content to admit "Poti-pherah" for *Potiphar*, for they are only similar names for two persons; but we find no apology for "Timothy" and "Timotheus" in the same chapter, applied to one man whom ministers have so much to say about.

What right have Christian people to continue to publish and circulate as inspired what now many of them know is imperfect and inaccurate, and so suggests persistent doubts? Let us understand that it is not the teachers or the preachers alone who do the fault-finding. Who does not know that if you should hold up a superlatively excellent bottle of apothecary's ointment before an inquisitive boy, the first thing he would fasten his eyes upon would be the flies inside of it? So the first thing to do afterward would be just to take the flies out.

The answer to these most innocent suggestions has generally been sharp and impetuous. The man who asks them has been set up as a butt of attack for bad taste in finding fault with a version that some "English Roman Catholic scholar" has declared to be the best pattern of "uncommon beauty and marvelous English." What has this to do with the fact that it is fatiguing to keep going over an old contradiction with our children? "By and by" has long since ceased to mean *immediately*, and "let" now means just the opposite of *hindered*. One is usually asked if he cannot find better occupation than carping at small blemishes in the midst of "superlative excellence." Now this is as unfair as it well can be. Is it necessary to the supreme glory of this translation that there should be, in I. Cor. xvi. 22, a comma after "anathema," and before "Maran atha," instead of a period? Is an inquiring minister undermining confidence in this excellent version, when he asks that "Noe" might be spelled *Noah*, so that he might be spared the explanation of it for the three times out of six where it occurs in the New Testament?

It is needless to try to conceal the fact that there is much uneasiness as to the manner in which the New Revision is presently to be issued. It seems to be generally understood that British publishers are to have the entire editions in charge, and only their sheets are to be offered in the American market. If the publishing houses of the United States, as well as the Bible Society and Tract Society and Sunday-school Union, and eventually the denominational Boards of all the churches, should happen to be nobly jealous of this monopoly—if some high sense of national honor should lead them to deny that a volume of common ownership and interest like the New Testament ought to claim even that fiction of "moral copyright" which authors are talking about—then it would surely be very difficult to show wherein their pain resembled petulance, or why their regret should be pronounced mercenary. For really, the anxiety in the minds of our Christian students and teachers is not caused by any fear of losing dollars and cents from the sale of a new publication. The New Testament is sold for five cents now, and a whole Bible for a quarter of a dollar. So there is no special promise of gain held out in that direction. There are already a half-dozen cheap serial "libraries" in this one city of New York, and they are beginning to include religious books among their stories and romances. Several of them began with Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ," coupling it with his "Life of St. Paul." Then Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul" appeared in a like form, followed by Geikie's "Life of Christ." Hughes's "Manliness of Christ" has been thus printed, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is in prospect. Such volumes, alongside of Dumas's novels and Sue's romances, seem incongruous; but why must religion not be popularized if it brings regular profits? If these publication houses do not catch up the New Version the moment it is put in type, they will be exceedingly foolish in a business way; shown on the corner stands, it would have an enormous sale. And why should they not? Will it be unfortunate to have the New Testament in a cheap pamphlet so that every one can obtain a copy of it for twenty cents? Will it not be to edification to find the novel-printers and the serial-story publishers competing with one another in circulating an edition of the revised and scholarly New Translation of the Bible?

The chief anxiety in connection with any kind of unauthorized issuing of a volume like the Word of God is found in the exposure to mistake and the liability to positive perversion. The familiar religious works mentioned above, although claiming to be "unabridged," are incomplete at

points. Any one who pleases can easily compare Farrar's bound volume with the pamphlet, and imagine how indignant the author must be with the reproduction. We must run the risk of being pronounced unnecessarily finical when we assert that nothing short of *positive accuracy* will content us in an issue of the Scriptures. The spelling, the paragraphing, the punctuation, the italicizing, are all of immeasurable importance. Let us remember how unfortunately exposed the wisest proof-readers are to charges of carelessness, and how nearly impossible it is to be absolutely accurate. Is not the "breeches" Bible the laughing-stock of old-edition hunters? It was so named from the word in Gen. iii. 7: "They made themselves breeches." Who forgets the "not" Bible, sometimes called the "wicked" Bible, because it omitted the negative in the seventh commandment? Laud fined an unlucky printer fifteen hundred dollars for this mistake, and then suppressed a large and costly edition already in the market. Then there was the "placemakers' Bible," named thus because of the misrendering of the beatitude: "Blessed are the peacemakers." So we recollect the "bug" Bible, and the "treacle" Bible, and the "rosin" Bible, and the "vinegar" Bible. And by this time we begin to understand what Cotton Mather deplores, when he writes that "a blundering typographer" had made in his Bible, at Psalm cxix. 161, a most suggestive mistake: "*Printers* have persecuted me without cause." Indeed, this was the very word which the man had inserted in the place of "princes." Now, it may not be within our achievement to attain entire correctness; but Christian readers will not be satisfied with anything very far short of it—that is to say, they are not going to be patient if this great work falls into hands which cannot be trusted. Hence it is of intense importance that the earliest editions of this Revision should be watched, for it will be hard to pick out mistakes later.

The sensitiveness upon such points is well illustrated by those discussions which grew out of the changes in the Apostles' Creed, a few years ago. Only the difference between a semicolon and a comma set some usually quiet men on fire,—for doctrine resides sometimes in punctuation. "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints," with the comma after "church," means, I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, *as* the communion of saints, or, I believe the Holy Catholic Church is composed of the communion of saints of all names and all ages, on earth and in heaven. But the semicolon after "church," so some said, makes it to mean, I believe *in* the church, and then again, I believe *in* the communion of saints. Hence, in opposing the alteration, some disputants argued against constituting the church an authority in any matters of faith. And then they went on to combat the notion that saints were to be *believed in* after death, although they "one communion make." All this difference of opinion was provoked by a punctuation mark.

Are there any such cases in the Bible? Surely. No doubt this Revising Committee have spent days in canvassing the vexed question raised in I. Tim. iii. 15. So in John xii. 27—"Father, save me from this hour." Ought that clause to be followed, as it is now, by a colon, or by an interrogation point? Such things are vital to sense. Twenty-five years ago several more instances were pointed out, and by no less an authority than Dr. Hodge—*clarum et venerabile nomen*, great with the majesty of death upon it now. He calls attention to Rom. iv. 1, in which the words, "according to the flesh," if pointed in one way, qualify the word "father"; thus Abraham is said to be our "father according to the flesh." But if the clause should be pointed in the other way, then it qualifies "hath found"; thus the question asked in the verse is, What hath Abraham found according to the flesh? So he says about Rev. xiii. 8, those words, "from the foundation of the world," may refer to the word "slain," and so the sense would be, "the Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world." But if they refer to the word "written," the sense must be, "written from the foundation of the world." Hence, he rightly remarks, "to alter the punctuation here is to change the sense of the passage." That punctuation *is* changed in our present version.

Now the opinion is gaining ground among all thoughtful people that a definite and persistent endeavor should be made by American Christians to help the Bible Society here at home prepare to assume the wise work of publishing immediately an edition of this New Version which should bear for us the imprint and authorization that we know and love. We feel a sincere reluctance to receive our Book from an

English University. Our scholars have worked upon it early and late. We believe their learning has been valuable to the joint Committee. We know their services have been rendered generously in season and out of season. And we want their labors to come to this country with an American look, as if the Bible belonged here also.

Meantime, the question might be raised whether the time has not come when the American Bible Society can perfect their own issue, and bring this Common Version into such form as will enable it to bear fair comparison with the new one, whatever it proves to be. Even Dr. Hodge admitted that some changes in the text proposed and made before 1857 were scholarly improvements, and he said more yet might have been adopted, if they had only come away around by Great Britain—"gradually introduced, first in Oxford, then in Cambridge, then in London and Edinburgh, then in New York;" for after that "it would *be* the Received Version, and our own Bible Society would be authorized to print and circulate it." Is it not worth a postal card now to ask whether the tidal wave of British permission to change the printer's mistake of "she" in Ruth iii. 15, is not by this time drawing somewhere near our desolate shores? We might not read Solomon's Song ii. 7 very often in public, but it would be some comfort to find that in the course of a quarter of a century, leave had been obtained from Oxford and Cambridge and London and Edinburgh for New York Christians to put the masculine pronoun "he" off the name of a bride, so as to call her "she," like a woman. Indeed, we are not certain that the English have not done this; and if so, a proper activity might follow it up here within a winter or so.

Popular feeling has been lately aroused on this whole subject. In order to give the New Version a proper send-off, it has been deemed necessary to parade somewhat conspicuously the exigencies of the case, that is to say, the paramount demand for this fresh translation of the Scriptures. The arguments have been drawn from a detailed exhibition of the blemishes in the King James Bible. But who does not feel that the first result of this is to break the confidence in the version which we are using? When the scholarship of the age is invoked to show how many faults need correction, who can complain that the common people are startled? For the channels of communication which are the most direct into and through all the churches, the Sabbath-schools, and the families, have been selected for the advertisement. Here, for example, is an extra issue of the "World," the organ of the American Sunday-school Union, a "Bible-revision Number," October, 1878; it contains sixteen solid, finely printed pages of specific criticism upon that very version which is now put in the hands of us all as authoritative, "the old version of 1611." This has been sent to all the cities, towns, villages, from the center to the frontier, to which this vast national agency is accustomed to reach out its hand; moreover, it has since been printed in a bound volume, and is now offered for sale upon the counters everywhere. And this is only one out of the many ways in which public sentiment in behalf of the New Version has been invoked already.

It is by no means proposed here to question such a policy; it seems admirably chosen. But cannot every one understand that when these great names of President Woolsey, Professor Abbott, Chancellor Crosby, Professor Thayer, Professor Strong, and Professor Schaff, able and evangelical as they are, are invoked, power will go with any appeal they make? They seem to us to say that there are scores, or hundreds, or thousands of imperfections in the version we daily use.

Is there anything new in their discoveries? The language of Dr. Hodge, in 1857, may be quoted in reply: "It appears from the collation of the editions of 1611 with those of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, and the standard edition, there are no less than twenty-four thousand discrepancies; that is, twenty-four thousand cases in which these standard editions fail to concur." Of course, in a computation like this no mention is made of the points wherein this version diverges from the Greek or the Hebrew in translation, about which modern scholars have much to say. Dr. Hodge took his information from the Bible Society itself, which published the facts as he states them in its "Annual Report" of 1851. Indeed, the Committee on Versions were instructed to correct some of the most annoying of these imperfections. They did so; they made a few alterations with no other thought than that of getting the best edition of their regular version they could. They spelled "Noe" *Noah*. They said, in several instances, *seraphim*, and *cherubim*, instead of "seraphims," and "cherubims." They began "spirits" with a small *s*. They

restored I. John ii. 23 to Roman letters. All they ever did in this direction was right and good; Dr. Hodge frankly acknowledged that it was "generally for the better." But he remarked, in a rather contemptuous fashion, "Not one reader in a thousand would notice the alterations, unless they were pointed out."

The Society publicly approved what their Committee on Versions had so patiently and industriously done. Accepting all the changes, they cast new plates for their issues. They even bragged, in a good-natured, artless sort of way, over their success. They put forth a splendid volume from their fresh stereotypes. This they kept in circulation, unquestioned, for several years. In December, 1856, they openly sent a copy of it to several statesmen of our own country, as a complimentary gift, and notably also to Queen Victoria, with a very nice letter, in which they told Her Majesty that they "believed it to be an unusually correct edition of that incomparable version." Indeed it was: it remains (out of print now) a witness to the fidelity, the learning, and the patient laboriousness of that Committee on Versions who afterward suffered so much for their pains,—the most fair and beautiful thing the American Bible Society ever gave to the world.

But then came a storm. Less than a fortnight after this, and before the Queen could have received her new Bible, or could have taken it into her devotions so much as once,—in January, 1857, the Rev. A. C. Coxe, then rector of a parish in Baltimore, now one of the bishops of the Episcopal Church, published a pamphlet, in which he violently arraigned the Bible Society for seeking to "supersede the time-honored version in its integrity." He said, with an insulting figure, drawn from criminal coining, that these Christian men had surreptitiously gone into the circulation of a "cold, modernized, vulgarized work." Further: with a form of speech peculiarly his own, the writer proceeded to announce, as the reason for such conduct, "the tendency of all human institutions to corrupt themselves, especially when they have begun to be rich." The brick edifice on Astor Place had lately been finished, and so he added: "The American Bible Society, in its new palace, and surrounded by the great moneyed mart of this hemisphere, waxes fat, like Jeshurun, and, like him, begins to kick." This was what "a man of feeling," who did not want the Scriptures to be "vulgarized," took upon himself in those days to say.

All this, however, would have gone for nothing, if it had not been for the fact that this disingenuous pamphlet went on to state, more than once, that the Society had *made* twenty-four thousand changes in the version of 1816. Now, what the Society had published six years before, in their report of 1851, was that the Committee on Versions had *found* twenty-four thousand differences from the standard edition of 1611. Some few of the roughest of these they had tried to correct. With the utmost care, they had done what they supposed was going to be welcome to every student of the Bible. Even Dr. Hodge afterward patronized them enough to say, in 1858, that they were conscientious, as was Paul, when he persecuted the Christians: "We cheerfully acknowledge the zeal and ability manifested in the work; they, as was the case with the apostle, no doubt thought they were doing God service." But the Baltimore pamphlet only credited them with "a thoroughly unevangelical spirit," and argued that they were entertaining at the Bible House, as they were in "New England," the demon of rationalism, now "exorcised from its German haunts." It does seem, at this distance, that persecuting Christians in Saul's day was rather more heinous than changing "sodering" so as to read *soldering*, and "rere-ward" so as to read *rearward;* or adding one *h* to "Juda," and another to "Sara," and casting a third out of "Chanaan," or putting a final *i* on "Sina," and spelling "Sion" with a *Z.* Whereabouts did the rationalism come in?

The virulence and falseness of this attack is seen from a single paragraph, which we prefer to give by itself:

"For more than thirty years the Society is said to have celebrated its great anniversary festivals, in the presence of hundreds of professed ministers of Christ, without a prayer for his blessing, or an ascription to the glory of the Holy Trinity; and that, confessedly, on the ground of the radical differences among its constituents as to the very nature of God, and the proper manner of invoking His adorable name. * * * Can such an association be a 'safe witness and keeper of Holy Writ'? It has answered the question by making itself a manufacturer of alloy, and debasing the very standard it is pledged to circulate in its integrity."

So these men had been *counterfeiting!*

This figure, which pleased the author of

it so much, was repeated around in the admiring world that loves such things, and the intimation as to the custom in the Society was taken up as fact by more than one of those who rushed into the discussion. The "New York Observer," in the summer of 1857, published a communication reiterating this most absurd accusation, and adding to it the statement that the Society could not even publicly read the Bible they published! With the rapid impulse of an honest and indignant heart, the editor interrupted his correspondent with a paragraph in brackets, straight across the article, denying wholly the scandalous charge and explaining that the Bible Society, in common with all other religious associations, opened their anniversaries and their ordinary meetings with prayer, and read the Scriptures as they pleased; and that whatever the earlier history, this had then been the custom for some years. It is evident the editor knew what he was talking about, for he was a faithful member of the Board of Directors at the time. But truth never once stopped a flying lie; so the calumny rushed on over the land.

Thus hostility was aroused, and suspicion was kindled, wherever the wretched misstatement was sent. The people began to imagine that the Bible Society were introducing discrepancies and insidiously corrupting the fountains of truth. In sober earnest, it is really difficult to understand how there could have lived any one so uninformed as to make such a mistake, or so perverse as to do the bad thing on purpose. The Committee were credited with *doing* what they said needed *correcting*, charged with the wrong they were remedying. Notably, in the Old School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church that year, 1857, a great debate arose, and a string of violent resolutions was offered, instructing the denominational Board of that body to issue a Bible of their own. The subject was at the last, by a vote of fourteen majority, referred to the next Assembly, and so for the time dismissed. But Dr. Hodge took up the discussion in a most able article printed in the "Princeton Review" of July, 1857.

During the winter, however, the drums beat a retreat; the objectionable work was withdrawn, and peace was declared in silence. The Bible Society suppressed their beautiful Bible, broke up the plates, went back to the former edition with its twenty-four thousand discrepancies, made genders wrong again, printed "of thee" in Luke i. 35 in Roman letters, as if it belonged in the Greek, and the half-line in I. John ii. 23 in italics, as if it belonged out, so returning to the old errors, and perpetuating them forever.

Then the Committee on Versions resigned their office,—all but a single member. In July of the next year, Dr. Hodge still claimed they had done "the greatest public wrong" which, so far as his information extended, had ever been "committed by any one of our national societies." What made the matter "manifestly worse," this reviewer wrote, was the fact that "they defended their great wrong with pertinacity—with the honorable exception of Dr. Spring."

Now who were the *dishonorable* members of the Committee, whose self-respect would not surrender under pressure of such attack? In all the records the names of the entire Committee are given. Over the large part of them (all but two) the shadow of death has since fallen; but they all had a fair and honored history in the annals of the churches. They were these: Dr. Gardiner Spring, Dr. Samuel H. Turner, Thomas Cock, M. D., Dr. Edward Robinson, Dr. Thomas E. Vermilye, Dr. John McClintock, and Dr. Richard S. Storrs, Jr.

These are they of whom Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge said publicly in that General Assembly of 1857, "he did not know whether either of the seven knew much about Greek, unless it was Dr. Robinson, and he did not know whether he was sound in the faith; Dr. Spring understood Greek, but unfortunately he was nearly blind; as to what they say about following the Greek in their punctuation, that is all humbug." After such a judicial decision upon the merits of their education and scholarship, what could these brethren do but hide their diminished heads in a resignation? They all thought of it at once—all but Dr. Spring, who thought of it, and made a long speech instead.

It will always remain a mystery that this venerable man, after having acted with a committee like that on Versions in utmost harmony of process and of purpose for years, talking of these corrections all the time whenever they had a meeting, should leave them at the last, and suffer indulgent friends to excuse him from responsibility. For in 1851, he had signed a report containing this remarkable statement: "In thus closing their labors, the Committee desire, with grateful praise to God, distinctly and formally to state that *no decision whatever has been made, and nothing whatever has been done,*

except with ENTIRE UNANIMITY on the part of the Committee and those acting with them." The Bible Society published this sentence in the Annual Report they issued in 1852, with the italics and the capitals as here given. Six years afterward, Dr. Spring disowned the transaction, and gave up the defense; perhaps, as Dr. Breckenridge says, he was "blind."

It is fair to say, that, in his speech before the Board of Directors, Dr. Spring is reported as having claimed that he came into the meeting with the thought of resigning; but "since listening to the remarks of his associates, and especially since hearing the menaces which had been uttered with regard to the continued existence and prospects of the Bible Society, he had determined to stand at his post, even if he stood alone." He added that "he thought his associates had greatly erred, and he hoped they would yet see and acknowledge their error." From this it is not easy to say whether Dr. Spring forsook his brethren on principle, or because he was annoyed by indiscreet talking on so exciting a theme and occasion.

And now commenced the period of controversy; for a few strong champions, chosen leaders of those veterans whose "strength is to sit still," took up the hue and cry. On the other hand, Dr. Tyng wrote an excellent letter, lamenting the dire necessity of "going back to admitted errors and imperfections." Dr. James Hoge hastened into print to show how he stood, pronouncing Dr. Hodge's article "not well-considered, and overwrought." Dr. Adger attacked the Committee on Versions spiritedly; but when he found fault with them for injuring the antique style of the Bible by changing "asswage" to *assuage*, he counted himself out of the discussion. Dr. Breckenridge collapsed rather suddenly; for he found he had as much on his hands as he could attend to at the moment, in repelling the awkward charge of plagiarism which some theologians were pressing: he had published a volume of divinity, and they said he pilfered the best part of it from Stapfer. Dr. Murray ("Kirwan") did what he could to allay suspicion by kind words: "I am free to confess that I regard this edition as the very best of the Version of King James with which I am acquainted: the entire question hinges on a question of power." That was the ground held firmly, from the earliest moment it was taken: that the Bible Society had no right or "power" to change a letter or a point; they must "just get the edition of 1611 from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and print it." The conclusion reached is best put in the words of the "New York Observer": the course of that paper seems all along to have been quite fair and considerate, and the brightest pen in the whole conflict could never have bettered the formula of decision it gave: "The Society is not only not bound, but is forbidden, to publish the best Bible it can make." But it also added: "Ninety-nine hundredths of all the work of revision recently made by the much abused Committee on Versions is the result of collation, and will stand, and ought to stand. Let the alterations be restored, but the collations be respected." That was well and wisely said for such a day. But it was not heeded. The Society made a quite needless surrender. They returned from "John the Baptist" to "John Baptist," and restored all the errors to their old places, just as they are publishing the same in this year of our Lord, 1881.

Nothing has been said thus far in this article about the headings of the chapters; for no man insists that they are part of that inspired book which the Society is limited to print; even Dr. Hodge admitted that the Society was at perfect liberty to leave them out, and he said this, too, after having declared that this was "by far the worst feature of the case"; that is, the Committee had made a series of alterations in these which gave him more concern and more offense than anything else. The Society, however, after a long debate in the Board of Directors, decided to retain them in their old form. They actually went back to repeating in Genesis xxii., "Isaac is exchanged with a ram," as they do now; in Genesis l., they kept this: "He dieth, and is chested," instead of *embalmed;* and this in Num. xiv.: "Moses persuadeth God, and obtained pardon"; and this in Esther v.: "He buildeth for him a pair of gallows"; and this in Matt. xxii.: "And poseth the Pharisees about the Messias"; and, most astonishing to think, this in I. Sam. xvi.: "Samuel sent by God, under pretense of a sacrifice, cometh to Bethlehem." These may now be discovered in the Bibles which the children have in our mission-schools. We can only bow our heads and wonder.

So at last there was peace, and this woful story went on its way into history. Why bring up such an old controversy now? Well, no one wants that old controversy;

what we want is this New Revision. And we desire to receive it at the hands of the American Bible Society, to which we have clung loyally through evil and through good report for a whole generation. There can be no mistake in declaring that the Christian community wishes that the revised Testament, if it shall prove worthy of general acceptance, shall be published like our other Scriptures, and by our usual authorities. It is likely that the inexorable logic of all that has been said above leads even the most sanguine of us to doubt whether this can be now done. It is likely that, in 1857, the Bible Society tied with its fingers what, hereafter, it cannot untie with its teeth. If this be true, then two serious questions confront us all for answer.

First,—Will there be a contest and competition in our markets between the New and the Old? So far, there is evidence of cordial working together. We find on the list of revisers making the New Version the name of the chairman of the present Committee on Versions in the Bible Society. Also, the name of the chairman of the Finance Committee, providing funds for the revisers, stood among those who constitute the Bible Society's Committee on Publication. This good man has just died; but we argue from the fact of his having occupied a double position so prominent that the two bodies are friendly. Are we to expect that this criticism of the Old will go on as a help in commending the New? Is every one to feel at liberty hereafter just to peck at the Bibles we already have, and will this provoke the usual retort, and tongues equally sharp and eyes equally keen be occupied with faults they may find in these that are coming?

Secondly,—Will there have to be another Bible Society? Does any one suppose the American people are likely to be content with a steady importation of sheets from over the ocean? Some persons are sanguine enough to believe that this New Version will be—what surely it ought to be—the mature fruit of the highest and best scholarship of the Anglo-Saxon race. Hence we trust it will be our Bible when all completed. Nobody seems to have seen it yet, and the American revisers are singularly reticent about its contents and peculiarities. But all the assurances which come to our ears are full of comfort and cheer. We are told that nothing of the old phraseology will be lost; no doctrine will be touched; the style will be in the same quaint, stately diction to which we have been accustomed from our childhood. Only, be it remembered, many of those "twenty-four thousand discrepancies" will no longer annoy our eyes, or irritate our ears, or balk our intelligence. So it is hoped that the common people will welcome it gladly. Hence it will be wanted for study and distribution in vast numbers. Shall we be obliged to form a new association for its supply and circulation in an authentic edition, or shall we look to Great Britain and the "Sea-side Library"?

It seems singular to find on the list of revisers the name of Charles Hodge—the great champion who did more than any three besides to force the Directors to bind themselves with thongs in 1857. Did he mean to make a Bible which this Society should be first committed against issuing? Are the members of that Board as grateful to their champions as they used to be for the help they had from them? Now that the scholarship of the whole world is employed in criticising their version, are they quite happy to know they cannot possibly improve it to the extent of a pronoun, while those who pushed them to the decision have spent their educated strength in producing a rival which they cannot touch? Can we not agree, in this era of good feeling, that when all the splendid work of years had to be undone; when the new plates were destroyed, and the now honored Committee abused; when the former mistakes, detected and corrected, were suffered to come back into the text again; when more things than Isaac were "exchanged with a ram"; when for men more distinguished than Mordecai was builded "a pair of gallows"; when truth was ignominiously thrust out to restore error "under pretense of a sacrifice," it was the most melancholy moment in the history of the Society?

But is it a foregone conclusion that this decision is irrevocable? Cannot that one awful expression in the Society's constitution be extended, or expanded, or bodily expunged, namely: "The only copies in the English language, to be circulated by the Society, shall be of the Version now in common use"? Cannot this be simply dropped, or made more elastic in some way? If the Christian community could come together, the Society proper in some great meeting assembled, would they not be competent to strike this clause out? Law-

yers say no, not if the same expression be in the original charter. But cannot the charter be altered, then, added to or taken from? No, they say again, save by act of Legislature. Well, is it possible for the Legislature to do anything in the premises calculated to give us relief? Some men there are who love the Bible and the Bible Society enough to go even to the primary meetings every year till a Legislature could be created which would give a new charter that would permit a new constitution which would let in a new version, rather than have two associations, with two Bibles in the field, confronting each other. Perhaps it will be found, in the end, that the longest way around is the shortest way home.

Let us be candid. That controversy in 1857 settled some things, but not everything. Said one of America's greatest statesmen: "Nothing is ever settled which is not right." It is possible for men to believe, when they hear Dr. Adger, Dr. Breckenridge, and Dr. Thornwell, together with the "Baltimore pamphlet," talk sharply about "New England" and speak spitefully as to "New School" tendencies, that there was a measure of suspicion and jealousy in the discussion outside of the regard for King James's version of the Scriptures. Some things besides the eternal verities of God's truth were involved. Questions of policies widely distinct from Greek and Hebrew floated in the startled air.

First of all, sectional feeling was simply rampant during those melancholy days of Buchanan's administration. For this was the year of our Lord in which the New Haven ministers wrote their famous letters to the President. The "Dred Scott decision" made Northern people almost frantic. The Young Men's Christian Association split on their right to discuss slavery in the public meetings. Dr. Cheever fired the hearts of those who followed him with sermons and articles written in the "Independent," which those who did not follow him asserted were born of delirium. Some good men did become insane that summer—Hugh Miller committed suicide. No one can read the files of religious newspapers of 1857 without seeing the awful excitement.

Moreover, the business world was trembling under the crushing weight of the historic panic, and the shores of traffic were strewn with wrecks of fortune and reputation. The Sunday-school Union had just announced the loss of eighty thousand dollars by the defalcation of its trusted treasurer. The Tract Society was in trouble for months of controversy, for having refused to publish some antislavery tracts. The Home Missionary Society was censured heavily for voting not to help certain slaveholding churches. So it came to pass that the entire scheme of church-working by means of these voluntary societies was in review. It was as if the sea and the waves were roaring and men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after things coming on the earth. The great societies must have felt anxious about their constituencies, for the best of men are only human; and if in their timidity they grew too considerate, who can blame them? It was a poor time for calm discussion of changes in the version. The very existence of the Bible Society was in question in some exasperated minds. If it should be proved that the Directors lacked courage, when the campaign was so fierce and the onset so bewildering, it might be admitted easily that their fright was no more unreasonable than the paleness on a brave peasant's cheek when he holds his child in his arms while the cannon of Waterloo are thundering in his orchard. A few of those men were advanced in years; some of them were infirm; most of them were gentle and reflective by temperament, and unaccustomed to the intemperate way in which newspaper correspondents talked. A year like that never came before; thank God, another like it can never come again! For the issues are dead, and men are now at peace.

It is related of Marshal Turenne that he was once very ill in the morning of a day of battle; yet he rode swiftly to his post for the usual command. But the stress grew too hard for him; his heart was all right, but his weak frame shook so with uncontrollable tremors that he had to retire. He was overheard apostrophizing his fatigued and ailing body: "Ah, you tremble, do you? You would tremble far worse, if you knew whither I did mean to take you to-day!" Let us believe those excellent men meant to do glorious things, but fell into trembling before the worst burst of violence they had ever experienced. When thoughtful Christians of this later generation read such a history, they cannot help feeling that one of the usual divisions arose. A majority had brief triumph, and a minority went to the wall. They do not consent to say that any principle of constitutional working was fixed. For there were two sides taken.

When the members of the Committee on

Versions "with pertinacity" defended their scholarly and beautiful Bible, they surely had something to say. And what they said was, that, while the Bible Society was publishing any version, it must necessarily see to it, beyond a peradventure, that what it was publishing should be the best *edition* of that *version* to be secured. So they declared that their task of collation was legitimate, and the results of it worth keeping. They went down on that issue, as the war-ship *Cumberland* went down, with colors flying and guns exploding even in the sea. There are scores of the best men we have now who believe they were right.

That was a wild, tempestuous year; but now—*now*—when the ancient feuds are forgotten, when slavery is dead, and the Presbyterian church is united without old or new school, and the Boston Tract Society has come home again—now, when the storm is over, and the air is clear, and the children are singing, can we not take up the discussion once more, and this time calmly reach a more hopeful conclusion?

Are Christian men fully aware what a wonderful gift God's beneficent providence is giving to this age of ours? Why, this New Revision is the one thing of the era. It is greater than the Pacific Railroad, or the Brooklyn Bridge. It is the event of modern times. It is more majestic than the completion of the Cologne Cathedral in Gothic art. The issue of a new version of the Word of God in Anglo-Saxon speech is chapter first in volume second of Anglo-Saxon history. And when one remembers how much trouble our best scholars took, how many difficulties they surmounted, how much obloquy they met in popular estimation, and yet how persistently they labored for a recognition as a part of the English-speaking world, with patience and self-sacrifice securing a place for our American Christian learning at the last,—he cannot keep back his enthusiasm of thanks for an opportunity of welcoming them with their Bible in their hands.

The least the American people can do is to offer them the loftiest honor in our pageant of reception. We ought to meet them now with the best we have. And the best we have is that old, grand Bible Society with its press and its history; the society which more than any other the whole church loves with pride and loyalty. Why should a petty rule stand in the way, provided it can legally and easily and cordially be surrendered? When Elizabeth announced that she was coming to visit Kenilworth, Leicester tore down a portion of a useless outer wall for a broad entrance, saying he had never till now had need for a portal that was fit for the passage of a queen.

Here is a fresh crisis, with the bringing about of which none of us has had any concern. If the choice must be made between the New Version and the Old, we want the New—if it is as we expect it to be. If in policy the choice is, as it once appears to have been, between losing patronage from some denominations or from some men, and the loss of power to move, even so far as to add *sh* to "astonied," or put an *o* in "throughly," then a great number of us will go for the perfectness of the Bible, even if it constrains us, humbly and sadly, to invite another society to take up the work.

In that case, others must choose friends also. Who are the so-called "friends" of the Bible Society? Does one know its friends when he sees them? Can we not now move in the right direction once more? Cannot the *edition* of the *version* be corrected in the texts and in the headings? Are men going to be stubborn enough to resist this again? What is desired by the strongest "friends" in the nation is that this Bible Society we love and work for should put into as good an edition as it can this Old Version, which is going to hold its place for many years yet; and then that this same Society should print at once an edition of the New Version to be set alongside of the Old, so that the people shall have the two together and get a chance to compare and study and ultimately receive the New into a recognized place in their confidence and their hearts. Surely there is a way in which this can be done, and good men can find it.

And we say, that if this fresh chance now offered be neglected, because opposition shall come from the old quarters, so that an exigency shall compel the Tract Society, or the Sunday-school Union, to issue the New Testament as it arrives now, and the Old Testament when it shall be completed—and if thus our honored Bible Society shall lose caste and receive injury, it will be because of wounds with which it shall be wounded in the house of its "friends."

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO ENCORED.

I.

As IT is not only entertaining, but also in accordance with tradition and custom, to be in love; and as in the innocent and moral social conditions peculiar to Norway a man may the more safely surrender himself to this agreeable state of mind, because he need have no fear of being disturbed by watchful fathers and pugnacious brothers; and as, finally, he can extricate himself from that peculiar relation which we style an engagement (a cross between a marriage and free board in a good family) with the same ease with which he entangles himself, —in consequence of all these things, I say, it was by no means singular that my Cousin Jack felt himself devoured by discontent; for he was not in the least in love.

He had long been going about expecting that sudden sense of rapture which, according to the testimony of experts, is the proper form of the proper and legitimate love. But as nothing of the kind had yet occurred, and as, moreover, he had entered the university more than a year ago, he had come to the following conclusion: Love is a lottery, and if one wishes to win, one must at all events play; one must offer a chance to fortune, as the advertisements say. He accordingly kept his eyes open and watched his heart carefully. Like an angler who sits with the line twined about his forefinger waiting for the least bite, Cousin Jack held his breath whenever he caught sight of a young lady. Was he not this time to experience that peculiar shock which, as every one knows, is the first symptom of the proper and legitimate love—that shock which suddenly causes all the blood to rush to the heart in order, quite as suddenly, to send it flying to the head and flush the face to the very roots of the hair? But somehow Cousin Jack felt no shock; his hair, to be sure, was red to its very roots—for Cousin Jack's hair could not, even by courtesy, be called auburn. His face, moreover, remained as pale and as long as ever.

The poor angler was weary of waiting—until one day he happened to be sauntering along the promenade on the fortress of Akershus.* He sat down on a bench, and observed with a contemptuous mien some soldiers who were engaged in gymnastic exercises, standing on one leg in the hot sun and twisting their bodies in order to be equally broiled on both sides. "Nonsense!" said Cousin Jack, and spat before him; "by Jove, it's too expensive an amusement for our little country to be supporting that kind of acrobats. Didn't I read the other day that our so-called army requires annually 1500 boxes of shoe-wax, 600 of cartridges, 3000 yards of gold braids, and 8640 gilt buttons? It were better if we expended less on gold braids and gilt buttons, and applied our pennies to the education of the people."

Thus spake Cousin Jack; for he was infected with "modern ideas," which, alas! have also begun to make inroads among us Norsemen, and undoubtedly will end with overthrowing our entire social structure.

"Good-bye, then,—*au revoir*," said a female voice close behind him.

"Good-bye, my child," answered a deep male voice.

Cousin Jack turned about slowly, for it was a warm day. He discovered an old military gentleman, in a black coat which was buttoned up to his chin, and with the ribbon of the Order of the Sword in his button-hole; he wore a well-brushed hat, light trowsers, and a neck-tie which encircled his neck an incredible number of times. He was just nodding to a young lady who was about to return to the city; whereupon he continued his walk along the boulevard.

To be sure, Cousin Jack was tired; and yet his eyes followed the young girl as she hastened away. She was small and dainty, and he observed with interest that she was one of the few who do not twist the left foot a little in lifting it from the ground. This was a great virtue in the young man's eyes; for Cousin Jack was one of those sensitive and closely observing natures who alone are capable of estimating the true worth of a woman.

After having advanced a few steps, the lady turned around; she probably wished to nod once more to the old military gentleman, but, quite accidentally, her glance lighted on Cousin Jack. Then, at last, the thing happened for which he had been waiting so long. He felt a thrill; his blood rushed away, just as it ought to; he caught

* A fashionable promenade in Christiania, Norway.

his breath, felt hot in his head, cold along the spine, moist between the fingers,—in brief, all the symptoms made their appearance which, according to the testimony of poets and of experienced prose-writers, indicate the true, the genuine, and the legitimate love. There was no time to be lost. He hastily picked up his gloves, his cane, and his student's cap, which he had deposited upon the bench, and started in pursuit of the lady, across the boulevard toward the city. As for her, she soon became aware what a devastation she had occasioned by that glance (which had really been intended for the old gentleman), and was conscious of a certain agitation which was, on the whole, not disagreeable.

While the two were thus hastening on at a proper distance, now on the same sidewalk, now on opposite sides of the street, Cousin Jack had found time to collect his senses. With regard to his love he had not the slightest doubt. The symptoms were there. He knew that he was caught —caught in the true, the genuine, and the legitimate love, and he was very happy at the thought. Yea, so happy was Cousin Jack that, although he was usually not a pleasant fellow to come in collision with, he accepted with a quiet, obliging smile all the knocks, and thrusts, and muttered curses, and other inconveniences which are apt to befall a man who, with his eyes fixed on a point straight before him, rushes along through a populous street.

No—the love was there; there could be no doubt of that. In the meanwhile, he attempted to picture to himself the earthly circumstances of her, the beloved, the heavenly one. And that was no hard task. She had just been promenading with her old father, had suddenly discovered that it was twelve o'clock, and had said, hastily: "Good-bye—*au revoir!*" in order to hurry home and prepare the dinner, for she was surely domestic,—the sweet creature,—and had probably lost her mother. This last conjecture, however, may have been the result of that dread which, in accordance with many standard authors, one should entertain for mothers-in-law; but, for all that, the conjecture was not improbable. And now, all that was left for Cousin Jack to discover was, first, where she lived; secondly, what her name was; and, thirdly, how he should manage to make her acquaintance. Where she lived he was soon to know, as she was at present on her way home; what her name was he could easily ascertain by asking some one in the neighborhood; and how to make her acquaintance—well, to be sure, a few obstacles to be overcome belong to the prescription for the true and genuine love.

But, just as the chase was at its hottest, the game suddenly disappeared through an open gate; and really it was high time, as the hunter, to tell the truth, was well-nigh exhausted. He read, with a sense of relief, the number "34" over the gate, then walked a few steps farther, in order to deceive a possible observer, stopped at a gas-post and drew breath. It was, as I have said, a warm day, and this, in connection with Cousin Jack's violent passion, had made him perspire profusely. His toilet, moreover, had become disarranged by the heedless zeal with which he had surrendered himself to the pursuit. He had to smile at himself as he stood and wiped his face and his neck, and adjusted his neck-tie and his collar, which had become limp on the sunny side. But his smile was a blissful one. He was in that mood in which one sees and perceives nothing of the external world, and he said, half aloud, to himself:

"Love endures all, tolerates all ——"

"And perspires profusely," continued a stout little gentleman, whose white waistcoat suddenly invaded Cousin Jack's sphere of vision.

"Oh, is it you, uncle?" he said, feeling rather sheepish.

"Certainly," answered Uncle Fred. "I have left the shady side on purpose to save you from being broiled. Come along with me."

And he dragged his nephew along with him; but the latter resisted.

"Do you know who lives in No. 34, uncle?" he inquired, a little anxiously.

"No, be hanged if I do; but let us retire into the shade," said Uncle Fred, for there were two things which he could not endure—heat and laughter; the former on account of his corpulence, and the latter on account of what he styled "his apoplectic proclivities."

"Let me see, though," he went on, when they had reached the cooler side of the street, "I *do* know perfectly well who lives in No. 34; that is, if I can have a moment to think. Ah! it is old Captain Schrappe."

"Do you know him?" inquired Cousin Jack, in visible suspense.

"Yes, a little; that is, as much as half the city knows him from the fortress where he takes his daily promenade."

"It is just there I have seen him," said the nephew, eagerly. "What an interesting old gentleman he is to look at! I should like to have a talk with him."

"That wish is easily gratified," replied Uncle Fred. "You have only to station yourself somewhere on the boulevard and make lines in the gravel with your cane; he wont fail to make his appearance."

"Is it possible?" ejaculated Cousin Jack.

"Yes, and he will be sure to speak to you. But you must be on your guard—he is dangerous."

"Dangerous?" said Cousin Jack.

"He once came very near making an end of me."

"What?" cried Cousin Jack.

"Yes; that is, talking me to death."

"Oh-h!" said Cousin Jack.

"He has two anecdotes," continued Uncle Fred. "One lasts a good half-hour, and deals with a military maneuver in Skaane; but the other—the battle of Waterloo—lasts sometimes from an hour and a half to two hours. I have heard that three times," and his uncle heaved a heavy sigh.

"And are they then so very wearisome, these anecdotes?" asked Cousin Jack.

"Well, for once, they are not so bad," answered his uncle, "and if you should happen to meet the captain, then mark well what I say. If you escape with the short anecdote, the one about Skaane, then you have nothing to do but alternately to nod and to shake your head. The field of operations you will easily comprehend."

"The field of operations?" said Cousin Jack.

"Yes, for he always traces the whole maneuver in the gravel; but it is easy to comprehend, if you only take note of A and B. Only on one point you must take care not to become confused ——"

"Does he lose his patience if one does not understand?" asked Cousin Jack.

"No, on the contrary; but if you betray any lack of interest, he begins all over again from the beginning—don't you see? The important point in the maneuver is the movement which the captain himself undertook, contrary to the orders of his general, and which embarrassed equally both his friends and his enemies. This stroke of genius was, *entre nous*, the reason why he received his Order of the Sword and—and—was forced to hand in his resignation. Accordingly, when you get to this point, you must nod vehemently and say, 'Of course—the only proper thing—the key to the strategical position.' Keep that in mind—the key."

"Yes, the key," repeated Cousin Jack.

"But if you should"—and his uncle gazed at him with prophetic compassion—"if you should, in your youthful delight in adventures, invite the recital of the long one,—the one about Waterloo,—then you must either keep perfectly silent or you must pay strict attention. I was once compelled to endure the description one and a half times, simply because, in my zeal to demonstrate that I comprehended the situation, I happened to move Kellermann's dragoons instead of Milhaud's cuirassiers."

"Did you move the dragoons, uncle?" asked Cousin Jack.

"Yes; that you will readily understand if the long one is inflicted upon you; but," added his uncle, in a solemn tone, "beware—beware, I tell you—beware of—Blücher!"

"Blücher?" queried Cousin Jack.

"Yes, to be sure; but I'll say no more. And why do I stand here and talk to you about that old character? What in the world have you got to do with him?"

"Does he walk every morning?" asked Jack.

"Every morning from eleven to one, and every afternoon from five to seven. But what interest ——"

"Has he many children?" interrupted Jack.

"Only one daughter; but what the deuce ——"

"Good-bye, uncle. I must hurry home to my books."

"Stop a moment. Will you not go with me to your Aunt Maren's to-night? I was requested to invite you."

"No, thank you. I shall not have the time," cried Jack, who was already some distance away.

"It is a ladies' party—young ladies," roared Uncle Fred; for he could not comprehend what was the matter with his nephew.

The latter, however, shook his head with a peculiarly energetic contempt, and vanished around the corner.

"Why, the deuce!" thought Uncle Fred; "the boy is mad or—ah, now I have got it—in love. Wasn't he uttering some dark words about love, when I surprised him, just in front of No. 34? And then his interest in old Schrappe. Could it be possible that he is in love with Miss Betty? No, indeed; he hasn't sense enough for that," thought Uncle Fred, as he plodded along, shaking his head meditatively.

II.

Cousin Jack did not eat much for dinner. People in love never eat much; and, moreover, he did not like sausages.

At last the clock struck five. He had already stationed himself on the boulevard at a point where he could overlook the whole fortress. Uncle Fred was correct—there came the black coat, the light trowsers, and the well-brushed hat. Cousin Jack became aware that his heart was beating violently. At first he imagined that he was ashamed of this deliberate deception of the honest captain, but presently he discovered that it was the sight of the father of his beloved which caused the palpitation of his heart. Somewhat pacified, he began, in accordance with Uncle Fred's instructions, to trace lines and angles in the gravel, while from time to time he attentively regarded the fortifications of Akershus. The whole fortress was quiet and desolate. Cousin Jack could hear the firm footsteps of the captain approaching, until they ceased close by his side. Jack did not look up. The captain advanced a couple of steps farther, and coughed interrogatively. Jack made a long, meditative line with his cane; then the old gentleman could no longer restrain himself.

"Well, well, young sir," he said, in a friendly voice, while he touched his hat, "are you making a chart of our fortifications?"

Cousin Jack looked up like one who has been roused from deep reflections, and with a polite salute and a confused air he answered,—

"No; it is only a habit of mine to try to get a clear idea of the locality, wherever I may happen to walk."

"An excellent habit—a very excellent habit," ejaculated the captain, with emphasis.

"It strengthens the memory," remarked Jack, modestly.

"To be sure, to be sure, Mr. —— Student," rejoined the captain, who began to be mightily pleased with the diffident young fellow.

"Especially in complicated situations," continued the diffident young fellow, while with his foot he rubbed out his lines.

"Just what I was about to remark," cried the captain, ecstatically. "And especially, as you may imagine, drawings and charts are of importance in the military science; as, for instance, on a field of battle."

"That is a thing about which I know nothing whatever," interrupted Jack, with a humble smile.

"Don't say that, young gentleman," answered the benevolent old man. "When one has a general view of the territory and the relative positions of the armies, then even a complicated battle may easily be comprehended. Now, look at this place where we are standing; it might very well explain, in miniature, let us say—the battle of Waterloo."

"I have blundered into the long one," thought Cousin Jack; "but never mind—I love her."

"Please take a seat on the bench here," continued the captain, who was delighted at having found such an intelligent listener; "then I will briefly describe to you that fateful and remarkable battle—that is, if you are interested?"

"A thousand thanks, Mr. —— Captain," replied Cousin Jack; "nothing could interest me more. But I fear that you will have considerable trouble in making such an affair intelligible to an ignorant civilian like me."

"Not at all. The thing is perfectly easy and simple, if one only has an idea of the territory," asserted the amiable old gentleman, as he seated himself next to Cousin Jack and sent a scrutinizing glance about him.

While they were thus sitting, Cousin Jack regarded the captain more closely, and he had to admit that he was yet, in spite of his sixty years, a handsome man. His short mustaches, which were sprinkled with gray, had a certain upward aspiration at the ends which gave him a peculiarly youthful air. On the whole, he bore considerable resemblance to King Oscar, on the old half-crowns. And as he rose and began his demonstration, Cousin Jack reflected that he had every reason to be proud of his prospective father-in-law. The captain took his position a few steps from the bench, at a corner of the boulevard, and pointed right and left with his cane. Cousin Jack listened with attention, and strove with all his might to please his prospective father-in-law.

"Now, you must imagine that I am standing at the farm-house Belle-Alliance where the Emperor has his head-quarters; and toward the north—fourteen miles from Waterloo—we have Brussels, accordingly about at the corner of the gymnasium. The road there, along the walk, is the *chaussée* which leads to Brussels, and here" (the cap

tain hurried across the plains of Waterloo) —"here in the grass we have the forest of Soigne. On the road to Brussels, in front of the woods, the English are stationed. You must imagine that the northern part of the territory is a little elevated. On Wellington's left wing—accordingly to the east, here in the grass we have Castle Hougomont; that must be marked," said the captain, looking about for something.

The accommodating Cousin Jack jumped up, picked up a stick, and forced it into the sod at this important point.

"Excellent," cried the captain, who now perceived that he had found a listener who was not only interested but possessed imagination. "It is from this point we are to expect the Prussians."

Cousin Jack observed that the captain here picked up a stone and placed it in the grass with a mysterious air.

"Here at Hougomont," he went on, "the battle began. It was Jerome who made the attack. He took the forest; but the castle was defended by Wellington's best troops. In the meanwhile Napoleon, who was still at Belle-Alliance, was about to issue orders to Marshal Ney to commence the grand attack on Wellington's center, when he discovered troops approaching from the east—from behind the bench here —from this tree."

Cousin Jack looked behind him with some uneasiness; was it possible that Blücher was on the march already?

"Blü— Blü—" he murmured, tentatively.

"It was Bülow," the captain fortunately fell in, "who was approaching with 30,000 Prussians. Napoleon hastily made his preparations to meet this new enemy, having no doubt but that Grouchy, at all events, followed close on the heels of the Prussians. For the Emperor had on the previous day dispatched Marshal Grouchy, with the whole right wing of the army, about 50,000 men, to meet Blücher and Bülow; but Grouchy—but all that you know from your history," interrupted the captain.

Cousin Jack gave an affirmative nod.

"Ney commenced the attack with his usual intrepidity. But the English cavalry fell upon the French, broke their ranks, and forced them back, with a loss of two eagles and several cannon. Milhaud hastened to the rescue, and the Emperor himself, who saw the danger, plunged the spurs into his horse and rushed down the slope from Belle-Alliance."

The captain hurried away, with a little sidelong jump like a cantering horse, describing all the while how the Emperor was galloping along through thick and thin, how he forced Ney's troops back into line, and dispatched them for a fresh attack. It may have been because Cousin Jack had a poetic vein, or it may have been because the captain's description was so vivid, or it may (and this I am perfectly sure of) have been because he loved the captain's daughter,—one thing, at all events, is certain: Cousin Jack was completely carried away. He saw no more a funny old man who jumped sideways; he caught a gleam through the smoke of battle of the Emperor himself, with his black eyes, sitting upon a snow-white steed, just as we see him in the pictures. He galloped away over ditches and fences, through fields and gardens, followed by his suite. Calm and cold he was, and firmly he sat in the saddle, with the half-unbuttoned gray coat, the white breeches, and the little cocked hat. His features expressed neither weariness nor agitation; smooth and pale as marble, they imparted to his whole form, clad in the plain uniform, and seated upon the white steed, an air of something exalted, and almost unearthly. Thus he rushed away, this bloody little monster, who in three days fought three battles. Everything gave way before him,—fleeing peasants, troops retreating or advancing,—nay, even the half-dead and the wounded crawled or pushed themselves aside and gazed at him with a mingling of terror and admiration, as he broke across their vision like a cold flash of lightning. He hardly needed to show himself to the soldiers, and chaos of its own accord reduced itself to order; and a moment later the indomitable Ney swung himself into the saddle and renewed the attack. And this time he forced the English back, and took possession of the farm La Haie-Sainte.

Again Napoleon halted at Belle-Alliance.

"Now, then, Bülow is coming from the east—here from under the bench; the Emperor sends Mouton to meet him. At half-past five o'clock (the battle had commenced at one), Wellington tries to drive Ney from La Haie-Sainte. But the latter was convinced that everything depended upon his taking possession of the territory in front of the forest—here in the gravel, at the grass border." (The captain flung down his glove to indicate this spot.) "Ney accordingly summons a brigade of cuirassiers from

Milhaud's reserves, and rushes against the enemy. Soon his troops were seen on the heights, and the cry 'Victoire!' was heard about the Emperor."

"'It is an hour too late,' answered Napoleon.

"As he saw, however, that the marshal suffered severely from the fire of the enemy in his new position, he resolved to come to his rescue, and at the same time with one blow to crush Wellington. He chose for this purpose Kellermann's renowned dragoons, and the heavy cavalry of the Guard. And now comes the turning point of the battle. You must take your position on the field."

Cousin Jack promptly arose and took his station according to the captain's directions.

"Now you are Wellington" (Cousin Jack straightened himself up). "You are standing on the plain with the greater part of the English infantry. Here the whole French cavalry come whizzing along. Milhaud has joined Kellermann—one mass of horses, armors, plumed helmets, and glinting arms, as far as the eye can reach. Surround yourself with a *carré*."

Cousin Jack stood for a moment irresolute, then, with a sudden flash of intelligence, he hastily made a square of four deep lines about him in the gravel.

"Admirable!" cried the captain, with beaming countenance. "Now the French make a desperate attack; the ranks are broken, but again joined. The cavalry are scattered, but gather again. Wellington is forced every minute to surround himself with a fresh *carré*. The French troopers fight like lions; the proud memories of the Emperor's campaigns inspire them with that indomitable courage which made his armies invincible. They fight for victory, for glory, for the French eagles, and for the cold little man who they know is watching every man of them from the hill behind them, who sees everything and never forgets.

"But to-day they are opposed by an enemy who is not easily conquered. They stand firm in the ranks, these Englishmen, and if they are forced a step backward, they reconquer the lost ground in the next moment. They have no eagles and no Emperor; while they fight they think neither of glory nor of vengeance—they think only of their homes."

Twenty times the *carrés* are broken and formed again, and 12,000 brave Englishmen bite the dust. Cousin Jack could comprehend now why Wellington wept when he said, "The night or Blücher!"

The captain, in the meanwhile, had left Belle-Alliance, and was hunting about in the grass behind the bench while he continued his narrative, which every moment grew more animated.

"Wellington was now really beaten; and his defeat would have been complete—but then—then," cried the captain, in a mysterious voice, "then *he* arrived."

And suddenly he gave such a kick to the stone which Cousin Jack had seen him hide that it rolled away over the battle-field.

"Now or never," thought Cousin Jack. "Blücher!" he cried.

"Just so!" answered the captain. "That is Blücher, the old were-wolf, who comes marching across the plain with his Prussians.

"Grouchy, then, did not arrive. Napoleon was deprived of his whole right wing, and had 150,000 men to cope with. With his never-failing presence of mind, he gave orders for a grand change of front. But it was too late and the opposing forces were too numerous. Wellington, who, at Blücher's arrival, got an opportunity to use his reserves, made his whole army advance. Yet once more the allies were arrested in their progress by a furious attack, led by Ney—the hero of the day. He plunged into the thick of battle, issued commands right and left until he could do nothing more as a general; then, as a soldier, he used his sword until all was lost, and he was hurried away in the universal confusion. For the French army fled. The Emperor rushed into the midst of the tumult; but the terrible din drowned his voice, and in the twilight there was no one who knew the little man on the white steed. Then he stationed himself within a *carré* of his Old Guard, who still stood at bay in the plain. But the generals flocked about him, and the veteran grenadiers cried: 'Seek safety, sire! Death will not have you.'"

They did not know that it was because the Emperor had forfeited his right to die as a French soldier. Half reluctantly he was led away, and, unknown in his own army he rode into the dark night, having lost all.

"Thus ended the battle of Waterloo," said the captain, seating himself on the bench and straightening his neck-tie. Cousin Jack thought with indignation of Uncle Fred, who had spoken in such a superciliou tone of Captain Schrappe. He was certainly a very much superior person to such an old government clerk as Uncle Fred. As he was walking about, picking up glove

and other small objects which, in the heat of the battle, he had scattered around the field, in order to mark the different positions, his eyes fell upon old Blücher. He took him up and regarded him attentively. It was a piece of hard granite, with rough points and angles like rock-candy. It bore a certain resemblance to "Field-marshal Vorwárts." Jack turned to the captain with a polite bow.

"Allow me, Captain, to keep this stone. It will serve to recall to my memory this interesting and instructive entertainment, for which I thank you most heartily."

So saying, he put Blücher into the back pocket of his coat.

The captain assured him that it had been a great pleasure to him to observe the interest with which his young friend had followed his discourse. And it is no exaggeration to say that he was positively charmed with Cousin Jack.

"But sit down, young man," he said, smiling. "We have need of rest after ten hours' fighting."

Jack sat down on the bench, and felt his collar. At noon he had put on the most seductive one he possessed. Happily it was yet erect; but he realized the truth of Wellington's words—"The night or Blücher!"—for it would not sustain itself much longer. It was also fortunate that the warm afternoon sun kept promenaders away from the boulevard. Otherwise a considerable public would have gathered about these two gentlemen, who were fighting with armies and who jumped about sideways. They had had, however, but one spectator, viz., the sentry, who stood at the corner of the gymnasium, and who, from curiosity, had walked an unwarrantable distance from his post, marching nearly a mile and a half down the *chaussée* from Brussels to Waterloo. The captain would have given him a military reprimand if he had not been of great strategic importance, for he represented, where he stood, the whole of Wellington's reserves. And now, when the battle was at an end, he retired in good order toward Brussels, and resumed his post at the corner of the gymnasium.

III.

"WONT you walk home with me and take a frugal supper?" said the captain. "My house, to be sure, is a very quiet one, but I suppose a young man of your character will have no objection to spending an evening in a quiet family."

Cousin Jack's heart gave a joyous leap; he accepted the invitation in his peculiarly modest manner, and soon they were on the way to No. 34. The nearer they approached that blessed spot, the more vividly did the enchanting picture of Miss Schrappe rise up before his fancy—the blonde frizzed hair down over her forehead, the dainty waist, and the roguish, light-blue eyes. His heart beat so that he could scarcely speak, and as they were going upstairs he had to seize hold of the banister for support: his happiness made him almost dizzy.

In the parlor, which was a large corner room, they found no one. The captain went out to call his daughter, and Jack heard him cry:

"Betty!"

Betty! What a charming name, and how admirably it fitted the charming creature! The happy lover imagined already how delightful it would be, when he returned from his work at noon, to be able to call out into the kitchen: "Betty, is dinner ready?"

Just at that moment the captain entered with Miss Betty. She went straight up to Cousin Jack, shook his hand, and bade him welcome.

"But," she added, "you must really excuse my running away from you immediately; for to tell the truth I was just scrambling some eggs, and that is no joke, you may believe."

Thus speaking she vanished; the captain also retired in order to arrange his toilet, and Cousin Jack was once more left alone. The whole interview had only lasted a couple of seconds, and yet it seemed to Jack as if these moments had plunged him, from ledge to ledge, fathoms and fathoms down into a deep, dark hole. He had seized hold, with both his hands, of an old high-backed easy-chair; he neither heard, nor saw, nor thought; but half mechanically he kept repeating to himself:

"It was not she—it was not she!"

No, it was not she. The lady he had just seen, and who was evidently the real Miss Schrappe, did not at all have blonde frizzed hair down over her forehead. She had, on the contrary, dark hair, which was smoothed down on both sides. Her eyes were neither light blue nor roguish, but grave and of a dark gray color,—in fact, she was as unlike the beloved one as possible.

When the first paralyzing effect of his discovery had worn off, Cousin Jack's blood began to boil; a savage pain took possession of him; he was furious at the captain, at Miss Schrappe, at Uncle Fred, at Wellington, at the whole world. It would have been a satisfaction to him to smash the great mirror in the room, and all the furniture, and then to jump out of the corner window; or to take his cap and cane, rush down-stairs, leave the house, and never more set his foot in it again. He would, at all events, not stay any longer than politeness demanded.

His mood gradually became more composed, but a deep melancholy overcame him. He felt that ineffable woe—to be disappointed in his first love, and, as he looked at his own reflection in the glass, he shook his head compassionately. The captain re-entered, smooth and glossy, and began a conversation on the politics of the day. Cousin Jack had great difficulty in giving even brief, commonplace answers. It was as if all the interesting peculiarities of Captain Schrappe had suddenly evaporated. And now Jack remembered that, on the way home, he had promised him the whole maneuver of Skaane after supper.

"Supper is ready, gentlemen," said Miss Betty, opening the doors to the dining-room, which was lighted. Cousin Jack could not very well avoid eating, as he was hungry; but he sat gazing at his plate, and hardly spoke a word. The conversation, accordingly, was at first chiefly between father and daughter. The captain, who supposed that the diffident young fellow felt himself embarrassed in the presence of Miss Betty, wished to give him time to compose himself.

"It was a pity you did not invite Miss Beck for to-night," said the old gentleman, "especially as she is to start for the coast to-morrow. You might have played duets for our guest."

"I begged her to remain when she was here this morning, but she was invited to a farewell party, given by some of her acquaintances."

Cousin Jack pricked up his ears. Perhaps they were talking about the lady whom he had seen enter during the forenoon.

"I believe I told you that she came down to the fortress to bid me good-bye," continued the captain. "Poor girl! I really pity her."

There could no longer be any doubt.

"I beg your pardon," said Cousin Jack. "Do you refer to a young lady with curly hair and large blue eyes?"

"Exactly," answered the captain. "Do you know Miss Beck?"

"No," replied Jack. "It just occurred to me that she might be the lady whom I met on the fortress, about twelve o'clock."

"That must have been she," said the captain. "A very pretty girl, don't you think?"

"She was a very beautiful lady," asserted Jack, with an air of conviction. "Has she had any great sorrow? I thought, Mr. —Captain ———"

"Well, you see, she was engaged for a few months ——"

"Nine weeks," interrupted Miss Betty.

"Ah, indeed, was it as short as that? Very well. Then her betrothed has recently broken with her. Therefore, as you may imagine, she prefers to go away for a time, to relations in the western provinces, I believe."

Aha! Then she had been engaged, but, to be sure, only for nine weeks; nevertheless, it was somewhat objectionable. Still,—Jack was a connoisseur on this subject, and from what he had observed this morning, he felt confident that her feelings for her betrothed had not been real love. Accordingly, he felt prompted to say:

"If it is the lady I saw to-day, then she seems to take the thing very lightly."

"That is just what I reproach her for," said Miss Betty.

"Why so?" asked Jack, rather pointedly (for he did not like the way in which the young lady made her remarks). "Would it perhaps be better if she broke her heart?"

"Not at all," rejoined Miss Schrappe. "But, according to my opinion, it would have been evidence of greater strength of character if she had felt a stronger indignation against her betrothed."

"On the contrary, it appears to me that it argues a much nobler kind of power if she feels no resentment or anger. For the power of woman lies in forgiving," said Jack, becoming eloquent in the defense of his beloved.

Miss Betty was of opinion that if society would show more indignation at the numerous broken engagements, young people would perhaps be a little more cautious in entering into them. Cousin Jack, on the other hand, was of opinion that if an engaged man had the least suspicion that he had made a mistake, and that that which

he had believed to be love had not been the true, the genuine, and the legitimate love,—then he ought not only to make haste in breaking the bonds, but it was also the plain duty of the other party, and of all her friends and relatives, to excuse the affair, to forgive it, and to say as little as possible about it, so that it might be forgotten, the sooner the better. Miss Betty replied that she did not think it proper for young people to take each other "on probation" while they were still on the watch for the real and genuine love, which remark incensed Cousin Jack exceedingly. But he did not get an opportunity to answer, as the captain at that moment rose from the table. There was something about Miss Schrappe which he could not endure, and this impression occupied him so exclusively that, for a while, he almost forgot the mournful intelligence that his beloved, Miss Beck, was to depart on the morrow.

In fact, Cousin Jack was in a miserable state of mind. It was only eight o'clock, and before half-past nine he could hardly take his leave. The captain had already sat down at the table, with a view to beginning his maneuvers. There was no escape; Jack had to take his place at his side. Right opposite to him sat Miss Betty with her sewing, and a book before her. Jack stretched his neck, and discovered that it was a novel by some modern German writer. It was just the sort of book which Jack was wont to praise loudly whenever he colored his modern ideas with a little tinge of radicalism. But to find this book here, in the hands of a lady, and moreover in German (Jack had read it in translation), was a great shock to him. Accordingly, when Miss Betty asked him if he liked the novel, he answered that it was one of those books which ought only to be read by men of mature convictions and solid principles, and which had properly no place in a lady's library. He remarked that the young lady flushed, and he was himself aware that he had been rude. But he was in a most miserable state of mind, and moreover there was something positively irritating about this superior little lady. He was provoked and bored, and, to crown the cup of his woes, the captain ordered Company B to advance, "protected by the darkness."

Cousin Jack now observed dimly how the captain made match-safes, penknives, and other knickknacks advance across the table. He nodded now and then, but he did not listen at all. He was thinking of the charming Miss Beck, and occasionally casting a furtive glance at Miss Schrappe, to whom he had been rude. Suddenly the captain slapped him on the shoulder. Jack jumped up.

"And this point, then, we were to cover," cried the old gentleman, "or, what do you think?"

Then Jack suddenly remembered Uncle Fred's advice, and, with some vehement nods, he responded:

"Of course—the only proper thing to do—the *key to the strategical position!*"

The captain rushed backward and suddenly became very grave; but seeing Cousin Jack's dumfounded expression, his good-nature again prevailed, and he said, with a laugh:

"No, my honored sir, there you make a great mistake. However," he added, with a pleasant little smile, "it is a mistaken opinion which you share with our highest military authorities. If you please, *I* will show you the key to the strategical position."

And then he began a circumstantial explanation, tending to prove that the position which he had been ordered to cover was of no strategical importance whatever; while the maneuver which he had undertaken on his own responsibility confounded the enemy completely, and would have delayed for several hours the advance of Company B.

In spite of his weariness and ennui, Cousin Jack had to admire the wise behavior of the authorities toward the captain—that is, if there was any truth in Uncle Fred's statement about the Order of the Sword. For if the independent maneuver, as was very possible, was a stroke of genius, then it was, of course, perfectly proper to reward him with the Order of the Sword. Nevertheless, it was also evident that he was entirely useless in an army like ours if he imagined that the purpose of a field maneuver was to delay or embarrass anybody. He certainly ought to have known that the object was to have both the hostile armies, with baggage and provision wagons, meet at a place, previously agreed upon, where a grand breakfast was to be served. While Cousin Jack was absorbed in these reflections, the captain finished his maneuver. He was by no means so well satisfied with his listener as he had been at the fortress; he somehow had a very distracted air.

It was now nine o'clock; but as Cousin Jack had got it into his head that he must school his patience until half-past, he fought his way through one of the longest half-

hours he had ever experienced. The captain looked sleepy, and Miss Betty gave brief and cold answers; Jack himself had to sustain the conversation—tired, provoked, unhappy, and in love, as he was.

At last the hand of the clock pointed to half-past nine; he arose, remarking that it was his custom to go to bed early, as he always could study to best advantage at six in the morning.

"Well, well," exclaimed the captain, "do you call this early? I always go to bed at nine."

Thunderstruck at this, Jack hastily said "good-night," and hurried down-stairs; the captain accompanied him with a candle, and called after him, in a friendly voice, "Good-night, and welcome back!"

"Thank you," cried Jack, from below; but in his heart he vowed that he would never cross the captain's threshold again. As the old gentleman re-entered the parlor, he found his daughter occupied in opening all the windows.

"Well, what does that mean?" he asked.

"I am airing the room after him," responded Miss Betty.

"Indeed, Betty, you are too severe. However, I must confess the young gentleman did not bear well a closer acquaintance. I don't comprehend our young people nowadays."

As with hurried step Jack marched down the street, his thoughts wandered away to the beloved one who was to depart on the morrow. The whole tragedy of his fate rose before him, and he felt a deep impulse to pour his woe into the bosom of a friend who might be able to understand him. But to find such a friend in the proper mood at this time of night was no easy thing. Uncle Fred had been his confidant in many things: he would go and seek him.

Knowing that Uncle Fred was at Aunt Maren's, he accordingly steered his course up toward the Royal Palace, intending to meet him as he came from Homanstown. He chose one of the narrow avenues which he knew Uncle Fred always preferred, and half-way up the hill he sat down on a bench and made up his mind to wait. They must be having an unusually merry time at Aunt Maren's, since Uncle Fred could be staying there until after ten o'clock. At last he caught sight of a corpulent little figure, which was approaching from the upper end of the avenue, and recognized his uncle's white waistcoat. Jack arose and said, gravely:

"Good-evening."

Uncle Fred could never endure meeting solitary men in dark avenues; it was therefore a great relief to him when he discovered that it was his nephew.

"Oh, is it only you, little Jack?" he said, in a friendly tone. "What are you sitting and pondering about?"

"I was only waiting for you," answered Jack, in a hollow voice.

"Ah, indeed, is anything the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"Do not ask me," implored Jack.

Such a request would at any other time have sufficed to call forth a perfect shower of questions from Uncle Fred; but to-night he was so completely occupied with his own affairs that for the time, at least, he could summon no interest for those of his nephew.

"You were very stupid," he said, "not to go with me to Aunt Maren's. We had a very merry time of it,—something just in your line. The company, you know, was given for a young lady who is to leave town to-morrow."

A horrible foreboding flashed through Cousin Jack's brain.

"What was her name?" he cried, and pinched Uncle Fred's arm.

"Ouch!" cried the latter—"Miss Beck."

Then Cousin Jack flung himself backward on the bench; but hardly had he touched the seat, when he leaped up with a loud scream, plunged his hand into his back pocket, and hauled out a small angular thing, which he hurled with all his might down the avenue.

"What the deuce is the matter with the boy?" exclaimed Uncle Fred. "What was it you flung away?"

"Oh, it was that confounded Blücher!" answered Cousin Jack, with tears in his eyes.

Uncle Fred had just time to cry out, "Didn't I tell you, *beware* of Blücher?" when suddenly he burst into a terrible laugh which lasted from Palace Hill far down into Upper Wall street.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Setting and the Rising Sun.

As THE administration of President Hayes draws toward a close, it is pleasant to review it, in the light of memory and history, as one of the purest and best the country has ever known. The President and his wife have shown themselves to be quiet and good people, who have tried to do their duty both in public and in social life. Whatever measure of influence they have exercised has always been given to morality and propriety. The atmosphere of the White House has not, since President Hayes has occupied it, been attractive to unprincipled political adventurers, to wine-bibbers, or to loafers of any sort. No vices have found a home there that needed ministry from self-seeking or office-seeking men, and no dirt has been deposited there in which scandal could find a foot-hold. We believe that when the President shall step down and out, at the expiration of his term of office,—a term limited beyond the possibility of extension by his own voluntary act,—he will carry with him into retirement the respect of the entire American people, having fairly earned the title of "Rutherford the Good." There are men who can sneer at goodness in public life, and who can look with contempt upon what are called the homely virtues of temperance, chastity, and neighborly kindness, but these virtues are not so far gone out of fashion that those in high life who exemplify them fail of wide and lasting honor.

The man who is to succeed President Hayes will come to his office with greater prestige than his predecessor, and will be followed to his chair with livelier expectations. Never within our memory has so brilliant a man as General Garfield been honored with the presidential office. A man of splendid gifts, of thorough education, of wide and long familiarity with public life, of intimate practical acquaintance with the public business, of first-class oratorical power, he is altogether an exceptional man. Of the long list of Presidents since John Quincy Adams, no man but Martin Van Buren could be compared with General Garfield in native gifts and public culture. As a scholar and an orator, he is much above what Lincoln was at his best, and much above Hayes. A genial man, a manly man, a courageous man, who is used to meeting and acting upon men, who, through a legislative experience of many years, has become familiar with all public business, and whose habit during all this period has been that of battling for the right, as he in judgment and conscience apprehended it,—a man equipped with talent of the best order, with wide learning held safely and serviceably in a marvelous memory, and with oratorical powers of great readiness and brilliancy, this is Garfield, the President-elect.

As a man of ideas, rather than as a party man, we expect him to act in his exalted office. The people will not be content with simply a quiet and respectable administration. We shall look to President Garfield for progress. He is wise enough to conceive and plan it, and bold and influential enough to inaugurate and lead it. In his hands, and by his determined influence, the cause of civil-service reform ought to receive a great and decisive impetus. We feel sure that his instincts are on the side of pure politics, and he is not blind. He must see that the purification of politics will be impossible without a reform in the civil service. So long as office is the reward of party work, and the "spoils" doctrine prevails, just so long bad and incompetent men will lead in politics, and good men will, as a rule, let politics alone. The time is come when the shameful practice of assessing poorly paid Government clerks for party expenses at elections should be stopped. It is a hardship and a nuisance. This resort for political funds is as base as it can be. To stand before a Government employé with a party subscription paper, and the power to effect his removal, and to deprive him thereby of his bread and butter, is little different in principle from confronting him in the highway with a revolver, and demanding his money. We are ashamed to say that this has been done to assist in electing General Garfield himself, and is always done in all elections by the party in power. The present system is bad in every respect, and the abuses of it—the oppressions and extortions and temptations that go with it—make the bad almost infinitely worse. If General Garfield can lead us out of this quagmire of corruption and corrupting influences, he will do that which will bring him everlasting honor.

One of the influences which greatly favored his election was the extraordinary outcry raised in the middle of the canvass on the tariff question. Now General Garfield must know that the tendency of the times is, or should be, away from protection. His opponents were scared by the outcry into the abandonment of their own free-trade traditions, and the free-trade plank in their platform. America is no longer in leading-strings. She is not a baby in a go-cart. He must know that the party cry of bringing American labor to the basis of foreign prices by a free-trade policy is nonsense. If high-priced labor could buy the necessaries of life in a low-priced country, then labor might be helped by protection; but high-priced labor, engaged in the manufacture of protected articles, under a policy of general protection gets no advantage, because every necessary of life is raised to match the price of labor. A man who earns two dollars a day, and pays two dollars for a yard of cloth, is no better off than he would be if he earned one dollar a day in a country where his yard of cloth would cost only a dollar. However, we don't propose to argue the question. We only wish to say that, while we do not expect or desire an immediate jump into a free-trade policy, we have a right to expect a radical revision of the present cumbrous tariff, in the direction of a tariff for revenue mainly. If, at this stage of her history,

with her marvelous natural resources, with her virtues of thrift and economy, her ingenuity and enterprise, her free religion and her free government, America is not able to hold her own in a free fight for the markets of the world, then let her go to the wall and acknowledge her inferiority.

General Garfield is a scholar, and should be so far sympathetic with scholarship and authorship as to be willing and desirous to engage heartily in the project for securing the rights of all authorship in this country. Before his term of office shall expire, we ought to have international copyright, established on the most liberal basis. He has but to be in earnest to accomplish this most desirable reform, and to acquire for himself the gratitude and honor of every author in America and Great Britain. We have stolen from English authors long enough, and English publishers are now stealing from ours in almost equal measure. It is all wrong, in all particulars, and should be righted during the next four years; and it will be righted if General Garfield will take hold of the work with the determination that it shall be done.

We might go on, if it were entirely modest, and tell General Garfield what ought to be done in other ways, but we have said enough to show that we expect a good deal of him, and that he cannot sit down to a quiet administration and satisfy his friends, or fulfill the promise of his own vigorous and fertile personality. If, after attending to the matters we have suggested, he has any time to devote to securing to every voter throughout the United States the privilege of voting freely and having his vote honestly counted—if he can do anything toward making it safe for every man, everywhere, to write or speak his political sentiments, we shall be very grateful, and the country will be very much improved.

The Mayoralty and the Schools.

THOUGH great multitudes of the children of Catholic parents attend the public schools,—very much to their benefit and the safety and the prosperity of the community,—it is very well understood that the Catholic priesthood, and all the leading influences of the Catholic church, are unfriendly to these schools. It is also understood that they would gladly do away with them altogether. When, therefore, the Protestant community—largely in the majority in this city, and likely to remain so—heard of the nomination by the dominant party of a Roman Catholic candidate for mayor, and remembered at the same time that the city government was mainly Catholic, and that we had a Catholic controller, who was also a sort of dictator in his party,—its most influential man,—their first thought was that this great combination of Catholic power and influence was a menace to the public-school system. So strong was this impression that Mr. Grace, the nominee of Mr. Kelly and his party, came very near being defeated by Protestant Democratic votes, and only comes into office by a meager majority. If there had been any time or chance for effective organization against him, he would have been hopelessly beaten, right here in this Democratic stronghold, as, under the circumstances, he undoubtedly ought to have been.

We should certainly deprecate a religious division in our city politics, and it is all very well for Mr. John Kelly to stand innocently before his henchmen and prate of the sin of objecting to a nominee on account of his religion. It is in order to ask Mr. Kelly why Protestants are discriminated against, in the selection of candidates for office, to such an extent that in a Protestant city the government is in the hands of Catholics. If anybody is responsible for a religious division in city politics, it can hardly be the Protestants, who have stepped aside to make such an anomalous condition of things possible. No, Mr. Kelly, nobody has objected to Mr. Grace on account of his religion. If the Protestant public were in the habit of proscribing men on account of their religion, the Catholic preponderance in the Board of Aldermen would not exist, and you would not be controller. The Protestant public is only alarmed on account of the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the public schools. They believe that Church to be unfriendly to the public schools, to an extreme degree. They naturally believe that Catholic office-holders are under the influence of their church, and share its ideas and opinions; and it is on this account alone that they were alarmed by the nomination of Mr. Grace, and on this account alone that such Democrats as Mayor Wickham and thirty or forty thousand others repudiated their party nomination, and voted for a political opponent.

If there is any Protestant now, however, who anticipates mischief from Mr. Grace's election, we are free to say that we do not share in his fears. Mr. Grace is bound, in the amount of the Protestant majority in his own party, to keep the peace toward the public schools. He has come very near defeat, —he and Mr. Kelly,—and has learned that he cannot take one step inimical to the public-school system of the city without the certain ousting of himself and his party from power in city politics. If the Catholic Church wishes for any future influence in municipal affairs, she will put her hand on Mr. Grace's shoulder, and restrain him from the fulfillment of her own most earnest wishes. Neither Mr. Kelly nor the church he would like to serve can afford to tamper with the interests of a system endeared to every Protestant heart by conviction, by association, by tradition,—a system he is ready to fight for, and vote for against all party claims whatsoever. The day that sees the public-school system of New York attacked, or even menaced, by a Catholic city government, will be the day of doom for Catholic power in city politics. The first gun upon Sumter made a solid North. The first gun fired at our public schools will make a solid Protestant majority which will sweep the baleful influence from city politics altogether.

But, as we have said before, we do not anticipate any trouble to the schools from Mr. Grace. Indeed, we shall be disappointed if he does not make an unusually good mayor. He is a man unknown in politics, and has everything to gain in the public regard. He not only would like the good-will of his Protestant fellow-citizens, but he is bound not to be

a stumbling-block in the way of the prosperity of his party. We do not think the schools have anything to fear from him. Neither he nor Mr. Kelly can afford to force the religious question into city politics,—which they would do at once by attacking the schools,—as that would mean political suicide for both and destruction for their party.

Nor do we think that Protestantism would be alone in its resistance to any violence to our time-honored system of public education. A great many Catholics in New York love her public schools and the freedom from priestly domination which they undoubtedly engender. Freedom of thought and act becomes as dear to a Catholic as to a Protestant. Intelligent manhood, bred in non-sectarian schools, has its attractions to all sects alike, and would find its defenders and upholders among Catholics as well as Protestants of every denomination.

Character, and what Comes of It.

ABOVE all other things in the world, character has supreme value. A man can never be more than what his character—intellectual, moral, spiritual—makes him. A man can never do more, or better, than deliver, or embody, that which is characteristic of himself. All masquerading and make-believe produce little impression, and, in their products and results, die early. Nothing valuable can come out of a man that is not in him, embodied in his character. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than the idea that a man who stands upon a low moral and spiritual plane can produce, in literature or art, anything valuable. He may do that which dazzles or excites wonder or admiration, but he can produce nothing that has genuine value, for, after all, value must be measured by the power to enrich, exalt, and purify life. If art were an end, in itself,—if there were any meaning in the phrase "Art for art's sake,"—then what we say about character would not, or need not, be true; but art is not an end in itself any more than milk, or flannel, or tilth, or harvest. The further art is removed from ministry, the more it is divorced from it, the more illegitimate does it become. Pyrotechny attracts many eyes, and may excite a great deal of wonder and admiration, but when we talk about the value of fire, we only think of its service in the furnace and on the hearth.

It is claimed by a certain class of critics that we have nothing to do with the character of an artist or a writer. They forget that a knowledge of a man's character is a short cut to a correct judgment of his work. It is only necessary to know of Edgar A. Poe that he was a man of weak will, without the mastery of himself,—a dissipated man—a man of morbid feeling—a self-loving man, without the wish or purpose to serve his fellows,—to know that he could never write a poem that would help anybody, or write a poem that possessed any intrinsic value whatever. His character was without value, and, for that reason, he was without the power of ministry. His character was without value, and nothing of value could come out of it. His poems are one continued, selfish wail over lost life and lost love. The form of his art was striking, but the material was wretchedly poor in everything of value to human life. No human soul ever quotes his words for comfort or for inspiration. Byron is a more conspicuous example of the effect of poor or bad character upon art than Poe. He was immensely greater than Poe in genius, stronger in fiber, broader in culture, and bolder in his vices. He embodies his character in his verse, with great subtlety and great ingenuity. Fifty years ago, he was read more than any other poet. Young men drank the poison of his Don Juan with feverish lips, but, the draught over, the book never was taken up again. He wrote wonderful verses, and some of them, written under certain pure and high inspirations, assert his claim to greatness; but, as a whole, the works of Byron have gone out, and are hardly read at all in these days.

Our own Bryant, and Longfellow, and Whittier, and Holmes, and Lowell are all men of character, and the outcome of their art is as hearty and healthy as a mountain wind. Knowing any one of these men is to know that their work is good. There is more of the element of ministry in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" than in all that Byron and Poe ever wrote. Value in character makes value in verse. Value in character makes value in pictures, in sculptures, in all embodiments of art. It is vain to talk about equaling what we call "The Old Masters" in art, until we can equal the old masters in character. When we have a race of artists who are as religious, as self-devoted, as high-minded, and as fully surrendered to the divinest inspirations as the old masters were, we shall have young masters who will be quite their equals. Petty painting is the offspring of petty character. Artists cannot lift their work without first lifting themselves. It is impossible that a thoroughly bad man should be a good artist of any sort, for let it be remembered, we repeat, that the values of art all rest, and always rest, upon its power of ministry. Art is simply a vehicle for conveying the values of character to the lives of men, and when there are no values of character, there is nothing to be conveyed, no matter how beautiful or noteworthy the vehicle may be. Great moral harm is often done by studied and systematic dissociation of an author or an artist with his work. We are told that we have nothing whatever to do with the writer or the painter; we have only to do with what he produces. This may be true and right to a certain extent, but what if a writer or painter be notoriously immoral and dissolute? Suppose an actress, with exceptional powers upon the stage, but with a reputation stained all over with scandal, whose sins against social purity are patent, notorious, undisputed,—presents herself for our suffrage and patronage—what shall we do with her? Shall we send our sons to contemplate her charms, and review her base career? Shall we visit her with our wives and daughters, and honor her with our dollars and our courtesies? Shall we do what we can to obliterate in her mind, as well as our own, all sense of moral distinctions? We are told that we have nothing to do with the

woman. We have only to do with the actress. So we have nothing to do with a preacher, we suppose,—only with the sermon. People generally think they have a great deal to do with the preacher, and that the sermon is of very little consequence when it is not the sincere product of a good character.

Character must stand behind and back up everything—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it. Thirty years ago Jenny Lind was with us, and with her marvelous gift of song, she brought to us an unsullied character. It was an honor to touch her hand, and she went about the land as a missionary of womanly purity. All men and all women honored her with a higher admiration than her marvelous art could inspire. The noble womanhood which stood behind her voice was an uplifting influence, wherever that voice was heard; and the prostituted womanhood that stands behind other voices that we know, taints every ear that hears, and degrades every heart and life that consents to tolerate it so far as to sit in its presence.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Nursery Decoration and Hygiene.

"My idea of a model nursery," said a fine lady, not long ago, "is a padded room, with barred windows, and everything in it, when not in use, hung out of reach upon the walls. Then, one might sit down-stairs in the drawing-room, and read, or practice, or receive, with a mind at rest." But what of the melancholy little starlings caged above, piping their woful plaint, "I can't get out"? And, in many cases, it is no wonder they should want to get out.

To the nursery are generally consigned, year after year, all the faded fineries from down-stairs, the worn carpets, the slightly soiled chintz, the decrepit tables and chairs. It is a *Hôtel des Invalides* for retired furniture. This, of course, does not apply to the first nursery, fitted up with floating draperies of pink and blue, with fine embroidery and cobweb lace, with costly cradle and dainty basket, for the installation of that unparalleled wonder—His Serene Highness, Baby Number One—with a prime minister in attendance, to whom all this magnificence appears but dross, whose manner is of the mildly enduring sort, as becomes one who has been used to better things, but, in spite of all, condescends to exalt, with her presence, for a space, these humble scenes!

During a little while Baby reclines at ease amid his princely surroundings, but, by and by, when abandoned by his prime minister, the natural self-assertion of man takes possession of him. He kicks over the bassinet, rends his filmy envelope of silk and lawn, makes ducks and drakes of the interior of his dressing-basket, sets the ivory brushes afloat in his bath-tub, and cuts his teeth upon any object within reach, other than the coral and bells provided for the purpose by an infatuated godfather.

Then, at last, does an indignant and long-suffering household turn upon this aggressive ruler, and send him into banishment. An usurper sits upon his throne, who is, in turn, displaced, and goes to join his hapless comrade condemned to hard labor in the third-story Siberia; and so until the ranks are full, till the pink and blue has faded out of the draperies, and a new baby has ceased to be a wonder.

To redress the wrongs of these little exiles, in the matter of brightening their place of retirement, is a task outside the limit of any society as yet organized in behalf of injured innocence, but none the less is a worthy and important one.

We enter the average nursery to find it, perhaps, darkened by heavy moreen curtains of a style compelling their retirement from any of the modernized rooms down-stairs; with a velvet or Brussels carpet with half-effaced pattern of lilies and roses, long since trodden into dingy uniformity of tint, and a rug of another color that, as they say in France, swears at all the rest. The paper upon the walls, soiled by finger-marks, has a pattern of green and yellow stripes. The furniture is cumbrous and shabby; the fire hidden from sight by an iron guard, where draperies forever hang. Homely articles of wearing apparel depend from door and chair-backs; combs and brushes mingle with medicine bottles and spoons, upon the dressing bureau. If the nurse rallies, in a frantic attempt to put things to rights, her idea, generally, is to clear the floor of blocks and toys, and rigidly taboo their re-appearance—bidding the children amuse themselves, very much as Miss Havisham solemnly exhorted poor Pip to play, when he, looking about vainly for the ways and means thereto, conceived a vague idea of turning somersaults! Over all, there is a tenement-house air that can hardly be realized by the visitor who has ascended, by slow degrees, through every stage of a beautifully decorated home.

This, not so common as of old, will be, in a short time, I hope, only the exception to the rule. There are sundry conditions leading to reform that cannot be too strongly enforced. It seems hardly necessary to suggest that the first essential is light—the pitiless foe to untidiness, the inspiration to cheerful thoughts, happy tempers, and healthy bodies. A nursery should, if possible, have a southern exposure, and the windows be guarded without by an iron net-work, which may be painted green with gilded top, rising above the level of the child's shoulder, lest it should be seized with a fancy to stand up there and survey the world when nobody is near. Inside this net-work an ivy may be trained, and a few pots of hardy scarlet geranium, wall-flower, and mignonette be placed, when spring comes in. To water these

plants might be the reward for a day of good behavior in the nursery.

In this day of cheap and charming wall-papers, one has but to go to the nearest shop to find a dozen suggestions, any one of which will lend the nursery a charm, requiring but few additions, to transform any room into a cheerful home for the little folks. A dado of India matting, in red and white checks, is very popular, and goes far toward furnishing the room. In one nursery, the mother has left a space, three or four feet high above the weather board, plain—for each child to contribute his own idea in decoration with pictures cut out of books and illustrated weeklies, and collected by himself.

Above, and not too high, should be hung pictures. Be liberal with these, and choice. Give your children Sir Joshua Reynolds's dainty little darlings for their companions, and engravings or plain photographs of any of the delightful little *genre* pictures of French, or English, or German art, that come to us so freely now. A picture with a moral will accomplish far more in early childhood than one of Æsop's fables. The first aspiration toward a career of true greatness may be struck into a boy's guileless nature as he stands gazing up at some scene which tells a tale of self-renouncing heroism.

"An open fire, and a kettle simmering upon the hob," are part of Sydney Smith's receipt for cheerfulness. His third ingredient: "A paper of sugar-plums upon the mantel-piece," would have a singularly demoralizing effect, if introduced here! Hot air from a register, or from a close stove, though so universally condemned, is unfortunately too often used to be overlooked here; but an appliance has lately been invented and is now in successful use, at the Nursery and Child's Hospital in this city, among other places, which is most valuable for moistening the air from furnace flues on its passage into a room. Where an open hard-coal fire is used, a very simple suggestion, made a few years ago by one of the most distinguished medical authorities in New York (Dr. Lewis A. Sayre), is excellent. An ordinary kettle is set on a trivet by the open fire, and to the spout of this is affixed a tin tube, extended several feet above the level of the top of the fire-place, and ending in a wide-mouthed funnel, through which the steam pours night and day, the kettle being kept continually full of water. By means of this unpretending device, moisture is distributed throughout the room, the close and parched atmosphere of an anthracite fire is made soft and pleasant, and, in cases of croup particularly, the benefit is wonderful. So much for adherence to the dogmas of that high-priest of cheerfulness, Sydney Smith!

It has come to be regarded as indispensable to the new *régime* that all carpets covering the floor shall be banished in favor of "strips, and bits, and rugs." May I enter a modest protest in behalf of a nursery carpet? Not only do the children slip and trip continually upon scattered pieces of carpet, but baby, whom you have established with all his belongings upon an island of rug, persists in abandoning it for the most distant and draughty corner of the stained wood floor. Where the furniture is light, a three-ply carpet, taken away to be shaken every spring and autumn, under light, movable furniture, can easily be kept clean by a respectable nurse.

The furniture should be solid, but not heavy. Each child should have a cot or crib to himself, with a free circulation of air about it. Where it is impossible to have another room for dressing purposes, three-fold screens can be used, made of stout muslin, stretched upon a frame, and covered by mother, nurse, and little ones with all that remains of the lovely Christmas picture-books, rescued and cut out before it be too late. These pictures, Walter Crane's especially, may be pasted also in the panels of the doors, and gay lines of blue and gold and scarlet described around them. The paper-hangers have taken a great deal of this pleasant labor off our hands, by introducing a wall-paper covered with the well-known scenes from "Baby's Opera" and "Baby's Bouquet."

Curtains should be limited in quantity, and light in texture. Any pretty cretonne, blooming all over with pink roses, and green leaves, and gay birds, will delight a child, and the day coverings to the nurse's bed may be made of the same. For the children's beds there is nothing like spotless white. Another form of curtain, useful because it can be repeatedly washed throughout the season, is of plain white cotton stuff, bordered with figured Turkey-red and looped with bands of the same material. The only heading to these draperies should be a casing through which a light brass rod, fitted into sockets at each end, is run.

In regard to color, I should advocate leaving mediæval blues and dull sage greens below stairs, in the library or boudoir given over to high art. Give the little ones the A, B, C's of decoration, with plenty of warm, honest red and

"blue,
Which will show your love is true,"

In your mantel decoration, don't forget a clock! It is necessary to the nurse, and valuable in every way to the children. I know of one nursery, where, at every hour and half-hour, two little white-robed figures, with "bangs" in front, and golden curls behind, run and stand before a small, carved, wooden shrine upon the wall, to wait the coming out of the cuckoo, and, confessing their sins, beg his pardon for their naughtiness. To them, he is a veritable Mentor.

I have said nothing of books, and blocks, and doll-houses, of gold-fish and canary-birds, of tiny chairs and tables, of tea-sets, and broken rocking-horses, because, thank God! no home where there are children is wanting in these kinds of decoration.

I have suggested the need for the little folks of light, and warmth, and beauty, during the many hours they must inevitably be away from the mother's side. I wish it were possible to obtain, also, for all of them, a glimpse of green turf and tree-tops, be it nothing better than a city park. As I write, there

comes to me the remembrance of a little child lying very ill in a bright and sunny room, while one member of the family after another came, with soft tread and tender voice, trying to woo him from the arms of his weary mother. There he lay, with tangled curls, with his beautiful face fever-flushed, and his great blue eyes asking pitifully for aid and rest from pain. At last, his father came into the room, and into that strong clasp the little sufferer went cheerfully. "Hold me up at the window, papa," he asked. "I want to see into the park." Wrapped in a shawl, he was kept in that position for an hour, gazing out at the trees, and talking at intervals about the birds, until, soothed and comforted, he fell into the calm, deep sleep so long and earnestly desired by his watchers—a slumber that ushered in recovery.

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

"Common Sense in the Household."*

MARION HARLAND has come into such a multitude of homes with her practical, clear-headed suggestions in regard to domestic matters that it may seem to many almost an impertinence to call attention to the late reprint, though with some valuable additions, of her "Common Sense in the Household." And yet, even the enormous sale of this book—over a hundred thousand in ten years—has not provided a tithe of the housekeepers in the land with what has proved an invaluable aid to so many.

To those who do not count it as an old, familiar friend, it may not be out of place to say that it is a cookery book combining exactness, lucidity, and comprehensiveness with such wise economy as is consistent with good cookery. Nutritious and palatable dishes cannot be made of bad material, or of nothing at all,—French tradition to the contrary notwithstanding,—but thrift and judgment will do wonders. In the pursuance of that true economy which secures that all shall be satisfied, and that nothing be lost, it would be hard to find better help than Marion Harland gives. What veteran housekeeper, who can look back, as so many of us can, to the days when we were called upon to meet the exigencies of life with no experience, limited opportunities and straitened means, does not remember her feeling of comic dismay when she found herself confronted with Miss Leslie's "glass of the best French brandy," "half-pint of old Madeira," "handful of blanched almonds," or any of the other unattainable ingredients with which that lady's receipts bristle? The receipt-books of the past were apparently made for the benefit of that class who could afford to hire French cooks, and to have the dyspepsia. In humble establishments they served to supply to baffled housewives little more than an occasional Barmecide feast. In that respect, at least, we are far better off than our mothers or our younger selves. Cookery books have descended from the lofty plane of the upper ten, and nowadays consent to offer aid and comfort to poor, overworked, tired women, who have to learn how to brighten and sweeten the homely fare of every day by the exercise of thought and judgment and taste.

Those who are just beginning the duties of housekeeping will do well to read, and re-read, and read again the little interpolated essays in this book on company, servants, invalids, etc., and then mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, for they are full of good sound sense and true womanly feeling, and cannot fail to smooth over some of the rough places in their future life, and guide them past some of the rocks upon which the happiness of many families has suffered shipwreck.

A book on a practical subject which has reached such an issue as this, and which is still in such demand as to warrant the resetting of the type to supply the place of the worn-out stereotyped plates, needs no favorable comment at the hands of any critic; the public, or that part of it which *knows*, has given it the best of all indorsements.

S. B. H.

Sweeping and Dusting.

OPEN the shutters and raise the window-shades. Dust and carry from the room the movable furniture, setting it, not higgledy-piggledy, but in order, in the next room. Cover the other furniture with sheets made on purpose of cheap calico or cambric. Spread one sheet before the hearth. Take the coal and ashes from the grate and brush the chimney-back; you will wash it if you have ever seen an English servant lay a fire. Nothing is so poetic and inspiring as a neat fire-place, nothing so dispiriting as a sooty, rusty, ashy one. Black and polish the grate bars with stove-blacking. Rub particles of rust from fender and fire-irons with a bit of sand-paper, or, better, with emery and oil, and carry them out. Sweep down the cobwebs and then sweep the carpet. Great discussions on the subject of sweeping are indulged in among women whose talk runs in the line of domestic matters. They generally agree on first brushing the dust from the edges of the carpet with a small whisk-broom, and on sweeping toward the fire-place or the zinc under the stove. Some say it is best to keep the windows closed, which is certainly best on windy days. Some say sweep according to the nap of a Brussels carpet; but as the object of sweeping is to get *all* the dust out of the carpet this can be of no consequence. Many advocate light sweeping, which does not raise a dust, as not wearing out the carpet; these, we fear, are laboring under a delusion, besides being untidy and unphysiological, for gritty dust in carpets wears them out faster than anything else. A carpet swept thoroughly once a week with a fine, stiff broom will much outlast one swept superficially. A dingy carpet may be cleaned by sprinkling it with damp Indian-corn meal and then sweeping it off again. After sweeping, while the dust is settling, wash the window shutters, if they are to be washed, the windows, the mirrors, and the pictures, which cannot be harmed by a damp cloth, and wipe thumb-marks from doors, window-seats, and table and mirror may

* Common Sense in the Household. A Manual of Practical Housewifery. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

bles. An old, greasy marble may be made as good as new by taking it out-of-doors and scrubbing it powerfully with soft-soap and a scrubbing brush. The dust having settled before the windows were finished, pin a clean cloth about the broom and wipe the dust from the cornice and wall-paper, going over its whole surface. Next, remove the dusting sheets from the furniture. Dust the furniture and the wood-work of the room, gathering up the dust in the duster without dropping a grain on the carpet, and shaking it from the window. Boiled linseed-oil and an old-fashioned rubbing, not sparing labor, will take scratches from varnish. Some people go over the carpet again with a damp cloth or broom, to capture the light dust settled there, but this is hardly necessary in a room that has its weekly sweeping. Bring back the banished furniture, light the fire, and your room will look like a work of art, and, with a daily dusting and light brushing up will stay bright a whole week, no matter how much it is used.

MARY DEAN.

The Open Book.

ONE of the first things provided for in house furnishing should be the dictionary. Let it have a stand or table of its own, where nothing ever need be placed upon its open pages. A sloping shelf, either fastened as a bracket to the wall, or, better still, on an upright stem and solid base, will help the little ones to remember not to load it with their valuables. To it every child in the family should be directed for the many little bits of information which they are continually interrupting older people to ask for. A heavy dictionary in a book-case, low down as such heavy books always are, comes to be of little practical use, but a book always lying open, frankly inviting the passer-by to take a sip of knowledge on the wing, as it were, is a perennial fountain of information, and has more to do with developing the real intelligence and mental activity of a family of children than many expensive lessons, and much wearisome study. A first-class unabridged dictionary, besides the spelling, definitions, or derivations of words, contains in its appendix a large and generally unsuspected fund of biographical, geographical, scientific, and literary information. Then there is the small chapter on scientific and musical hieroglyphics, and the valuable directions for proof correction. These are especially to be commended, for young writers are often at a loss to know how to correct their proof, and editors and printers are mystified in attempting to follow the corrections.

In spite of the objection that it changes the subject too often, a good dictionary affords wonderfully interesting reading. One curious fact affords a comment upon its use,—it is the intelligent, the thinking, the reading people, who use dictionaries, and not the ignoramuses.

S. B. H.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Mr. Aldrich's Selected Poems.*

WHEN a poet dies, the world is apt to open its eyes to the loss and make some stir about his work; after that comes the process of gradual forgetting that such a person ever existed; this in its turn gives place, should the poet be really a poet, to revivals of his fame, during which it happens quite naturally that his better work is brought forward and his poorer creations overlooked. Mr. Aldrich has forestalled this inevitable course of things, and, without waiting for the verdict of posterity, issued an elenchus of his lyrics and sonnets published hitherto. It need hardly be said that nine poets out of ten who should attempt such a thing would fail to hit the best. Mr. Aldrich, however, is plainly that tenth poet to whom belongs the unusual gift, not only to write beautiful verses, but to know which among them are the most thoughtful and polished. Among the forty-eight short pieces reprinted in this most fastidious little volume there is not one unworthy of quotation. The dainty vellum dress, reminding one of the publications of Théophile Lemerre, the Parisian bookseller; the clean-cut type; the title-page in carmine ink that repeats without exaggeration the style of many centuries ago; all these outside matters are, for a wonder, duplicated by the subject matter within.* Mr. Aldrich, who belongs to the English branch of fabricators of "chiseled verse," of which Théophile Gautier was lately the acknowledged chief, proves himself a worthy member of the guild. "Flower and Thorn" and "Cloth of Gold" contained too many sketches and inferior pieces not to make one feel the chisel too much, and cause a longing for something more rugged and Titanic. But here the finest bits of sculpture are in place; the reader who should refuse the little collection a cherished corner in his book-case cannot have a very wide and catholic love of poetry. Fineness of thought and finish of execution are not so often to be seen in intimate blending that one should not be grateful for many pieces of the collection.

An example of this combination is found in the

"NOCTURNE.

"Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

* XXXVI Lyrics and XII Sonnets Selected from "Cloth of Gold" and "Flower and Thorn." By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1881.

* For the introduction into England and America of this refined style of book-making,—already current in France,—we believe the public is indebted to the taste and influence of Mr. E. C. Stedman, whose essay on Poe is simultaneously reprinted from the May SCRIBNER in the same dress.

"I lounge in the ilex shadows;
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle
The curtain's folds between.

"She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!

"To her scarlet lip she holds him
And kisses him many a time—
Ah me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!"

The first of the lyrics is "Destiny," or "The Three Roses," a poem which inspired Mr. Edwin Arnold enough to make him write a long piece of verse; that in itself is proof of strength of one kind or another. It is as carefully wrought as the others, yet to the fastidious reader may sound just a trifle forced.

"The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like flower on flower, that night on Beauty's breast.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's hair."

The word *shrunk* is very jarring, for if there is one thing more axiomatic than another, it is that nature is equally charming to the bad and the good, that the rain falls equally upon the just and the unjust. By giving, therefore, to the rose the human attribute of knowing good from evil, which is understood in the fact of its shrinking from contact with what is morally impure, Mr. Aldrich sounds, to our thinking, a false note. By forcing the word in this way the idea of the perfect innocence of the rose is lost, and one thinks of it as of those dreadful flowers discovered by Mr. Darwin and his correspondents—flowers that, like true Americans, consume roast beef for breakfast. It is a sign of the high pitch of Mr. Aldrich's art that distinctions of this kind are worth drawing. Who would dream of applying such tests to the Wagnerian stanzas of Walt Whitman?

There are few poems here not noteworthy. "Tiger-lilies" has the freshness of an old New England garden. "Before the Rain" and "After the Rain" are poems in which one tries in vain to substitute a better word. Has any living European written more exquisitely of ruins than Mr. Aldrich in "An Old Castle," or touched on monarchs with a finer pencil than in "The King's Wine"? "The Unforgiven" has a sublimated hint of Edgar Allan Poe, while the following embodies in words not only a scene that Mr. Elihu Vedder has tried to put on canvas, but the peculiar quality of the landscapes of that artist:

"IDENTITY.

"Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space—
In Twilight-land—in Noman's land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"'And who are you?" cried one, agape
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
'I know not,' said the second shape—
'I only died last night!'"

In the sonnets the hand of Mr. Aldrich is not so sure, notwithstanding the admirably patient and workmanlike attention he devotes to his chosen art. He has been censured for iteration in the use of the rose as a simile; one of his sonnets is upon a neglected shrub which Saadi, Firdousi, and the other Oriental singers of the rose probably never saw:

"In scarlet clusters o'er the gray stone wall
The barberries lean in thin autumnal air:
Just when the fields and garden-plots are bare,
And ere the green leaf takes the tint of fall,
They come, to make the eye a festival.
Along the road, for miles, their torches flare.
Ah, if your deep-sea coral were but rare
(The damask rose might envy it withal),
What bards had sung your praises long ago,
Called you fine names in honey-worded books—
The rosy tramps of turnpike and of lane,
September's blushes, Ceres' lips aglow,
Little Red-Ridinghoods, for your sweet looks!
But your plebian beauty is in vain."

No one would be apt to claim for Mr. Aldrich that he is a strongly original poet, yet so far as he attempts poetry he does most excellent work. His lyrics ought to have vitality enough to outlive the century, if, indeed, some of them do not secure a more permanent foot-hold in English literature. The gossamer verses of men like Herrick float where the heavy argosies of Ben Jonson have foundered. There is only room to quote "A Snow-flake"—which should be very long in dissolving:

"Once he sang of summer,
Nothing but the summer;
Now he sings of winter,
Of winter bleak and drear;
Just because there's fallen
A snow-flake on his forehead,
He must go and fancy
'Tis winter all the year!"

Edwin Arnold's Poems.*

AFTER the warm welcome which Mr. Edwin Arnold's paraphrase of the life of Buddha got in America, what could he do better than to follow up a well-won victory by a volume of smaller pieces, in part new, in part made known before to greater or smaller circles of readers? The principle is sound, the impulse right and natural; moreover, the public has a curiosity in the matter which should be satisfied. And there is small doubt that it will prove a success. Nevertheless, it is also true that one must resolve the success of this volume into that which belongs to the impulse given by "The Light of Asia," and that which is due to the force and originality of the new poems. They also are, in large measure, translations, and most of them are of poems turned over into English verse many times before. The "Hero and Leander" of Musæus has been paraphrased by some of the strongest poets of the flourishing period of English literature, while the translators of Homer, Hesiod, Sappho, Anacreon, and Simonides are counted by the hundred. There is, then, little novelty in the greater number of subjects chosen by Mr. Arnold to represent his poetic faculty in fields outside "The Light of Asia"; he

* Poems. By Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

has powerful rivals already in the field, and must show novelty and skill to make the old favorites acceptable in their new dress. Were one in any perplexity as to whether the subject is what lends "The Light of Asia" its chief significance, or Mr. Arnold's share in the English dress, this book offers at once an occasion for decision. Should he be found strongly poetical in verses entirely his own, it would be fair to hail him as a new poet of at least as great a caliber as Mr. Matthew Arnold. But no one poem can be found which comes up to the mark. Many show yet more strongly than "The Light of Asia" the impress of Tennyson; a few sound again with the lyre of Matthew Arnold, but not on his finest strings. "The Rajpoot Wife," for instance, begins as follows:

"Sing something, Jymul Rao! for the goats are gathered now,
And no more water is to bring;
The village gates are set, and the night is gray as yet,
God hath given wondrous fancies to thee. Sing!

Then Jymul's supple fingers, with a touch that doubts and lingers,
Sets athrill the saddest wire of all the six;
And the girls sit in a tangle and hush the tinkling bangle,
While the boys pile the flame with store of sticks."

The introduction and body of this tale are dry, and lacking in poetic instinct. The lines are often wanting in truth of rhythm. It is like similar work of this class by Sir John Bowring, the diplomate, to whom the old saying has been applied that he knew every language on the globe save his own. Bulwer-Lytton may be ranked as a paraphraser several grades higher. "The Caliph's Draught" is more spirited, having a good plain swing of its own, well suited in meter (as those chosen by Mr. Arnold too often are not) to the fierce and martial tale. "King Saladin," a tale from Boccaccio, is unduly drawn out, and suffers from want of melody and poetic fire. Sometimes the lines run haltingly:

"One day it chanced Saladin rode afield
With shawled and turbaned Amirs, and his hawks-
Lebanon-bred, and mewed as princes lodge—
Flew foul, forgot their feather, hung at wrist,
And slighted call. The Soldan, quick in wrath,
Bade slay the cravens, scourge the falconer,
And seek some wight who knew the heart of hawks,
To keep it hot and true. Then spake a Sheikh:
'There is a Frank in prison by the sea
Far-seen herein.' 'Give word that he be brought,'
Quoth Saladin."

"Two Idyls from Theocritus" and "The Lament of Adonis" from Bion should be set aside as excellent pieces of work, not in any sense moving, but far above the average in that line of literature. In the opening of "Thyrsis," notice how Mr. Arnold uses alliteration—that bugbear of modern critics—to get an effect of the noises of the woody landscape:

"Softly the sway of the pine-branches murmurs a melody, Shepherd!
Down by the rim of the fountain, and softly dost thou, on the Pan-pipes
Pipe to the pines: next to Pan, thou bearest the bell for rare music.
Say that he wins a great-horn'd goat, then thine is a she-goat;
Say that the she-goat is his; but thine is the kid, then, and tender
Savors the meat of the kid, till she comes to the bearing and milking."

What Mr. Arnold plainly lays most stress upon, however, is "The Indian Song of Songs," a paraphrase of almost the whole of the Gita Govinda, written by a Hindoo poet of the 12th century named Jayadeva, or Conquering Deity, and published in 1836 by Lassen, with a Latin prose translation and some analysis of the metrical forms of its various parts. The Gita Govinda is a love-poem as voluptuous as any ever written, as might, indeed, be expected of Orientals of Hindustan, who are not restrained by certain prejudices of Western peoples, save where religious tenets are menaced. A hidden religious meaning has been sought for in the Gita Govinda by those who try to defend its exceedingly amorous character, but not always with success. It is true that Professor Albrecht Weber likens the poem to the Song of Solomon, but others find in certain parts of the love-drama only the slenderest foundation for the belief. Mr. Arnold has made his paraphrase on this theory, but, as he acknowledges, "not without occasional difficulty." He has been careful to weed the poem of its redundant imagery, restrain the outbursts of passion, and, in the case of the outspoken last chapter, omit entirely. By this means he keeps to the main line of the drama and retains much of the flavor of the original, at the same time fitting his poem for the drawing-room. For, although it still remains a love-poem of unusual warmth, it can hardly be said to offer anything offensive; the purificatory process—if that term be right in the premises, and not, in itself, the rankest Philistinism—has popularized the Gita Govinda for English-speaking people. This, indeed, seems to be Mr. Arnold's main effort at present, namely, to popularize in the West the religion and poetry of Hindustan. The effort is a good one, and not ill-done; but in the doing of it Mr. Arnold cannot strictly be said to prove a title to poet, even of the second rank. To give merely one instance where he shows a want of tact, to say the least of it, attention need only be called to the long Sanskrit words introduced into the titles of the canticles. When one reads "Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled *Snigdhamadhusudano*," one is tempted to laugh at the incongruity of the long Sanskrit compound with the passionate English of the verses that run before. Such things are trifles, to be sure, but it is on just such trifles that the best work of the kind depends. It has to be done with the greatest tact and delicacy.

As a love poem, the Gita Govinda will always have to be a curiosity to us rather than a moving theme, unless some poet should paraphrase it so loosely that he could make it simply the basis of a work of genius in which the original has only a minor part. Here and there we find a good measure, interpreting a fine, glowing fancy. Thus, the longings of Krishna in Sarga the Fifth are sung by a handmaiden to Radha, whose purer and more fiery charms have estranged Krishna from the wood-nymphs, with whom he had been dallying:

"To him the moon's icy-chill silver
Is a sun at mid-day;
The fever he burns with is deeper
Than starlight can stay.

Like one who falls stricken by arrows,
With the color departed
From all but his red wounds, so lies
Thy love, bleeding-hearted.

"To the music the banded bees make him
He closeth his ear;
In the blossoms their small horns are blowing
The honey-song clear:
But as if every sting to his bosom
Its smart had imparted,
Low lies, by the edge of the river,
Thy love, aching-hearted."

Purists will possibly find "bleeding-hearted" and "aching-hearted" not at all to their taste; but, in truth, Mr. Arnold might, under the influence of Jayadeva, have readily been betrayed into compound words of greater length and more peculiarity, for not only does Sanskrit lend itself as completely as any one of the Indo-European languages to the formation of compound words of great length, but even among Sanskrit poets Jayadeva is distinguished for pushing the tendency to excess. Another peculiarity, which he shares, however, with other poets of his land, is a constant, but not displeasing, obtrusion of himself between his canticles, in which he plays the part of a chorus. In one of these he intimates that the poem has a higher interpretation than appears on its surface:

"Mark this song of Jayadev!
Deep as pearl in ocean wave
Lurketh in its lines a wonder
Which the wise alone will ponder:
Though it seemeth of the earth,
Heavenly is the music's birth;
Telling darkly of delights
In the wood, of wasted nights,
Of witless days, and fruitless love,
And false pleasures of the grove,
And rash passions of the prime
And those dances of Spring-time."

This element, the choruses, which are partially introduced in the translation, the alternate strophes by Radha, Govinda, and the messenger between them, make a kind of opera-piece of the Gita Govinda. It appears to have a stand between epics like the Mahâbhârata and a complicated and full-blown piece for the boards, like the Shakuntala of Kalidasa. It is, perhaps, to be likened to the Pastor Fido, or some such idyl, suited for primitive recitation. And Lassen, who wrote in 1840, quotes Wilson for the fact that the Gita Govinda was then still performed at the Rasa feast, at which hymns were sung and dances executed in honor of Krishna.

Benjamin's "Troy."*

ONE of the most interesting "Epochs of Ancient History" is its dawn. The human race, in the growth of civilization, comes into a knowledge of itself through a period in which the germs of all after greatness are springing into active life, but in which no records of them are made or preserved. When mankind, conscious of its powers, begins to look after as well as before, and to inquire whence it came and what its own experiences have been "in the dark backward and abysm of time," historical inquiry may be said to begin. But the instinct for history has at first no scientific character; it does not criticise evidence nor balance probabilities. Vast and vague are the outlines of men and events, seen dimly in the mists of dawning memory; poetry surrounds them with halos, fills out the scene with inventions, adorns the story with the inspirations of patriotism and of beauty. Heroes and demi-gods tread the earth, the hard lines which limit common life melt in the twilight, the sons of God converse with the daughters of men.

Every race, as it comes into history, brings its own dreamy traditions of a golden age, as if our universal humanity were haunted by the ghost of a lost Paradise. But as the Greeks were by far the most intellectual of peoples, as their thought was the seed of all modern progress, so their notions of their own earliest days have a greater interest for us than the mythic records of any other nation. This interest is deepened and multiplied when we find that, in days before all history, the Greeks embodied their memories of a heroic past still more remote in poetry which remains to-day unapproached in its kind, and which in their hands became the source and inspiration of the noblest literature yet produced. These poems, known for ages by the name of Homer, stand out on the records of mankind as the most problematic product its mind has yielded. In what land or in what century they were written; whether the work of one author of transcendent genius, or of a score of bards; whether any one of the heroes they celebrate ever existed, or any one of the deeds they describe was ever done, are questions which have been fiercely discussed for three generations. The discussion has been the most fruitful and scholarly controversy of modern times, but seems in its substance little nearer a final settlement than when it was begun.

But, whatever view is adopted on these points, it is certain that every reader of the history of civilization, or of the history of literature, needs to know something of the story which these poems tell, and of the great questions which center in them. It is the object of Mr. Benjamin, in his little book on "Troy," to lay before the general reader enough of this knowledge to serve as an introduction at once to ancient history and to modern literary criticism. For this purpose, he has given first an account of the tale of Troy, the leading events of the siege and of the wanderings of the chiefs, as told in Homer, piecing out the narrative and the hints of the Iliad and Odyssey with the myths, traditions, and tales of the later geographers and historians, as well as those of the Attic tragedians. He then gives a cautious statement of the principal facts known, or sustained by reasonable inference, concerning the sources and history of the story, the authorship of the poems, the historic foundation, if any, for their account of Troy, and the evidence as to the existence and site of the city supposed to have been obtained by recent excavations.

In this work Mr. Benjamin has done a great service to the public, which we wish heartily to acknowledge. He has, however, left us much to

* Troy. By S. G. W. Benjamin. In "Epochs of History" series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

desire. In his account of the Trojan legend, he has not distinguished with sufficient clearness between the incidents given by Homer and those found only in writers of a far later date, and often due, in all likelihood, to the fancy of those writers. In his consideration of the Homeric controversy, while yielding to the evidence which has well-nigh convinced the world of scholarship that the Iliad and the Odyssey are not the works of one poet, and that the Iliad, as we have it, is not a single artistic conception, he yet clings to the conservative views of Mr. Grote, which have been abandoned or qualified by the highest authorities. And in his view of the topography of Troy, he awards to the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik an importance which cannot be allowed to them as evidence upon this question, however curious and weighty they may be as relics and illustrations of a phase of ancient civilization which is otherwise little known. But, notwithstanding these defects, Mr. Benjamin's work stands alone in the English language, as one from which the general reader may obtain precisely the information he needs concerning the earliest epoch of Greek history,—that period before all known dates, names, and events, in which is seen only the advancing shadow of a mighty race to come,—and concerning the chief of literary controversies, that in which the principles of all historical and religious controversies are involved.

Von Holst's "Constitutional History of the United States." Vol. II.*

It is to be regretted that the translation of the second volume of this work is not more readable. Mr. Lalor, the translator, may be a good German scholar, but he very often fails to express the original in intelligible English. It is necessary to read over many of his sentences two or three times in order to understand them. But, notwithstanding the rudeness and obscurity of the translation, Professor Von Holst's book is one which should be left unread by no person who is interested in American political history. The author's position and abilities are such as to entitle him to attention. The fact of his being a foreigner gives him some advantages. While we cannot go to the length of the opinion which he himself expresses, that a history of the United States can be better written by a foreigner than by a native, it is certainly true that a foreigner is better able to judge the true relative character of public sentiments than a native, who must share the sentiment which he judges. The difficulty of the foreigner, on the other hand, is that, not having the sentiment in his consciousness, he does not really see it,—that is, he does not see it distinctly or delicately. This is, indeed, a difficulty which insight and imagination may overcome, just as reason, reflection, and wide knowledge may enable a native correctly to judge the sentiments of which he is conscious. Professor Von Holst has in a rare degree the necessary insight. He has read everything he could get his hands on, and has been able to discern clearly the national sentiments. He judges us, therefore, with the advantages both of distance and of nearness. His chief fault is that he is too violent and too apt to call names. His manner—we do not say his spirit—is rather that of an advocate than of a judge. And we do not think that he has sufficiently taken pains to see that the fury and the tyrannical arrogance of the slave-holders were a certain consequence of the institution of slavery. Wherever the institution of slavery exists one must find that tyrannical violence, which is partly ferocity, partly panic, and partly the angry assertion of self-respect against the opinion of civilization. The history of the abolition of slavery in the West Indies shows the slave-holder there to have been precisely the same person as the slave-holder in South Carolina. Professor Von Holst's account throws an atmosphere of meanness over our entire history. We do not believe this to be just. These people whose names he flings about so freely were, no doubt, in their way very respectable, and had many redeeming qualities. We think that he especially fails to do justice to the patriotism and real dignity of the Democratic party of the time of Jackson.

* The Constitutional and Political History of the United States. By Dr. H. Von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor, A. M. 1828–1846. Vol. II. Jackson's Administration—Annexation of Texas. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

Farrer's "Primitive Manners and Customs."*

Books dealing with the vast accumulations of travelers of ancient and modern times, especially with the latest reports of investigators of savage life, cannot fail to be merely tentative. But what they lose by vagueness they gain by curiousness. Nothing, of course, can be more interesting to those who are seeking for an actual definition of the right place of human beings in nature than conclusions arrived at in the course of a study of savage and primitive man. A person who takes up this volume has a right to ask of Mr. Farrer: Have you come any nearer to a solution of the problems attaching to savage and primitive man? Are you any surer than you were that primitive man is really primitive, that is to say, an undeveloped man who represents the phase of progress through which our own ancestors passed to attain their present bustling eminence among the millions of the earth? To this Mr. Farrer might answer yes, but it would have to be a very cautious yes. On the whole, the evidence seems to be that savages may be gradually weaned from their barbarous customs, and reach a lower stage of what we, in our conceit, call civilization. But Mr. Farrer does not, by any means, bear strongly on this point. When we have read the book, we find that we have been entertained by a mass of curious and deeply interesting facts, some of them being indubitable, while others are of slender authority; but the upshot is that, instead of getting a clearer idea of the mental and

* Primitive Manners and Customs. By James A. Farrer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

moral position of savages, we are, in regard to them, more than ever at a loss. Mr. Farrer takes us by the hand and leads us from wigwam to reed-hut, from Esquimaux kayak to Melanesian proa, from the cave of Bushmen to the lodges of the Aleutian Islanders; but the more we hear and see, the more uncertain are we as to the right place of various races. Hardly has a fact been noted in one place, when its exact converse is seen in another. The custom of one primitive race is utterly barbarous; that of another, in the same respect, is superior to the practices of Europeans. In the same tribe, delicacy of conduct on one point seldom found in white races is offset by brutality in another and kindred point. In New Zealand, involuntary homicide is said to have involved more serious consequences than deliberate murder. If a man's child fell into the fire, or his canoe upset and he was himself nearly drowned, he was not only cudgeled and robbed, but he would have deemed it a personal slight not to have been so treated. To escape from drowning was commonly a sin in savage life. Fijians who escape shipwreck are supposed to be saved in order to be eaten. Williams tells how, on one occasion, fourteen of them who lost their canoe at sea only escaped becoming food for the sharks to become food for their friends on shore. If the Koosa Kafirs see a person drowning, or, indeed, in any danger of his life, they either run away from the spot, or pelt the victim with stones as he dies. Livingstone tells of a tribe in Africa that expels any one bitten by a zebra or an alligator, or even so much as splashed by the tail of the latter. The Chinese will not aid a drowning man, believing that in so doing they would deprive the river god of the sacrifice he thus demands.

It is not Mr. Farrer's fault that he cannot show us a clew to this labyrinth. The facts are too numerous and undigested. Mr. Herbert Spencer is making heroic efforts to assimilate the chaotic materials, and every now and then Mr. Darwin issues a book which bears more or less directly on the embroiled mass of facts. Once in a while Mr. Farrer attempts to give a thread. Such acts as the experience of primitive times has generalized into acts provocative of unpleasant expressions of dissatisfaction from the spirit world, and so far as sinful, become, he thinks, acts merely unlucky or ominous in the folk-lore of later date. As an instance, he advances the superstition still found in parts of England and Germany, that if you transplant parsley you may cause its guardian spirit to punish you or your relations with death. He might have advanced, as an example of a higher and more civilized class, the deification of the boundary-stones of landed property in old Italy, under the name of the god Terminus. Such deification appears to have had a practical object in scaring off persons who moved boundary-stones for their own profit. "Yet," adds Mr. Farrer, "although in some cases such superstitions act as real checks to real wickedness, the connection between them seems purely accidental, rather than the result of any intuitive discrimination of the qualities of actions." When he comes to discuss savage political life, Mr. Farrer ventures on more definite generalizations.

It would appear that the social organization of the lower races stands at a far higher level than too rapid an inspection would lead a critic to suspect. Their institutions are such as to presuppose as much ingenuity in their evolution as sagacity in their preservation. Their despotism is never so unlimited but that it recognizes the existence of a customary code beside and above it, nor is the individual liberty ever so unchecked as to outweigh the advantages, or imperil the existence, of a life in common. In short, the subordination of classes, the belief in the divine right of kings, and in differences ordained by nature between nobles and populace, the principle of hereditary government (often so firmly fixed that not even women are excluded from the highest offices), the prevalence of feudalism, with its ever-recurring wars and revolutions, not only prove an identity of social instinct which is irrespective of latitude or race, but prove, also, among the lower races the existence of a capacity for self-government which is disturbing to all preconceptions derived from accounts of their manners and superstitions in other relations of life.

Everywhere Mr. Farrer reiterates that statements concerning the total absence of civil government and total ignorance of religion among savages should be received with reserve. Everywhere he is a critic of the statements of transient visitors to savage nations. Even in Dahomey, where life is held so cheap, human life enjoys more efficient legal protection at this day than it did in England in times long subsequent to the signature of Magna Charta. Mr. Farrer divides his material into chapters on myths and beliefs, on modes of prayer, on proverbs, on moral philosophy, political life, penal laws, wedding customs, fairy-lore and comparative folk-lore. In the last chapter, he makes allusion to the practice, still kept up in Normandy, Brittany, and Lincolnshire, of draping bee-hives in crape and instructing the bees formally of a death in the family. This superstition is found in America, as Mr. Burroughs has recorded in his paper, "The Pastoral Bees," published in the issue of this magazine for May, 1879.

De Amicis's "Holland."*

CAN anything new be said about Holland? Edmondo de Amicis seems to make it his business to go about the world writing on countries, cities, and distinguished men that have been described and lauded *ad nauseam* before his time. There appears to be in him a sort of rage to attack again the old subjects. Now it is Constantinople, concerning which it was supposed that Théophile Gautier had said the last word; again it is Morocco and the great uplands of North Africa, which Fromentin and many another Frenchman treated with ability; or else it is Victor Hugo, the adored and eulogized, whose praises he sings once more.

* Holland and its People. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by Caroline Tilton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

And, strange to say, in none of his attempts is he unsuccessful. It may be that he does not equal all of his predecessors, but the attempt is all the more creditable, since comparisons must necessarily be drawn between him and them, and because he lacks the element of comparative novelty which gave much life to their efforts. His book on Holland has modern as well as older competitors in every great language of the West, and yet, by the force of his imagination and the alertness of his style, he is able to supply a sketch of the people, literature, art, and chief cities of that surprising little country which is often original, and even when not original, is certainly most sprightly and entertaining to read. He knows just how to mix history, politics, art, literature, description of country and town, quotations from natives and comparison with other countries, in order to form a pleasing compound after the manner of a good salad, in which one tastes, but never tastes too much, each one of the several parts. A most relishable compound it is that he prepares. Perhaps to a fastidious taste some of the ingredients are not of the first quality, but the neatness and balance of the whole redeem them. Thus, on the old topic of Dutch art, Edmondo de Amicis ventilates some very ingenious theories, which are more suggestive than convincing. He accepts the old theory for Dutch realism in art, as the following passage shows:

"What that art would necessarily be might have been guessed, even had no monument of it remained. A pacific, laborious, practical people, continually beaten down, to quote a great German poet, to prosaic realities by the occupations of a vulgar burgher life; cultivating its reason at the expense of its imagination; living, consequently, more in clear ideas than in beautiful images; taking refuge from abstractions; never darting its thoughts beyond that nature with which it is in perpetual battle; seeing only that which is, enjoying only that which it can possess, making its happiness consist in the tranquil ease and honest sensuality of a life without violent passions or exorbitant desires; such a people must have tranquillity also in their art, they must love an art which pleases without startling the mind, which addresses the senses rather than the spirit, an art full of repose, precision, and delicacy, though material like their lives; in a word, a realistic art in which they see themselves as they are, and as they are content to be. The artists began by tracing that which they saw before their eyes—the house," etc., etc.

After touching on the next steps in Dutch art, viz., the landscape, animal painting, marine, this agreeable theorizer finds another step in the large pictures containing portraits of burghers ten, twenty, thirty at a time, representatives of guilds and corporations. As to light, which he thinks leads all the rest as the distinctive feature of Dutch painting:

"The light in Holland, by reason of the particular conditions of its manifestation, could not fail to give rise to a special manner of painting. A pale light, waving with marvelous mobility through an atmosphere impregnated with vapor, a nebulous veil continually and abruptly torn, a perpetual struggle between light and shadow, such was the spectacle which attracted the eye of the artist. He began to observe and to reproduce all the agitation of the heavens, the struggle which animates with various and fantastic life the solitude of nature in Holland; and in representing it the struggle passed into his soul, and instead of representing he created. Then he caused the two elements to contend under his hand; he accumulated darkness that he might split and seam it with all manner of luminous effects and sudden gleams of light; sunbeams darted through the rifts, sunset reflections and the yellow rays of lamp-light were blended with delicate manipulations into mysterious shadows, and their dim depths were peopled with half-seen forms; and thus he created all sorts of contrasts, enigmas, play and effect of strange and unexpected *chiaroscuro*. In this field, among many, stands conspicuous Gerard Don [*sic*], the author of the famous four-candle picture, and the great magician and sovereign illuminator, Rembrandt."

The theory constructed to meet the development of color among the Dutch painters is that in a fog-veiled atmosphere the eye, unable to fix itself upon the form, flies to color as the principal attribute presented by nature; also, that in a country so flat, so uniform, and so gray as Holland, there is the same need of color that in Southern lands there is of shade. Most of these arguments have some truth in them; the difficulty is that they do not go far enough; they do not account for similar manifestations in art under entirely different climatic influences; they put too much burden on underlying axioms which, on examination, may prove to be far from axiomatic, indeed, more than doubtful. To call Holland a gray or pale country is to judge very superficially; to the unprejudiced eye, Holland may have more color both summer and winter than either Italy or France. But it is hardly worth while to weigh strongly upon these questions; all that can be done is to caution the reader against taking without question the skillfully presented and sometimes bold arguments of Edmondo de Amicis. He has done his part well, and the translator has given a smooth version. The proof-reader, however, has been indulging in his customary antics. The names of Dutch artists are misspelled with a recklessness that does not admit of excuse.

Miss Perry's "Tragedy of the Unexpected."*

MISS PERRY'S stories are all agreeable, though not impressive. Little social incidents of a somewhat trivial character are described with a certain girlish vehemence which, after all, is quite attractive. In the first story, from which the book derives its title, it is a lovers' quarrel which is the central theme. Jim Marlowe, who has had a disagreement with his *fiancée*, Alice Raymond, and is disconsolate in consequence, employs his leisure in gaining the affections of another young lady. After having entangled himself considerably with this new conquest, he discovers that Miss Raymond (who had failed to respond to his letter of reconciliation) is suffering from an acute attack of typhoid fever, from which she will

* The Tragedy of the Unexpected, and Other Stories. By Nora Perry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1880.

probably not recover without his assistance. He then becomes convinced that, in his heart of hearts, he has always been faithful to his first love, and is at the same time perplexed to know how to dispose of number two. This young lady, however, on learning from Marlowe's friend, Hamlyn, of the former's defection, retreats in a very dignified manner, and thereby wins the sincere admiration of her interlocutor. Marlowe now marries Miss Raymond, and we are led to infer that Hamlyn's feelings for Miss Amherst culminate in a similar arrangement. We can detect nothing tragic in this *dénouement*, and therefore fail to see the appropriateness of the elaborate title. Very likely such a weak brother as Marlowe made in later years a very unsatisfactory husband, in which case a post-nuptial tragedy must be supplied by the reader's imagination.

Miss Perry's men, as far as the present volume reveals them, are mostly of the Marlowe and Hamlyn types. They are, as a rule, Jims and Neds and Jacks and Toms, and are endowed with the mental characteristics which these familiar abbreviations would lead one to expect. They talk exaggerated college slang, address each other as "old man" and "old fellow," and display in their demeanor that easy and reckless jollity which is traditional with American collegians, and which very young ladies are apt to find adorable. Mr. Hadley, in "Mrs. Stanhope's Last Lodger," is, to be sure, of a more serious turn of mind, and there are various other vague personalities scattered through the book which do not exactly conform to the above description. Major Luce, for instance, in "Mrs. F.'s Waiting-Maid," shows by his actions that he is made of sturdier metal; and the Frenchman, De Grèmont, in "My Nannie O," although we see but little of him, naturally betrays his alienism in the brief scene in which he is introduced. For all that, the impression remains in the reader's mind that the collegian is to Miss Perry the type of American manhood.

Davis's "Stranded Ship."

Mr. Clarke Davis's novelette, first published in book form, by Putnam, several years ago, re-appears now in a new dress, but with the same neat little symbolical cut on the title-page, something battered and bruised with service. The story wears better than the picture. At the time of its first publication, it did not receive the notice it deserved; and it certainly ought to have justice in this present appeal to popular favor. "A Stranded Ship" has many claims on our liking. It is an American story, first of all; a genuine, natural, unaffectedly native tale, that is characteristic of the country without being a mere coarse reproduction of broad national eccentricities. It is a well-made story, also, if we accept the episodic plan of construction which the author has chosen. It is by no means the best form; but it is handled in this instance with discretion and effect. Mr. Davis has the rare faculty of appealing to the eye through the imagination. His descriptions are vivid, fresh, full of color; his story is a succession of small, suggestive pictures, that, in presenting the various stages of his hero's wanderings, work out the simple plot. "A Stranded Ship" is a story of sin and expiation; not too gloomy for the "average reader," yet not devoid of serious interest and value. The author's style is pleasant and graceful, but it is marred by a feebleness, which comes in part from the too free use of weakening conjunctives, in part from an indefinable lack of terseness and incisive brevity of phrase. This weakness, however, does not extend to the spiritual essence of the work; the thought is sound, healthy, and masculine; nor is this slight lack of strength in the language more than a trifling external blemish upon a charming creation. As at present published, in the "Knickerbocker" series, "A Stranded Ship" is bound up with two stories which add nothing to the worth of the book. "Dick Lyle's Fee" is thin and trivial; and "A Queen of Burlesque" is but the unsatisfying sketch of what might have been elaborated into a novel and touching character study.

"Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-school."*

This important contribution to the musical literature of the Sunday-school is largely composed of new songs, interspersed with older favorites, and so arranged as to stand upon the exact level reached by the general musical culture and facilities of our better equipped Sunday-schools. It presents as good music as can be used to advantage, but no better than can be readily mastered.

The book is remarkable for the musical care with which it is prepared. There is no slovenly counterpoint in it. It is said of Beethoven that, after hearing a certain violoncellist, his ideas of the possibilities of the bass were enlarged. Certainly the Sunday-school musician will find a like charm in this book, for the bass is developed in so admirable a fashion that it often becomes a melody in itself. As almost all Sunday-school singing consists of soprano and bass, it is proper that much should be made of the latter, rather than to allow agreeable variety to slumber in an unused tenor. In this book, moreover, there is no superabundance of refrains. That much-abused instrument of children's praise is used discreetly, and not, as is often the case, so as to obscure the sentiment of every stanza in a cloud of the lightest of musical dust, kicked up at the end.

The work, indeed, seems to be adapted to foster more thoughtful and quiet singing, which is destined to supersede the strained, unnatural, and deafening boisterousness often hitherto cultivated. Children have been taught to "shout" their hosannas all too literally, and to "sing out" has sometimes meant to sing out of all relation to the thought sung. There is ample material in the volume for decorous worship; nothing in it is dreary, and there is nothing to provoke mere noise.

It is noteworthy that this book is in line with the

* A Selection of Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-school. Arranged and edited by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D. New York: Scribner & Co.

development of the Sunday-school idea itself. This institution is no longer a "ragged-school," nor exclusively a "child's-school," but the "bible-school" of the church. Something higher than the old, well-worn ditties is therefore demanded. Such a book, well used, cannot but be a powerful force in solving the problem of "retaining the older scholars." Not unintelligible to the younger, it is engaging and satisfactory to the most mature. It is a fitting link between child singing and church singing. The two cannot be blended by putting the church book entire into the Sabbath-school; and yet their intimate connection is a great desideratum. Here they are woven together by the *fringes*. The best of these songs and the less formal of the church chorals to a certain extent coincide, and the book shades away into any good book of church hymns and tunes. There can be no chasm between the Sunday-school and the church service, if this book is faithfully used; for, beyond the fact that there are church hymns in the book itself, its whole spirit and methods are such that it is but an easy step from its platform to the one next above. In fact, this book is one of the few of its class to justify their title. It is admirably fitted to awaken spiritual life, and to express it.

Books for Young People.*

MISS L. M. ALCOTT has chosen a taking title for her latest story† for young people, published in ST. NICHOLAS during the year just closed. "Jack and Jill" are so dear to the boys and girls, as early companions of their childhood, that the young readers of this charming little tale of real life will feel that from henceforth they have a real possession in the adventures of the two classic characters of their nursery romance. The Jack and Jill of Miss Alcott's story are a boy and girl living in the delightful village of Harmony, which we must take for granted as being a real place, slightly idealized, somewhere in the heart of New England. Jack is the child of "well-to-do" parents, and the fortunes of Jill are less generous. Lass and lad come to grief early in the tale, all through sliding down hill. Both are disabled, and Jill is taken to the home of the family of Jack. The trials of the twain, their patience, and the various devices invented for their entertainment, form the staple of the narrative which follows. The author treads on the dangerous verge of a false sentimentality when she ventures on the somewhat unusual expedient of choosing two ill people as the central figures around whom revolve all the incidents and interests of the story. Little people very readily learn that to be ill is to be "interesting," and there are instances on record of youthful deceivers "making believe sick" in order to gain a sympathy which they did not deserve. But there is no mawkish sentimentality about Jack and Jill. They are sensible children, taking their privations in courageous fashion, and getting heartily well, so that the curtain falls on an entirely healthful group of young folks.

INNUMERABLE small people remember with delight the volume of "Bed-time Stories" put forth, a year or two since, by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. So great was the popularity of this collection of short tales * and sketches for young folks, that a second series of the same has been prepared, and has just made its appearance, like the celebrated "More Last Words of Mr. Richard Baxter." It is hardly necessary to bespeak for this dainty little book the welcome which it deserves. The preceding volume has prepared the way for a warm reception for the present collection. The book shows the influence of foreign travel and residence, as the scenery of many of the stories is English, or not American, and the charming dedication of the volume is addressed to a brown-eyed English lass.

CONSIDERING that the English books from which Miss Emmet takes her hint in these colored ballad-illustrations† are so good of their kind, and are so well known, we are somewhat surprised at the bright and original impression made by "Pretty Peggy." There is not so much imitation as one might expect. The work is not so complete as Mr. Walter Crane's, Miss Kate Greenaway's, or Mr. Caldecott's, but it has a pleasing character of its own in such designs as are on the front of the cover, the dedicatory frontispiece, and pages 28 and 29. Some others of the pages are rather awkward, and others altogether too pretty. The Anglicism of the pictures is not quite genuine, we fear, and the color-printing might be improved. But, on the whole, Miss Emmet has made a very promising beginning, and a book that no one ought to be sorry to see "popular" for a season.

MOST healthy children love living pets, whether clad in fur or feathers. And all children will find pleasure and profit in the reading of Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's pretty book, "Queer Pets at Marcy's."‡ It is evident that the author has made conscientious study of the facts in natural history which are brought out in her volume, and any child with a natural turn for zoölogy and ornithology may find a store of useful knowledge in these attractive pages. So entertaining, indeed, are the sketches of the queer pets whose lives and adventures are here narrated that one fails to see why it was thought necessary to string the whole on a slender thread of story. The reader soon loses all interest in the "Marcy" of the tale in following the author, as she tells in her pleasing manner what she knows of the queer pets of various people. Not the least charm

* For notices of other new books for children, see p. 321 the December SCRIBNER.

† Jack and Jill; a Village Story. By Miss Louisa M. Alcott, thor of "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little en," "Under the Lilacs," etc. With illustrations. Boston: oberts Brothers. 1880.

* New Bed-time Stories. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Bed-time Stories," "More Bed-time Stories," "Some Women's Hearts," etc. With illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

† Pretty Peggy and Other Ballads. Illustrated by Rosina Emmet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

‡ Queer Pets at Marcy's. By Olive Thorne Miller. Illustrated by J. C. Beard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1880.

of the book is in its admirable illustrations, most of which were drawn for the author by Mr. James C. Beard.

MRS. ALFRED GATTY, whose "Aunt Judy's Tales" have made her name tolerably well known to young readers on both sides of the Atlantic, has just put forth a neat little two-volume * edition of fables or parables from nature, in which the actors and speakers are minor objects, animate and inanimate, in nature. The rain and the grass, all manner of creeping things, the clouds and the trees, the flowers and the birds, hold common conversation in a way which would not have been approved by Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose fantastic objection to teaching children by fable is well known. These parables are harmless, and the lessons derivable from them, although too often obscured by an inundation of words, are always wholesome. The two volumes are daintily printed and bound, and encased in a neat box.

THE popularity of Colonel Knox's book, "The Boy Travelers in China and Japan," published last season, has insured a warm welcome for the new volume † of what promises to be a series of books of travel for young folks. In the previous book, Frank and Fred, two intelligent and hearty American boys, accompanied by Dr. Bronson, who acts as guide, philosopher, and friend, made the tour of China and Japan, seeing not only all sorts of curious things, but much that was new and entertaining in the manners and customs of the people. Here and there were thrown in bits of strange adventure, scraps of history and half-forgotten lore, all of which was enlivened with just such dialogue as might be expected of the party which we have described. The volume before us is brimful of knowledge, conveyed to the reader in the same familiar manner as that which drew so many readers to the first volume of the series. The boy travelers now visit Cochin China, Cambodia, Siam, and Java. There is also an interesting chapter on the Malay Archipelago, conveniently furnished to the travelers by an accommodating gentleman, who obliges them with an account of what he saw and heard in that little-visited region of the world. Then, too, there are episodes of pearl-diving, elephants, crocodiles, etc., and other topics, which furnish much discursive reading. The book is heartily commended to readers, young and old, as a very clever piece of work, fitted for the entertainment and instruction of both little folks and grown folks.

"SUSAN COOLIDGE," as Miss Sarah Woolsey prefers to call herself on her title-pages, is another writer who has this year ventured into the field of foreign travel for the sake of the young people.* Her excursion takes her readers to the Channel Islands, to which an English family has been sent for the benefit of the soft airs of that region, the mother of the brood of children being an invalid. "Incidental to the piece," as the theatrical managers would say, there is an account of a family feud, or *vendetta*, between some of the natives of Guernsey, which is discovered by the young visitors, and is healed by Lily, the good angel of the tale. Then there is a very disagreeable member of the family, Isabel, who manifests her surly and peevish disposition in the very first chapter of the book, goes wrong all through the story, and is miraculously reformed just as the curtain is about to fall on the family in their own English home. There is a slender plot to the tale, and the charm of the book lies in its open-air tone of freshness, and in the agreeable manner with which the writer has brought before the reader the natural scenery of the Channel Islands, their history, the quaint ways of their inhabitants, and the tales and legends which haunt the region. The book is profusely illustrated and brightly bound. It will be a welcome addition to the holiday books already announced.

EVERYBODY who has read one of Mr. Edward Everett Hale's tales of fiction knows "Colonel Ingham," who is really Mr. Hale's double. In his latest book for young people † Mr. Hale puts forward once more our old favorite, the Colonel, under whose instruction and guidance a party of boys and girls unearth from the newspapers and piles of military reports a great many short stories and anecdotes of the late civil war in America. These are told in the words of the original authors thereof—newspaper correspondents, generals, historians, and chance gossipers. Of course the work is somewhat scrappy in character, and the solid masses of type which the extracts have made it necessary to employ do not help the general appearance of the book. But the advancing generation of American men and women have need to keep themselves informed of the spirit and temper of the great conflict, if they would understand the history of their own country. This is the purpose of Mr. Hale's book. His selections from the writings of the time are not for amusement, but for the enlightenment of those who have come to reading age since the War of the Rebellion was over.

A Second Portfolio of Pictures from "Scribner's Monthly" and "St. Nicholas."

THE second volume of "Proof Impressions from SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and 'St. Nicholas'" ‡ is somewhat different in its make-up from the first. In the first volume, along with pictures of worth and

* Parables from Nature. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty, author of "Aunt Judy's Tales," etc. Two vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

† The Boy Travelers in the Far East. Part II. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Siam and Java, with Descriptions of Cochin China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malayan Archipelago. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* A Guernsey Lily; or How the Feud was Healed. A Story for Boys and Girls. By Susan Coolidge, author of "What Katy Did," "The New-Year's Bargain," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

† Stories of the War, Told by Soldiers. Collected and edited by Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

‡ Scribner & Co., New York.

beauty as pictures,—and, too, as well-engraved pictures,—were others more in the way of well-executed illustrations; pictures, in fact, remarkable mainly for the skill and delicacy of their engraving and printing. In the present collection, the main consideration has been the artistic value of the designs. It is an indication of the increased value of the art in current periodical literature that a collection like the present can be made, drawn mainly from the issues of a single year. Among the fifty pictures that constitute the second portfolio (some of which are printed in delicate tints of brown, gray, and red, etc., and all on separate, loose sheets) may be mentioned several of the most interesting of the Millet designs—especially Cole's engraving of "The Sower"; some of the remarkable reproductions of Seymour Haden's etchings; Raphael's "Apollo and Marsyas," and engravings and fac-similes of the work of John La Farge, William Blake, Whistler, Elihu Vedder, Thomas Moran, Mary Hallock Foote, George Inness, Jr., Homer Martin, E. A. Abbey, Abbott H. Thayer, Robert Blum, Wyatt Eaton, W. M. Chase, C. A. Vanderhoof, A. de Neuville, M. R. Oakey, Chialiva, Francis Lathrop, H. M. Knowlton, A. Brennan, and others. Here will be found the portrait of Poe, which accompanied Mr. Stedman's study of that poet; portraits also of Gladstone, Millet, Madame Millet, Duveneck, Savonarola, Peter the Great, Whittier, Whistler's Mother, Walt Whitman, Seymour Haden, Mrs. Gilbert as *Mrs. Candour*, Joseph Jefferson as *Bob Acres*, and Ristori as *Mary Stuart*. The admirers of the "Russian Nun" will find this picture in the collection, as well as the "Young Russian Girl in Ancient Russian Dress," and the "Swedish Queen-mother of the Olden Time." The old masters represented (besides Raphael) are Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Vandyke.

NOTE.—Through inadvertence, a statement in "Bordentown and its Environs," to the effect that Lafayette was the guest of General Moreau at Trenton, was reproduced in the article on "Bordentown and the Bonapartes," in our November number. General Moreau was mortally wounded at the battle of Dresden, years before Lafayette revisited this country.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

The Yale College Horological and Thermometrical Bureau.

THE tendency of modern work is steadily toward refinement and precision. Instruments of precision are beginning to be required in every trade, and all work in any degree employing science must be exact or it is of no value. In weighing and measuring, our scale-makers supply appliances of great scientific accuracy, and in testing the strength of materials the General Government now offers facilities for making very delicate comparisons. In measurement of time, our watch-makers can supply watches of remarkable accuracy; but in measuring temperatures, the instruments are less accurate, and in neither of these are there recognized standards of measurements, such as the Government supplies for weights and measures. A watch or thermometer may be correct, but there has been no place on this continent where either could be authoritatively proved. This being the case, it is of the utmost importance that such a testing station be established, where standard clocks and thermometers can be kept for reference. Such a horological and thermometrical bureau has long been in operation at Kew, near London, and has done much good work, and it is a matter of congratulation that one has just been opened in this country, and is now ready to test watches and thermometers, and to give certificates as to their degree of accuracy.

We have made a careful inspection of the appliances and methods of the Bureau, and some account of it is here given in the belief that anything that tends to raise the standard of excellence in work is of value to our readers. The cheaper thermometers, used to test the temperature of a room, are generally about as accurate as a watch costing three dollars. The clinical thermometers are much better, but no doubt some physicians, in reading the glass thrust into a fever patient's mouth, have advised him to make a will; and the patient, firmly believing in the instrument that recorded his temperature as fatally high, has calmly died as a matter of duty, whereas, had he known it was five degrees out of the way he might have decided to live. In oil-testing, navigation, and metallurgy an accurate thermometer may raise or lower the market value of vast property, or lose a ship. The glass tube changes with age; the bore varies greatly in diameter; a thermometer plunged in hot steam or sent to zero will not record the same points correctly the second time—in fact, the whole instrument seems to be subject to obscure and complex laws, of which the makers of cheap thermometers are sometimes wholly ignorant, and over which no one, however skillful, has any control. No two thermometers are ever exactly alike, and the user, whether in art or trade, must not only know that his glass fails of precision, but he must also know the amount of its variations and errors.

The making of a standard thermometer requires a long time and a great deal of patience and labor. It is the duty of the Bureau to examine such thermometers and prove their freezing and boiling points,

and to minutely verify every degree of the scale, and to note the errors that may exist. This determining of exact points on the scale is essential in standard thermometers used by makers and for the most accurate work. For the manufacturer, navigator, and physician, it is only important to know the approximate errors at every fifth degree. It would cost too much to have a thermometer of absolute precision; but if one knows its relation to a known standard, it has just as much practical value, and if he knows the ratio of its variations or errors, he is safe in using it. For instance, the tube of a thermometer is always more or less irregular in diameter. Where it is contracted, the mercury, under the influence of an increase of temperature, occupies a greater length; where it is larger, it occupies less. And these variations affect the readings; but if the resulting errors are known, and are taken into account in the reading, the glass may be practically useful in fine measurements, though not exactly an instrument of precision. To illustrate this, we may examine the ordinary clinical thermometer used by physicians. It is a small tube, having a scale extending from 90° to 110° Fahr. It may be correct, but in all probability it is not, and until the law of its errors, or, in other words, its habits, are known, it is not an instrument fit to be used in medical practice. By the operation of the Bureau, the maker may send the empty glass to the Bureau, to be locked up under a seal only to be broken by the Bureau at the end of a year. The Bureau then gives him a certificate that the glass has been properly seasoned or "ripened," and is fit to be made into a thermometer. When finished, it is again sent to the Bureau to be tested for errors. This work is performed by the aid of special appliances, and the maker pays a small fee sufficient to cover the cost. The apparatus used resembles the one invented and now used for some years at Kew, and as far as can be learned from comparing it with the published drawings of the English apparatus, is much more simple and convenient and quite as accurate. It would, indeed, seem from the method of using it to be likely to be far more uniformly reliable throughout the year. It consists, essentially, of a copper tank for holding the heated water, in which the glasses are suspended during the testing. The tank is jacketed by means of an inclosed air-space, and has a dash-churn for stirring and mixing the water, so that it shall not contain layers of hot or cold water; it also has a carrier for holding the thermometers. Both the tank and jacket have an opening down the side, and covered with glass, through which the thermometers may be seen when suspended in the water. In the tank are suspended two standard thermometers, one close to the glass, and the other on the carrier. This carrier consists of a brass frame, like the dasher of a churn, and filled with holes ranged around the edge; each hole is numbered, and the glasses are suspended in these holes by means of a clamp, a duplicate plate on top of the tank carrying corresponding numbers to guide the operator in his work. The carrier is suspended freely in the tank, and may be turned around by means of a hand-crank, the revolution of the carrier bringing each glass into view through the slit in succession. The tank is filled with water by means of pipes from a domestic hot and cold water apparatus (an improvement on the English method of pouring in hot water from a tea-kettle), and when the water is brought to 90° Fahr., and properly churned, the glasses are suspended in it and slowly examined, one at a time, at least twice. The examination is made by looking through a microscope, and the difference between its record and that of the standard thermometer is noted in tenths of a degree. The temperature of the water is then slowly raised to 110° Fahr., and each thermometer is examined minutely on every fifth degree, and the mean of all its errors is recorded.

The Bureau then gives a certificate, saying that the glass (known by the maker's name and number) is correct on every fifth degree, or is in error above or below these points so much, in tenths of a degree. This certificate is then the measure of the commercial value of the glass. It enhances the price, and gives the purchaser a positive assurance of its value and a guide to the habits of that particular instrument. It sometimes happens, for reasons beyond the control of the maker, that a glass may exhibit such variations that it is valueless, and in that case no certificate is given, and if offered for sale without the certificate it is either a fraud or a cheap and useless tool. If the physician buys it, he does so at his own, or rather his patient's, risk. Certainly no physician, oil-tester, furnace-man, navigator, or manufacturer using thermometers has any longer an excuse in buying poor tools. If the dealer cannot give a certificate, the glass is not worth buying, and if it has a certificate its value is guaranteed, and its known variations may properly enter into the calculations based on its use. Although the Bureau has been in operation but a short time, it has already done a good work in raising the standard of workmanship in such glasses. Some makers who have submitted their glasses to the Bureau already show better ratings for their work, and have decidedly advanced the commercial value of their goods.

The horological branch of the Bureau is devoted to the examination and rating of clocks, watches, and chronometers. The aim is to compare them with clocks of standard excellence, and to observe and record their variations under the influence of changes in temperature, barometric pressure, and position. The greater part of this work is performed upon watches, and in examining the methods of testing them a clear idea of the whole system may be obtained. In rating watches, the first requisite is some method of obtaining standard time. The ordinary watch-seller depends upon some large clock, and, if he is near an observatory, corrects his clock by the beat of the pendulum of the observatory clock, sent to him by wire. In the Bureau, the Horological Department is part of a first-class astronomical observatory. Three standard clocks of the best American make are placed in the lower story of a brick building and inclosed in an air-tight closet with thick walls, for the purpose of

keeping them in a constant temperature at all times. Near by, and in a separate building, is a high-class transit instrument, for comparing the clocks, as often as the weather permits, with actual sidereal time. In making these comparisons, no dependence upon the eye or ear is allowed, nor is it possible in this case, as the clocks and the transit observer are in separate buildings, but all the comparisons are made by means of a chronograph. This apparatus records by means of a stylographic pen, making a trace upon a revolving cylinder driven by clock-work and controlled by delicate machinery. The swing of the pendulum of the standard clock makes and breaks an electrical current that causes the pen to move aside, and, as a result, the trace of the pen is broken or dented with each swing of the pendulum. The observer at the transit instrument holds in his hand a circuit-closer in electrical connection with the chronograph, and, on observing the passage of a star across the field of his glass, closes the circuit, and the pen makes a dent in its trace. It is easy then to compare the dents on the trace marked by the pendulum and those that record the transit of the star, and the difference between these dents records the difference, in tenths of a second, between the clock and the star.

At some distance from the observatory, in the office of a safe deposit company, is a second chronograph, also recording the beats of the standard clock. In the vaults of the company is a set of drawers, designed to be closed air-tight and securely locked, for containing the watches to be examined. Under the drawers is a refrigerator, with the proper water-tight tanks for holding the watches while undergoing the cold test. Next to it is an oven for the hot test. This oven is heated by hot water pipes (heated by gas), and is properly supplied with chemicals for obtaining a perfectly dry air. On the arrival of a watch for testing, it is at once removed, numbered, entered by its maker's name and number in the books, and placed, with the dial uppermost, in a compartment in one of the drawers. If it has run down, it is wound up; but in this case the tests do not begin until it has been running five days. The temperature in the drawers is maintained between 65° and 75° Fahr. at all times, and the watch is never touched except by the observer in charge. At a fixed hour every day the watch is tested. This consists in observing when its second hand passes a fixed point of the day and minute. The observer holds a circuit-closer, connected by wire with the chronograph, in his hand, and at the right instant closes the circuit, and a dent is made on the chronographic trace. A comparison of the mark with those made by the beats of the standard clock shows in tenths of a second the gain or loss exhibited by the watch in the past twenty-four hours. These tests are made on twelve successive days, and the differences are recorded. If the gain or loss exceeds ten seconds in a day, the tests go no further, as the watch is not worthy of examination, and no certificate of its rating can be given. The owner of the watch can, however, have a letter stating the amount of the loss or gain, but this is not regarded as a certificate in any sense. At the end of the twelve days, the watch is kept for one day in the refrigerator at about 40° Fahr., and then one day in the oven at a temperature of about 90° Fahr. It then returns to the ordinary temperature, and is kept for fourteen days with the dial vertical (hanging) and with the pendant up, two days with the pendant to the right, and two days with the pendant to the left. It then rests two days with the dial down, and then eight days with the face up. Each day it is tested and recorded on the chronograph, and its rating recorded. Proper limits of variations are placed at each change in position or temperature, and if the watch passes all the tests it may be rated in the first class. A certificate showing the mean of its variations, and signed and sealed by the Bureau, is given with it to the maker, and this becomes the measure of its commercial value. The purchaser, as in the case of the thermometer, has a right to demand the certificate, both as a guarantee of its value and a record of its rate of variation. Cheaper watches, in being rated, may go through fewer changes of temperature or position and examinations, and are rated in lower classes, and receive certificates to that effect. Watches that do not obtain certificates are not necessarily valueless. The letter stating their rate of variation gives the truth about them, and while not the highest-class watches, they may be very good, and sell accordingly. Clocks and chronometers are examined in essentially the same way, except that in the case of clocks, their variations under changes in barometric pressure also enter into the tests. While only a few of the leading makers of watches and thermometers have availed themselves of the advantages of the Bureau, and while it has only been in operation for a short time, public interest has been awakened in the subject, and the Bureau, it would seem, has a wide and useful field before it. The system of buying watches and glasses by certificate is entirely new in this country, but it has been found to work well in Europe, and it cannot fail to be of great benefit, both to trade and science. The Bureau is under the control of Winchester Observatory, of Yale College, and is protected by every possible precaution to secure accuracy of observation and truthfulness in the reports.

American Progress in the Manufacture of Stained Glass.

THE use of colored or stained glass in windows, and so disposed as to represent figures or pictures, is a very old art, and in its history it appears to have passed through two stages. At first, it was arranged in geometrical forms or simple pictures, depending upon the form of the cut pieces of glass for the outlines, and upon its varying thickness for shades of color. Afterward, glass was painted to heighten the effect of the picture, and this style of work has continued to the present day. While stained glass windows are still made without the use of paint, they are not common, except in the representation of mere conventional figures, or in windows where only simple masses of color are used, without regard

to any special design. Believing that the ancient art of making pictures in stained glass, both with and without the use of paint, might be greatly improved, two of our American artists, Mr. John La Farge and Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, have turned their attention to this art, and have not only produced new effects in this field of art work, but have virtually introduced a new industry of the most promising and interesting character. The art work does not come under this Department, but the mechanical methods by which it is secured may properly be considered as part of the advanced work of the world. In this work the aim has been hitherto to suppress as much as possible the "leading," or sash used to hold the glass. It was formerly used only in the outlines of the design or picture, and was ignored wherever possible, painting in part taking its place in defining the picture. In the new system, the leads are treated as parts of the picture. For instance, in a piece of foliage the lead represents the twigs and stems, and is made thick and rough to indicate the wood, or in representing drapery it follows the seams of the fabric, and is gilded. This roughening and gilding produces a new effect not before obtained in stained glass. Seen at night, with a light inside the window, stained glass is usually a confused mass of lines, representing nothing. In the new method, the leads actually represent the outlines of the picture, while the gilding heightens the effect, and the window has an increased decorative value. Besides this, the lead is made of varying thickness, to give character to the lines of the picture, a shaded or softened line being secured by making the lead much wider on the outside of the window, thus overlapping the glass and casting a shadow dimly seen through the window. The lead is also made in very delicate lines, and treated as part of the design, whether supporting the glass or not. The use of glass of varying thickness is not new, but in the new method of work this is carried out in a manner that is entirely novel, and gives effects never before attained. The hot glass, while at a red heat, is rolled with corrugated rollers, punched and pressed by various roughened tools, or is squeezed and pressed up into corrugations by lateral pressure, or is stamped by dies. The "bull's-eyes" produced in making sheet glass, by whirling it round on a rod while still soft, are also cut into various shapes, or, while still soft, are gently pressed into new shapes. These blocks or tiles and sheets of colored glass may then be used to represent natural objects, as flowers, clouds, rays of light, the folds of hanging drapery, fringes, or even parts of landscapes, as the sea, or a hill, or the forms of fruit, by simply using the lines formed by the corrugations, or the raised ribs or uneven surfaces, to represent the lines of the object, whatever it may be. To illustrate, we may take a simple white lily. The stem is formed by the lead, the flower is a piece of thick white (porcelain) glass, stamped to represent the petals of the flower in relief. The thick parts are dark, the thinner portions are light, and in its place in the window, with light from the outside, it looks like a lily painted with more than common skill. In fact, it would be impossible to paint on glass any such delicate gradations of color as are here obtained. Fruit is represented by a mass of glass of varying thickness, and thus it is shaded in a manner that could not be obtained by painting. Added to this, is the further effect gained by the specular reflection from the raised surface of the glass, which, in the night, when the window is lighted from within, gives the outline of the fruit or flower; moreover, if there is in the room a cross-light from another window the raised surface reflects it, and gives the fruit or flower still another touch of light. While this method of treating glass is not new, it may be fairly claimed that an old idea has been carried far beyond anything hitherto attempted, and that here is practically a new art. Next to this comes a development of the familiar process of etching "flashed glass" with acids, but in place of merely eating away one of the colored surfaces in the form of letters, the acid is, as it were, painted on, and the work becomes picturesque. To obtain still other effect, flashed glass is etched on the colored side so as entirely to remove the color. Stained glass of another color is then placed behind it, to give new combinations of color or shade. Several sheets of glass, more or less etched or corrugated, are placed one over the other to give other combinations of tints. Next to this comes a revival and modification of the old Venetian method of imbedding bits of colored glass in sheets of clear glass. This is done by scattering filaments and irregular bits of colored glass on the table on which plate glass is made, and then pouring the hot glass (either white or colored) over the table, and rolling it down in the usual manner to press the colored threads or pieces into the sheet. New styles of opalescent glass, new methods of mixing colors in the glass-house, have also been tried, and with many surprising and beautiful results. Lastly, comes one of the most original features of all, and this is the use of solid masses and lumps of glass, pressed while hot into molds, giving a great number of facets like a cut stone, or by taking blocks of glass and roughly chipping them into numerous small faces. These, when set in the window, have all the effects of the most brilliant gems, changing their shade of color with every changing angle of vision. Both Mr. Tiffany and Mr. La Farge have made stained-glass windows by these methods with great success; each has invented certain of the novel processes described above, and, aside from considerations of art, the glass-making interest cannot fail to be greatly benefited by their labors. It should be said, however, that while Mr. La Farge was, we believe, first in the field of experiment, some of these methods, invented by Mr. Tiffany, have hitherto been used only by him.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Captain Dick.

Upon the shores of lofty Lake Tahoe,
Or, rather, in the little hidden bay
Called Emerald, there lived, some years ago,
The sailor, Captain Dick, whose beard was gray
And grizzled with much washing in the ocean's
salty spray.

Long years he sailed upon the stormy sea,
And saw his comrades perish, one by one,
And go to feed the sharks. At last, thought he,
"I'll leave the ocean ere my days are done,
And have some Christian ceremony when my race
is run."

Upon the bosom of this quiet bay
He found a little isle of solid rock.
"Here," thought he, "is the place for me to lay
My shivered timbers down, safe from the shock
Of tempests, and of tourists who at sepulchers do
mock."

Long time he worked there, long and patiently,
With hammer, chisel, crow-bar, sledge, and
drill,
And digged himself a grave, six feet by three,
And then pulled over home, took out his will,
And told the world about it in the final codicil.

Above his sepulcher he built a roof,
And nailed a cross upon it for a charm;
Then fancied that his final home was proof
Against the rain, the devil, and all harm;
A very comfortable bunk, and very snug and
warm.

His house was now in order, and he found
It rather lonesome here, with naught to do
But trim his little yacht and cruise around
The island where his grave was in full view;
Which recreation made him feel at times a trifle
blue.

So often, on fine days, he would repair
To Rowland's custom-house across the lake
(A gin-mill is a "custom-house" out there),
And there the captain would spin yarns and
slake
His thirst with whatsoever drink the boys asked
him to take.

Sometimes he took too much, at least he did
On the momentous day which we deplore.
'Twas calculated that he soaked his quid
Some twelve or fourteen times, and then, before
He sailed for home, he filled his jug with half a
gallon more.

Ah, fearful are the storms on Lake Tahoe,
And often take the sailor unawares—
And when the tempest once begins to blow,
He has but little time to say his prayers;
Nor always makes the best of this, but reefs
his sail and swears.

Next day they found the sail-boat upside down,
An oar or two were floating there close by.
The only other relic was a brown
Half-gallon jug, a-bobbing high and dry;
Half-empty now, but it had been full of perni-
cious rye.

But Captain Dick, they found him nevermore;
To look for him was hardly worth the while.
When Lake Tahoe's deep water closes o'er
A man, he sinks a quarter of a mile
Before he stops, as has been proved quite fre-
quently by trial.

So, reader, if of this you have a doubt,
Just take a pilgrimage to Emerald Bay,
In whose green nook there stands, with latch-string
out,
The summer cottage of Ben Holladay,
Where Sailor Jack will welcome you if Ben should
be away.

There you will hear the burden of this rhyme,
And see the captain's picture on the wall,
And see the ship he carved in idle time,
And see the oars they picked up from the squall,
And see the empty grave, which is the surest
proof of all.

The Dead Moon.

The moon is in a state of decrepitude, a dead world.—*Proctor's Lectures.*

The moon is dead—defunct—played out—
So says a very learnèd doctor;
She looketh well, beyond a doubt;
Perhaps she's in a trance, dear Proctor.

At any rate, she's most entrancing
For one of such decrepit age;
And on her radiant beauties glancing,
She charms the eyes of youth and sage.

And so the man upon her 's perished!—
He lived in doleful isolation;
Poor wretch! No wife his bosom cherished,
No children squalled his consolation.

Yet she's adored by all the gypsies,
Whose lovers sigh beneath her beams;
She aids the steps of staggering tipsies,
And silvers o'er romantic streams.

And once she caught Endymion sleeping,
And stooped to kiss him in a grove,
Upon him very slyly creeping;
He was her first and early love.

But that's a very ancient story,
And was a youthful indiscretion,
When she was in her primal glory,
Ere scandal-schools had held a session.

Dear, darling moon! I doat upon her,
I watch her nightly in the sky;
But oh! upon my word of honor,
I'd rather she were dead than I.

Ingram's "Life of Poe."*

An Englishman, Ingram, has written Poe's life;
We recall, as we slowly toil through it,
How keenly Poe wielded the critical knife,
And we wish he were here to review it.

* Life and Opinions of Edgar Allan Poe, by John H. Ingram. London: Hogg. New York: Cassells. 2 vols.

The Universal Language.

CHRISTIAN or Hebrew, Turk or Greek—
Babies the self-same language speak.
In every clime their tongue holds sway,
From Rio unto far Cathay.

Responsive, with their earliest breath,
To love that never suffers death,
Their first affection, near and far,
Finds sweet expression in "Ma-ma." *

On Ganges' banks, the young Hindoo
Crows cheerily the same "Goo-goo" †
That babes of English birth employ
To manifest ecstatic joy.

When Afric's sable scion ails,
He utters forth such plaintive wails
As Oriental babies use—
The while his dusky thumb he chews.

In anger, grief, or stern command
Alike they speak in every land;
While all with the one cry delight
To rouse their parents in the night.

Their language, innocent and sweet,
Admits nor lying, nor deceit,
Nor scandal; yet the virtuous young
Find full expression in this tongue.

Terpsichore in the Flat Creek Quarters.

LISTEN when I call de figgers! Watch de music es you go!
Chassay forrard! (Now look at 'em! some too fas' an' some too slow!)
Step out when I gibs de order; keep up eben wid de line;
What's got in dem lazy niggers? Stop dat stringin' out behin'!
All go forrard to de center! Balance roun' an' den go back!
Keep on in de proper 'rection, right straight up an' down de crack!
Moobe up sides an' mind de music; listen when you hear me speak!
(Jes' look at dem Pea Ridge niggers, how dey's buckin' 'gin de Creek!)
Dat's de proper action, Sambo! den you done de biznis right!
Now show 'em how you knocked de splinters at de shuckin t'udder night;
Try to do your lebbel bes', an' stomp it like you use to do!
Jes' come down on de "Flat Creek step" an show de Ridge a thing or two!
Now look at dat limber Jonah tryin' to tech de fancy fling!
(Who ebber seed a yaller nigger dat could cut de pidgin-wing?)
Try dat lick agin, dar, Moses; tell you what, dat's hard to beat!
(How kin sich a little nigger handle sich a pile o' feet?)
Swing your corners! Turn your pardners! ('Pears de motion's gittin' slow.
What's de matter wid de music? Put some rosgum on dat bow!
Moobe up, Tom—don't be so sleepy! Let 'em see what you kin do!
Light off in de "gra'-vine-twis" an' knock de "double-shuffle," too!
Gosh! that double-j'inted Steben flings a hifalutin hoof!
He kicks de dus' plum out de planks an' jars de shingles on de roof!
Steady, now, an' check de motion! Let the fiddler stop de chune!
I smell de 'possum froo de crack, an' supper's gwine to call you soon!
De white folks come it mighty handy, waltzin' 'roun' so nice an' fine;
But when you come to reg'lar *dancin'*, *niggers leabes 'em way behin'!*

* A well-authenticated fact. † Discussed with much ability by the Am. Philological Society, 1879.

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AN OLD VIRGINIA TOWN.

AN EVENING ON THE MALL IN COLONIAL TIMES.

IN the good old colony times, when we lived under the King, when tobacco passed current as gold, when queues were long and patches large, Alexandria lived and enjoyed its heyday. The city was founded in the year 1748. Representation being made

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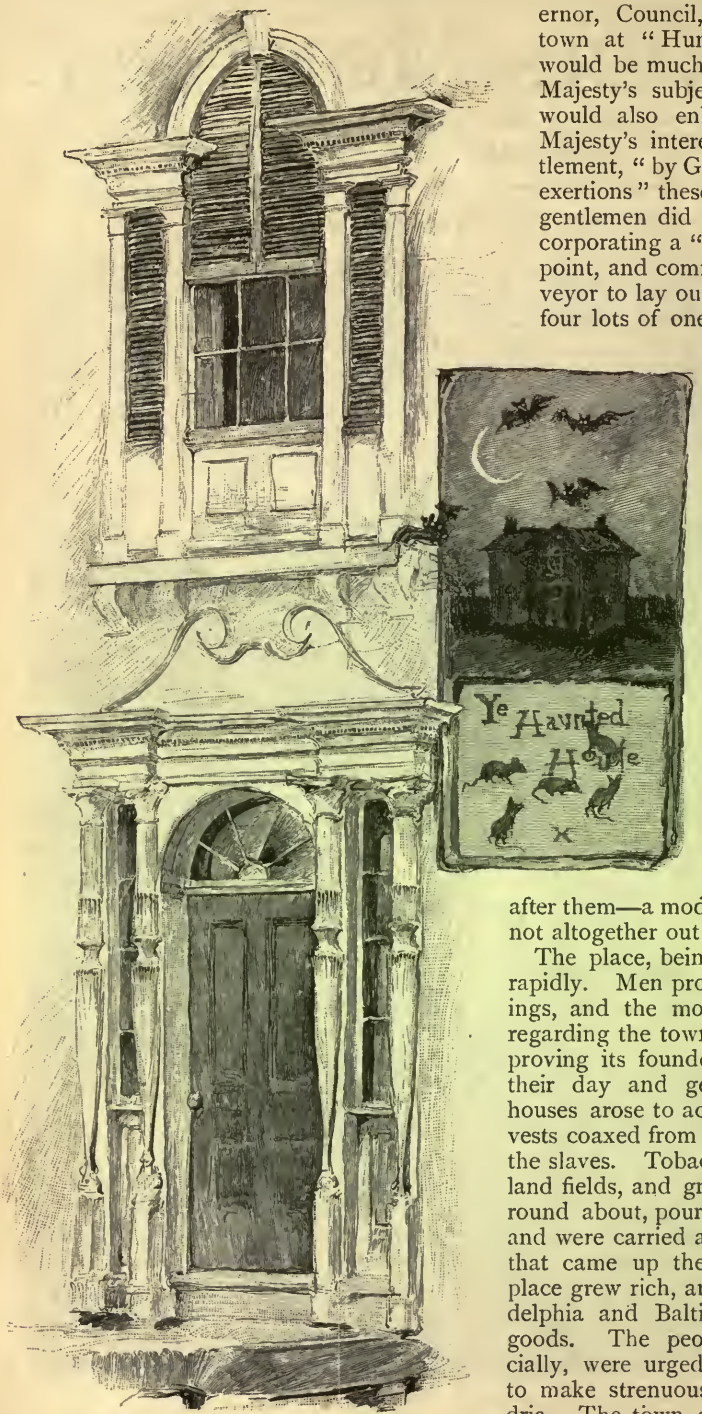


THE HAUNTED HOUSE AND DOOR-WAY.

to the honorable General Assembly of the colony, composed of the Lieutenant-Governor, Council, and Burgesses, that a town at "Hunting Creek Warehouse" would be much to the advantage of His Majesty's subjects in that vicinity, and would also enhance his most gracious Majesty's interests by increasing the settlement, "by God's goode-will and man's exertions" these bewigged and beruffled gentlemen did therefore pass an act, incorporating a "toune" at the above said point, and commissioned the county surveyor to lay out sixty acres, in squares of four lots of one-half acre each, reserving one square for the erection of a market-house, town-hall, etc., etc. Sundry conditions were also laid down for the sale of lots, by which the buyer forfeited his claim if the ground was not paid for in full, and built upon by a certain time.

For the purpose of laying out the town, lands belonging mainly to the Alexander family were taken. These gentlemen, "goode servants of the King," were to be recompensed when all the lots were sold. Meanwhile they enjoyed the felicity and dubious advantage of having the town named after them—a mode of flattering conciliation not altogether out of vogue in our own day.

The place, being centrally located, grew rapidly. Men prospered in their undertakings, and the most sanguine expectations regarding the town were more than realized, proving its founders to have been wise in their day and generation. Large warehouses arose to accommodate the rich harvests coaxed from the soil by the industry of the slaves. Tobacco from the fertile Maryland fields, and grain from all the country round about, poured into the store-houses, and were carried away by the foreign ships that came up the broad Potomac. The place grew rich, and merchants from Philadelphia and Baltimore came here to buy goods. The people of Baltimore, especially, were urged by newspaper editorial to make strenuous efforts to rival Alexandria. The town came to be "the *city*" to the neighboring gentry, who made it as brilliant in a social as the merchants did in a commercial way.

GLIMPSES OF ALEXANDRIA.

But all this was long ago. Now only the musty traditions of its former prestige hover about the place as it jogs along in a monotonous routine,—living upon its memories. Seen from the river, the town presents an appearance at once striking and quaint; gray-black roofs, gabled, hipped, and gambreled, their shingles, which were laid before the century was born, now warped and moss-grown, are pierced by innumerable smoke-stacks. These chimneys, tall or short, slender or massive, and of all colors,—red, yellow, gray, or white,—line themselves against the clear blue of the sky, and stand like sentinels on the everlasting *qui vive*. With its iron-stained, dark-red brick walls, the place looks dim and rusty. The town, stretching up and back from the river shore, which is bordered by a fringe of rotting wharves, makes with its queer gables and chimneys, showing themselves among the sycamores and lindens, exceedingly picturesque and artistic sky-lines. As we went up one of these old streets, cobble-paved, and with grass growing all about and in places obliterating the stones, we found the odd chimneys to correspond with and belong to equally odd and quaint houses. It was so quiet in the warm drowsiness of the summer afternoon, so removed from the bustle of work-a-day life, as we wandered on, growing more and more in accord with the surroundings, that at every step we marked with a white stone in our memories the day chance made this our stopping-place. We secured a charming room, with old-style furniture and hangings, in a hostelry well known through the South as "Green's Mansion House." The eastern wing of this hotel is the old Carlyle house referred to, which Braddock made his head-quarters while arranging the campaign of 1755. About the market-place, as was the custom of ancient times, were clustered the various hostelries. On opposite corners the "City Hotel" and the "Royal George," two famous inns, rivaled each other in entertainment for man and beast. The "Royal George" was the booking-place for the "Northern Mail" (Richmond to New York), which formed one of the most picturesque features of those old times. The arrival and departure of the

A QUAINT OLD HOUSE.

Without, the weary watchman, armed with an *espontón* from Braddock's day, looked in at the gleaming windows, and while stamping his feet to keep them warm, and yearning for a taste of the cheer inside, cried the hour just gone, with "All's well and wintry weather."

Both of the old taverns spoken of faced the market-square, the commercial center of the town. Market-day was carefully observed; at one time, however, the custom which had so long prevailed, of sending from the gentlemen's places about Alexandria the products of their farms, fell into disrepute. Some notion that such business was degrading to their dignity caused the practice to languish so that an old chronicler records the fact that the fare at the townspeople's tables had grown meager and monotonous. Washington, when he married and settled at Mount Vernon, put to shame all such false pretensions by sending to market a wagon loaded with the products of his plantation, after which excellent example the market was always well stocked.

mail was the event of the day. A knot of townspeople gathered to see the lumbering vehicle as it came swinging around the corner at the head of the street, with the horses galloping in orthodox coach-horse fashion. After a short stop for passengers, mail, and a fresh relay of horses, or may be for a little refreshment from "mine host of the Royal George," the horn tooted loudly, and away the heavy coach jolted and swung along the level stretch to Georgetown and Washington.

The City Hotel was the tavern patronized by Washington, and for a time it bore his name. On the annual celebration of the "Birthnight" ball, it was the scene of much festivity and merry-making by the "quality." Then Washington danced with many a beauty the *contredanse*, or stepped the dignified minuet. Pleasure was supreme; the rustling of rich costumes, the poetry of graceful movements, with the soft gleaming of light on polished floor, made a picture rich in color and effect. The brightest and gayest of those colonial belles is now remembered only by a head-stone, gray and mold-covered, in Christ Church grave-yard.

THE HALL-WAY.

It must have been about this time that Washington mentions in his diary having attended a social entertainment at Alexandria, which he styles a "bread-and-butter party," there being no other refreshments except tea which was like "sweetened hot water."

Market-day, if not an institution peculiar to the South, is more religiously observed there than elsewhere. It is the trading day of the community. Large canvas-covered wagons, with red or blue bodies, chicken-coops lashed to the back, and horses, in broad strap harness and chains, munching their provender at the bows, form a line in front and at the side of the market-house. Within the low brick arches a stream of people elbow each other past the stall of the "butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker," each of whom strives to outdo the other in

A CORNER OF THE MARKET.

lauding his wares; with a selfishness as old as society. Further on, the negro vegetable women shrilly proclaim their goods, which are looked over, selected, or rejected by the various purchasers. From the cool duskiness of the covered house, we gazed out through one of the arch-ways into the open market-square, all aglow in the sun. Here under canvas awnings are the fruit, flower, and vegetable stalls, scattered among which are those bearing toys and refreshments. The awnings of these stalls catch the sun broadly or remain in shadow, according as they are tilted. These patches of light and shade, the colors of the fruits and flowers, the brilliancy of the dyed grasses in great plumy clumps, with the bustling throng of buyers and sellers, in their delicate summer dresses or gaudy bandana handkerchiefs, give a glare of color and a stir of movement which, framed by the arch-way, suggests a bit from a foreign market-place, blazing under the fierce rays of a Spanish sun. The cry of the vender pierces through the hum and bustle, as we make our way across the open square and gain the market-master's office. In charge of this functionary we found the old standard weights and measures which were given to the county by Lord Fairfax. The measures of capacity are of cast copper, and so massive that the largest of them, when empty, is a heavy lift for a strong man. The market-master, a pleasant old gentleman, in answer to our question said: "Yes, they is still used, and we takes 'em out once a year on a wheelbarrow to every store in town to try their measures by; and if we finds 'em all right we stamps 'em, and if we finds 'em queer we pokes a hole through the bottom, and they has to buy new ones, hey! Now they've been in use—le's see—yes, that's it—one hundred and thirty-five year, and, strange to say, none of 'em was lost in all these years. They was presented to this town by Lord Fairfax in 1744, as you can see here on every one of 'em."

After talking for some time longer about the early days of the town, we went back to

A LEVEE AT THE BRADDOCK HOUSE.

our room, and as we sat by the open window, we looked out across the court-yard at an old mansion which forms one wing of the hotel. With the broad Potomac back of it, and the rich Maryland hills, covered by forests and fertile fields beyond, it stands silent and gray. Huge, heavy-shouldered chimneys, with scaling yellow-white stucco, lift themselves above the moss-grown roof, from which queer dormer-windows jut out. Through the half-open sash of many little panes a glimpse is caught of the attic to which they give light. A warped and rotting balustrade of fat stanchions runs along two sides of the roof. On the side next the river a double row of porches, covered with wisteria vines now in bloom, break the line of the old wall. The morning sun makes the chimneys blink, and, falling upon the balustrade, sends long lines of ungainly shadow striding up the hipped roof. Standing here, so age-worn, it is a gray old monument to an episode of its youth. In a blue-paneled room which is still preserved,—where the Potomac washes almost beneath the windows, which admitted the sun then as they do now,—Braddock's expedition was arranged between him and the five governors of the colonies. Here they completed the plans, and decided upon the campaign which was to carry His Majesty's arms to Fort Duquesne, in the far West. The old house is silent, but had its venerable walls tongues, what tales could they tell of heated discussions as to route and plan—of bumpers drank to what they considered a foregone conclusion. The memory-haunted house and parts of "Braddock's road" are the only marks left to tell of that fatal errand. Impelled by the influences exercised by the old room, we strolled one day away from the town over the road taken by the luckless army, unconsciously seeking the while for marks which had been effaced long ago. Standing on the hill-top, looking over the path we had just traveled, we could not help contrasting the quiet pastoral scene of to-day with the aspect this road presented on a certain morning in 1755. With quick clatter of horse-hoofs upon the stones mixed with the rattle and jingle of accouterments, the polished arms and gay trappings which caught the sun and sent it back again in glittering jets, a troop o

horsemen came up the hill, and pausing for a moment's breath, turned their confident and complacent faces to the valley below, where, marked by a long line of dust trailing off to settle in the meadow grass, the column of foot is toilsomely working its way. These troopers are the gentlemen of the colony, who have joined Braddock's army to gain pleasure and renown, and possibly a few thousand acres of land, as recognition of their services. Having no thought of danger or defeat, they defiled past the point where we now stand, a gallant crowd, with the "God-speeds" of the townspeople, freshly spoken, to spur them on. Contrasting painfully with these gay and gallant troops was the sorry remnant that came back by this same road, weeks later, worn out by fatigue and hardships, having sustained a disastrous defeat and left their obstinate leader in an unmarked grave among the western wilds.

Leaving the country road rich in historic memories, we wander back to the town. Linden and sycamore trees shade a little broken-backed street, which, dropping suddenly down a hill, ends in the river. Two large and somber warehouses, gradually going the way of brick and stone left to care for itself, guard its river end. Their great dimensions are impressive, and suggest the rich stores of tobacco and flour which they formerly contained. Here, along the river front, one can see the high-water marks of a great trade ebbed forever away. Jutting into the river are long wharves, near and on which stand, rotting like themselves, these fine old store-houses which loom up rusty and weather-stained in the fresh summer air. Imposing even in their decay, they do not cry out in their desolation, but endure the humiliating neglect which has consigned them to their present state, with a calm and dignified composure.

It takes but little imagination to repeople these silent streets along the river, guarded still by their antiquated guns, with the busy, motley crowd they once knew. Foreign ships were constantly discharging their cargoes and taking on fresh ones of tobacco, flour, etc. Their masts showed above the warehouses, and the vista at the end of the street was fairly choked up by a network of cordage and tapering spars, which looked as though they were pasted flat against the sky. In the noisy crowd, the harsh Dutch and English speech was mingled with the mellower accents of France and Spain. The costumes were as different as the nations. The "merry-go-round" song of the sailors warping up their vessels; the mingled smell of tar and pitch, oakum and molasses; welcomes to new arrivals; "good-byes" and "*bon voyages*" to departing packets, are all things of the past.

Now a few coal-ships, dirty and begrimed, are moored at these docks, and the even calm of the river's flow in the sweet June air is unbroken, except by the little *Virginia* as she wheezes to and from the Mary-

OLD WHARF AND GUN.

land shore. The piles in places thrust themselves naked and unsightly through the sunken wharves. Junk-shops occupy, with their countless odds and ends, the former counting and store rooms of the warehouses. Here is a remnant of a wharf rotted down to the water's edge, held together by its few remaining bolts, sticking up from the blackened, slime-covered timbers, which reach away in obscurity under the water to what was the end of the wharf, marked now by a collection of time-stained, water-eaten piles.

noon shining strongly over all, suggests the idea that the place has fallen asleep and will know no wakening, but will die as it sleeps—peacefully.

Alexandria, though dead commercially, harbors a genial life, which retains much warm cordiality and quiet, unostentatious, hereditary refinement.

On going away from the river, the houses on the streets through which we passed, though old, did not jar upon the feelings as old houses of a later date so often do. In

The water washes in and out among a bed of stones and oyster-shells, in which, sunken to the trunnions, its bell-shaped muzzle open to the rain, is an old gun of 1776. Just beyond is a longer and better preserved wharf, at which a little coasting-vessel is unloading. The weary creaking of the tackle; the monotonous thump of the hoist as it goes down on deck, somewhat deadened by the mutterings of a couple of old darkies, helping each other to remember things of long ago; the low lap, lap of the water among the stones and timbers, with the sun of high

fact, they possess that imposing look which these once grand mansions alone seem to retain. They are even now capable of outlasting houses of modern construction recently built beside them. Dormer-windows, with many little panes, look out from the moss-grown roofs above the heavy, black-stained eaves as they have done for years, and let in the only light upon legends, records, and family secrets possibly stored in many of the garrets they open into. Beneath these windows is the door with its massive carved frame and portal arch. The

A BIRTHNIGHT BALL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

door jambs and lintels, of Ionic or Corinthian design, as well as the side-light, pillars, and divisions, are all pieces of art workmanship. Over the door the transom light is veined, fan-like, with many radiating lines. The door itself is usually dark and cut into many panels, ornamented with knocker and knobs of polished brass. Contrasted with the light or white painted wood-work, and pale-green or blue plastering of the vestibule, the effect is altogether in keeping with the whole house, from the dormer-windows to the broad stone steps, with their gracefully wrought iron railings. Passing through such a door as this in one of the old colonial houses brings a thrill of genuine pleasure. Once inside the picturesque doorway, we find the hall-way equally interesting, contrasting, as it does, rather strangely with those of to-day, where one or two chairs and a hat-rack are crowded to find place. Here the many antique chairs, tables, and couches, as well as an old corner clock, are reflected in the polished floor, as is also the curiously wrought swinging-lamp, suspended from the ornate middle arch of the hall-way. A feeling of airiness and largeness pervades the whole place. The old family paintings on the walls are in perfect harmony with the surroundings. Beneath the middle arch in this old house begins the broad stair-way, so gradual of ascent, that it is a pleasure to loiter up beside the gracefully carved baluster and spy out the mysterious corners of the landing. The paneling beside the stairs is formed largely of old-fashioned

corner-cupboards, that invite a mild and meditative curiosity.

Suggestive glimpses are caught from the broad hall through the open back door of a garden, one of the many this quaint town possesses. It was once laid out with care, and was, no doubt, the pride and pleasure of some nice gentleman in periwig and three-cornered hat. But its owner is gone now, and the garden, through the many years of sun and rain since then, profiting alike by negligence of man and care of nature, has run wild in rank profusion, the slight attempt to restore order here and there evident serving only to increase its charm. Its apparently meaningless shrubbery, its gnarled and fantastic shrub-trees, its flowers growing in fraternal embrace with plebeian weeds, roses and callow-grass, tulips and thistles, give a delightful air of freedom to the once trim parterre. Vines grow in regular irregularities, with their broad leaves rustling and jostling each other, at the base of an old sun-dial, which had faithfully marked off the many sunny hours, but which now, from want of a style, forgets to keep track of time. It seems to know its utter uselessness as it leans earthward, seeking for its final resting-place among the rank disorder at its base. Here an alley less obscured, bordered by lilacs and hollyhocks, contains a half-rotted grape-arbor, which runs almost the entire length of the garden, and ends in a summer-house, hidden in a mass of dewy, fragrant roses. As the result of negligence, the garden has been turned to a wilderness of bloom: perfect pools of color are scattered among the fresh green of the leaves and the grass, and show bright beyond the dark stems of the bushes.

Alexandria is, in fact, a town of gardens; another there is of which we have a very pleasant remembrance. It was the garden belonging to the house owned by "Light-horse Harry Lee," and for some time the home of General R. E. Lee. The present owner, a genial, hospitable gentleman, kindly gave us a cordial invitation to roam about at our pleasure, and many delightful hours have we spent there, sketching bits of wall or window, but mostly day-dreaming where the hollyhocks glared in the sun, and white magnolias and pink oleander flowers mixed their heavy perfume with that of the snowy cherry-blossoms. Like all the houses of that period, this house possesses a huge fireplace, built out from the wall; but it has seen its day as the family hearth—the great iron crane hangs rusty in its hinges, and groans rheumatically when wakened from its long slumber. The wide chimney is only used now as a place in which to store away the family bric-à-brac.

In this neighborhood are many old houses of that reserved type which seems to resign itself on compulsion to being massed with less fine and more unpretentious structures, and to rebuke the familiar spirit of modern innovation.

On this same street, and at the head of another equally ancient, we came upon a historic church, its red-domed white tower gleaming in the sun above the trees which shade the ancient and moldering tomb-stones in the church-yard below. This is old Christ Church, or "Washington Church," as it is often called, because our first President was for many years a member of the congregation and a vestryman. In the year 1765, the parish of Fairfax was formed of a part of the parish of Truro, and in the following year a tax of 31,185 pounds of tobacco was levied upon the parish for the purpose of erecting two churches, one of which was Christ Church, the other "Pohick" or the "Falls" Church.

In those days, regular church-going was a requisite of social position, and here, on some bright Sunday morning a hundred years ago, when a tranquil calm rested upon all the land, came the gentry and townspeople, the former in their great lumbering coaches, blazoned with crests and filigreed metal, drawn by fat English horses, and driven by equally fat coachmen. Arrived at the church door, out stepped dignified stiff old gentlemen, long-queued and beruffled; dowagers in satin and feathers and plump, fair mistress Betty and Patty while the young gallants gathered together discussing the points of a newly purchased horse, or the merits of a pack of hounds watched the arrivals, and commented upon them as chance suggested. As the bell ceased tolling, the congregation ranged themselves in their accustomed pews, according to ownership or "dignity," while the servants were decorously seated in the background of the gallery. In a square pew on the north side of the church sat a man of dignified bearing, dressed, according to the custom, in long, full-skirted coat and knee-breeches and stockings, with his face turned to the raised pulpit, known to his friends as Colonel, and later to the world as General, Washington. The Fairfaxes, Herberts, Wests, Wises, etc., were among the worshipers. In later days, General Lee

A BIT OF AN OLD GARDEN.

E. Lee occupied a pew across the aisle from the Washington seat. As the services progressed, the congregation joined in response and tune, while, without, birds' songs keyed to an exquisite air, and droning bees humming a harmonious bass, produced a sweet accompaniment to human voice and organ reed. From the old carved pulpit the sermon was delivered, according to the teacher's lights, and at the end of the benediction the congregation filed down the aisles, checkered with patches of floating sunlight from the round-topped windows. Then neighborly news was exchanged, invitations given and accepted, nods and smiles passed between the young gallants and the fair daughters of the land. The coaches drew up and received again their owners, who rolled off in a halo of dust, with inward congratulations of conscience on having fulfilled a duty to God and man. The minister, too, feeling secure of his tithes in tobacco, went his way with the chosen.

The following extracts from an old vestry-book, which dates back to the year the parish was formed, serve to show the judicial as well as religious authority which the church exercised over its glebe:

"Vestry held for the parish of Fairfax the 2d day Nov., 1768.

"An indenture between Charles Broadwater and Edward Duling, binding Gilbert Baynes, an orphan, aged eight years, to William Carlin, who is to learn him the trade of a tailor, and to read and write English."

This seems to have been the established form. Again, under date of the 10th day of November, 1779, we find an interesting bit, in the shape of fines laid on Sabbath-breakers:

"By Lawrence Monroe, for gaming..... £2 10s
By Thomas Lewis, for hunting on the Sabbath..... 5s
By John Lewis, for hunting on the Sabbath. 5s
By Esey Monroe, fine..... 1s"

Glancing over the pages of this old book, one gains a clearer view of the patriarchal oversight exercised in those days by the church over the poor. Thus, among the numerous distributions of dole pertaining to the bodily welfare of the needy parishioners, we came to the following quaint agreement:

"Doctor Robert Lindsly undertakes for to make a cure of William Graham at 100 p. ct. on his medicines, each Portein at four pounds, and if not cured his board to be paid for as other needy parishioners..... £6"

One of the most characteristic figures in modern Alexandria is the negro. The Alexandria darky is probably the most shift-

less, ragged, ne'er-do-well creature to be found on the face of the earth. Down by the river we found him in his glory. He seems not to regret the loss of trade to the town, but rather cheerfully to serve the purpose of an exponent of its dreamy listlessness. He is, he tells you, a teamster or odd-job man; this is pure fiction, for in reality he does nothing but lie on his back in the sunshine—an occupation which seems to agree with him as he does with it. On the street next the river, from the ship-yard to "Fishtown," there are scores of them, all doing the same thing

at one time were concentrated at Alexandria, where, on a portion of the river-front called "Fishtown," the sole occupation of hundreds of people was the sorting, curing, and selling of fish. From all the country, for many miles about, the planters and slave-owners came to lay in their yearly supply of fish. The town was blocked with teams of all kinds, from the largest plantation-wagon, drawn by eight horses, down to the little two-wheeled mule-cart. A busy stir constantly pervaded the quarter of the town given over to this industry.

OLD FIRE-PLACE.

—loafing. One or two may, perhaps, be energetic enough to sit up and stare as you pass, wondering, most likely, if you have any tobacco to give away. Any slight stirring of discontent which may ripple the dull apathy of his existence seems to be instantly allayed by a donation of tobacco, of which he appears to be in perpetual need.

Following up this line of inactive darkies, past what were once large bakeries of ship-bread, we came to the scene of what was one of the largest industries of the river.

The great herring-fisheries of the Potomac

Streets bearing such names as "Broadway" and "Maiden Lane" were temporary thoroughfares, on which countless booths were erected, where a little of everything was sold. Most of these, however, as might be expected, were liquor-bars. The market at its busiest time must have presented a novel and interesting sight, with its many hundred fishermen in colored shirts, the "sorting-women" crouched on the ground amid the glistening and moving mass of fish, while jokes, and scraps of song, and the babble of many voices filled the air. Multi-

tudes of wagons crowded for place among the sheds of the fish-dealers, or, having at length succeeded in securing a cargo, they filed away with much creaking, jolting, and shouting of drivers till lost to view, as they went in long processions out of the town for a hundred miles inland. Never will the old town see such scenes again. These wharves, like many others, are almost deserted; nearly its entire length. It is so narrow that, with trees, houses, and garden-walls, it is always shady. We stop every few moments to look up at some venerable house, or to peep through the dilapidated

SUNDAY MORNING.

the fish-houses, if not torn down, are abandoned to dream out their monotonous existence among the rank weeds and tangled grass, trying to obliterate all traces of what was once a busy reality. The wharves are peopled only by rats, or a few darky fishers, who sit or lie, day after day, crouched and bent over their lines through the long summer season, basking in the fierce rays of the sun, which warps the shingles on the old fish-houses. The high, creaking piles rub against each other, and are restless in their fetters, chafing themselves thinner and more gaunt as each year goes by. Soon only the ghost of a wharf will be left to mark the site of what was once a populous mart.

Sauntering along a little street near the river, we found houses of the past extending palings of a garden which seems trying to escape into the street. Within one of these we see an old fountain with ferns and weeds growing in the basin, surrounded by seed-asparagus and yellow-topped wild mustard. The sun coming from behind makes all the vegetation in the background light green, against which the trees and leaves in shade cut sharply. Above an adjoining wall, the tendrils of what appears to be a pumpkin-vine wave in wild uncertainty as to their next fixing-place. Over all hangs the delightful perfume of the lilacs which border the half-rotten boards of the garden-walk. From the house at one end, with the grinning mask carved on the key-stone of the door-arch, to the other where the Roberdeau mansion stands in bold relief on the bluff overlooking the river, the little street, with its queer small

shops and ancient houses, is a mine of interest. How pleasant it must have been, in the by-gone days, to loiter along this street to the "mall," where after the cares of the day the townspeople gathered to promenade, enjoy the cool breeze from the river below, and discuss Braddock's march, and the interests of the colony in general, over friendly pinches of snuff, while the court news and the latest European fashions—old enough when they got here, but still in time: fashion was not so fickle then as now—were talked of and commented upon over feather-fans and rustling brocades.

Now, as we walk here in the twilight, with the town massing itself coolly behind us, the light on the Maryland shore grows fainter, and, below, the river is lost in a veil of mystery; the crescent moon shines now as it did on the mall a hundred years ago, and from the ships below the bells toll the half-hours sadly, as though they were sounding a requiem over the years gone from old Alexandria town forever.

MEN AND SPIDERS.

I FLUNG a stone into a grassy field:
How many tiny creatures there may yield
(I thought) their petty lives through that rude shock!
To me a pebble, 'tis to them a rock,
Gigantic, cruel, and fraught with sudden death.
Perhaps it crushed an ant, perhaps its breath
Alone tore down a white and glittering palace,
And the small spider damns the giant's malice
Who wrought the wreck—blasted his pretty art!
Who knows what day a saunterer, light of heart,
An idle wanderer through the fields of space,
Large-limbed, big-brained, to whom our puny race
Seems small as insects; one whose footstep jars
On some vast continent islanded by stars,—
Who knows when he, just leaning o'er the bars,
May fling a stone and crush our earth to bits,
And all that men have builded with their wits?
Ah, what a loss! you say; our bodies go,
But not our temples, statues, and the glow
Of glorious canvases; and not the pages
Our poets have illumed through myriad ages.
What boots the insect's loss? Another day
Will see the self-same ant-hill, and the play
Of light on dainty web the same.
You say
The spider's work is not original,—
But what of ours? Ah! friend, I think that all
We do is just the same thing over and over.
Take Life: you have the woman and her lover—
'Tis old as Eden, nothing new in that!
Take Building, and you reach ere long the flat
Nile desert sands, by way of France, Rome, Greece.
And there is Poetry—our bards increase
In numbers, but, before John Keats, the robe
Of song was worn by Shakspere, Dante, Job.
No, no! The forms may change, but even they
Come round again. Could we but scan it
We'd find in the heavens some little, busy planet
Whence all we are was borrowed; and if to-day
The imagined giant flung his ponderous stone,
And we and all our mighty schemes were done,
His were a scant remorse and short-lived trouble
As mine for those small creatures in the stubble.

JOHN LA FARGE.

A FEW years ago, it would no doubt have surprised most of the visitors to our Academy exhibitions, and even many admirers of the painter himself, had they heard Mr. John La Farge described as a religious painter. In fact, he had not at that time shown to the public, nor even completed, any work likely to command general assent to the accuracy of such a description. Since then, his activity in church decoration, tive power, who has executed religious figure-compositions for the walls of our churches, have drawn attention to him in this character. A brief review, however, of his previous and less widely published work will show that the inspiration of religious art was in him from the first.

In the present sketch we may, for convenience, consider him according to his several lines of production—first, as a

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATER-LILY. (FROM MRS. RICHARDSON'S "SONGS FROM THE OLD DRAMATISTS.")

cnbined with the fact that he is the first ·herican artist possessing a recognized indidual style and a certain degree of crea- draughtsman on wood; second, as a painter of flowers, landscape, and portraits; third, as the interpreter of the religious sentiment in

the decoration of church interiors and making mural paintings on Biblical themes.

The first picture of Mr. La Farge's which I ever happened to see was a glimpse of sea-shore fading into a Newport fog,—a strangely impressive bit of landscape (now in the possession of Mr. Edward W. Hooper, of Cambridge, Mass.), which, hanging upon the Academy walls very unpretentiously, among a host of showier exhibition-pieces, affected me much as a pair of earnest eyes might have done, gazing out from amid the masquerading guise and gilded glories of the surrounding compositions. It is worth while to set down this little reminiscence, because at the time alluded to I had no knowledge of the artist in either his works or himself. The landscape was quite small, and its subject utterly unassuming: the whole narrative consisted in a broad dark sweep of green grass, the suspicion of a sand beach beyond; the vague presence of the sea and the gray fog filling the upper part. But, though the tone was somber, the artist's appreciation of the latent color in these elements (if that expression makes my meaning clear) was profound; and there was an indescribably mystical sentiment predominating, which left a serious recollection long after the picture was out of sight. That must have been about 1865, and the next of this painter's productions with which I met, was a decorative flower-panel hung at Burlington House, in London, in the Royal Academy season of 1870.

DESIGN FOR FRONTISPIECE OF BROWNING'S "DRAMATIS PERSONÆ."

But at about the period of the Newport fragment just referred to, Mr. La Farge contributed some remarkable drawings to an illustrated edition of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," published by Ticknor & Fields. They accompany others by Vedder, Hennessy, and Darley. These designs display the first movements of La Farge's peculiar genius. The poem of "Enoch Arden" has always seemed to the present writer, albeit enriched with many beautiful lines and charged with a desolate pathos, to be guilty of a strange affectation. There is a falsetto strain in it—a something which, at the risk of being misunderstood, I will call poetical cant. But Mr. La Farge, it will generally be admitted, escaped falling into sympathy with this weaker side of the work

and succeeded in grasping, with his own independent conception, the possibilities of the case. In the text there is nothing to suggest to the ordinary reader the solemn depth of that design called "Enoch's Supplication." answers the faint aureole about the head of Christ. What a sacred thrill it sends through the imagination! The half-figure of the angel, with finger on her lips, which comes next, is called "The Seal of Silence,"

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

But what a pathos the artist has added by introducing the figure of the Saviour, bending to reach with his hand that of the broken-hearted man who has fallen upon the earth in prayer! And the black, barren land stretches away behind to where the sharp flash of the aurora on the horizon and lends a visible awe to Enoch's solemn vow never to let his wife know of his return. In those large, holy eyes, one beholds a solemnity of resolution that is almost a fear, so sorrowful, so mute, so heart-stricken is their gaze. Still, the "Supplication" marks the climax in the series, giving a sud-

den vision of power in the artist, hardly comprehended before, to translate pictorially the emotions of a supreme and awful moment, rife with sorrow beyond consolation, except from heaven.

The picture of Enoch and Annie, sitting at the edge of the hazel-wood, carries in its soft gloom and hint of sunset light a faint intimation of the artist's coloring. The best-drawn block is that which shows Enoch waiting in despair on the sands of his "beauteous, hateful isle," his head bowed and clasped with both hands. It has its share, too, in indicating a mind able to put itself boldly into supposed situations quite outside of common experience. One of the other drawings, "The Castaway and his Companions Gazing from the Island Gorge," seems to us somewhat warped by the draughtsman's study of Japanese prints, and prepares us for similar eccentricities or leanings toward imitativeness, in subsequent performances. If these early illustrations have been dwelt upon somewhat too long, it is because the group is a good one to begin with in ascertaining Mr. La Farge's characteristics.

The Japanese influence may be traced again in two large blocks drawn for the "Riverside Magazine" in 1868, one of which, "The Fisherman and the Afrite," shows the genie of the Arabian tale, rushing out of the overturned jar in a thin stream of smoke that quickly widens, curling and lightening as if with flame, and then hurls out a broad, black body, still unshaped, which in turn emits, *reversed*, a giant head with hideous, wrathful eyeballs. This vivid and graphic conception is suggestive of that in a Japanese drawing of the "ink-specter" (the symbol of a vitiating literature) described by Mr. J. J. Jarves in "A Glimpse at the Art of Japan." There is also in this piece a defect of drawing, the left arm of the fisherman being heavy and large enough to have upset him. But, if we find Mr. La Farge at that period too susceptible to the keen and persuasive genius of the Japanese, we must also recognize that it is even better to have an appreciation of a fresh accent in art, which may lead the appreciator for a time into imitation, than to resist new influences to the point of being obtuse. A remarkable trait which we have to consider at present is the freedom with which Mr. La Farge has received suggestive or modifying influences without losing his essential independence. He has caught the mediæval mood, he has shared the impulse of the Japanese, he has drawn from one branch of the modern French school, and yet his work reminds us constantly that he represents a national quality new in art.

The leaves of picture interspersed with Mrs. A. S. Richardson's "Songs from the Old Dramatists" are stamped with a transitional meaning: they seem to mark a mixture of the Eastern strangeness and the European-American's lucid consciousness, which is not seen in the same degree elsewhere. Look at that naked sylvan man, half crouched, half reclined, on a bank above the sea; white daisies large in the foreground, their petals flaring loosely, while a tufted pine-bough waves above and beyond him. From the water emerges a mermaid, leaning back, her arm flung out, an exquisite mysteriousness of invitation in her mien, and a dim line in the foamy, chafed water below hints her vanishing form. We must treat this too brief series all too briefly, but ought not to quit it without reference to the half-title to "Songs of Feeling and of Thought," which, if slightly heavy, recalls agreeably some old Italian sculptor's sketch for a bass-relief. These were published in 1873. It was before then that "The Wolf-charmer," "The Wise Men Out of the East," and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" were cut on wood; but their inspiration appears to be more peculiarly Mr. La Farge's own. "The Wolf-charmer" is delicately and adroitly conceived. A critic has pointed out that the man's figure seems to have been borrowed, and turned from right to left in the removal, from one of Titian's infrequent landscapes. In the latter it is a shepherd piping to his sheep, who, in Mr. La Farge's hands, becomes a wolf-charmer, playing seductively to a pack of evil-looking brutes. But the *raison d'être* of his picture lies in the elfish sympathy between the intelligent man and the savage beast of prey, conveyed by the expression of the charmer's face, and the cautious, soft, malignant tread with which he keeps in step to the movement of the wolves.* His very toes

* "The belief in wolf-charmers is spread throughout the whole of France. It is the last vestige of the legend of the were-wolf. In Berri they scarcely ever speak of the men-wolves of antiquity and the Middle Ages, but they still use the word *garou*, which means, by itself, man-wolf; but they have lost the real meaning of it. The wolf *garou* is a charmed wolf, and the wolf-charmers are no longer the captains of bands of sorcerers, who changed themselves into wolves in order to devour children; they are wise and mysterious men, old wood-cutters or

THE WOLF-CHARMER.

gamekeepers, who possess the secret to charm, subdue, tame, and lead real wolves. * * * Fifty years ago, the blowers of the bagpipe and hurdy-gurdy were still considered sorcerers in the Black Valley. They have now lost this bad reputation; but they tell the story of a master-blower, who had so much talent, and conducted himself so like a Christian, that the *curé* of his parish made him play at high mass. He played several airs, which was a privilege seldom allowed the players on these instruments, on account of their secret practices."—*Georges Sand.*

DESIGN FOR WINDOW FOR HARVARD. (EPAMINONDAS: MATE TO SIDNEY WINDOW.)

resemble theirs; he seems to be gnawing his bagpipe. If the general pose and setting were derived from Titian's pastoral scene, a new and subtle imagination presses forth out of this engraving, not only absent from the Italian master's study, but undreamed of by him. The "Wise Men" abounds in that mysticism already spoken of as present in a fragment of the painter's pure landscape. The full worth of its archaic simplicity, united with a peculiar historic reach of insight, becomes manifest on a comparison with the riotous scriptural representations of Doré, or the dry, methodical renderings of the same subjects by Bida. This cut from La Farge, to be sure, is a small affair, but the true note appropriate to modern art does not depend on size; and that note, I think, he has struck. In the embodiment of a religious story to-day, a man needs to give us some hint of a memory going back to these incidents, and recalling the very appearance of them, as if we had ourselves taken part. The special depiction of the magi making their journey in the wake of the star, which we refer to now, would have been discarded by a religious painter of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, even if he had thought of it, as being too exclusively picturesque and wanting in traditional formality. It *is* picturesque; but there is about it a weight of suspense, a refined spirituality, an intimation of onwardness, which is in some sort better than the fifteenth-century version—more convincing, at least, to a mind of to-day. Of other wood-drawings, Mr. La Farge once projected a complete set to accompany the poems of Robert Browning. He made (with other drawings) a graceful title-page and a noble design for "Protus"; but ill-health and other engagements have robbed us of the complete series.

We have been discussing, possibly with a seriousness that may seem disproportionate, works on a small scale, but they bear all the indications of a genius which has recently begun to receive due recognition through its larger achievements. In the last of the "Songs from the Old Dramatists" series of designs, ushering in the songs of fairies, we get one of the happiest examples of a poetic union between the life of a human figure and that of nature. The drawing embraces a small area of water-surface, on which pond-lilies are blooming, this liquid stretch extending in perspective quite to the top of the picture. Just behind

a large, full lily at the bottom there rises from the water, but still touching it, a winged female figure, springing like a vision from some mythical region, who bends sidewise with hands clasped behind her head in an ecstasy of sprite-life—reveling in one knows not what vague, delicious emotion, listening to some fairy melody, perhaps, and yet thrilled with a joy so transcendent that you imagine it to be mingled with a faint under-tone of pain. All this is suggested by that unique attitude and that throbbing motion of the figure. This is not the only thing to be remarked. Although the whole is in black and white, one gets a rich impression of color from it: the water seems to take a green reflection from the flower-sepals; broken lights from the white bloom quiver all through it; and almost the sensitive gold of the stamens at the heart of the lily becomes visible In looking at the fairy herself, I find that she appears to be dressed in green and white and gold, with the white and golden sunshine playing over her. Besides, the breath of the unconscious water and flowers seems to have passed into the currents of her existence, establishing a strange sympathy between them.

It is this raying out of a spiritual sentiment, coming as naturally as a perfume from a grass-field,—a mysterious, poetic feeling, deeper than the actual lines and tints at first seem to promise, which is the underlying chord in all that Mr. La Farge has done. It may be felt keenly in his "Centaur" (owned by Professor Gurney, of Cambridge). I do not believe the centaur conception has ever been more intimately grasped and carried out in a work of art, since the day of the Greeks, than in this little canvas. It has much of the poetic insight of Maurice de Guérin's prose poem "The Centaur," which may possibly have suggested it. This living, powerful form galloping over the ground might be Chiron:

CARTOON FOR THE THREE MARYS: ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

DESIGN FOR WINDOW FOR HARVARD. (SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.)

"Wandering along at my own will like the rivers, whether in the bed of the valleys or on the height of the mountains, I bounded whither I would, like a blind and chainless life."

Here, as elsewhere, Mr. La Farge displays a gift for translating the aspects of unconscious nature into some higher, conscious meaning, through a wonderful harmony between the figure and its surroundings. At his best, this is not accomplished by any awkward, forced, or fanciful resemblance; he preserves the magic of the landscape intact, though the analytic bent sometimes leads him to make attempts which do not completely repay the effort. He occasionally forces upon a landscape an interest of figures which does not belong to it. But this is doubtless a necessary part of his activity in experiment; and the partial failures reveal, by their want of union between idea and charm of execution, how complete that union must be in his successes—what intense thought is sometimes imbedded under the blending and delicate spread of color. In the painting of flowers he has a peculiar strength and delicacy. It has been said of them that they "have no botanical truth, but they are burning with love and beauty." This gives a wrong impression; for the truth of structure is always present, and the drawing exquisite, though the flowers are bathed, as they should be, in the dreamy light of their poetic quality—instead of being stiffly defined as parts of "botanical truth." The artist does not depict flowers, accurate as may be his treatment of form, for the sake of the particular truths science looks after. In his landscapes we find the same sort of thing—the sense of structure conveyed, rather than an entire statement of it traceable throughout. But that his knowledge of drawing deserves much respect is manifest on a review of his best wood-drawings and in portions of his portraits. The latter are not many; but one finds in them a boldness of handling and a sinewy strength which promise mastery. They attest, equally with his landscapes, Mr. La Farge's liberal and at the same time discriminative feeling for color. Feeling! We should rather say insight. Probably the best known of his landscapes is a large view from a hill near

CARTOON FOR ANGEL. TOWER OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON. (REVERSED.)

Paradise (Newport), purchased by a Boston lady from the Academy Exhibition of 1876. It is a difficult subject: the land lying under morning light, near noon, and the gradations of pale grass-green and stone-gray, with other field-tints half effaced by the light, being extremely subtile. Much of the working out of the problem here set himself is wonderfully and beautifully done; but I am not sure that, as a whole, it shows the painter's finest qualities as well as some of his smaller pieces. In especial, I recall with delight a small winter scene shown at Boston in 1874, which some of the readers of this article may have seen. There was no "subject" other than a field of snow in which one scrub-oak was growing, and a soft, snowy sky above, in which not a single flake was individualized. But the snow on the ground is a marvel of study in almost imperceptible color. As you look at it, an ethereal tinge of pink appears at instants; farther back there is a tinge of green; then, again, on the left, where footsteps or the wind may have disturbed the surface, it has become slightly blue; and the course of a small depression in the ground is marked by pale blue and violet. All these fine fluctuations of color, too, are introduced without injury to the light purity of the snow, which, indeed, has its effect enhanced by them After examining a piece of work like this, one is prepared to say that a reverent, unostentatious seeking-out of the more recondite elements of coloring is the source of Mr. La Farge's freshness and poetic tenderness in treating things which, in too many hands, are made matter-of-fact, or vague, or glaring. The sort of patient concentration upon every part of the scene before him, which is involved by this attitude of mind, must in itself generate a species of awe, a mood of worship. No sensitive mind can surrender itself sincerely to the reception of expressions so delicate from the face of nature, without being brought into a more or less devout frame. Now this is precisely what a careful observer notices, in various degrees, as he follows Mr. La Farge's different efforts; until suddenly it confronts him with unexpected power on looking at the well-known

"Saint Paul Preaching at Athens" (painted originally for a church, but not so used, and now on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum, New York). Passing over a variety of lesser productions well worthy of our attention were space at our disposal, we may next take a glance at this remarkable figure.

It has been well remarked that a deep sensibility to the three elements in nature of form, color, and rhythm, evolves *the moral sense*. The statement finds corroboration in the case of Mr. La Farge. Very susceptible, as we have seen, to these sensuous beauties, he nearly always gives them a spiritual force; and in his "Saint Paul" this faculty of conveying through the outward aspect an interior significance rises to the height of a moral assertion. The treatment of the figure is eminently realistic, yet the picture is far from existing for the sake of this realism. It is symbolic without ceasing to be literal, and religious without being doctrinal. The figure of Saint Paul, alone, stands facing us, as if we were among his listeners. This in itself is a bold and original conception. Instead of the whole scene being placed before us, with the Apostle and his hearers equally removed from us, as in Raphael's cartoon, our imagination is quickened into a half belief that the saint is actually present, and no more than ourselves a mere effigy on canvas. To produce this effect was, of course, harder than to conceive of it; but the attempt has succeeded. The preacher stands majestic, at ease, with the rough, unstudied repose of a strong and well-developed man. His bare feet rest firmly on the pavement. Behind him the square-set stones of a low wall rise nearly to his waist. A white canopy, held by a cord to thin wooden pilasters projecting above this wall, forms a light roof above him and falls in straight, thin folds behind him. At each side we get a glimpse of trees and sky, and the two ends of the hill of the Parthenon jut up in the far background—the intermediate outline being very faintly defined through the almost transparent linen of the curtain. It is intended, further, to indicate on this outline the form of the Parthenon itself, which, standing as a monument of Greek paganism, will thus become a symbolic fading vision of the religion that perishes, behind this figure that represents the new religion. By means of the screening linen partially shutting off the landscape, the main part of the saint's figure —including the movement of his arms, and the powerful head—is brought out strongly. His gesture is masterly. The right arm is held forward from the elbow, and the strong hand turned with the palm up, but inclined slightly downward. The left hand moves only so much as it would naturally do in the case of a man expounding something—that is, the main intent is thrown into the right hand, and the left acts quietly in sympathy with it. This, assisted by the pose of the body, the right side of which is advanced more than the other, at once gives the idea of the preacher's facing an assembly intent upon his words. The colors of his draperies are green and red, and the sleeve of the right arm turns back from the wrist. The head, with its sun-browned forehead, and stern, thoughtful features, is extremely solemn and full of indescribable gravity; yet through this look there steals a subdued smile of pride in the greatness of the subject which the preacher has to unfold.

The curtain, it must be noted, is not absolutely white, but has the effect of white, so that a burst of light, coming through the lower corner at the right, and answering the gleam of white clouds floating across the rich, soft blue of the distant heaven, may have its due intensity. This subordination of the curtain, however, has a higher object. After one has looked some time at the head without noticing any unusual adjunct, there begins to dawn from the canvas, just above, a dim halo, as if the holiness of the man had but then made itself felt. At first, you are aware only of the man, but gradually, as his presence possesses you more, the halo breaks upon your sight, and you behold the saint. After this, the faint, awe-inspiring irradiation does not again die away, and the saint and man become identical; their attributes remain blended before you. It is useless to make any comment on an achievement so infinitely refined, so decidedly a spiritualization of art, as this. A purely intellectual perception of the relation between the saintly and the human has here been expressed in picture; the material substance of the pigments being subjected to the thought with a degree of art that is beyond praise and strangely original in kind. The invisible halo brightening into visibility, and then never dying out, is not the result of a trick, but attained by the nicest correlation of parts and balancing of values. It comes as the crown of a thoughtful, earnest, patient art, directed by a sentiment æsthetically true, but also deeper than the play of all æsthetics—resting on religious faith. The artist who could slowly lift, through all the technical process

of painting, this breathing figure into life, must have had a much more serious purpose to sustain him than that merely pictorial aim which has governed most painters since Fra Angelico or Albert Dürer, even when they have supposed themselves religious in their tone. Among the moderns, compare a work of this kind with the productions of Overbeck, Ary Scheffer, Sir Noel Paton, or the unnaturally colored compositions of Flandrin. Mr. La Farge's "Saint Paul" makes no formal claim to a sacred character, but the very fact that it differs in this from the professed religious pictures of the time shows that it has the true religious inspiration.

Be it understood that I do not compare it with masterpieces of an older time, nor, even as to certain parts of technical perfection, with the work of some modern artists. It is merely that I think the strength and seriousness of faith here manifested ought to receive candid recognition, as being very infrequent among painters of all periods. As to the remainder of the adjustment of an account of relative merits, it will be found that Mr. La Farge must be credited with a command over many resources of his art, and with a remarkable sense of color; so much so, that he takes his place on purely technical grounds among a very few artists who are leading their profession in this country. There is some degree of incompleteness in many, perhaps most, of his pictures. At some point in the performance certainty is apt to cease, and his hand begins to grope. But it should be remembered that to attain a full-orbed maturity of artistic development in America is almost impossible at the present time, owing to the absence of a sustaining atmosphere—unless a man deliberately sets out to be a European master, and not an American one. As a draughtsman and a manipulator of the materials of painting, Mr. La Farge has probably limited his growth by staying in this country; but since, in spite of limitations, he has shown us new possibilities in American art, we make a somewhat ungracious return if we confine our perceptions to his short-comings alone.

The decorative work for both private and public buildings, upon which Mr. La Farge is now principally engaged, may be said to have had its origin in his early desultory studies of architecture. In this he had the interest of an artist who found here "a map of all art"; and the interest, as well, of a reader of history, a man of literary taste and acquirements.* Before being called upon to undertake the wall-painting and general decoration of Trinity Church, Boston, he had long studied in the decorative direction. The two figures of a "Madonna" and "St. John," still in the artist's possession, were parts of a large triptych begun in 1862-3 for the altar of a Catholic church. These pictures, though not accepted for the positions for which they were intended, are among the most beautiful and important of the artist's paintings. After this, La Farge gave up for a time the painting of figures and the hope of decorative work, and took to the study of landscape as the more evident field of modern painting. In fact, the artist was in advance of the time in America—in advance of public taste, for instance, in his sympathy with Japanese art; in advance, too, of the demand for decoration of the higher, genuinely æsthetic kind. He had long enjoyed the acquaintance of architects, and felt that with their coöperation the arts of painting and sculpture could regain their former and natural position. This he believed true all over the world, but especially in America, where things were less defined and jealousies less violent. He was therefore well pleased when, in 1865, he had some decorative panels to do for a gentleman's dining-room. These, too, never attained their true destination, though since exhibited as separate pictures (of fish and flowers), and adding greatly to the artist's reputation as a colorist and decorator. In 1867, the architect Mr. H. H. Richardson saw these panels, and was moved by them to promise the artist the first decorative work at his disposal. In 1869, Mr. La Farge made sketches for the new Brattle-street church, Boston, which Mr. Richardson was building. In this work Mr. George Butler was to assist Mr. La Farge; but the scheme fell through. After this came the opportunity of Trinity Church, of which Mr. Richardson was the architect.

It was in 1876 that the building committee of Trinity Church engaged Mr. La Farge to undertake the whole mural decoration of their new edifice. The time allowed was very short, but he proceeded to carry out the work, taking as chief assistant Mr. Francis Lathrop, together with Messrs. F. D. Millet, Augustus St. Gaudens, G. W. Maynard, S. L. Smith, and Edwin G.

*Accomplishment, also, it should be said. His writings have been few, but are marked by both subtlety of perception and clearness of statement.

Champney. It is worth while to enumerate these names, as showing how, for the first time in the United States, the painting of a church came into the hands of artists instead of artisans. In the more mechanical portions a band of skilled journeymen decorators was employed. The result, accordingly, was—so far as the general harmony and a subdued splendor of coloring are concerned—a great advance upon any church decoration heretofore achieved in this country. The character of the designs and ornamentation is, on the whole, well in keeping with the Romanesque style of the church, and the groups of small nude figures in the spandrels at the top of the tower interior seem to have been excellently painted. But the work was, unfortunately, hurried, and as one's eye descends, one sees how the rapid lowering of the scaffolding on which the painters worked left its traces in the inferior quality of the large figures lower down. The two prophets on the north wall, however, just over the chancel, stand robed in an agreeable delicacy of tint, and the want of good drawing is less pronounced in them. It would be impossible to criticise in detail here, though it may be said in passing that even the best of these colossal shapes loses effect by being placed floating on the background of plain red common to so much of the space on the nave and transept walls. This will perhaps be remedied hereafter. Three or four of the figures in question might be redrawn with advantage. The great difficulty, however, is that the whole tower was, by the original plan, to be left steeped in the mystery of a subdued light from stained glass windows, and the vagueness of execution may have been intended to coöperate with this effect.

Since the consecration of the church, Mr. La Farge has painted on the western nave-wall—with more deliberation, and therefore more success, than was possible in the ruinous haste to which he and his assistants had been compelled in the previous portions—a simple composition depicting Christ and the woman of Samaria. The "Christ and Nicodemus" on the opposite wall is one of La Farge's masterpieces.

The best that this artist has yet accomplished in the way of work upon a church interior, is his painting and other decoration of the chancel of St. Thomas's, in New York. Here, in two compositions somewhat disturbed by the pentagonal line of the apsis, he has depicted with great beauty two scenes from the resurrection; the first, on the left hand, is founded on the account in St. Matthew, where the keepers "did shake, and became as dead men," on the appearance of the angel at the sepulcher. The introduction of a sarcophagus, instead of the rock-tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, though not without precedent, is, perhaps, something to be questioned; but that the artist has infused into his whole imagining the solemnity, the wondrous "fear and great joy" of the touching story, this can hardly be questioned by any one possessing a spontaneous yet trained perception. An absence of sophistication, a primitive reverence, makes itself felt in all parts. Who can fail to see that the religious awe of the situation finds an echo in the very foliage of the light wood, and in the white gleam of dawn at the pathway's end? A reredos* in alto relievo, modeled by St. Gaudens, intervening between this and the other picture, brings groups of kneeling angels, rank on rank, supporting the cross, to carry out the prevalent mood of the painter's compositions. The second fresco refers to the last chapter of Luke, where the three Marys meet the two angels. The management of the color in this piece is bolder and more stirring than in the other, as befits the supernatural episode. How fine that rolling gloom of darkly mingled tints, in the falling land of the background! Both, viewed from the places of the congregation, seem to float off into an atmosphere of the visionary and unapproachable, tinged with some ray of divination, going beyond the real, yet arresting the real aspect, also, and fixing it in a dimly luminous beauty. A word must here be added concerning the enframing ornament, the pilasters, and the cornice above, all of which were devised by the artist to create a suitable environment. A scroll pattern, superbly colored and completed by means of iridescent pearly shell, let into the wood in bits, is one element of this decoration which, so far as is known to the present writer, has not been used elsewhere. By painting over the stained chancel windows, Mr. La Farge has gained still another tributary splendor to his *ensemble*. One must be grateful to the artist who brings the earthly sense of beauty into sweet and pathetic accord with

* An engraving from a photograph of this appeared in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for February, 1878; also of one of the pilasters which are on each side of it.

heavenly aspirations, as it has been done here.

True, serious faults might be pointed out; but Mr. La Farge's technical shortcomings are so obvious, and may so evidently be made up after continued practice, that it seems an unnecessary blunder to dwell on them in this instance, where he gives us so much that no other American painter has even attempted to give.

It is an interesting fact that a painter who is not yet reckoned among our older artists was really one of the first to lead in the new path which art is taking in America. Our young men come back from Munich and Paris, and find an artist at home who has long been painting in what is popularly called "the new style." He was, moreover, not only, as already stated, the first of our artists of marked ability to execute religious paintings for the walls of our churches, but he was the first who brought to bear a true artistic taste and handling upon every detail of architectural decoration. Mention has been made of this phase of his work in Trinity Church. In the work upon the chancel of St. Thomas's, not only is the design the leading artist's, but, so, also, is a great portion of the execution, even to a part of the carving. All the architectural moldings and the entire wood-work were done from Mr. La Farge's drawings and under his eye, and some of it by his own hands. So genuine, indeed, has been the spirit in which he has carried on his decorative work, that it is evidently no mere wave of imitation coming over from France or England; but it manifests to the European student of modern art not only an original and individual sentiment, but points of absolute novelty.

Mr. La Farge was also the first artist in America to manufacture glass to suit himself. (The regular glass-stainers have, of course, done something in this line from time to time.) Before the work on Trinity was begun he made his first experiments, but not to his own complete satisfaction. Within the past year or two, however, his experiments in the matter of quality and texture have been carried on with extraordinary success, and windows have been made showing new departures of design as applied to glass. The exquisite, shifting, opalescent hues now obtained, along with a depth and purity of color rare in modern glass-work, when brought into harmony by the directing eye of a natural colorist, produce effects altogether novel in this art. While utterly unlike the ancient examples in arrangement and spirit, they still, in some respects, recall the richness and splendor of mediæval work.

Mr. La Farge, very naturally, has had his share of European training. Born in New York of French parentage, he owes, perhaps, to his original equipment of instincts an inclination, easily observable in conversation with him, to handle all artistic problems—both in literature and painting—with a keen, critical precision, which has doubtless often stood him in good stead. Protected by circumstances from that desperate struggle with poverty which has maimed most of our painters and crushed many, he received a classical and legal education in this country, and then went abroad. Without having been directed toward the fine arts especially, he found himself, as a young man in Paris, disposed to try his hand at painting as a gracious accomplishment. Moved by this desire, he procured an introduction to Couture and went to work in the latter's studio; but he had not been very long there when the wise artist found out his new pupil's talent, and advised him to go away and study by himself.

"Your place," said Couture, "is not among these students. They have no ideas. They imitate me. They are all *trying to be little Coutures!*"

In Couture's *atelier*, La Farge had devoted himself to drawing only. He did not take up painting till his return to America. After leaving Couture, who seems to have recognized and helped to arouse in him an artistic instinct and individuality, he gave himself up to the study of the old painters. "Do not trouble yourself," Couture had said, "about the relative values of the masters. Everything that has been thought worth preserving for centuries in a public gallery has something in it for our instruction."

One result of La Farge's studies in the galleries of the Old World was in the direction of a method of work opposed to that now most in vogue. With him there is not that distinction between life-studies and finished paintings which is so often seen. As a rule, his slightest drawings have, therefore, the value of pictures. He uses the model strictly as a means to pictorial expression. Though occasionally making separate drawings for details, his aim is to preserve spirit and freshness by wasting little energy in over-elaborate preparatory studies.

It was after his return to America that

La Farge began to paint, chiefly under the advice of the late William Morris Hunt; but his own individuality in the use of color, as well as in artistic expression generally, showed itself at once. It has been thought that La Farge, like Hunt, enjoyed the benefit of the acquaintance and advice of Jean-François Millet; but he never met this master personally, and while in France saw only a few engravings after his designs. Among modern painters, Delacroix and Rousseau have, perhaps, had the most influence upon his art.

A first requisite to any great artistic career is, that the artist should have, along with his general character and practice, a special character and practice distinguishing him from others,—for this alone enables him to become of real value to the community. He must have special truths to tell, or a special way of telling truths, which have not been set forth in the same manner before. That Mr. La Farge has this in a certain measure appears from his landscapes, which have displayed his nearest approach to perfection of technique, and are full of subtile renderings which, for my own part, I had long sought in vain,—having observed many of the effects which he chooses for representation, but never finding their interpreter. In many of his other pictures he does not always so noticeably tell truths in a new way, or bring out new phases, except as to the poetic bloom of color which he causes to play over his canvas. But in the most successful of his religious painting, he is beginning to combine the best of all his original qualities.

Of the eight illustrations which accompany this article, two only have been published before: "The Spirit of the Water-Lily" (from Mrs. Richardson's "Songs from the Old Dramatists") and "The Wolf-charmer" (from "The Riverside Magazine"*). Both of these were drawn on the wood by Mr. La Farge and engraved by Mr. Henry Marsh. The sketch for the cartoon of the "Angel" was photographed on the wood and engraved by Miss A. L. Haywood. The design depicting Love borne triumphant by a group of maidens was put on the wood years ago; after its transference to another block by photography, it was engraved for this article by Mr. T. Cole. It is one of the most poetic of Mr. La Farge's wood-drawings. The "Man Holding a Mask," designed for a frontispiece to Browning's "Dramatis Personæ"), is one of Mr. La Farge's most delicately and completely executed pieces of work for engraving. This was drawn some time ago on the wood, and then photographed upon a fresh block, which was engraved by Mr. J. H. E. Whitney. The window designs and "The Three Marys" have been reproduced by the Photo-Electrotype Company.

* Merged in "St. Nicholas."

THE SILENCE OF THE HILLS.

THE windy forest, rousing from its sleep,
Voices its heart in hoarse, Titanic roar;
The ocean bellows by its wave-worn shore;
The cataract that haunts the rugged steep
Makes mighty music in its headlong leap;
The clouds have voices; and the rivers pour
Their floods in thunder down to ocean's floor.
The hills alone mysterious silence keep.
They cannot rend the ancient chain which bars
Their iron lips, nor answer back the sea
That calls to them far off in vain. The stars
They cannot hail, nor their wild brooks. Ah me!
What cries from out their stony hearts will break
In God's great day when all that sleep shall wake!

HIS FOOTSTEPS.

THE wilderness a secret keeps
  Upon whose guess I go:
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard;
  And yet I know, I know,

Some day the viewless latch will lift,
  The door of air swing wide
To one lost chamber of the wood
  Where those shy mysteries hide—

One yet unfound, receding depth,
  From which the wood-thrush sings,
Still luring in to darker shades,
  In—in to colder springs.

There is no wind abroad to-day.
  But hark!—the pine-tops' roar,
That sleep and in their dreams repeat
  The music of the shore.

What wisdom stirs among the pines?
  What song is that they sing?
Those airs that search the forest's heart,
  What rumor do they bring?

A hushed excitement fills the gloom,
  And, in the stillness, clear
The vireo's tell-tale warning rings:
  "'Tis near—'tis near—'tis near!"

As, in the fairy-tale, more loud
  The ghostly music plays
When, toward the enchanted bower, the prince
  Draws closer through the maze.

Nay—nay. I track a fleeter game,
  A wilder than ye know
To lairs beyond the inmost haunt
  Of thrush or vireo.

This way it passed: the scent lies fresh:
  The ferns still lightly shake.
Ever I follow hard upon,
  But never overtake.

To other woods that trail leads on,
  To other worlds and new,
Where they who keep the secret here
  Will keep the promise too.

NOTES OF A WALKER. IV.

THE SKY-LARK ON THE HUDSON.

My note-book of the past season is enriched with the unusual incident of an English sky-lark in full song above the Esopus meadows. I was poking about a marshy place in a low field one morning in early May, when through the maze of bird-voices: laughter of robins, call of meadow-larks, song of bobolinks, ditty of sparrows, whistle of orioles, twitter of swallows, etc., with which the air was filled, my ear suddenly caught an unfamiliar strain. I paused to listen: can it be possible, I thought, that I hear a lark, or am I dreaming. The song came from the air, above a wide, low meadow many hundred yards away. Withdrawing a few paces to a more elevated position, I bent my eye and ear eagerly in that direction. Yes, that unstinted, jubilant, multitudinous song can be none other than the lark's! Any of our native songsters would have ceased while I was listening. Presently I was fortunate enough to catch sight of the bird. He had reached his climax in the sky and was hanging with quivering wings beneath a small white cloud against which his form was clearly revealed. I had seen and heard the lark in England, else I should still have been in doubt about the identity of this singer. While I was climbing a fence I was obliged to take my eye from the bird, and when I looked again the song had ceased and the lark had gone. I was soon in the meadow above which I had heard him, and the first bird I flushed was the lark.

How strange he looked to my eye (I use the masculine gender because it was a male bird, but an Irishman laboring in the field, to whom I related my discovery, spoke touchingly of the bird as "she," and I notice that the old poets do the same),—his long, sharp wings and something in his manner of flight that suggested a shore bird. I followed him about the meadow and got several snatches of song out of him, but not again the soaring, skyward flight and copious musical shower. By appearing to pass by him, I several times got within a few yards of him; as I drew near he would squat in the stubble, and then suddenly start up and, when fairly launched, sing briefly till he alighted again fifteen or twenty rods away. I came twice the next day and twice the next, and each time found the lark in the meadow or heard his song from the air or the sky. What was especially interesting was that the lark had "singled out with affection" one of our native birds, and the one that most resembled its kind, namely the vesper-sparrow, or grass-finch. To this bird I saw him paying his addresses with the greatest assiduity. He would follow it about and hover above it, and by many gentle indirections seek to approach it. But the sparrow was shy, and evidently did not know what to make of her distinguished foreign lover. It would sometimes take refuge in a bush, when the lark, not being a percher, would alight upon the ground beneath it. This sparrow looks enough like the lark to be a near relation. Its color is precisely the same, and it has the two lateral white quills in its tail. It has the same habit of skulking in the stubble or the grass as you approach; it is exclusively a field-bird, and certain of its notes might have been copied from the lark's song. In size it is about a third smaller, and this is the most marked difference between them. With the nobler bipeds, this would not have been any obstacle to the union, and in this case the lark was evidently quite ready to ignore the difference, but the sparrow persisted in saying him nay. It was doubtless this obstinacy on her part that drove the lark away, for, on the fifth day, I could not find him and have never seen nor heard him since. I hope he found a mate somewhere, but it is quite improbable. The bird had, most likely, escaped from a cage, or, may be, it was a survivor of a number liberated some years ago on Long Island. There is no reason why the lark should not thrive in this country as well as in Europe, and, if a few hundred were liberated in any of our fields in April or May, I have little doubt they would soon become established. And what an acquisition it would be! As a songster, the lark is deserving of all the praise that has been bestowed upon him. He would not add to the harmony nor melody of our bird-choir, but he would add greatly to its blithesomeness, joyousness and power. His voice is the jocund and inspiring voice of a spring morning. It is like a musical clapping of hands. I was much interested in an account a friend gave

me of the first sky-lark he heard while abroad. He had been so full of the sights and wonders of the Old World that he had quite forgotten the larks, when one day, as he was walking somewhere near the sea, a brown bird started up in front of him and mounting upward began to sing. It drew his attention, and as the bird went skyward, pouring out his rapid and jubilant notes, like bees from a hive in swarming-time, the truth suddenly flashed upon the observer.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "that is a sky-lark; there is no mistaking that bird."

It is this unique and unmistakable character of the lark's song, and its fountain-like sparkle and copiousness, that are the main sources of its charm.

BLUE JAY AND SPARROW-HAWK.

WHEN the crows worry the owl or the larger hawks, the latter birds never strike back, but only seek to get away from their tormentors. Not so when the blue jays attack the sparrow-hawk; the jay soon finds that this is a game at which two can play. Wilson long ago noted the dangerous infatuation of the jay for this hawk, and I find a peculiar pleasure in confirming and extending his observation. The little drama was played before my friend and myself, one September day, as we sat on some rocks in the edge of the woods. The opening scenes we did not witness, but heard the *mêlée* some time from a distance, before approaching the spot. The hawk had taken up his stand upon a dead tree that rose above a thick undergrowth, and from this vantage-ground, challenged the jays, who were concealed in the foliage below, to come on. No sooner would he utter his shrill call, than the jays, seven or eight in number, would appear upon the dry branches of the tree and begin to mock and tease him. Instantly he would single one out and give chase; the jay, hotly pressed, would take refuge in the thick growth below, uttering a hoarse, cackling note, whether in derision or remonstrance, I could not tell. Then the hawk would resume his perch and utter his war-cry again, when the jays would rush in as before and provoke him to a new assault. For half an hour or more the sparring was kept up. So far as I could see, not a feather of a jay was touched, and the bad temper appeared to be all on the side of the hawk, though I half suspect he was not so mad as he made believe. Sometimes the combatants would drift away from the dry tree into the woods or the near field, but presently the hawk would come back to his chosen perch, when the jays would follow him, and, on his calling, renew their taunts.

Wilson says the sparrow-hawk frequently kills the jay, and makes a meal off him. This I doubt. He prefers smaller birds, as sparrows and gold-finches, and even insects. I have seen numbers of them very busy catching grasshoppers, which they hunted as larger hawks do mice, and pounced down upon in the same manner. The pigeon-hawk would be much more likely to kill a jay. But the latter bird has the wit and cunning of the crow, and is not an easy victim, I imagine, to any enemy. Only once have I seen the quills and feathers marking the spot where one had been devoured, and that was in the depths of the Maine woods.

FALL AND SPRING.

I HAVE before remarked that the fall imitates the spring, is, in fact, a sort of second childhood of the year. I was again forcibly reminded of this fact one day during the past October. Crossing the fields, I found the common blue violet everywhere in bloom, with an occasional dandelion and strawberry blossom, suggesting April or May. In the woods near a mountain-top, I gathered a handful of white Canada violets, fragrant as in the early season. How the birds come forth, too, and become social and gregarious! the early fall is one long holiday with them. The robins are especially frolicsome, and repeat their April reunions with much mirth and laughter. But the birds behave differently in one respect; it is only in the fall that they become familiar and inquisitive about the house, and tap or flutter against your window-pane, and look archly in. What do they want? Is it only a little extra boldness and sauciness, as with a band of children let loose on a picnic, or is it prophetic of the coming frost and cold? One stormy and tempestuous autumn night, there was a sudden fluttering and beating against my window, when, on opening it, in came a yellow-rumped warbler, as if seeking the warmth and the shelter. It is at this season that the light-houses along the coast lure so many birds to their death. The young birds are making their first southern migration, a strong overmastering desire for a

warmer summer land fills them, and the blaze of the great beacons has a fatal attraction.

NOCTURNAL INSECTS.

How the nocturnal insects, the tree-crickets and katy-dids, fail as the heat fails! They are musicians that play fast or slow, strong or feeble, just as the heat of the season waxes or wanes; and they play as long as life lasts; when their music ceases they are dead. The katy-dids begin in August, and cry with great vigor and spirit, "Katy-did," "Katy-did," or "Katy-didn't." Toward the last of September, they have taken in sail a good deal, and cry simply, "Katy," "Katy," with frequent pauses and resting-spells. In October, they languidly gasp or rasp, "Kate," "Kate," "Kate," and before the end of the month they become entirely inaudible, though I suspect that if one's ear was sharp enough he might still hear a dying whisper, "Kate," "Kate." Those cousins of Katy, the little green purring tree-crickets, fail in the same way and at the same time. When their chorus is fullest, the warm autumn night fairly throbs with the soft lulling undertone. I notice that the sound is in waves or has a kind of rhythmic beat. What a gentle, unobtrusive background it forms for the sharp, reedy notes of the katy-dids! As the season advances, their life ebbs and ebbs: you hear one here and one there, but the air is no longer filled with that regular pulse-beat of sound. One by one the musicians cease, till, perhaps on some mild night late in October, you hear—just hear and that is all—the last feeble note of the last of these little harpers.

GLOW-WORM AND FIRE-FLY.

It is a curious and noteworthy fact that, for the glow-worm of the Old World, Nature should have given us the fire-fly in the New. It strikes one as a typical fact. Our fire-fly is the glow-worm Americanized. Its freer life, its rapid movement, its careering up and down, its brilliant, intermittent lamp, shooting across the dark like a little meteor, are all suggestive of the New World. Nature here is pitched in that key, striking and brilliant. American genius and American enterprise flash out in the same way. The human mind and character in this country have not the steady, tranquil glow that they have in Europe; their manifestations are more abrupt and surprising; but may we not say they have a wider, freer field, and that the truth, that shone in a corner in that country, has become a light on the house-tops or a swinging-lamp in the air in this?

We have lost in privacy and humility, and in a certain stay-at-home virtue and art of contentment; but we have gained in other respects and are perhaps less local and provincial than any other people. The average American is no doubt more fond of being seen and heard of men than the European; he advertises his doings to the whole world, but then publicity has its advantages and is one of the safeguards of the republic.

ANOTHER SAND-WASP.

Apropos of my sketch of a species of sand-wasp, or hornet, in the first installment of these notes in the last February Scribner, a correspondent at Atlanta, Ga., sends me the following account of a sand wasp that abounds in that locality:

I have a circular flower-bed in my residence inclosure in this city, which bed is bordered with blue grass about one yard wide; and around this grass, in the garden walk, I have seen these interesting insects. I was first attracted by their method of digging their holes in the flat ground, which they did by keeping their bodies going round and round, and continuously ducking in and out their heads and depositing, as I thought, the excavated earth with their mouths—their wings, in the meantime, keeping up a sort of jerking motion. The holes they would thus make in the ground were perfectly round and smooth, and my little children called them wells. The holes were of about the diameter of the space between these ruled lines (3/8 inch). They left no dirt around the mouths of these holes, like ants do, but carried the dirt into the grass. The insect I have in mind is similar in shape to what we term the "dirt-wasp" (I am no scientist, and can give only common names). It is perfectly black, and very slender and graceful. I saw one with a worm, or hairy caterpillar, which he was carrying, or rather conveying, to his hole, a distance of fifty yards or more. He apparently seized the worm by the neck, then straddling it, propelled himself and the worm forward by touching the ground on either side with his feet. It was the most interesting and herculean sight I ever witnessed. The worm was two and one-half times longer than the fly, and alive and resisting. He carried him in this manner, rapidly at that, to the hole, then relinquishing his prey, he removed the *door* from the mouth of his den, then went down out of sight, and in a few moments came back. He then seized the worm with his mouth, and going backward, pulled the squirming worm in upon him. He next came out and shoveled sand and little pebbles in upon the worm—then replaced the door (which was a flat, smooth pebble, about the size of a man's little finger nail), then covered this door with sand so nicely that I could not have found the place had I not marked the spot. I have spoken of these occurrences often, but have never until your article came before me found any one except my little children who had observed them.

FOREIGN ACTORS ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

All art nowadays is more or less cosmopolitan; one school borrows from another, until at times it seems almost as though native and national peculiarities bid fair to be lost in a world-wide eclecticism. No art has felt this tendency more, or more deeply, than the dramatic. Three centuries ago the plays of Spain, written by Cervantes and Calderon and Lope de Vega, were very different in form and in feeling, in body and in soul, from the plays of England, written by Shakspere and Jonson and Marlowe. To-day there is still a difference, of course, but it is not great; the drama of the day in Spain is like the drama of the day in England, and both of them are remarkably like the drama of the day in France. Railroads and telegraphs go everywhere, and the stove-pipe hat and swallow-tail coat of the nineteenth century are invading far-lying valleys and mountain fastnesses, and bringing with them the latest news and a rarely broken monotony. The native mode of making plays, like the native way of cutting costumes, gives way before the invading Paris fashion. England and America beg the loan of a play from France; Italy and Spain supplement their own production with the latest work of the Parisian artificers; Germany borrows from France mostly, but now and then from England, and even from America,—"Saratoga" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for instance; and France alone relies wholly on herself, with a very rare borrowing now and then from Italy or England.

Nowhere is this dramatic cosmopolitanism more evident than here in New York. With our many foreign inhabitants and with a large number of Americans, native to the isle, or coming here from all parts of the Union because they saw in this city the best mart for their wares,—with a mixed population whose energy and activity have made New York what it is, small wonder is it that a ready welcome greets the foreign play or player who comes to us with good credentials. Mr. Wallack, the manager of what was long the chief comedy theater of the city, imports English plays and English players, though he is unfortunately forced to depend on Americans to furnish his audience; we have two German theaters, open all the season; there are spasmodic attempts to establish a French theater; every year there are presented to us, more or less often, Italian opera, German opera, French *opéra-bouffe*, English opera, and even once in a while American opera; and only a few years ago a company arrived here from St. Petersburg, to reveal to us the beauties of Russian opera. Out of the dozen plays which may be acting in New York at any one time, six or seven are certain to be either English or taken from the French or German. An Italian play, turned into English, served for the first appearance of a young Russian actress in New York in the summer of 1879; and during the years that Mr. Augustin Daly directed the Fifth Avenue Theater, he set before us, besides plays originally written in English by British or American writers, a score or more of pieces adapted from the French, the German, the Danish, or the Spanish. While the drama is thus cosmopolitan, the theatrical advertisements are polyglot. Performances in French or German or Italian are of course announced each in its own language; and besides these excursions from the vernacular, I have seen an advertisement of "The Deluge" in Hebrew, a show-card of an entertainment at a second-rate "variety show" in Greek, a "three-sheet poster" of "The Shaughraun" in Keltic, a hyperbolic prognostication of Mr. Barnum's "Fête at Peking" in Chinese; while the large play-bills of the opera of "Aïda" were surrounded most appropriately with Egyptian hieroglyphics.

This willingness of ours to welcome the wandering stars of the stage is known to all foreign actors and actresses of celebrity, and a triumphal trip to America is often counted on as the crowning achievement of a successful career—a trip which, while it may be disagreeable (for is it not among barbarians, nay, possibly savages?), is certain to be so abundantly rewarded that the traveler may return to his native land to rest for the remainder of his life in comfort, if not in opulence, beneath his own vine and fig-tree. But the foreign celebrity does not always succeed in realizing this pleasant dream; sometimes the Americans do not appreciate the stranger at his own valuation; sometimes, indeed, more often, the appreciation is so cordial and the fascination of the new country is so potent, that the wanderer renounces the land of his birth and settles down among the Americans for the rest of

his days. Among those who have given up their fatherland and abandoned their mother-tongue, either definitely and finally or only for a time, are the late Charles Fechter, a Franco-German; Herr Bandmann and Frau Von Stamwitz, Germans; Signor Majeroni and his wife, Italians; Janauschek, a Czech; and Modjeska, a Pole.

All these and many another less prominent have been made welcome on our stage; it is to be noted that there has never been any jealousy of foreigners in our theaters: in the drama there are no know-nothings, and the native-American cry has never been raised in our play-houses. In the history of our stage there are none of the riots against foreign actors which are frequent in the history of the English stage, like the row of the mob which forced David Garrick, when he was manager of Drury Lane Theater, to discharge Noverre and his band of ballet-dancers, engaged for the "Chinese Spectacle," because they were French, although the great actor proved that they were Swiss; or like the outrageous disturbances in 1848, when the company of the Théatre-Historique of Paris went to London to act in "Monte Christo" and the kindred plays of their repertory. Nothing of this sort has been seen in these United States; no jealousy has ever been shown against foreigners on our stage; most of our theatrical rows have arisen, strange to say, from jealousy of English actors, and nearly all our theatrical riots have been caused by resentment against some alleged insult offered to the country or to some fellow-countryman by an actor from the English theaters. The visits of the elder Kean, of the elder Mathews, and of Macready were marked by disturbances as disgraceful to us as the English riots against French performers just mentioned were discreditable to England. The cause in each case is identical, and it is not far to seek. The French were right across the Channel from the English, and if they once took to coming over the competition might become formidable. But the French and the Germans and the Italians are three thousand miles or more from us Americans, and they do not speak our language or know aught of our customs; and there are far too many difficulties in the way of their ever getting a firm foot-hold on our stage for us to be afraid of them as we may well be of the English, who can step into our theaters without serving any linguistic apprenticeship. Few Americans refer to the British as foreigners,—certainly I did not mean to include them in the title of this article,—and on the stage there is no shibboleth to set them apart. The Scotchman may have some trick of the tongue, the Irishman may have some touch of the brogue, or the Englishman may have an accent which bewrayeth him, but there is no such gulf between them and us as yawns betwixt us and the French or Germans or Italians. In accounting for the theatrical riots of England and America, there is also to be considered the old English feeling of envy and hatred toward France, which hangs on in spite of the lapse of time, just as something of the old American dislike and distrust of England may still survive, as an unholy relic of the wars which gave it birth.

Some of the greatest actors and actresses of this century have visited America, but the first great foreign actor who came was by far the finest. This was Rachel.

Born in Munf, in the canton of Aarau, in Switzerland, on March 24th, 1821, the child of a poor Jew of German-Rhenish blood, who gave lessons in German while his wife peddled old clothes and his children sang in the streets before the open *cafés* for a few scant coppers, Rachel Félix, when she was nine years old, came up to Paris from Lyons with the rest of the family. Following in the footsteps of her elder sister Sarah, who entered a private conservatory of music and declamation, Rachel began to study for the stage and to earn a precarious living by occasional appearances in public.

In 1836, by the advice of Samson, who was ever after to be her instructor, she went to the Government conservatory; the next year she came out as a sort of infant phenomenon at the Gymnase, but without making any great stir; and the year after, on the twelfth of June, 1838, she made her first appearance at the Théatre-Français. It was summer; all Paris was out of town; the nightly receipts were about a hundred dollars. But Doctor Véron discovered her merit, and when Jules Janin came back to town he was advised at once to see her. Janin was the leading dramatic critic of France, and wielded great influence—exactly why, it is now very hard to say: his style is abominable. He delighted in weaving dithyrambic rhapsodies of hyperbolic praise, and in Rachel he found for once a subject worthy of his most extravagant eulogy. Within a week after Janin's article appeared, the receipts of the theater began to go up; within a month she was acknowledged as the first

actress of France. The Comédie-Française made a fresh engagement with her at liberal terms, an engagement which she coolly backed out of when her fame had risen still higher, because it was made when she was a minor. The theater had to yield to her exactions; for the first time in its history the Comédie-Française ceased to be a company of equals; it allowed Rachel to be a "star," and she brought the theater well-nigh to the verge of ruin. As M. Francisque Sarcey has forcibly put it: "Rachel cost the theater more than she ever drew, and she did more harm to art than she did service. * * * The nights on which she played, the receipts amounted to ten thousand francs, the whole of which went into her pocket. The next night, the theater was empty." She stretched her annual vacation as long as was possible, and spent it in hurried starring tours, ruining her health, and rushing through the provinces and the neighboring countries in the hard search after money. She played in England in 1841, and received a bracelet, with the words on it in diamonds, "Victoria to Mademoiselle Rachel"; and her biographer, Mme. de Bury, records that neither the inscription nor the honor of the gift first engaged her attention; "she has herself owned that her first impulse was to feel the weight of the bracelet, and thence estimate its metallic value."

For eighteen years Rachel was at the head of French histrionic art; the few rivals who had arisen or been raised up against her had faded away one by one before the fire of her genius, when all at once a new star appeared above the horizon which threatened to cast hers in the shade. On May 24th, 1855, at the Italian Opera House, in the Italian play "Francesca da Rimini," the Italian actress Adelaide Ristori made her first appearance before the Parisian public. Her success was instantaneous, unanimous, and, as far as one may now judge, greater than Rachel's had been. Critics and play-goers were alike tired of Rachel's ascendency; they were exasperated at her petty ways and at her lack of respect for her art and her genius, and they were therefore only too delighted to have an actress as great as Ristori to set up against Rachel, or even to set over her. Space fails me to attempt a comparative criticism of these two great dramatic artists, or a statement of just where one was greater than the other. It may, perhaps, be not unfair to say roughly that if the old distinction between genius and talent is valid, Rachel had genius, which ran in a narrow groove, while Ristori's talent was a broad and generous stream. In other words, what Rachel could do she did better than Ristori, but Ristori could do many more things well than Rachel. It was poetically said that Ristori brought a lyre of seven chords from which she wrought wondrous music, and yet scarcely more enchanting than the strains which came from the two chords of Rachel's lyre.

Be this as it may, the French press and public of twenty years ago seized greedily at the chance of using Ristori to cast Rachel from her pinnacle—just as in after years, when Rachel was dead, the memory of her genius was used to detract from Ristori's greatness. In June, Rachel, who, on trifling pretexts, had for some time declined acting, went to see Ristori as *Myrrha*, and sat through it without giving any sign of approval; but before leaving her box she sent a note to M. Arsène Houssaye, then at the head of the Théatre-Français, requesting him at once to announce her re-appearance. The Italian actress was present at the first performance of her French rival, and displayed her appreciation by lavish applause. The next night the French actress again saw *Myrrha*, and this time she sent a complimentary message to the chief performer. Then, evidently piqued, Rachel gave a rapid series of her best parts with great success, but still the praise of the press and the public continued to be largely if not altogether for Ristori, and at last Rachel accepted hastily the offer her brother had urged upon her, and resolved upon a trip to America. The head of Raphael Félix had been set in a whirl by the reports of the money made for Jenny Lind by the skillful management of Mr. Barnum, and he had flashed before his sister's eyes the offer of a million two hundred thousand francs, or two hundred and forty thousand dollars, as the return for eighteen months on these Pactolian shores. The thirst for profit, the importunities of her brother, who expected to make a fortune for himself, the urging of her sisters Sarah, Dinah, Lia, who were each to receive a hundred and seventy thousand francs for their services—all these together were potent, and it only needed the coming of Ristori to decide Rachel to cross the ocean.

The itinerary of Rachel's journey to the New World has been written with much bumptious levity by M. Léon Beauvallet,

one of the two leading men of the company which Raphael Félix engaged to support his sister, and it is a very amusing book indeed. The company was apparently a very good one: Mlle. Dinah Félix is now a member of the Comédie-Française; Mlle. Lia Félix acts from time to time the poetic heroines of tragic melodrama; M. Dieudonné is now one of the best light comedians in France; and M. Beauvallet himself was an actor of reputation. In July and August, Rachel and her new comrades acted in London, and on August 11th, they left Liverpool on the steamer *Pacific* for New York.

On the 3d of September, 1855, Rachel made her first appearance in New York, acting *Camille* in "Les Horaces." In the course of the next seven weeks she acted twenty-one times at the theater, besides giving readings at the Broadway Tabernacle and in Niblo's Saloon. In New York, as afterward in Philadelphia, it was found that the public preferred hearing Rachel in the modern drama—the "Angelo" of Hugo or the "Adrienne Lecouvreur" of Scribe and Legouvé—to listening to her in the colder and more classic tragedies of Racine and Corneille. But what seemed to excite most interest was her singing, or rather chanting, of the "Marseillaise." She had done this in Paris during the second republic, and the Garde La Fayette, the French regiment of this city, many of whose members had doubtless left France for conscience' sake after the shameless overthrow of the republic, desired to hear her again intone the thrilling patriotic stanzas of Rouget de l'Isle. They requested it again and again, and the actress declined; finally they came with the regimental band, after the performance, to serenade her and to call for the war-song they wanted. Unfortunately it rained in torrents, and the whole performance had to be repeated. And even then M. Raphael Félix was too shrewd to allow anything so much wished for to be given as a free gift; he came forward and announced that the "Marseillaise" should be on an early programme.

From New York the French company went to Boston, and M. Beauvallet records: "Here everything is exactly the opposite of New York. They like tragedy better than drama. Boston is the literary city of the Union." M. Beauvallet also greatly admired the magnificence of the Boston theater in which he and his comrades appeared. One night when Rachel acted *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, the bills of the Boston Museum announced Miss Eliza Logan as *Adrienne*, in an adaptation of the same piece. "They play nothing but translations here," M. Beauvallet at once generalizes; but he went to see the American performance, and makes the only favorable criticism on an American actor to be found in his whole book. "Mr. William Warren," he writes, "who plays the part of *Michonnet*, seemed to me exceedingly remarkable. He renders the part of the old stage-manager with veritable talent, and I have applauded him with the whole house." It is pleasant to be able to record that the Frenchman only echoed the praise of two generations of Americans, and that Mr. Warren still worthily holds the first place in the same worthy theater, at all times one of the foremost in the country.

From Boston, Rachel returned to New York, and this time appeared at the Academy of Music, alternating with the opera, for it was now November. On the seventeenth of the month, warned, perhaps, by diminishing receipts, Rachel made her last appearance in this city, acting in "Phèdre" and in "Le Moineau de Lesbie," and reciting an ode, "Rachel à l'Amérique," written for the occasion by M. de Trobriand of the "Courier des Etats-Unis,"—a translation of which was made by Bayard Taylor. Boston and New York had been visited, and the profits of the adventure, although large, were nothing like what had been expected. M. de Beauvallet prints a table showing that the total receipts of thirty-one Jenny Lind performances in New York, and of seven in Boston, were $335,409, while the Rachel company, in the same number of appearances, had only taken in $119,758. As her share of these takings, Rachel had already remitted to Europe three hundred thousand francs. But she was not to remit any more; indeed, she would soon be obliged to borrow, for without her the company made but little money, and her future appearances were few. Shortly after she began to act at the Metropolitan Theater in New York, she had caught a cold; it had hung on obstinately, and the deadly chilliness of the Walnut-street Theater, in Philadelphia, so aggravated it that, after one performance in "Les Horaces," she took to her bed and did not act for a month. The company went on to Charleston, S. C.; there she joined them, and there, on the 17th of December, 1855, she acted *Adrienne*, taking her farewell, although she little knew

it, of the stage of which she had been the highest genius. She went on with the company to Havana, hoping to be able to act again, but in vain, and at last she gave up the struggle and went back to France. Hopelessly consumptive, she journeyed the next year to Egypt, seeking health from its mild climate. In the fall of 1857, she arrived at Cannes, in the south of France, and took up her abode at the Villa Sardou, owned by a relative of the ingenious playwright, and here, almost alone, on the third of January, 1858, from the results of the cold caught in America, died the great French actress of whom an English poet wrote:

RACHEL.

Sprung from the blood of Israel's scattered race,
At a mean inn in German Aarau born,
To forms from antique Greece and Rome uptorn,
Tricked out with a Parisian speech and face,
Imparting life renewed, old classic grace;
Then soothing with thy Christian strain forlorn,
A-Kempis! her departing soul outworn,
While by her bedside Hebrew rites have place;—
Ah! not the radiant spirit of Greece alone
She had,—one power, which made her breast its home!
In her, like us, there clashed contending powers—
Germany, France, Christ, Moses, Athens, Rome!
The strife, the mixture in her soul, are ours;
Her genius and her glory are her own.

— MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The last play in which Rachel acted was the "Adrienne Lecouvreur" of Scribe and M. Legouvé, and the latter has recorded a very curious incident of one of its final rehearsals. Shortly before the first performance, the theater was closed one night for a rehearsal of the first four acts. After they had been recited and the actors had gone home, Rachel remained alone with M. Legouvé and MM. Regnier and Maillard, two fellow-associates of the Comédie-Française. Suddenly she said to the author: "Suppose we try the fifth act, which we have not yet rehearsed; I have been studying it alone for three days, and I would like to try my work." They went down to the stage; there were neither foot-lights nor gas, but only the little oil lamp by the empty prompter's-box, and the sole spectators were M. Legouvé, in the orchestra, and the fireman on duty, asleep on a chair between the scenes. "At the beginning," says the author, "my heart was seized by Mlle. Rachel's accent; I had never seen her so true, so simple, so puissantly tragic; the flickering of the smoky little lamp cast on her face a fearful luridity, and the emptiness of the house lent to her voice a strange sonorousness; it was funereal." After the act, M. Legouvé noticed that MM. Regnier and Maillard were as pale as he, and that Rachel, shaken by little nervous shivers, was wiping away the few tears which still rolled from her eyes. Taking her hand, the author said to the actress:

"You have played that fifth act as you never will again in your life!"

"I think so, too," she answered; "and do you know why?"

"Yes. Because there was no one to applaud, you did not think of effect, and so you became in your own eyes the poor *Adrienne*, dying in the middle of the night in the arms of two friends."

Rachel was silent a moment, and then she replied:

"You are all wrong. A phenomenon far more strange took place in me; it was not for *Adrienne* I wept—it was for myself. Something told me I should die young as she did; it seemed as though I were in my own room, at my last hour, present at my own death-bed, and when, at the words 'Farewell, triumphs of the theater! farewell, intoxication of the art I have loved so much!' you saw me weep real tears, it was because I thought with despair that time would bear away every trace of what my talents were, and that soon . . . . there would be nothing left of her who was Rachel."

After Rachel, the next great foreign dramatic artist to visit this country was Ristori, who had been in great part the cause of the French actress's coming, and who, even before her rival had left France, appeared on the stage of the Théatre-Français, in that rival's own house, to act, in Italian and for a benefit, *Maria Stuarda*, in Maffei's Italian version of Schiller's play, supported by the company of which she was the chief, and of which Ernesto Rossi was the leading man. Five years later, Ristori made a second and final appearance on the boards of the Comédie-Française, for the benefit, this time, of a great-granddaughter of Racine. Ristori acted Rachel's greatest part, *Phèdre*, in Italian, and then, in the midst of the grouped associates of that noble company of actors, she came forward to recite in French an ode to Racine, written by M. Legouvé, in which she paid a tender and touching tribute to the great French actress in whose place she stood,—if only for a moment.

Unlike Rachel, the stage was Ristori's birthright and almost her birthplace. The daughter of poor strolling actors, she made

her first appearance before she was three months old. While still a chit of a child her talents were recognized, and her salary was greater than her parents'. Married, in the troublous times which preceded the outbreak of 1848, to the Marquis del Grillo, a son of the Marquis Capranica, Ristori had to overcome the opposition of her husband's family; and that once overcome, ancestral pride forbade her appearance on the stage. But the might of genius is too strong to be bound by petty conventionalities, and Ristori was soon on the stage again, where she ruled by divine right. In 1855 came the great success of her appearance in Paris; Alexandre Dumas hailed her as the high-priestess in Tragedy; Lamartine addressed glowing stanzas to her; and the Government offered her an engagement at the Théatre-Français. A true Italian, she declined to renounce her country, but in 1861, after many triumphs in England, in Spain, in Germany, and in Russia, she returned to Paris, to act in French for eighty nights at the Odéon, in *Béatrix*, a part written expressly for her by M. Legouvé. For a while Ristori journeyed through France with two companies, one Italian and the other French, engaged especially for M. Legouvé's play. The *Medea*, too, which M. Legouvé had written for Rachel, and which the French actress had accepted and then refused, was acted by the Italian with a success which Rachel could not have surpassed.

M. Legouvé, who was thus brought into close relations with the two great actresses of our half-century, having written *Adrienne* for Rachel and *Beatrix* for Ristori, while *Medea*, written for the first, was at last acted by the second,—M. Legouvé, who despised the petty attempts to set the two great artists against each other, and who said, neatly enough: "There are some people who can erect one statue only by overthrowing another; they only know how to build with ruins,"—this M. Legouvé tells us a characteristic anecdote of Ristori's quickness, and of the curious double life led by an actress when she is before an audience, and while she is at the same time both Ristori and *Medea*.

"In the second act," says M. Legouvé, "after the scene with *Jason*, *Medea* falls on a seat, maddened by rage and suffering; her two children appear on the threshold, calling their mother from afar and not without fear. On the second performance I was watching from a side box, when I saw, in the wings, just as the children were coming on the stage, the elder one clumsily step on the heel of the smaller, crushing down his sandal. I was frightened. What will the public say when it sees this poor little fellow coming in slipshod, his foot caught in his undone sandal, and limping much like the comic actor Alexandre in 'The Lyons Mail.' In anticipation I heard the laughter. . . . . Ristori has seen all, and suddenly she changes the pantomime agreed on. She ought to await her children, but she rushes to them, snatches up the little one, carries him off in her arms, throws her drapery over his feet, bears him to the seat, where she sits down with him, and, without slackening a single movement of the scene, without forgetting a single verse, without betraying herself by a single gesture, she seizes beneath her drapery the captive foot, breaks the *cothurnus* with a vigorous pull, and throws the sandal beneath the seat, without being seen by any one—but me. And all this while she continues to sob, to weep, to move the whole house with fear and pity. . . . This reminds me always of the fine definition of a soldier made by Marshal Jannes. The true soldier, he used to say, is he who hears better amid the noise of the cannon and sees better amid the smoke of powder."

Another French dramatist, M. Victorien Sardou, has paid Ristori as enthusiastic a tribute: "I am one of her greatest admirers. I saw her in all her parts, and I was never absent from one of her performances. I can say that I owe her a great deal, and that I have since often put on the stage effects and facial expressions which were recollections of what I had seen her do. I have often trained actresses on this admirable model. . . . All the scene of the denunciation in 'Patrie' was pure Ristorism. For my part, I have never seen anything on the stage as fine as the acting of this marvelous woman, and the evenings of *Pia*, of *Medea*, of *Judith*, and of *Mary Stuart* remain the finest of my dramatic life."

This was the actress who came to America in 1866, making her first appearance in America September 20th, in New York, at what was then the French Theater, and is now known as Haverly's, in accordance with the detestable American habit of labeling a temple of art with the name of the man who may happen to be its temporary owner. There she acted fifty times and more. Then she traveled up and down the

length of the country, acting in thirty cities, and giving a hundred and seventy performances. So great was her success that she came to us again the next season. A third visit was made in 1874. On her first visit, her first and last appearances were made in *Medea*, and it was only in New Orleans that she acted *Myrrha*. Classic tragedy—although neither *Medea* nor *Myrrha* can be called cold—was too barren, too devoid of action and color to please the mass of American theater-goers, and reliance was therefore wisely placed, in the earlier visits, on "Elizabeth of England," and, in the later, on "Marie Antoinette," both plays by Signor Giacommetti, somewhat akin in style to the chronicle-histories of Shakspere's day, and scarcely to be called dramas at all.

Charlotte Cushman was in Paris in 1855, when the rivalry was hottest between Rachel and Ristori for the tragic crown: and, as might have been expected, she preferred Ristori. The next year found the American actress keeping house in London when the Italian came there to play. Miss Cushman had met Ristori, and liked the woman as much as she had admired the actress. So she gave her an Italian dinner,—"everything," says her biographer, "*Italianissimo*, as far as the resources of London would permit—cooks, waiters, dishes, all Italian, the chief cook turning himself into a waiter for the pleasure of looking at Ristori. The table was decorated with the Italian colors, and the dress of the hostess also displayed the mystical tricolor bright:

> "Red for the patriot's blood,
> Green for the martyr's crown,
> White for the dew and the rime
> When the morning of God comes down,"

—surely a touching tribute to one who loved her country as Ristori did, and who labored for it as the agent of Cavour, earning that great statesman's thanks. Later on, when Miss Cushman lived in Rome, and had acquired more Italian, she met Ristori unexpectedly on the Pincian, and, running to meet her, poured forth a warm greeting in Italian. "I don't know what I said," the American actress explained to a friend, "but I threw all the Italian I had at her pell-mell, and she understood me, as she always does."

During Ristori's visit to this country in the season of 1874–5, she and the greatest of American actresses met again. In a letter to a friend, Miss Cushman writes:

> "I have been to the theater two nights to see Ristori in *Elizabetta* and *Marie Antoinette*. * * * She is the greatest female artist I have ever seen. Such perfect nature, such ease, such grace, such elegance of manner, such as befits a queen. On Monday night I sat in the director's box, holding a beautiful bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley for her. At the end of the second act she was called, the curtain was lifted, and she came down with some of the others. As I lifted the bouquet, she saw it and came over to the box. She is near-sighted, so did not recognize me until she came near; then she gave a start toward me, saying, '*Ah, cara amica!*' She almost put her arms around me, and would have kissed me if I had let her. We exchanged words to know where each was staying, the audience all this while applauding tremendously. Friends say it was one of the prettiest sights they ever saw, and the audience seemed to think so. She came to see me yesterday, and we had a long, long talk, I floundering about in Italian, and she talking like an angel."

After Rachel and Ristori came an actor far inferior to either, but abiding longer with us, and exerting an influence on our stage seemingly much stronger. Charles Fechter, after remaining in America nearly ten years, died here, and it was with a certain sense of incongruity that, on a hot day two summers ago, one read in the afternoon paper a dispatch from Quakertown, Pennsylvania, announcing the death there of the actor who had created the part of *Armand* in the "Dame aux Camélias," and who had been recognized on his arrival as the best performer we had in parts compounded of pictorial dash and melodramatic energy.

The career of Charles Fechter was a remarkable one, even in these days of cosmopolitanism in art. Born in London fifty-five years ago, of an Italian mother and a Franco-German father, he was brought up in Paris to be a sculptor. Before he was twenty he had gone on the stage, first as an amateur and then as a professional actor. He entered the conservatory to prepare for the Theâtre-Français, where he acted a short time, but where a long engagement was refused him, because of his English accent. He seems to have overcome this defect later, for, between 1848 and 1860, he created many important parts in comedy and drama,—*Armand* and *Raphael* in the plays known in America as "Camille" and "The Marble Heart," for instance, and the twins in "The Corsican Brothers." After having at different times played in Italy and Germany, he went to London, in 1860, to act in English. His accent, and what was even worse, his intonation, were foreign to

English ears; but, in spite of this, he played a series of brilliant engagements. By the aid of Lady Burdett-Coutts, always an admirer of the drama and now the moneyed partner of Mr. Henry Irving in the management of the same theater, M. Fechter was enabled, in 1863, to take the Lyceum Theater, which he managed for four years, acting in "Ruy Blas," "Don César de Bazan," "The Duke's Motto," and in other plays of the same class, besides attempting *Hamlet* and *Othello*. In all of these his French intonation was against him, and it was to give him a part in which this would not be a disadvantage that his friends, Charles Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins, wrote the Christmas story of "No Thoroughfare," and then turned it into a play, in which Fechter created *Obenreizer*. To act in the French version of "No Thoroughfare," called "L'Abime," M. Fechter returned to Paris for a while in 1868.

Ten years after his first success in England, Fechter came to the United States, preceded by an extravagant eulogy sent to the "Atlantic Monthly" by Dickens—a eulogy which was very dangerous and, in fact, very injurious to the French actor, for it excited anticipations so high that David Garrick himself could not have satisfied them. Appearing first, January 10th, 1870, at Niblo's Garden in this city, he afterward managed the Globe Theater in Boston and the Lyceum in New York. Successful as an actor until of late years, when he began to be careless and to disappoint audiences by sudden attacks of indisposition,—the one thing certain to alienate the mass of theater-goers,—as a manager he never succeeded; his arrogant temper and his lack of judgment resulted in lowering all interest in him until neither his fellow-players nor the public could be induced to work together with him.

Latterly, Fechter's powers of acting were on the wane, owing partly to weakening health, and his death was not felt as a great loss to the stage, on which he had ceased to be prominent some time before. His career presents a most unfortunate instance of strong native ability wasted by want of character and lack of self-control. About his acting there was always much discussion, both in this country and in England. He was essentially an actor of situation—that is to say, of melodrama, with but little feeling for character and with no appreciation at all of the serene calm of true poetry. His ingenuity was quick and fertile in picturesque contrasts and in stage surprises. He was fond of innovation for its own sake, and prided himself on discarding tradition—forgetful, apparently, that on the stage, tradition, as the result of the accumulated skill of the actors of the past, has nine chances in ten of being right. His peculiar ability, great but not of the greatest, was seen to the full in his *Hamlet*, which was an exceedingly effective picture of a clever young Frenchman of the days of the romantic revival of 1830, unfortunately placed in the same series of situations as Shakspere's *Hamlet*. That he wore a blonde wig may be taken as typical. No actor has ever entirely failed as *Hamlet;* the play is so truly dramatic, so well suited to the taste of all playgoers, high and low, that it carries the player along with it. But on *Othello* Fechter made shipwreck, as David Garrick, the greatest of all actors, had done before him; in that rich tragic part no effort of ingenious picturesqueness could save him from a dismal and instructive failure, just as he had failed years before when he attempted, at the Paris Odéon, the same innovating and modern redressing of Molière's masterpiece, "Tartuffe," a play which lent itself even less readily than "Othello" to this nineteenth-century search for novelty.

Fechter had a great fancy for the purely pictorial play, rich in scenic adornment and lively with well-planned groupings. He was fond of the externals of the stage, and under his management the eye, at least, was certain to be satisfied. Mrs. Kemble justly said of "The Duke's Motto" that "with all its resources of scenic effect" it was "a striking and interesting theatrical entertainment, with hardly an admixture of that which is truly dramatic." Not only in his choice of plays and in his mounting of them as a manager was Fechter's way of looking at things pictorial and plastic rather than really dramatic, but as an actor he always remembered that he had been a sculptor, and his first calling undoubtedly suggested to him some of his happiest effects. Often he summed up a situation by a striking attitude, fitting the gesture to the word with unforgetable effect. Who having ever seen him as *Ruy Blas* could not but remember the supreme moment, in the last act, when he turns on *Don Sallust* with the words, "Once I was your lackey—but now I am your executioner!" saying which, he drew his sword and lifted his foot on the chair before

RACHEL AS PHÈDRE. (FROM THE PAINTING BY GÉRÔME.)

FECHTER AS MONTE CHRISTO.

him, and stood in the attitude of the headsman resting his foot on the block.

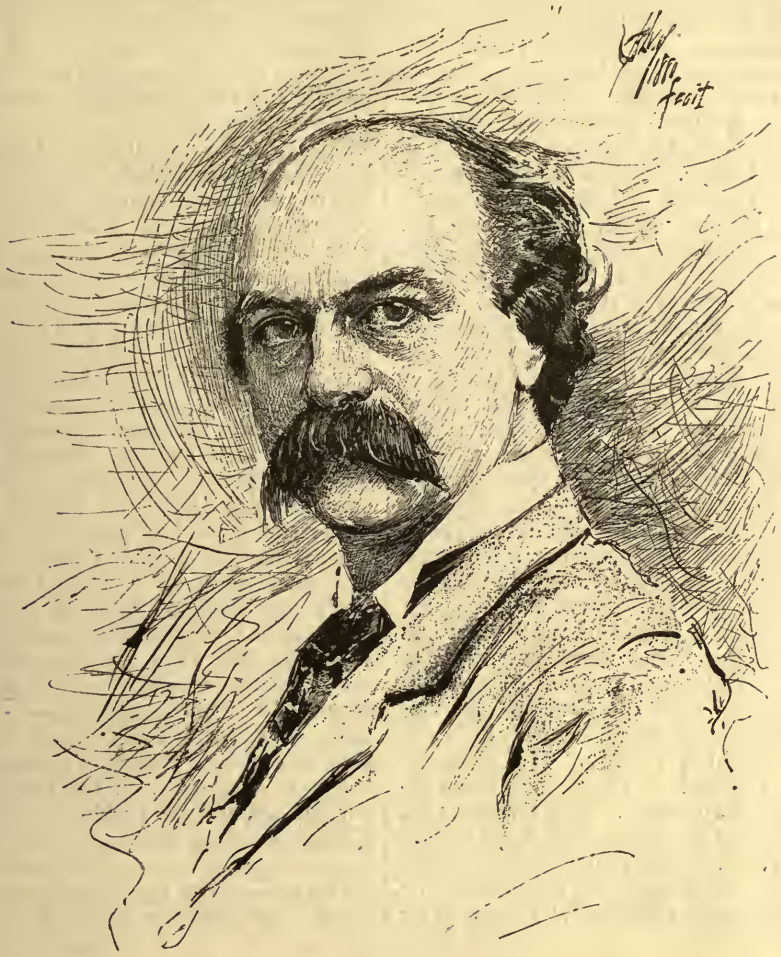
To most of us, I fancy, David Garrick is but a name with a string of anecdotes tagged

to it, like a tail to a kite. In but a little while Fechter will fade out of men's recollections; he will fill only his allotted space in the biographical dictionaries, and a cloud of anecdotes about him, more or less apocryphal, will float about through the papers. One hesitates before setting another anecdote in circulation, but as it has not hitherto been in print in this country, and as it shows to advantage the actor's quick wit in an emergency, space may perhaps be found for it. He was playing in a heavy melodrama called "Le Fils de la Nuit," in which the great effect was the crossing of a ship in full sail over the stage, representing the wide ocean. The agitation of the waves is generally figured in the theater by a large blue-and-white cloth, which covers the whole stage, and under which an assorted dozen of small boys keep in constant motion to give the cloth the ceaseless movement of the ocean. The piece was a great success and had a long run, and in course of time the sea-cloth began to show signs of wear. One night, as the ship came gliding across the stage, with Fechter, as its captain, standing in the prow, the cloth parted, and there, in the midst of the watery waste, stood a small boy. The eyes of the audience were upon him, and the illusions of the stage were about to give way, when Fechter shouted, "Man overboard!" and reaching out over the waters, as the ship sped on its way, he seized the urchin by the shoulder and lifted him over the bulwark into the vessel.

In 1873 there came to this country the foremost of Italian actors, Signor Tommaso Salvini. He first appeared at the New York Academy of Music, on September 16th, 1873, acting *Othello*. He remained in the United States until April, 1874, when he went to Havana, returning here in June. At Booth's Theater, on the 17th of June, he acted *King Saul*, which Mr. William Winter considers his greatest work. After visiting the other cities of the country, he returned here in December, leaving New York for Cuba in January. Mr. Winter has kindly furnished me with a few facts and figures of his wanderings in America, which are not without interest in showing that there was throughout the chief towns of the United States a culture capable of appreciating a great artist, even though his subtle graces were seen through the veil of a foreign idiom. Briefly, these figures are to the effect that Signor Salvini acted in all in North America, including Cuba, one hundred and fifty-six times. The gross receipts were about one hundred and fifty thousand dol-

MADAME JANAUSCHEK.

RISTORI AS MARY STUART.



SALVINI.

lars. The actor's share was nearly thirty thousand dollars, while the manager neither made nor lost by the engagement.

Last fall Signor Salvini again arrived in New York, for another professional trip through the United States. He began to act November 29th, in Philadelphia. The inexorable printer claims my "copy" before Salvini appears in New York, although his engagement in this city will finish before the present number gets into the hands of its readers; and, as I was unfortunately prevented from seeing the Italian actor on his former visit, I am debarred from criticism. One peculiarity of his present appearances has called forth much diversity of opinion. Seven years ago Salvini was surrounded by the company of Italian actors with whom he was in the habit of acting. Now he acts with an American company, and the whole performance—save Signor Salvini's own speeches—is in English. This polyglot attempt is not as novel as some seem to have supposed. On the operatic stage, it is not unusual for one vocalist to sing in a different language from the rest; only two or three months ago Patti and Nicolini sang in Italian in "The Barber of Seville" at the Berlin opera-house, while the other singers sang in German; and there are even operatic precedents for the combination of three languages. Although less frequent on the non-musical stage, a bilingual performance is no great rarity. In Gautier's "Russia" there is, if I remember aright, an account of the acting of *Othello* by Ira Aldridge, "The African Roscius," as he was called, who spoke English, surrounded by native actors using their native tongue. At differ-

ent times, Mr. Edwin Booth has acted with Herr Bandmann and Fraülein Janauschek, all speaking their own language. And on one occasion "Othello" was acted in this city with Bogumil Dawison as *Othello*, Booth as *Iago*, Mr. Newton Gotthold as *Cassio*, and Mme. Methua Schiller as *Desdemona*. Dawison and Booth each spoke his own tongue; Mme. Schiller and Mr. Gotthold alternated from English to German, as they chanced to be acting with the American tragedian or the German. Modjeska spoke Polish, with an English company, when she began her artistic career in the United States. After all, this mixing of languages is not a matter of great importance. Like the use of blank verse or the mingling of prose and verse, it departs from the exact facts of life. The spectators accept it by tacit convention—as they will accept almost any other incongruity, however humorous it may seem, if it be necessary to further their enjoyment, and if it be frankly presented at the start.

Before Salvini, indeed before Fechter had visited us, Herr Daniel Bandmann came to this city to play at the Stadt Theater, in German, and liked the land so well that he learned English and acted in it, in 1865, at Niblo's Garden. He afterward went to England and has since again returned to this country. His favorite and, indeed, his best part is *Narcisse*, in the version made by Mr. Tom Taylor of the rather dull play suggested to Brachvogel by Diderot's dramatic fragment, "Le Neveu de Rameau." Before Salvini, too, came Marie Seebach, tender representative of Goethe's *Gretchen*, who, however, did not make a long stay or any very great ripple of excitement while she was here.

Space fails to do full justice here to Fraülein Fanny Janauschek, who came before Salvini and has remained after his going. At first she acted in German, and then a little later in English, a language which she mastered by hard labor in less than a year, just as she had before acquired German, her native tongue being Czech. The resolute self-reliance of which this instance is typical is to be seen in her acting. She brought to the American stage, where she found a ready welcome, a massive breadth of style and a stalwart strength which it had not known for years. Not a few other foreign histrionic artists, of more or less merit, and of greater or less fame, have from time to time crossed our stage. Madame Modjeska was one: she has already been sketched with pen and pencil in these pages.* Within the past few years we have also had Frau von Stamwitz, a German actress, speaking in English; and Signor and Signora Majeroni,—the latter a niece of Ristori's and both of them members of her latest American company; they too, have grappled with the ruggedness of our tongue, and are seeking success on the English-speaking stage.

* See SCRIBNER for March, 1879, and "Communications" in SCRIBNER for May, 1879.

SOUVENIR OF ITALY.

TO A. H. B. W.

WERE they elms that taught of old
Man the rustic dance to pace—
Elms with hands outstretched to hold
Hands of vine with homely grace?

Brenta greets her harvest moons
Gorgeously with leaf and grape;
Was it here the cosmic tunes
Changed to movement and a shape?

Round the squares of golden wheat,
Dotted poppy-red and blue,
Swing the trees with cloddy feet,
Arm in arm, a sober crew.

On the moistened fields aligned,
Brave with fruit and wine and bread,
Mellow soil below they find,
Paradise above their head.

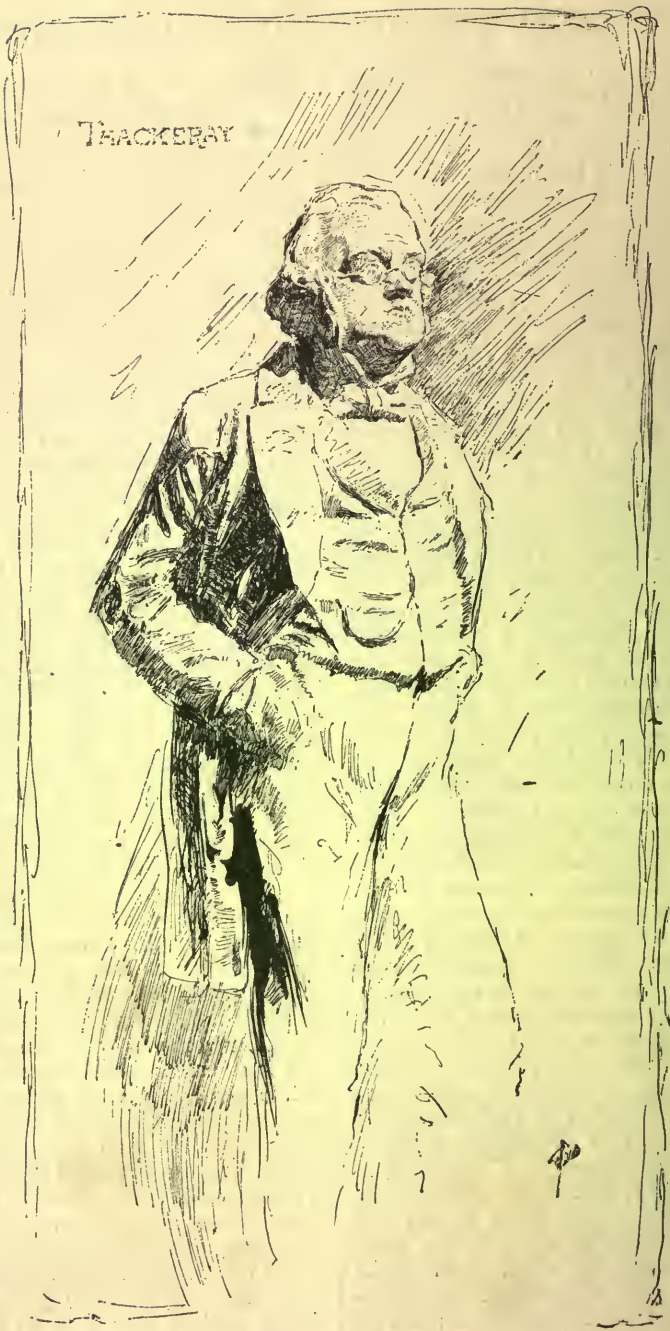
Clipt and cropt in human guise,
Gnarly-trunk'd, with wrinkled knees,
Squat from burdens, weather-wise,
By the Brenta dance the trees.

THACKERAY'S RELATIONS TO ENGLISH SOCIETY.

It is apparent to the readers of Thackeray that the mind of that great writer was, in some respects, a turbid and a confused one. This confusion was due to his sensitiveness and to his having certain qualities which I shall refer to further on; but it was especially due to his having, in a high degree, two traits which were inconsistent and difficult to reconcile. A worldly man is a simple character. A poet or philosopher is comparatively a simple character. Each of these may pursue a contented and simple existence. But confusion and discontent begin when the interest is divided between the world and those things which poets care for. If irresolution and the inability to decide what one wants are added to this character, the mind is taken up with a dialogue of thoughts, which, like the combat of principles in the Manichean theology, may go on forever. This was Thackeray's state of mind. He believed in the world, and bestowed a reluctant but inevitable worship upon it. He was born a poet and humorist; his eyes were fixed on life so strongly that it would have been impossible for him to withdraw them altogether. He could not cease to be a poet, and he could not forget the world. Between the two, he was unable to make up his mind. He discovered daily the vanity of mundane matters, but the discovery had, nevertheless, to be made the day after. He was a proud and ambitious man, who hated to be ignored, or thought trifling or unimportant. He had a desire for social position which he was unable to put aside. But I doubt if anybody with a mind like his, and living as he did, could have put aside the desire for social position. People do not usually overcome a deep-seated disposition by an effort of the will, but by putting themselves in circumstances amidst which they may forget it. The thing is then out of sight, and is, therefore, out of mind. But Thackeray lived amidst just those circumstances in which it was most difficult to avert his mind from social ambition and pride of position. In Switzerland he might have forgotten it; but he could not forget it in Pall Mall; and Pall Mall was his proper place. His character was strongly social. Society and human beings had educated him, and he lived upon them. There was nothing for him, therefore, but to get on as best he could with the people among whom his lot fell.

The nature of that society is, perhaps, the most egotistical in the world. No other society so compels its constituents to be egotists, to be thinking continually upon the subject of their own consequence. Thackeray's lot was, therefore, cast in a society the tendency of which was to educate rather than to allay egotism, to excite to the highest degree his social pride. Doubtless, in some societies the mere fact of having written great works would give a man a social position sufficiently high to satisfy any ambition. Such is the case here, and such is said to be the case in France; but such is not the case in England. Thackeray was aware that no matter what works he wrote he could never be the equal of many people whom he was in the habit of seeing. He knew that though he spoke with the tongue of men and of angels, though he had the gift of prophecy and understood all mysteries and all knowledge, though he could remove mountains, and though he gave his body to be burned, he could never be as good as the eldest son of a great peer. He might have gone apart and lived among artists and other people of his own sort, whose society he said, and no doubt truly, that he preferred to any other. He might have given himself up to admiring the virtues and graces of people who make no figure in the world. But then he would have had to write himself down as one of the excluded, as one of a second lot, and this he would not have been able to do. As he could not obtain social position by writing great works, the only pursuit left to him was that career which consists in winning the respect of general society by obtaining the acquaintance of the leading people. The pride of a man who enters upon this pursuit is always in more or less peril. He is always asking something for nothing. It is easy to see that such a man as Thackeray, in making an object of getting on in society, would be at a great disadvantage.

See the way in which your entirely and simply worldly man goes to work. Such pride as he has he is able to put in his pocket. He never falls in love with any but the right people. He is betrayed into no sudden movements of the heart or fancy—supposing him to be capable of such—with obscure or



PEN SKETCH BY ROBERT BLUM OF BOEHM'S STATUETTE OF THACKERAY.

doubtful persons. He wastes no words on people who cannot help him on the way. "This one thing I do," he says, and, like most people who have one object, usually reaches it. Thackeray, on the contrary, saw and could not help caring for the souls of people. He liked the good, the simple, the honest, the affectionate. It is evident, therefore, in this business, Thackeray had too much to carry. The result was confusion and unrest. Yet he was never able to let it alone. Not only did he follow it in the common way, but we find him ready at any time to give himself up to some office or appointment, the possession of which will, in his own notion, make him more respectable. Thus, he wanted to be Secretary of Legation at Washington. The pay of the place was nothing to speak of. The position itself ought not to have allured the man who had written "Esmond" and "Vanity Fair." He would have been of no use in such a place. Why did he want it? Perhaps he remembered that Addison and Prior were diplomatists, and was ready to choose a profession with the instincts of a fancier of old china. But the real reason was this: there no doubt seemed to him a particular decency in the occupation of a diplomate which he wished to transfer to and unite with himself. Every man, of course, may choose what objects he shall pursue, and Thackeray had, perhaps, at this time done enough to earn the right to be idle. But then he had what so few have—a real task to perform. He had an unmistakable employment cut out for him by his own genius, and prepared for him by the age; his head was full of great works which he wished to write; he wanted money, and he could make more money by writing these works than by doing anything else. At the time of which we are speaking, he had only ten more years of life, though, of course, he did not know this. Yet he was willing to stop his own proper business, his "Work with a big W," to go to playing with sealing-wax; he was anxious to step down from one of the highest literary thrones of the day to accept a place where he should copy the words of masters at home who were scarcely conscious of him, and take lessons of juniors, who despised him as an interloper and a good-for-nothing; and he would do all this that he might have the consciousness of belonging to a respectable profession.

It was because Thackeray so desired the respect of others, was so anxious for the social consideration of the people he was meeting, that he thought so much about snobs and snobbishness. Shakspere says that the courtier has "a melancholy, which is proud." By this we understand that the courtier's mind is apt to be busy with the question of the favor in which he is held by the great personages with whom he lives, and of the consideration which he enjoys in that society which constitutes their *entourage*. This melancholy is not by any means confined to courts or courtiers. It was the "courtier's melancholy" which Thackeray had. He was a sensitive man. It was, in general, his habit to take the world hard, and it was especially natural to him to suffer strongly from the unfriendly sentiments of others toward himself. He looked at the snobbish mind so closely and with such interest, because that mind had been directed upon himself. He examined it as a private soldier examines the cat-o'-nine-tails. It was the quickness of his sensibility to disrespect or unkindness, it was his keenly sympathetic consciousness of the hostile feelings of people toward himself, which awakened a rather indolent mind to such energetic perception of the snobbish moods. It was this which caused him to look with such power upon a snob. During his fifty years of life he had conned a vast number of snobbish thoughts, and must have accumulated a great quantity of snob-lore. No doubt, he thought too much about snobs. The late Mr. Bagehot said that Thackeray judged snobbishness too harshly. Perhaps he did. Mr. Bagehot goes on to say that it is only to be expected that people should wish to rise in society, that it is no such great sin to admire and court the successful, and to neglect the unsuccessful. It was Mr. Bagehot's mistake to suppose the thoughts of one society to be those of the world, to take as universal a sentiment which, in the degree in which he knew it, was merely British. Certainly no other people in the world think so much about consequence as the English. Egotism in that country is made into a science. The subtlety which the subject is capable of in the hands of clever or even of stupid persons is surprising; for a large part of the community it would seem to constitute a liberal education.

Not only did Thackeray care for social position, not only did he desire to be respected and acknowledged to be important, and wish that his external image should cast a shadow of some density upon the units among whom he moved, but he was very much alive to the feelings toward him-

self of those who looked at him as a man rather than as a member of society. Much as Thackeray wished to be considered, he wished even more to be liked. He did not wish to be feared, nor did he care very much to be admired; he had little vanity, and he liked kindness better than anything else in the world. He suffered keenly from the unfriendly thoughts of others concerning himself, and half believed them. He was one upon whom opinions, especially if they concerned himself or his affairs, had a great effect. His doubting temper disposed him to disbelieve his own opinions, no matter with what pains and care he might have formed them. The opinion of another, on the contrary, was a fact; it was, at any rate, a fact that the opinion had been expressed. Thus, he gave to the lightest breath of another the superstitious attention which an enlightened and skeptical heathen might have yielded to an oracle in which he was still half ready to believe. He had no large share of that just and right self-esteem which Milton teaches.

The quality which Thackeray especially admired in the British dandy, whom he has, perhaps, described better than any other writer, was his "superb self-confidence." He does not seem to have borne in mind that the virtue of that self-confidence was due to the greatness of the thing in which the dandy confides. I should like here to enter into a little digression upon the subject of dandies, a class of persons to whom the writers of books have not given their true significance and importance. The explanation, for instance, which Mr. Carlyle has made of them is quite insufficient. I think this discussion proper to the subject, because the dandy is the true representative of that power which Thackeray worshiped more than any other thing in the world. Worship is a sense which continues with us, and deeply influences us, of something greater than ourselves. This worship, when most sincere and profound, is often most unconscious. Perhaps, Thackeray never really knew what was the condition of his own feelings toward the world of British fashion. From long habit, he had come to regard it as the most tremendous object existing. There is a worship which is Fear rather than Praise, and it was this which he bestowed upon it. He accused it, he perhaps even hated it, but he worshiped it.

I say that it is the representative function of the dandy which makes him proper to this discussion. I am not going to discuss the dandy of any particular nation, but rather the dandy pure and simple—a being who exists everywhere, except, perhaps, in America. I find the reason of his importance to be this, that he of all men most believes in that in which all believe to a great extent,—mundane success, and that he of all men best represents it. When wealth and place would be represented, they do not choose as their symbols the old, the feeble and the disenchanted, but those who, to the advantage of their worldly position, add the native gifts of youth, health and good looks. The dandy's principle of existence is belief in the outward life, and a profound agreement with what are called the world's ideas. Indeed, in all the world there are none who believe them so fully as he does; these ideas are his own, and he judges other men by them with a reliance upon their correctness which is implicit. He delights in the sense of being fortunate, he has a good digestion, and finds such zest and occupation in material life that he does not feel the want of other employments. Now it is obvious that the position which we have here described is an important one. Its occupants, no doubt, change rapidly from hour to hour, for dandyism in the individual is but short-lived, but the place itself is one of the strongest in the field of society.

One general condition of the perfect dandy is that he must be at peace with himself. So secure should be that satisfaction, that he should scarcely ever have need to cast a glance inward or backward upon himself. He must have birth, fortune, good looks, etc.; at any rate, he must not be deficient in any of these qualities to such a point as to impair the needful self-satisfaction. There is another condition: he should, as a rule, be young. Commerce with life, and an experience of its customary ills, are certain to impair the best dandyism. The man who is busy with the prospects of sons, or the matrimonial perplexities of daughters, must have outlived the dandy's state of mind. Age, indeed, if unaccompanied by disenchantment and the pressure of human ills, is unfavorable to dandyism. The deepening of the social ties must destroy it. The stronger relationships do not consist with it. A bachelor may retain a languishing dandyism till he is gray, but such a sentiment does not agree with the feelings of the parental mind. So much for the general discrepancy of age and dandyism. There is, however, a particular reason why

the young are the best dandies. Along with that unhesitating pride in the bare fact of possession which is a characteristic of the dandy, there goes a secure faith that his good fortune is the result of his own merit. All men, indeed, believe, to a greater or less extent, that their good fortune is the result of their own merit, but none believe this with so unquestioning a faith as the young. The contrary notion never crosses their minds except as some threadbare commonplace, drowsily announced from the preacher's desk, which has about as much application to themselves as most of the stories in the Old Testament. There is one other quality necessary to the constitution of the perfect dandy, and which, we believe, completes him. This quality is a purely personal one. It is a certain native self-conceit and force of will.

I have mentioned some of the qualifications which it is necessary that the dandy should possess. It is not less necessary that he should be without certain others. He should, as a rule, not be a man of ability. This is necessary not only because the knowledge and mental energy which accompany ability are likely to impair the dandiacal mind, but also for another reason. One cause of the respect which the dandy receives is that his mind is difficult to comprehend and to define. The chief mental characteristic in the true dandy is a certain determination and self-confidence; for the rest, his mind has little in it; and it is difficult to grasp with precision a mind which is without thought and almost without traits. It is, on the other hand, easier to judge a man who, to a disposition toward dandyism, adds ability and distinction, because he presents to the tentacles of criticism something which may be defined, judged and classified. Ability, moreover, implies the disposition to do something, and to learn what should be done. This disposition is exactly the reverse of the dandy's, which is one of rest and content. But of all men of ability it is most difficult for the artist (we use the word in its broad sense) to be a dandy. The dandy is independent; the artist's characteristic is his dependence. He never ceases to need sympathy and recognition. The dandy compels you to be what he thinks you; the artist is always what you think him. The prominence or violence of the trait varies greatly in different men; but there is no doubt that it is a characteristic of all artists. In several of the letters of Byron, reference is made to a visit paid him in Italy by a young gentleman from Boston, who had brought him a note of introduction, and who had been at no pains to conceal the fact that he was disappointed in the poet. So disturbed is Byron by this, that he again and again refers to the visit, and expresses his regret and vexation at the impression he had made on the mind of this youngster, and his contrition that he cannot always be up to the mark of people's expectations.

The true dandy, we may add, is usually a very genuine, straightforward and simple being. The presence of affectation in the manner of any youth shows him to be something less than the perfect dandy. He may be cleverer, he may be kinder; his quickness of mind and feeling is no doubt the cause of his failure; but he is not the true dandy. The fact is, perhaps, that the real dandy is a rarer being than we suppose, that the men who have just the gifts and just the want of gifts to act the character in its perfection are not many. They are supplemented by a host of others who like to be in the company of dandies, who sympathize to a great extent with their view of life, and accept it as one of their own. It is these men rather than the true dandies who make the affected tone of fashionable societies, for there can be no doubt that that tone is affected. It is they who, from table to table, in the coffee-rooms of clubs, conduct those conversational skirmishes which are so like exercises in "Ollendorff": "Have you the good sheep of the farmer?" "No; but I have the horse of the excellent grocer."

The dandy should be, in his behavior, a simple and straightforward being, for his creed is a very simple one. Its simplicity is one of its potent elements. There is a definiteness about a large house and a considerable income extremely satisfactory to minds puzzled with the conflicting judgments of men with regard to questions of duty and art. It is much easier to decide whether a man is rich or great than to choose, amid conflicting opinions, that view of his character or genius which may be the true one. It was wittily said, by a famous poet, that envy itself could not deny that he lived among the great. The verities of the world are of a kind which may be believed in strongly. No one but a saint or enthusiast has the same confidence in his spiritual verities which the dandy has in his material verities. But most men are not saints or enthusiasts; their minds pursue through life a varying course of inconstant sentiments, as they are

played upon by the contending impulses to which the human career is subject. Hence the effect upon them of the simple faith of the dandy, that men are either rich or poor, brilliant or obscure, fortunate or miserable, and that all other distinctions which moralists and poets have invented are but the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee.

In this character of the dandy which I have just sketched, we have the representative of the world which Thackeray worshiped. The dandy's simplicity and confidence contrast strongly with the literary man's divided and irresolute mind. This contrast expresses the relationship which the world has to the worldly minded poet. Thackeray was just one of those characters whom the strong and the steady verities of the world would control; he had that divided and only human mind upon whom they produce a deep impression. His sensitiveness caused that impression to be all the deeper; he had to the full that want of an even sense of himself, of his relation to the world without him, which is natural, perhaps, to the artist; he was no match for the dandy and for those facts of which the dandy is the proper exponent.

I have no intention here to write a literary criticism upon Thackeray's books. It seems to me a difficult subject to write upon. There comes a time in the history of nearly every great author when it is hard to write a good criticism of him. This is when he has been fully learned by the public, but has not yet been forgotten. During the first few years of a great author's appearance his devoted admirers are apt to believe him a much more wonderful person than he really is. They forget that Homer, Cervantes and Fielding are not likely to be surpassed, and that this new writer is after all only one more literary man. The criticism of these admirers is nearly certain to be partial and without proportion, but they have a fresh and direct sympathy which is genuine. On the other hand, a forgotten author may be criticised both with justice and sympathy. But it is hard to judge, either freshly or justly, contemporaneous authors whom we have got by heart. The public has become somewhat bored with them. Familiarity with them has bred a kind of satiety. This appears to be just now the feeling of the public toward Thackeray and Tennyson. A critic cannot well help sharing the general feeling. I do not, therefore, intend to attempt to criticise Thackeray's writings. But I think I may hazard the opinion that he was rather a critic than an artist. The reader of his stories, no matter how keenly he may be interested in them, never forgets the presence of a powerful and marked intellect which has completely won his attention. I think it will be agreed that Thackeray does not in any way, as an artist, reach the highest mark. Some of his characters are very real, but not so real as those of Fielding. Some of his scenes are dramatic, but not so dramatic as those in the "Notre Dame" of Victor Hugo. If a few of his characters, such as Major Pendennis and Lord Steyne, are real, there are many which are only half real. Of many of his characters you ask yourself whether they are real or not; you may decide upon reflection that they are; but you do not ask this question concerning the most perfect characters; you never ask whether Sophia Western is real. I cannot agree with the opinion which Mr. Trollope gives, in the little book on Thackeray which he has lately published, that Barry Lyndon is a real character. The character seems to me unsteady, inconsistent and, in a word, unreal; the author himself hardly believes in it. In Beatrix Esmond, the broad marks in the character of an ambitious and brilliant woman are well given by the incidents of the novel, and that scene in which she and the Prince are found together by Esmond at Castlewood is highly true and dramatic. But Thackeray does not make the willfulness and the brilliancy of the woman as dazzling and charming as he had wished them to be, or, perhaps, had conceived them to be. His imagination has flagged, and he altogether fails in his obvious efforts to goad it into a fresh apprehension of the character. The reader presently refuses to believe in her coquetry and brilliancy; these qualities, for instance, are quite overdone in that passage in which it is meant that the reader shall be charmed by the heroine's management of her little boots. It is not at all a brilliant young woman in the smallest boots, with high red heels, who says and does the things there described; we have only a poor, tired novelist, but half able to express or apprehend his idea. One is here reminded of Macaulay's amusing application to the female characters in Johnson's novels of *Sir Hugh Evans's* remark when he sees *Falstaff* coming out of *Mrs. Ford's* house in female dress,—"I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler."

Much of the description of historica

characters in "Esmond" is really very good; we can quite suppose Steele and Addison to be very like what they are there represented to be. But, again, it often happens that Thackeray's invention becomes thin when he brings his characters in contact with well-known historical persons. He says, in "Barry Lyndon":

"These persons (I mean the romance writers), if they take a drummer or a dustman for a hero, somehow manage to bring him in contact with the greatest lords and most notorious personages of the empire, and, I warrant me, there's not one of them but, in describing the battle of Minden, would manage to bring Prince Ferdinand, and my Lord George Sackville and my Lord Granby into presence. * * * * A poor corporal (as I then had the disgrace of being) is not generally invited into the company of commanders and the great."

I doubt if any reader of "Quentin Durward" is disturbed by the improbability of a poor Scottish archer living on terms of some intimacy with Louis XI. All that is necessary is that the story should seem true to the reader. It is not at all needful that the meeting of the characters should be historically probable. When Barry Lyndon becomes a great man and goes to London, he meets Dr. Johnson. The meeting is probable enough, but no reader can imagine for a moment that the dialogue between these two given in the novel ever took place.

As a critic of manners, Thackeray is certainly unrivaled among his contemporaries. He was a great satirist, and, like all great satirists, he sees directly the state of mind which he contemns. How accurately and with what steady power he describes the snobbish mind is evident in this sentence:

"The flattery is not so manifest as it used to be a hundred years since. Young men and old have hangers-on and led captains, but they assume an appearance of equality, borrow money or swallow their toads in private, and walk abroad arm in arm with the great man, and call him by his name without his title."

At the same time, Thackeray knew where to find spiritual graces. He admired the girl who played the piano, and the nice young man who sang, and papa and mamma who looked on; the bright looks of smart misses of fourteen; the parental feelings; the domestic affections in general; and he, no doubt, knew well that wherein he failed to admire these things the fault was in himself and not in them. He had but little of that contempt, the quality of vulgarized and often feeble minds, the nature of which is to despise both soul and body, to confuse the best manifestations of the mind with the most unclean facts of the body, and to consider the first rather more mean and ridiculous than the last. Thackeray had the poet's capacity for loving Tom, Dick and Harry. Not that he is quite an angel in this way. He does not appear to have liked middle-aged women. When he has occasion to speak of any supposititious mother-in-law, he asserts that she is an "excellent" woman. Belinda, at the wedding, breaks away from the tearful embraces of her "excellent" mother. Mr. Trollope intimates that he had a habit of looking for mean and snobbish sentiments in people's minds. Thus, he thought he had discovered that a man was a snob who had merely said to him that he, Thackeray, could draw. It seems proper to quote here the following passage from Mr. Trollope's book, already referred to, although it may not appear to have a very close connection with what I have been saying:

"When he was in America he met at dinner a literary gentleman of high character, middle-age, and most dignified deportment. The gentleman was one whose character and acquirements stood very high,—deservedly so,—but who in society had that air of wrapping his toga around him which adds, or is supposed to add, many cubits to a man's height. But he had a broken nose. At dinner he talked much of the tender passion, and did so in a manner which stirred up Thackeray's feeling of the ridiculous. 'What has the world come to,' said Thackeray out loud to the table, 'when two broken-nosed old fogies like you and me sit talking about love to each other!' The gentleman was astonished, and could only sit wrapping his toga in silent dismay for the rest of the evening. Thackeray then, as at other similar times, had no idea of giving pain, but when he saw a foible he put his foot upon it, and tried to stamp it out."

I hardly know whether I am more surprised at the story itself, or at Mr. Trollope's admiration of it. Fancy telling a man whom you sit next at dinner, and whom you have met, perhaps, for the first time, that he has a broken nose. It would be a nice state of things if the exhibition on the part of any respectable man of a foible, innocent or the reverse, should be considered good cause for his acquaintance remarking to his face upon his personal deformities. I am not surprised at this gentleman's dismay. Thackeray was at that time in a country where distinguished literary men are not only received, but received with honor; I have no doubt that upon this particular occasion he was made much of. Had he been at some house in his own country where he was the

object of some civilities, more or less condescending, would he have said this? I think not. Fortunately, Mr. Trollope has a number of stories to tell about Thackeray of a different kind; these show him to have been a charitable and tender-hearted man.

Mr. Trollope says that Thackeray had much at heart the wish to be regarded as a preacher. He was, indeed, a great preacher against the social vices and follies of his time. As a preacher of the general virtues I do not think he is so good. I do not like him when he begins to use such words as piety, humility and self-abnegation, reverence and the like. His invocations to virtue and religion often appear to me sentimental. There are a few persons who may use these good words with advantage to their fellows; these men are the natural priests of society. But for most people virtue is a thing to be practiced and not talked about. Thackeray seems to me to have had too little self-confidence, to have been too self-accusing, to have been a good priest. We do not care for a preacher who never quite knows whether his true place is in the pulpit or on the stool of the penitent. A profound perplexity and confusion, a sincere humility in the presence of life, marked the mind of Thackeray strongly, and he is never so eloquent or so true as when he is expressing these feelings. Read, for instance, his account of the death of old Sedley. His pathos is profound; he has great humanity. He looks at the features of human misery with a candid gaze; nor can any atmosphere other than that of common daylight blur for his eyes their exact outlines.

But he was a great social preacher. He did not attack the worship of rank merely; he satirized the general follies and absurdities of the English society of his time, such as the nonsense of the fashionable literature, the stupidity of the philanthropists, etc. When Thackeray began to write, Byron had not yet been forgotten. It was yet the day of well-born and well-bred misanthropes. The novels were filled with people who were very polite and very rich, who spelt their adjectives with capital letters, and were in general superior to the rest of the world, nobody knew why. It is years since I have read that admirable novel "Pelham," but I remember that it contained one of these superior people who, with everything to make him happy in life, was always knocking himself around in grave-yards as regardlessly as the Pantaloon at a Christmas performance. Thackeray made fun of this nonsense. He made fun of the philanthropists. He laughed at the "Destitute Orange-girl," the "Neglected Washerwoman" and the "Distressed Muffin-man." Those were the days of great labors in the emancipation of slaves and the conversion of heathen. These good works were not without their extravagancies. The followers of Buxton and Wilberforce (such is the effect on ardent and serious people of devotion to one object) came to regard negro and angel as nearly synonymous terms. So Thackeray laughed at the blacks. All this he did in the fullness of animal spirits and with the strength of young fancy. He wrote on these subjects in that tone of racy mockery which is one of his most brilliant gifts. He is most delightful when he is in this frame, because the reader sees clearly his own enjoyment of the good things he writes. We know the happiness which the new thought has awakened in his sensitive imagination. He is alive with delight when he thinks of the "china blue eyes" of Rowena, or makes Bulwig to exclaim: "And you, Yellowplush, would penetwate these mystewies; you would waise the awful veil, and stand in the twemendous Pwesence. Beware, as you value your peace, beware! Withdwaw, wash Neophyte!" All of Thackeray's early writings exhibit this gift. He retained it until increase of years and the contact of life had rendered his page graver and, perhaps, tamer.

The humor of his more mature writings is of the comparative and philosophic kind. This humor may, perhaps, be defined as the sense of the simultaneous existence of things widely separate and difficult to reconcile. If it is true of poetry that it glances from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, it is still more true of humor, which is, in one of its forms, a comprehensive feeling of the varieties and contraries of existences, such as virtue and vice, the soul and the body, the great and the small, the beautiful and the obscene, the real and the conventional. The sense of the contact of these inconsistencies awakens in the mind of the humorist a pleasing wonder. He is delighted and charmed with the sense of his own unimportance in the presence of these grand contradictions. This is the character of Shakspere's humor. The poet loves to bring things together from the four quarters of the world. While thinking upon field daisies, blue violets and merry larks, he does not forget that there are such things as injured husbands; he brings together

into the same thought the "parson's saw," the "roasted crabs" and the "red nose" of Marian; and delights to think, under the thick sky of the long winter's night, concealing the cry of the owl and the "foul ways," that "greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

We see the same humor in the conversations in "Coriolanus" on peace and war. It shows itself under the various forms of a gay poetry, a daring levity and a musing reflection. Where the conspirators, kneeling about the body of Cæsar and bathing their hands in his blood, are made to consider how often, in future ages, the scene shall be acted over, one can fancy that Shakspere, while conscious of the splendor of the thought, had also a daring pleasure at the contact, in the same sentence, of the great and famous incident with the ephemeral, obscure and unreal stage. In some of the finest parts of Shakspere a succession of great but dissimilar ideas leaves upon the mind of the reader a humorous sense of contrast, and it is probable that this sense existed also in the mind of the poet. In such parts Shakspere seems to be standing by, amused with the contact and chaos of his incongruous thoughts. Do we not see this where *Prospero* turns from some advice to two young people just engaged, given in the sage and experienced tone of the man of the world, on the extreme importance of a certain moderation in their behavior, to declare the unimportance and unreality of the visible universe, and to foretell that the solid globe shall dissolve as quickly as the vision which his magic has just evoked and dismissed?

One is easily persuaded of the truth of what Mr. Trollope says, that Thackeray was indolent and procrastinating. You may see it from his books; it is what everybody says who knew him. A lady who knew him well told the writer that if anybody came to see Thackeray, and asked him to go to Richmond, it was nearly impossible for him to say "No." He was certainly deficient in industry and decision. But it should be said, in extenuation, that writing good novels is harder work than most people have to do. I believe there is scarcely any occupation which calls for as much resolution and self-command as the making of works of art. Business has each day its occasions and necessities, which call out and support the mind. It is easy to do what comes to your hand and must be done. But to go to your study or studio to-day, when it is not necessary that you should go till to-morrow, and there to wrestle with your mind, to produce a new thought which shall be worth expression, or to call back, with its former distinctness, a thought which you have neglected to express at the proper time, is a matter of some difficulty. I have no doubt that, had it not been for Thackeray's fault of procrastination, many things in his writings which are now only half done would be well done; many passages that now tend to mar and weaken his books would have been omitted or written over. And yet I doubt if our pleasure in his writings is greatly disturbed by these imperfections; if the central thoughts are good, and really possess the writer's mind, the imperfections do not do much harm. Then, to that very irresolution and confusion which belong to Thackeray, we owe in great part that peculiar melancholy which he expresses so eloquently. An early-rising Thackeray would not be Thackeray at all.

We have, in the life of one who has expressed himself so fully as Thackeray has done, that most interesting object, a man as he is when hereditary traits, native qualities, education and circumstances have done their work upon him. These first create him, and afterward limit him. Within the narrow theater which they hem around there is sufficient room for exertion which shall make the difference between success and failure. Doubtless, Thackeray went to Richmond too often; in point of self-denial and attention to business he would ill sustain comparison with the late Horace Greeley, who was able at the end of life to say that "for forty years he had been trying, without avail, to go a-fishing." But, in spite of his visits to Richmond, he managed to attain one of the first literary reputations of the time, and to render great services to his age and country and to posterity.

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* IV.

CHAPTER XV.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR MEDIATION AND ALLIANCE.

Even before the battle of Narva, Prince Gregory Dolgorúky had been sent on a mission to King Augustus. Subsequently Captain Theodore Sáltykof was sent on a similar errand, and instructions were given to both to inform the King of the Russian defeat, and to arrange for an interview, and to state, although in cautious terms, the firm resolution of the Tsar to maintain the alliance. Dolgorúky found the King at Warsaw, and received from him every assurance that he would allow no change of fortune to alter his plans. At the same time, on the 30th of December, Augustus wrote to the Tsar saying that, about the 1st of March, he would be at Dünaburg, where he would be most glad to see him. Peter, who was in Moscow when he received the King's letter, set out in the middle of February; but when he arrived at Dünaburg, after a journey of two weeks, he found that the King was eighty miles further at Birze, an old fortified castle which had formerly belonged to the Radziwill family, and was then the property of the young Princess of Neuburg. Augustus was just starting for Dünaburg, and his sledge was standing ready at the door when Peter arrived, so unexpectedly that he could scarcely meet him on the threshold. In the ten days which Peter spent here, the chief business was negotiations and political discussion, but the King and the Tsar made also an excursion to Dünamünde, the fortress below Riga, at the mouth of the river which had been renamed Augustusburg, in honor of the King, and Peter went also to Bausk and Mitau. Time enough was left for feasting and amusement. One day the Tsar and the King fired at a mark, from cannon mounted on different bastions. The King hit the mark twice, but the Tsar, although an experienced artillerist, never hit it at all. The next day there was a great dinner, which lasted so late that the King overslept himself the following morning, and only the Tsar went to mass. He attentively followed the service, and was curious about all the ceremonies. This led one of the Polish senators to say to him that it was in his power to unite the Greek and Roman Churches. Peter replied: "Sovereigns have rights only over the bodies of their people—Christ is the sovereign of their souls. For such a thing a general consent is necessary, and that is in the power of God alone." It was not the union of the churches, but the alliance of the Republic of Poland, as well as of the King, that Peter had come to Birze to secure. On this subject he had a conversation with Sczuka, the Vice-Chancellor of Lithuania. Peter suggested that now was the very best time for the Poles to join the Russians and Saxons, and tear away Livonia from the Swedes. Sczuka replied that Poland was exhausted by her preceding wars, and needed rest and repose. Besides that, Livonia was not enough. Poland needed some more solid advantages. "What are they?" asked the Tsar. "The whole matter is in your Majesty's hands," said the Chancellor, and finally explained that Poland could only be induced to fight by the return of some of its frontier provinces occupied by Russia—as, for instance, Kief and the neighboring districts. The Tsar replied that this was impossible, and left the room. The negotiations were continued by Golovín, but with no better result. He said the cession of Kief would cause disturbances at Moscow. "If this is hard for Moscow," said Sczuka, "war is still harder for the Republic." The negotiations with Poland ended here, but a new treaty was concluded with Augustus, by which the allies bound themselves to continue the war with all their forces, and not to end it without mutual consent. The Tsar promised to aid the King with from fifteen to twenty thousand well-armed infantry, to send to Vitebsk one hundred thousand pounds of powder, and, besides paying certain expenses, to give him within three years the sum of a hundred thousand rubles. The King was to attack the Swedes in Livonia and Esthonia, so as to allow the Tsar a clear field for operations in Ingria and Karelia. Livonia and Esthonia were, when conquered, to belong to the King and to Poland without any claim on the part of Russia. But as the issue of the war was uncertain, and the War of the Spanish Succession might endanger the German

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possessions of the King, it was agreed to listen to any offers of mediation made by Austria, France, England, Brandenburg, or Holland, and in a secret article Peter promised twenty thousand rubles to buy up Polish senators.

Peter was followed to Moscow by an aid-de-camp of the King for the money. This was hard to raise. All was collected that could be found in the different ministries and departments—even the foreign money left over from the journey of the Tsar, and some Chinese gold which had been sent from Siberia. Finally, a thousand gold pieces were obtained from the Tróïtsa monastery, four hundred and twenty were given by Menshikóf, and ten thousand rubles by the rich Moscow merchant Filátief, and the sum of a hundred and fifty thousand rubles was made up. The auxiliary force of twenty thousand men was placed under the command of Prince Répnin, and started out for Pskof about the end of April to join the King at Dünaburg. New orders were given by the King, and Répnin was obliged to go on to Kokenhusen, where he arrived at the end of June. The Russian troops were much praised by Field-Marshal Steinau: "They are all good men,—except perhaps about fifty who need drilling,—armed with Dutch muskets, and some regiments have swords instead of bayonets. The soldiers march evenly, work zealously and quickly, and do all that the field-marshal orders them. Especial praise must be given them that they have not among them any women nor any dogs, and the Muscovite general in the council of war requested that the wives of the Saxon musketeers be forbidden to come into the Russian camp morning and evening to sell wine, because the Muscovites are greatly given up to drinking and debauchery. General Répnin is forty years old (in reality he was only thirty-three), knows little of military affairs, but nevertheless is of an inquiring mind and very respectful. The colonels are all Germans, old and incompetent men, and the officers are without experience."

After sending off his money and his men, Peter passed a few days at Preobrazhénsky, and then went to Vorónezh, to build new ships and prepare and inspect that fleet which could be of no possible service unless there might be war with Turkey, and a port could be gained on the Black Sea. He was accompanied by most of the court and by many ladies of the German suburb. In spite of the dangers which threatened his Empire, Peter remained at Vorónezh at his favorite occupation for three months, paying a visit on the way back to Moscow to the Iván Lake, where he proposed to dig a canal between the Oká and the Don. Three days after his return to Moscow there was a frightful conflagration in the Krémlin. On the afternoon of the 29th of June, a fire started in the hostelry of the Saviour, rapidly spread across the river, and burned nearly all the buildings in the Krémlin—the ministries, departments, and other public offices, with all their documents, the monasteries, the houses, the great stores of provisions and ammunition. The Palace was entirely destroyed; the princesses living in it escaped with great difficulty; the bells of the cathedrals fell down, and the largest bell on the Iván tower, weighing two hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds, was broken to pieces. In one church all the sacred pictures, ornamented with pearls and precious stones to the value of a million and a half of rubles, were a prey to the flames. Two thousand houses were burned, and it was only owing to the great personal exertions of the Tsar that the stone bridge was saved.

During all this time the Tsar was engaged in negotiations of two kinds—to find alliances which would aid him in carrying on the war, and to find mediators who could persuade the King of Sweden to make a peace advantageous to Russia. In January, 1701, a secret treaty was concluded with the King of Denmark, by which he was to send to Windau at the opening of navigation three regiments of infantry and three of cavalry, in all 4500 men, to be paid by the Russian Government. This treaty was never carried out, for the victories of Charles XII. had made his name so formidable that the King of Denmark did not dare move a finger.

Matvéief, who had been sent on a mission to Holland, endeavored to persuade the Netherlands to mediate between Sweden and Russia, and he was ordered to give the following account of the battle of Narva: "The Swedes burst into the intrenchments, and found themselves between the division of Weyde and the regiments of the guards. Seeing that the Swedes were surrounded, the Russians three times sent a trumpeter with a proposal of a truce. The armistice was concluded, but on the next day, when the Russians began to cross the Naróva, the Swedes attacked them in spite of the royal promise, and robbed them of everything, and seized

the artillery and ammunition." Matvéief asked the States-General not to allow the Swedes to hire troops nor buy military stores in Holland before the mediation was decided. The truth was too well known in Holland for much attention to be given to the requests of the Russian minister, and libels and pasquinades against Peter and his people were in lively circulation at The Hague. The Dutch were in a difficult position. They had tried to prevent the war, which was injurious to their commercial interests in the Baltic. They were bound by a treaty with Sweden to furnish that country with money and aid; but they did not wish to break with Russia and lose their Archangel trade, and they feared the growing intimacy between Sweden and France. They would not openly help the Russians, and they tried to avoid assisting the Swedes. They explained that the money which the States-General and England had sent to King Charles was not intended to aid him in carrying on the war. At the same time, Witsen managed it so that muskets were bought in Amsterdam for the Russians. The Dutch were desirous of peace, but while William III. made vague promises of mediation in connection with the King of Prussia, the States-General did not like to offend Charles XII., who, in order to avoid discussion, had sent their minister away from Livonia, and told him to go to Stockholm to confer with the Privy Council, which as every one knew had no power.

Prince Peter Galítsyn, the brother of Boris, who had already been in Italy for the purpose of studying naval affairs, was sent to Vienna to ask the mediation of the German Emperor. He was ordered to go incognito and as speedily as possible. Yet he took three months for the journey, "suffering," as he wrote, "all sorts of discomforts and privations." His negotiations were carried on through the Jesuit Father Wolf, the confessor of the Emperor, by means of an interpreter, Linksweiler or Rothweil, who had already served the boyár Boris Sheremétief on his journey from Vienna to Malta. The interpreter was much to the taste of Galítsyn, and not at all to that of Wolf, who accused him of letting out what had been said. Galítsyn was received by the Emperor in private audience, but was able to effect nothing. After the battle of Narva Peter had sunk very low in German opinion, and all sorts of rumors were current of new Russian defeats. Galítsyn wrote that Count Kaunitz laughed at him, and that the French and Swedish ministers made him the subject of jests. "People here are well known to you," he wrote to Golovín; "not only the men, but even the wives of the ministers, take money shamelessly. Everybody here gives them valuable presents, while I can only give them flattering words. It is necessary to try in every way possible to get a victory over the enemy. God forbid that the present summer should pass away with nothing! Even though we conclude an eternal peace, yet how shall we wipe out an eternal shame? It is absolutely necessary for our sovereign to get even a very small victory, by which his name may become famous in Europe as it was before. Then we can conclude a peace; while now people only laugh at our troops and at our conduct of the war." In addition to this, there was the difficulty about the late minister Guarient, who was accused of having written or at least caused to be published, the journal of Korb. Galítsyn says that he always spoke disrespectfully of the Russians and called them barbarians, and Guarient found himself obliged not only to deny having had any part in the book, but to write apologetic letters to Golovín and the Tsar himself. In the way of mediation there was the difficulty that the Russians demanded as a condition of peace that they should be given Ingria and the river Neva, which they had not yet conquered. There was also a further difficulty—that the King of Poland had made a hostile expedition against Riga, without formally declaring war. As Galítsyn writes: "The Swedish minister spent the morning with the Polish minister, and both talked about curves, and after dinner they discovered that there was a war between their sovereigns."

In addition to these negotiations, talk of another kind was going on. The Empress who still retained the favorable impression of Peter that she had received on his visit at Vienna, was anxious to make an alliance between the families, and proposed that her son, the Archduke Charles, who was then sixteen years old, should marry a Russian Princess. The only ones who were available —unless we include Peter's sister Natalia who was then twenty-eight years old—were the three daughters of the Tsar Iván, Catherine, Anna, and Prascovia, of the respective ages of eleven, nine, and seven years. Galítsyn had no instructions on this point, and was obliged to write to Moscow. It was three months before the answer came. The Tsar was pleased at the proposal, and ha

the Dutch painter, Cornelius le Bruyn—then on his travels in Russia—paint portraits of the three Princesses in German costume, with their hair arranged *à l'antique*, to be sent to the Empress. Not only was Peter content with the portraits, but the Tsaritsa Prascovia was so much pleased with them that she ordered le Bruyn to paint duplicates for herself. The most beautiful was Anna, a blonde, who subsequently became Empress of Russia. The other two were brunettes. The negotiations on this point lingered on, to the displeasure of the Russians, and finally came to nothing. To all inquiries on the part of the Russian minister the Austrians said that the first proposal had come from the Russians, and that there were difficulties in the way. The Archduke Charles subsequently, in 1708, married Elizabeth, Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, at that time one of the beauties of Europe, and their daughter was the celebrated Empress Maria Theresa. The Empress had also another wish, which was that the Tsarevitch Alexis should be sent to Vienna to receive his education, and both he and the Emperor promised to treat him as one of their own children, and to do everything possible for him. Peter consented to this, but the events of the war interfered with the project, and Alexis first went to Vienna fifteen years later as a fugitive.

Meanwhile the war had been proceeding in a quiet way as regarded Russia, and in a decisive and disagreeable way as regarded King Augustus. Early in the spring of 1701, orders had been given to fortify Archangel, which was at that time the only port of Russia, and when Izmaílof, the Russian minister at Copenhagen, wrote that the Swedes were hiring pilots for Archangel, additional precautions were ordered. Prince Prozorófsky, the governor, had only finished his preparations for defense, when a Swedish squadron of seven vessels, sailing under English and Dutch colors, appeared at the mouth of the Dvina, and anchored off the Mudiúg island. The commandant of the land, thinking them trading vessels, sent as usual a detachment of sixteen soldiers, with interpreters and secretary, to inspect them. The men were all taken prisoners. Three of the vessels, guided by a Russian pilot, one of the prisoners, passed up the river, and again a Russian coast-guard was early captured, but took the alarm in time, and escaped to land with a loss of five men, who were killed. The vessels went on, but one frigate and a yacht got aground, as the Swedes say, by the treachery or patriotism of the pilot. By this time they were known and they were fired on by the batteries opposite, when their crews immediately abandoned them. The Russian soldiers took possession of them, and turned their cannon against the retiring Swedes. Unfortunately a quantity of powder which was on the deck, took fire and blew off the poop of the frigate. After destroying various huts on the Mudiúg island and some buildings connected with the salt-works, and committing other ravages along the shore, the Swedish squadron retired.

From Turkey there came good news. All rumors of war were at an end, and the Sultan had confirmed the treaty. But from the banks of the Düna came different intelligence. King Charles, after having at last received re-enforcements from Sweden, had set out from his winter quarters at Lais, had crossed the Düna in the face of the Saxon troops commanded by Marshal Steinau and Patkul, and had badly beaten them. Without underrating the merits of the Swedish generals and the Swedish troops, the defeat was in some degree due to the fault of Patkul, who, instead of opposing the crossing, allowed a part of the Swedish army to proceed, hoping to beat them afterward and possibly to capture the King. Enough men crossed the river, under the cover of the smoke of damp hay and manure carried in advance, to defeat the Saxons before they had made the necessary dispositions for attacking. Peter learnt of this defeat at Pskof, and was so much troubled that he decided to propose peace to Charles through the intervention of Prussia. But this attempt was as vain as those at The Hague and at Vienna. The Russian troops under Répnin returned to Pskof. Four regiments, who had been in part of the reserves at the battle, were so frightened that, without waiting the command, they ran twenty miles to join their comrades at Bórkovitsa.

CHAPTER XVI.

RUSSIAN SUCCESSES ON THE NEVA AND THE BALTIC COAST. 1700–1704.

Two weeks after the battle of Narva, Peter had written to Sheremétief to do something to encourage the soldiers and embarrass the enemy. Accordingly, at the

end of December, 1700, Sheremétief sent a party against the fortified town of Marienburg, twenty miles from the frontier. The attack was unsuccessful. In revenge for this, Colonel Schlippenbach suddenly invaded the Russian territory, burned many villages, and laid siege to the Petchórsky monastery; but after an officer had been killed in trying to screw a petard to the gates, he retreated to Livonia. During the winter, other similar forays laid waste the territory on each side of the frontier. After King Charles had marched toward the Düna, in July, 1701, Sheremétief again attacked the detachment of Schlippenbach, who remained in Livonia, at Rauke. He was beaten back, but Schlippenbach sent an urgent message to the King, telling him of his position, and saying that Sheremétief had as many troops as the whole Swedish army. The King replied merely: "It cannot be," and ordered six hundred men to be sent to the village of Rappin, near the Russian border. This was in spite of the remonstrances of Schlippenbach, who said the force was too small, and proposed a more suitable point of attack. The King could not be moved, and Schlippenbach was obliged to report: "It happened as I foresaw. Out of the whole detachment only one captain returned; all the rest were killed or taken prisoners by the Russians, together with two cannon." This was on the 15th of September, 1701, the Russians being commanded by the son of Sheremétief. This skirmish, for it was scarcely more, was the beginning of the Russian successes. In January, 1702, Sheremétief, with eight thousand infantry and dragoons, together with Cossacks, Kalmuks, and Tartars, and fifteen field-pieces, moved against Schlippenbach, who, with seven thousand men, was encamped on the estate of Erestfer, and on the 9th of January, after a battle which lasted four hours, until it became dark, inflicted a severe defeat on the Swedes, who lost, according to their own account, one thousand, and according to the Russian estimate, three thousand killed and wounded, and three hundred and fifty prisoners, together with six guns and eight standards. The Russian loss amounted to more than a thousand men. Sheremétief was glad of his victory, but he was still more pleased that the Swedes did not come out of the forests and attack him when he was in the midst of the deep snows and his men were too worn out to march further. Peter was delighted, and, after receiving Sheremétief's report, exclaimed: "Thank God! we can at last beat the Swedes." He immediately appointed Sheremétief field-marshal, and sent Menshikóf to him with the blue ribbon of St. Andrew and his own portrait set in diamonds. All the officers were promoted, and the common soldiers were given a ruble apiece of the newly coined money. At Moscow there was great rejoicing. Te Deums were chanted in the churches, with the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon; a great banquet was given by the Tsar in a building erected for the purpose on the Red Place,—the Palace, we remember, had burned down that winter,—and the night closed with fire-works and illuminations. A fortnight later the Tsar made a triumphal entry, having in his train the Swedish prisoners, who were well treated. This was the first of a series of triumphs for small victories, which were indeed ridiculed by the foreign ministers, but which, nevertheless, served to keep up the spirits and arouse the patriotism of the people.

After the victory of Erestfer, Sheremétief made two pressing requests to be allowed to return to Moscow. His wife, he said, was living in the house of a neighbor, and he must find her a place to lay her head. The Tsar at first refused, but finally wrote from Archangel, leaving it to his judgment whether he could be spared from the army, and telling him, if he did go, to be back again by Holy Week. On his return, Sheremétief attacked Schlippenbach at Hummelshof, on the 29th of July, 1702, and inflicted on him a severe defeat. The Swedish infantry was almost annihilated, and Schlippenbach with the cavalry retreated to Pernau. The Swedes had only about five thousand men engaged, and lost at least two thousand five hundred in killed and wounded, besides three hundred prisoners, and all their artillery, standards, and drums. The Russian loss was four hundred killed, and about the same number wounded.

After the battle of Hummelshof, Livonia remained entirely without defense. In Riga, Pernau, and Dorpat, there were comparatively large garrisons, which did not dare leave the fortresses, and in the smaller towns only a few hundred men each. Sheremétief then thoroughly devastated the whole of the country, destroying towns, villages, and farms, taking captive nearly the whole of the population, and sending them to the south of Russia. The Cossacks, Tartars, and Kalmuks in the Russian army had full swing, and Livonia was for a long time unable to recover from the effects of this campaign. Many rich and strong

castles built by the Teutonic knights were then destroyed. Sheremétief in his report wrote:

"I send Cossacks and Kalmuks to different estates for the confusion of the enemy. But what am I to do with the people I have captured? The prisons are full of them, besides all those that the officers have. There is danger because these people are so sullen and angry. You know what they have already done, careless of themselves. In order that such plots may not begin again, and that the men may not set fire to the powder in the cellars, or die from their close quarters, much must be done. Considerable money besides is necessary for their support, and one regiment would be too little to conduct them to Moscow. I have selected a hundred families of the best of the natives who are good carpenters, or are skilled in some other branch of industry,—about four hundred souls in all,—to send to Azof."

That these prisoners included all classes of society may be seen from the fact that Patkul was obliged to petition the Tsar for the release of two daughters of his acquaintance, the Landrath Vietinghof, who had been taken prisoners and formed part of the booty of the Cossacks. So much cattle was taken that it could be bought at nominal prices, and according to the Austrian Agent Pleyer, a Swedish boy or girl of fifteen years old could be bought at Pskof for two *grivnas*, or twelve groschen. The towns of Menza, Smilten, Ronenburg, and Wolmar were reduced to ruins, as well as Marienburg, which was a strongly fortified place, and offered great resistance. It was to this Sheremétief referred in the above report, for, after the town had been captured, an ensign of artillery, Wulff, continued the defense, and finally set fire to the powder-magazines, and blew himself up. Many Swedes were killed as well as many Russians.

The siege of Marienburg is of interest to us because among the captives was the Provost Gluck, with his family, and in his family was the girl Catherine, who subsequently became the Empress Catherine I.

In the spring of 1702, Matvéief reported that the Swedes were intending again to attack Archangel. Not satisfied with the measures of protection and defense which had been taken in that region, considering that only nineteen hundred men were available there for military operations, Peter resolved to go himself to the north, and set out at the end of April, taking with him his son Alexis (then a boy of twelve), a numerous suite and five battalions of the guard, amounting to four thousand men. He was thirty days on the road from Moscow. In our times of rapid communication it is hard to realize how any regular plan of defense or war could be carried out in a country where such enormous distances were required to be traveled, and where so much time had to be spent on the journey. In a stay of three months, which Peter made at Archangel, there was little which he could do in the way of military preparations. He occupied himself with ship-building, and on Trinity Sunday launched two frigates, the *Holy Spirit* and the *Courier*, constructed by Eleazar Ysbrandt, and laid the keel of a new twenty-six-gun ship, the *St. Elijah*, writing at the same time to Apráxin that he could do nothing more, as there was no more ship-timber. In August the early fleet of merchant ships arrived, much more numerous than usual, for all the trade which had before come through the Swedish ports on the Baltic naturally turned to Archangel. There were thirty-five English and fifty-two Dutch ships, with a convoy of three ships of war. These vessels brought the news that the Swedes had given up any attack on Archangel that summer. Peter therefore felt at liberty to depart, and went by sea to Niúktcha, on the Bay of Onéga, stopping by the way for a few days at the Solovétsky monastery. From Niúktcha to Povienétz, at the northern end of Lake Onéga, a road eighty miles long had been made through the swamps and thick forests by the energy and labor of Stchepótef, a sergeant of the Preobrazhénsky regiment. Over two of the rivers it was necessary to build long bridges, strong enough for the passage of the five battalions of guards which accompanied the Tsar. From Povienétz Peter sailed through Lake Onéga and down the river Svir, and finally arrived, about the end of September, at the town of Old Ládoga, on the river Vólkhof, near Lake Ládoga. Here he was met by Field-Marshal Sheremétief with his army, who had sailed down the Vólkhof from Nóvgorod, and also by the artillery which Vinius had collected for him. With a force then of about twelve thousand men, Peter advanced on the 6th of October to lay siege to the fortress of Noteburg. Noteburg had been originally built by the people of Nóvgorod four centuries before, under the name of Orékhovo or Oréshek, on a small island of the river Neva, just where it leaves Lake Ládoga. The island was in shape like a hazel-nut, whence both the Russian and Swedish names. It served for a long time as a barrier against the incursions of the Swedes and Danes, and protected the commerce of Nóvgorod as well as of Ládoga. In 1323, peace was concluded there between

the Swedes and Russians. In the subsequent wars it was sometimes in the hands of the Swedes, sometimes in those of the Russians, and finally, in 1611, was captured again by the Swedes under de la Gardie, and had since that time belonged to Sweden. Noteburg was defended by a small garrison of four hundred and fifty men, with one hundred and forty-two cannon of small caliber, under the command of the old colonel Wilhelm von Schlippenbach, the brother of the Swedish general commanding in Livonia. The Russians took up a position on both sides of the river, and by a fleet of small boats, which they brought down from the river Svir through Lake Ládoga, succeeded in completely blockading the fort. On the 11th of October they opened fire, and on the 22d, after an unsuccessful storm by the Russians, in which Prince Michael Galítsyn displayed remarkable bravery and coolness, the commandant capitulated on honorable conditions. His whole garrison, with all their property, were allowed to depart to the next Swedish fort. On the third day of the cannonade, the wife of the commandant had sent a letter to the Russian field-marshal, in the name of the wives of the officers, asking that they be permitted to depart. Peter, wishing to lose no time, had himself replied to the letter that he could not consent to put Swedish ladies to the discomfort of a separation from their husbands, and if they desired to leave the fort, they could do so if they took their husbands with them.

According to Pleyer, only forty-one Swedes remained to take advantage of the capitulation. The Russians, however, lost more than the whole Swedish garrison, in all five hundred and thirty-eight men, besides nine hundred and twenty-five wounded. Peter immediately proceeded to repair the damages done to the fort, renamed it Schlüsselburg, and fastened up in the western bastion the key given him by the commandant, as a symbol that this fort was the key to the whole of the Neva. Ever afterward, when he was at St. Petersburg, he went to Schlüsselburg on the 22d of October and feasted the capitulation. Menshikóf, who had shown great military ability, was appointed governor of the newly named fort, and from this time date his intimate friendship with Peter and his prominence in public life.

When the dispatch announcing the fall of Noteburg was read to King Charles, who was then in Poland, Piper feared its effect, but the King said, with apparent calm: "Console yourself, dear Piper. The enemy have not been able to drag the place away with them." But it evidently went to his heart, and on another occasion he said that the Russians should pay dearly for Noteburg.

Peter announced the event to his friends, and in a letter to Vinius said: "In very truth this nut was very hard; but, thank God! it has been happily cracked." He made another great entry into Moscow, when a laurel wreath was let down upon his head as he passed under the triumphal arch; but he spent only two months in the capital, and went off to Vorónezh, troubled by reports that there might be difficulties with the Tartars, if not with the Turks. In consequence of these rumors, three regiments of troops were sent from Nóvgorod to Kíef, and battalions of the Preobrazhénsky and Semenofsky marched to Vorónezh. The winter was cold, but there was little snow, and it was therefore possible for Peter to stop at the Iván lake, to inspect the works which had been begun for connecting the Don with the Volga, by means of a canal which would join the Upá, one of the upper branches of the Don, with the Oká. The work had been begun in 1701, and was then being pressed vigorously forward. It was never finished. At Peter's death the work was stopped, and there is now scarcely a trace of it.

On the upper waters of the river Vorónezh, Peter, with all his suite, stopped at a large and handsome country place which he had given to Menshikóf, and in honor of his favorite founded here a city, which he called Oranienburg (now abbreviated to Ranenburg), in the province of Riazán, a town of about seven thousand inhabitants. He wrote to Menshikóf:

"MEIN HERZ: Here, thank God! we have been very merry, not letting a single place go by. We named the town with the blessing of Kíef, with bulwarks and gates, of which I send a sketch in this letter. At the blessing we drank—at the first bastion, brandy, at the second, sec, at the third, Rhine wine, at the fourth, beer, at the fifth, mead, and at the gates, Rhine wine, about which the bearer of this letter will report to you more at length. All goes on well, only grant, O God! to see you in joy. You know why."

Although Peter wrote the letter in his own hand, he signed it third as Pitirim Protodiacon, after Yaníki, the Metropolitan of Kíef and Galicia (probably Ivan Mússin-Púshkin), and Gideon, Archdeacon (probably Prince Gregory Ramodanófsky). The letter was signed by twenty other persons

who were present at the foundation of the town. The sketch which Peter sent represents a nearly regular pentagon, with bastions at the corners named after the five senses respectively,—Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting, and Touching,—and gates called Moscow, Vorónezh, Schlüsselburg. Le Bruyn, the Dutch artist, accompanied the Tsar on this journey. He says:

"One could not enter the house without passing through the gate of the fort, both being surrounded by the same wall of earth, which, however, is not of great extent. There are several fine bastions well garnished with cannon, covered on the one side by a mountain, and on the other by a marsh or kind of lake. When I entered where the Tsar was, he asked me where I had been. I replied: 'Where it had pleased Heaven and our drivers, since I neither knew the language nor the road.' That made him laugh, and he told it to the Russian lords who accompanied him. He gave me a bumper to punish me, and regaled us in perfection, having a cannon fired at each toast. After the feast he took us upon the ramparts, and made us drink different liquors on each bastion. Finally, he had sledges prepared to cross the frozen marsh and see everything from there. He took me in his own sledge, without forgetting the liquor, which followed, and which we did not spare. We returned to the château, where the glasses began again to make the round and to warm us. As the fort had not yet been named, his Majesty gave it the name of Oranienburg."

After many festivities at Vorónezh, le Bruyn asked permission of the Tsar to sketch, which he immediately granted, saying: "We have diverted ourselves well. After that we have reposed a little. Now it is time to work." In making his sketches, le Bruyn suffered much from the curiosity of the Russians, who had got up all sorts of stories about him, one being that he was one of the Tsar's servants, executed for some crime by being buried up to his waist at the top of a mountain, with a book in his hand. But when, a few days after, they found that the supposed criminal had changed place, it was necessary to get up another explanation. When he took leave of the Tsar to go back to Moscow, Peter was "amusing himself, as he frequently did, with an ice-boat. By a sudden change of course his boat was overturned, but he immediately picked himself up. Half an hour afterward he ordered me to follow him alone, and went out in a hired sledge with two horses. One of them fell into a hole, but they soon got it out. He made me sit next to him, saying: 'Let us go to the *chaloupe*. I want you to see a bomb fired, because you were not here when they were fired before.'" After this had been shown, he was allowed to go. On the road, in the neighborhood of Vorónezh, he found many post-houses, inhabited by Circassians, which pleased him greatly, as they were very clean, and there were generally some musicians, who played wild airs. He was particularly struck with the half-naked children on the stoves, with the beauty of the women and their costume, and especially with the ruffles around their necks.

Peter staid at Vorónezh but a month. He was unable to do much on the fleet in the very cold weather, and was troubled, besides, because the stock of iron had given out and that an epidemic and great mortality prevailed among the workmen. Good news having come from Constantinople, Peter left Vorónezh and went to Schlüsselburg, scarcely stopping at Moscow. Something there appears to have made him lose his self-control and give way to an outburst of temper, for on reaching Nóvgorod he wrote to Theodore Apráxin: "How I went away I do not know, except that I was very contented with the gift of Bacchus. For that reason I ask the pardon of all if I offended any one, and especially of those who were present to bid me good-bye."

In pursuance of his plan of gradual conquest, Peter now set out with an expedition of twenty thousand men, and moved down the right bank of the Neva to the little fort of Nyenskanz. This was on the Neva at the mouth of the little river Okhta, where now is a shipping-wharf, just opposite the Institute of Smólni and the Taurida Palace. The place, though small, was prosperous, deriving its importance from numerous saw-mills. On three sides of it, at a little distance, were unfinished earth-works, which had been begun the year before, and which now served excellently the purposes of the besiegers. Batteries were placed in position, and the bombardment began on the 11th of May. The next day the very small garrison capitulated. The fort was renamed Slotburg and became the nucleus of the future city of St. Petersburg.

That night came news that a Swedish squadron was coming up the gulf toward the Neva. It signified to the fort its arrival by firing two signal guns, which were immediately answered, in order to deceive the Swedes and draw them into a snare. A boat was sent up the river, which was attacked by the Russians, and one sailor captured. He informed them that the fleet consisted of nine ships, under the command

of Vice-Admiral Nummers. Three days after, two Swedish vessels sailed up the river, but came to anchor off the Vassily Island on account of the darkness. The next day, Sheremétief sent Peter and Menshikóf, with two regiments of guards, down the river in thirty boats. They concealed themselves behind the islands, and after maturing a plan, attacked the Swedish vessels early on the morning of the 18th of May. After a sharp fight, the ships using their cannon and the Russians replying with hand-grenades and musketry, Peter and his comrades succeeded in boarding and capturing the vessels, and brought them up to Slotburg. Of the seventy-seven men that composed the crews, fifty-eight were killed. The remainder were taken prisoners. For this, the first Russian naval victory, both Peter and Menshikóf were created by Sheremétief, cavaliers of the order of St. Andrew.*

While Peter was laying the foundation of his new capital, Sheremétief was sent against the little fort of Kopórie and Yamburg, the latter on the river Lúga, only twelve miles from Narva. Both towns were soon taken.

Peter had now obtained the object for which he had declared war. He occupied the Neva, and could communicate with the sea. He had restored to Russia her ancient province of Ingria, which had so long been in the hands of the Swedes. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that at his triumphal entry into Moscow one of the banners represented the map of Ingria, with the apposite inscription from the Book of Maccabees: "We have neither taken other men's land nor holden that which appertaineth to others, but the inheritance of our fathers, which our enemies had wrongfully in possession a certain time. Wherefore we, having opportunity, hold the inheritance of our fathers."

As the capture of Narva at the beginning of the war would have facilitated the conquest of Ingria, so now it was necessary to get possession of this stronghold in order to be certain of retaining the provinces which had already been won. The latter part of the summer of 1703 Sheremétief devoted to a systematic devastation of Esthonia and Livonia as far as Reval and Pernau. The ruin was as great, and the amount of booty and the number of captives even greater than in his march of the preceding year. In the summer of 1704, after a little wavering as to whether he should not make a diversion into Curland in order to assist King Augustus, Peter decided on attacking both Dorpat and Narva. The Swedish flotilla on Lake Peipus was destroyed or captured, but the siege of Dorpat, —a town which had been founded 675 years before by the Russian Grand Duke Yaroslav, under the name of Yurief,—owing to the bad dispositions of Sheremétief, proceeded slowly, and Peter was obliged to go there in person. He found the troops in good enough position, but the batteries placed with an utter ignorance of engineering, so that all the ammunition spent was simply wasted. Every man, he says, threw the blame on some one else. He drew up and carried out a new plan of operations, and Dorpat, after a heavy bombardment, was taken by storm on the 24th of July. The siege had lasted five weeks, and 5000 bombs had been thrown into the town.

Peter Apráxin, the brother of Theodore Apráxin, the Director of the Admiralty, was in the autumn of 1703 given command of Yamburg. The recollections of the great defeat at Narva were still so vivid that both he and his brother were much troubled at this vicinity to the Swedes, and this was increased when he was sent to the mouth of the Naróva, to prevent a Swedish squadron from landing stores and men. Some did manage to slip by him, to the great anger of the Tsar. At the news of the arrival of the Swedish squadron, Peter changed his plan of attacking Kexholm, on Lake Ládoga, and hastened with all his force to Narva, where, about the middle of June, he took up his position in the same intrenchment which he had thrown up four years before. It was a blockade rather than a siege, for the Russian artillery had not yet come up, and Sheremétief and his troops were still detained at Dorpat. When the armies were joined, the Russians had fully 45,000 men and 150 pieces of artillery. The Swedish garrison consisted of 4500 men, with 432 guns in Narva and 128 in Ivángorod. The Russians were troubled by the frequent sorties of the garrison, as well as by the constant rumors which reached them that Schlippenbach, with a strong Swedish force, was advancing from Reval. In order to draw the enemy out of the town, on the advice of Menshikóf, the Russians resorted to the expedient of dressing up some of their

* Peter was the sixth knight of the order which he had founded in 1699, on his return from Europe. The others were Admiral Theodore Golovín, the Cossack Hetman Mazeppa, Sheremétief, the Prussian envoy Priutzen, and the Saxon Chancellor Beichling.

GIRL WITH OLD RUSSIAN HEAD-DRESS. (FROM PHOTO BY VELTEN, ST PETERSBURG, OF PAINTING BY S. ALEXANDROVSKY.)

troops in Swedish uniforms, and having a sham fight with them on the road to Wesenberg. The Russians gradually retired as if they had been beaten, and the Swedes came out from the town to attack them in the rear, accompanied even by women and children in the hope of booty. They all fell into the ambush prepared for them: 300 men were killed and forty-six taken prisoners. When Field-Marshal Ogilvy, who, through the intervention of Galítsyn and Patkul, had just entered the Russian service for three years, arrived at the camp, he found fault with the siege works, and said that it would be impossible ever to capture Narva from that side. On his recommendation batteries were placed on the eastern side of the Naróva, and the bombardment began on Sunday, the 10th of August. In the course of ten days over 4600 bombs were thrown into the town, breaches were made in the bastions, and Horn, the commandant, was urged to surrender, but repulsed all propositions. On the 20th of August the Russians carried the place by storm. After they were in full possession, Horn, then too late, tried to capitulate, and himself beat the drum with his fists for a parley, but the Russians refused to listen. The carnage was fearful, and neither women nor children were spared. Out of 4500 men in the Swedish garrison only 1800 remained alive. Two hours after the surrender, Peter, Field-Marshal Ogilvy, and some others rode about the town, and ordered trumpets to be sounded in all the streets to stop the pillage, and the Tsar himself struck down one soldier who refused to obey

his orders. Coming into the town hall, he threw his sword down on the table before the trembling councilors, and said: "Do not be afraid. This is not Swedish but Russian blood." Horn was captured, and after being confined for twelve days in the same prison where the Russian officers had languished, was sent to Russia, where he remained a prisoner for fifteen years. His wife was killed in the assault, and his children—one son and four daughters—were taken charge of by General Chambers and educated at the Tsar's expense. Shortly before the peace of Nystadt, Horn, at his own request, was allowed to go to Sweden, on his promise to return in case no one was exchanged for him. He forfeited his word and never came back, and the Swedes even kept the galley on which he went.

The castle of Ivángorod held out for a week longer, but was obliged to surrender when all the provisions had been exhausted. Peter wrote to Ramodanofsky: "Where we had such grief four years ago we are now joyous victors; for this famous fortress, by the scaling-ladder and the sword, we have taken in three-quarters of an hour."

The satisfaction of the Tsar and of the Russian people was great, and the moral effect of the victory was tremendous.

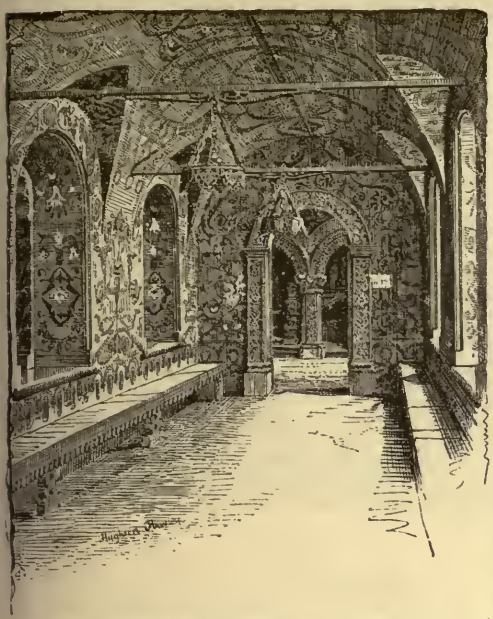
CHAPTER XVII.

MENSHIKÓF AND CATHERINE.

PETER'S early intimacy with Menshikóf had produced a friendship which gradually grew into an affection as the Tsar saw the great qualities and remarkable abilities of his companion develop. It was after the siege of Noteburg that Menshikóf was admitted to the full friendship of his master, became the confidant of his plans and feelings and his trusted adviser, and, in every way, occupied the place in Peter's friendship which had been vacant since the death of Lefort. For this there were also other reasons of a more private nature.

Much obscurity rests upon the parentage of Menshikóf. His father served in the guard, and was buried—together with his wife—at Preobrazhénsky. What his condition in life was we do not know. In the diploma creating Menshikóf a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, he is stated to be descended from an ancient and noble Lithuanian family. Even at an earlier period than this, some of Menshikóf's enemies admitted his Lithuanian origin, and that many relatives of his were landed proprietors in the neighborhood of Minsk.

There seems to be no foundation for the story that Menshikóf, in his boyhood, sold pies in the streets of Moscow, whatever he may have done for amusement in the camp at Preobrazhénsky. Born in November, 1673, he was a year and a half younger than Peter, and was, from his earliest boyhood, attached to his service. He was one of the Tsar's play-soldiers, and was among the first enrolled in the Preobrazhénsky regiment. Though he possessed no recognized court rank and bore no official title, he was attached to the personal service of the Tsar as *denstchik*, orderly or adjutant, and in that capacity was with Peter day and night, taking his turn of sleeping in the adjoining room, or on the floor at the foot of his master's bed. A letter from Peter to him in 1700 would seem to show that at that time, at least, he had especial charge of the domestic economy of the palace and of the wardrobe of the Tsar. Handsome, witty, lively, good-humored, of quick intelligence, and ready at those sports and exercises which Peter preferred, Menshikóf soon became the favorite of the Tsar, and, for a time, popular in Preobrazhénsky, where he was known by the nickname of Alexáshka, or by his patronym Danílovitch. Both he and Gabriel Menshikóf—who was presumably his brother—made their appearance in the "great company of singers" who sang carols during the Christmas holidays at the house of General Gordon. He took part with Peter in the expeditions against Azof, and accompanied him to Holland as a volunteer, being first in the list of the company of which Peter was the head. He worked by the side of the Tsar at Amsterdam, and was almost his equal in ship-carpentry, being the only one of the volunteers who showed any aptitude for the business. With Peter, he visited England and Vienna, and the passport for the Tsar's proposed journey to Venice was made out in Menshikóf's name. It was after his return and especially about the time of the executions of the Streltsi, that he came prominently into public notice as one of those who had a certain amount of influence with Peter. After Lefort's death this influence visibly increased, but it was not for several years that he obtained over Peter the same kind of power as Lefort had, or was as much



GUARD-ROOM OF THE ANCIENT TEREM.

trusted by him. Up to 1703, Peter always addressed him in his letters as *Mein Herz* and *Mein Herzenchen*. In 1704, it was *Min Libste Camerad*, *Min Libste Vrient*, and *Min Best Vrient*, and after that always *Min Bruder*. At the end of the letters is the constantly repeated phrase: "All is well! Only God grant to see you in joy again! You yourself know."

The more opportunity Menshikóf had of exercising his powers, the greater ability he displayed, and his rewards were proportional. After the capture of Noteburg he was made governor of Schlüsselburg, and subsequently of Nyenshanz and St. Petersburg, and not long after governor-general of Ingria, Karelia, and Esthonia. For the capture of the Swedish vessels at the mouth of the Neva, he, together with Peter, was made a cavalier of St. Andrew. In the winter of 1703, Peter, on his journey to Vorónezh, founded near Menshikóf's estate, and in his honor, the town of Oranienburg. In 1703, through the intervention of Galítsyn, the Russian envoy at Vienna, he was made a Count of Hungary, and, in 1705, on his own proposition, the Emperor Joseph created him a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. This title was confirmed in Russia, and, two years later, when the Tsar had begun to create new titles of nobility, he named Menshikóf Prince of Izhóra, with the title of Highness, and gave over to him the districts of Yamburg and Kopórie. It is interesting to note that, only two weeks afterward, Menshikóf wrote to Korsakof, the Landrichter of Ingria, to ascertain the population, the number of parishes and estates, and the revenue to be derived from them, and ordered his name to be mentioned with that of the sovereign in the public prayers, both in the Russian and the Lutheran churches.

Unfortunately, Menshikóf misused his powers and position, as well as the confidence which the Tsar so freely gave him. He was ambitious and avaricious. At court he was disliked and feared, and among the people he was hated. In Poland, in Little Russia, in the Baltic provinces,—wherever he held command,—his greed and his extortions excited the discontent and the complaints of the inhabitants. The familiar and affectionate letters of Peter were interrupted by outbursts of anger and indignation, when some new misdeed had come to his ears. Menshikóf wrote abject apologies, and had a powerful protector in Catherine, and the Tsar always relented. Menshikóf's extraordinary talents, his initiative, and his energy rendered him indispensable to Peter in carrying out his ideas and reforms, and his personal devotion and sympathy made him necessary as a friend. The immense fortune which he had accumulated was scarcely affected by the heavy fines which the Tsar from time to time condemned him to pay, and after a short period of disgrace he always returned to favor and power. Affection made Peter inconsistent, and preserved Menshikóf from the fate of Gagárin and Nésterof, who expiated their crimes on the scaffold. On one memorable occasion however, the Tsar said to Catherine, after again granting pardon: "Menshikóf was conceived in iniquity, born in sin, and will end his life as a rascal and a cheat, and if he do not reform he will lose his head." But his fall, exile, and death were to come only under Peter's grandson, after he had reached the zenith of power, and had been for two years the real ruler of Russia.

At the old court of the Tsaritsas, in addition to the ladies of the palace and the dames of the bed-chamber, there were always a number of young girls of similar age to the Tsaritsa, and to the princesses, who bore the title of Boyár Maidens. Their chief duty consisted in being companions to the princesses, in playing and talking with them, and sharing their amusements. After the

death of the Tsaritsa Natalia, the life of all the princesses became freer. The doors of the *Terem*, or women's apartments, were more easily accessible to outsiders, and the princesses themselves frequently made excursions into the town and country. Peter's sister Natalia took up her abode with him at Preobrazhénsky, bringing with her a small court. Among other maids of honor were three sisters, Dária, Barbara, and Axínia Arsénief, the daughters of a governor somewhere in Siberia. Menshikóf, as a constant companion of Peter, was admitted to the court of Natalia, and there soon sprang up

BOMBARDMENT OF NOTEBURG.

a strong attachment between him and Dária Arsénief, which on account of his absences brought about a regular correspondence. Presents were also frequently exchanged,—sometimes rings and jewels, sometimes shirts, dressing-gowns, bed-linen, and neck-ties,—and occasionally a little souvenir was put in for the Tsar. Although the letters were not long and were often written on scraps of brown paper, yet Menshikóf kept his friends well informed of his movements and his successes, although even then he was frequently upbraided for writing so seldom. The intimacy had begun some time in the year 1700, and when Menshikóf returned to Moscow, in 1703, two of the Arséniefs came to live in the house which his two sisters kept for him. Maria Danílovna Menshikóf in December married Count Alexis Golovín, the brother of Theodore Golovín, the Director of the Department of Foreign Affairs. The family now consisted of Anna Menshikóf, Barbara and Dária Arsénief, and their aunt Anísia Tolstói. A few months later a new member was added to the household—Catherine Skavrónsky, better known to us as the Empress Catherine I.

The early history of Catherine is as obscure as that of Menshikóf. She was in all probability the daughter of a Lithuanian peasant named Samuel Skavrónsky, settled in Livonia, and was born in the village of Ringen, not far from Dorpat. At an early age, the little Martha—for so she was then called—was left an orphan and destitute, and was taken into the family of Pastor Gluck, at Marienburg, where, without being exactly a servant, she looked after the children, took them to church, and made herself useful in the household. A Swedish dragoon fell in love with her. She was

DEFEAT OF THE SWEDISH FLOTILLA.

betrothed to him, and was to marry him in a week or two, but in the midst of the festivities came an order which sent him to join his company at Riga. He was killed in an engagement in 1705. After the capture of Marienburg in 1702 by Sheremétief, Pastor Gluck and his family were sent to Moscow, but the orphan remained in the service of the field-marshal. She was then seventeen years old and very pretty. Although at this time she could neither read nor write, she had been well taught by Pastor Gluck, possessed quick intelligence, and a merry humor. Her hair gradually became dark, and her hands, which were coarse with work, grew whiter and more delicate with time. In the autumn of 1703 we find her in Moscow, bearing the name of Catherine, and an inmate of Menshikóf's house. Menshikóf was in Moscow from August to December, 1703, but unfortunately his correspondence with the Arséniefs, from the time he went back to St. Petersburg until the end of July, 1704, has not been preserved. Peter did not go to Moscow until the end of October, 1703, and remained there until December 5th, when he went to Vorónezh. He was again in Moscow from the 28th of December to the 6th of March, 1704. In one of his visits to the Arsénief ladies, during his stay in the capital, Peter saw and became acquainted with Catherine. He was struck by her appearance, and the readiness of her replies, and formed a strong attachment for her. This was just at the time when he broke with Anna Mons, and his relations with Catherine probably began in pique at the infidelity of his old mistress. The acquaintance ripened fast. In August of the same year the family went to visit Peter and Menshikóf at Narva, and remained with them for some months. In March, 1705, we find Peter writing to the two Arséniefs: "I am rarely merry here. O mothers! do not abandon my little Petrúshka. Have some clothes made for him soon, and go as you will, but order that he shall have enough to eat and drink, and give my regards, ladies, to Alexander Danílovitch. And you have shown me great unkindness in not being willing to write to me about your health." Menshikóf had just at this time written to them to go to him at Wilna, and on the back of the letter Peter had added: "Don't believe all, but I think it is not far from the truth. If you go to Alexáshka, remember me to him. Piter." Owing to the bad weather the ladies could not get to Menshikóf, who was then at Vitébsk, until after Easter. Propriety demanded that the family should keep together. The Arsénief ladies needed their aunt to matronize them, and Catherine, who was confided to their charge, could not be left alone in Moscow.

Menshikóf had not long enjoyed the society of the ladies when he received the disquieting news of the illness of the Tsar. Peter wrote on the 19th of May: "I would long ago have been with you, except that for my sins and my misfortune I have been kept here in this way. On the very day

I was starting from here, that is, Thursday the 15th, a fever took me and I was obliged to return. In the morning, after taking some medicine, I felt a little better. The next day I wished to go, but the fever returned stronger than before. The next day I felt better, and after that ill again. Thus we know that it is a tertian fever, on account of which I must stay here some time yet, hoping in the mercy of God Almighty that my illness will not be prolonged. Hey! how much I suffer from my illness, and also from grief that time is lost, as well as from my separation from you! But, for God's sake, do not be sad. I have written you all the details only that you should not receive them from others with exaggerations, as usual."

On the 25th, although Peter was better, he sent for Menshikóf: "To my illness is added the grief of separation from you. I have endured it for a long time, but cannot stand it any more. Be good enough to come as soon as possible, so that I shall be merrier, as you yourself can judge. Bring with you an English doctor, and not many followers." But Menshikóf had already set out, and reached Moscow on the very day the letter was written. He immediately informed his friends at Vitébsk that he had found the Tsar much better, and announced their speedy arrival. By the 10th of June Peter was well enough to start, and they arrived at Vitébsk on the 19th. After a month's longer stay here, the ladies returned to Moscow, and in October another son was born and named Paul. The Arséniefs hastened to congratulate Peter, and the mother herself signed the letter "Catherine with two others."

What with the visit of the Tsar to Moscow and the sojourn of the ladies in the camp, both Peter and Menshikóf managed to enjoy for a good part of the time the society of their mistresses. Still Peter and Menshikóf were sometimes separated, and the ladies could not be with both at once. Peter had obtained a promise from Menshikóf that he would marry Dária Arsénief, and at times was fearful lest he should not keep his word. He evidently himself wished to marry Catherine, but still had some scruples about it during the life-time of his wife Eudoxia. In April, 1706, he writes to Menshikóf from St. Petersburg, where the ladies were then staying in Menshikóf's house: "As you know, we are living here in paradise, but one idea never leaves me, about which you yourself know, but I place my confidence not on human will, but on the divine will and mercy." But while Peter was in "paradise," Menshikóf, in spite of the frequent letters, and the presents of dressing-gowns and shirts, felt lonely, and begged Peter, when he left St. Petersburg, to send the ladies to Smolénsk. Finally, on the 28th of June, Peter and the ladies arrived at Smolénsk from one direction, and Menshikóf from the other. Shortly afterward they all went to Kíef, but Menshikóf had to go off with his dragoons on the campaign, and from the army sent his friend Dária a present of five lemons,—all that could be found,—and suggested to her to use them some time when the Tsar was present. Peter himself thanked Menshikóf for the lemons, and in a subsequent letter called him to Kíef: "It is very necessary for you to come by Assumption Day, in order to accomplish what we have already sufficiently talked about before I go." Menshikóf came to Kíef, and on the 29th of August, 1706, married Dária Arsénief. Two days afterward, Peter, Catherine, and the aunt Anísia Tolstói went off to St. Petersburg. Barbara Arsénief and Anna Menshikóf remained in Kíef. The family was divided, and Catherine now had a matron with whom she could travel.

The day after Peter's arrival in St. Petersburg the Neva overflowed its banks. Boats navigated the streets, and the water was nearly two feet deep in the palace of the Tsar. "It was very amusing," wrote Peter to Menshikóf, "to see how people sat on the roofs and trees, just as in the time of the deluge, and not only men, but old women." Peter was so merry over this new phase of his beloved town that he sent Menshikóf salutations, not only from Catherine and himself, but also from his favorite dog Lisetta.*

Menshikóf could scarcely have had a better wife. She, like Catherine, was a true officer's wife, looked after her husband's comforts, and accompanied him in most of his campaigns—sometimes even, it is said, on horseback.

It was not until 1711, after the affair in

* This was the dog for which a priest of Kozlóf got into trouble in 1708. On coming back from Moscow he had told his acquaintances: "I saw the Tsar as he drove out of the court of Prince Menshikóf, and a little dog jumped into his carriage, and the Tsar took up the dog and kissed it on the head." Some little time afterward the priest was arrested and tried for using improper language about the Tsar.

MENSHIKOF.

the Pruth, that Catherine was publicly and officially acknowledged as Peter's wife. But after the marriage of Menshikóf and the breaking up of the common household, she rarely left the Tsar, accompanying him everywhere. The opposite of Eudoxia, Catherine was the wife that Peter needed. She rose to his level, and showed a remarkable adaptability in her new position. Her gifts of head and heart were such that she was able not only to share his outward life, his pleasures, and his sorrows, but also to take part in his inner life, enter into his views and plans, and sympathize with his aspirations. Her conversation cheered him, her presence comforted and consoled him, and aided him to bear his sudden attacks of nervous suffering. Their correspondence is simple, unaffected, and familiar, and shows constantly how well suited they were to each other, how warmly they loved each other, and what a human and lovable nature Peter had, in spite of his great faults and imperfections.

Long before the formal public nuptials in 1712, Catherine had given up the Catholic religion, in which she had been born, and the Lutheran, in which she had been educated, and had been received into the Russian Church. The Tsarévitch Alexis acted as her godfather, for which reason she added to Catherine the patronym of Alexéievna.

A fatality seemed to attend the many children of this union. The boys all died in childhood or infancy. Two daughters, Anne and Elizabeth, lived, the latter to become Empress.

Even when on the throne Catherine never forgot her origin. The widow of Pastor Gluck was given a pension, his children were well married, or were put in positions at court. She assisted the student Wurm, whom she had known when he lived in Pastor Gluck's house at Marienburg. At her request Peter hunted up her family. Her brother Carl Skavrónsky, a stable-boy at a post-station in Kurland, was brought to St. Petersburg and educated, and subsequently created a count. His descendants married into the well-known families of Sapiéha, Engelhardt, Bagratión, Vorontsóf, and Korff.

After Peter's death, Catherine's two sisters and their family came to St. Petersburg. Christina, the elder, was married to a Lithuanian peasant, Simon Heinrich, who, together with riches and honors, received the name of Héndrikof. Anna, the younger, had

EMPRESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF PETER AND CATHERINE.

married the Polish peasant Michael Yefim, who became the founder of the Yefimófsky family. The Empress Elizabeth gave the title of count to both families.

A FAIR BARBARIAN.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Surly Tim and Other Stories," "Louisiana," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

MISS OCTAVIA BASSETT.

SLOWBRIDGE had been shaken to its foundations.

It may as well be explained, however, at the outset, that it would not take much of a sensation to give Slowbridge a great shock. In the first place, Slowbridge was not used to sensations, and was used to going on the even and respectable tenor of its way, regarding the outside world with private distrust, if not with open disfavor. The new mills had been a trial to Slowbridge—a sore trial. On being told of the owners' plan of building them, old Lady Theobald, who was the corner-stone of the social edifice of Slowbridge, was said, by a spectator, to have turned deathly pale with rage, and on the first day of their being opened in working order, she had taken to her bed, and remained shut up in her darkened room for a week, refusing to see anybody, and even going so far as to send a scathing message to the curate of St. James, who called in fear and trembling because he was afraid to stay away.

"With mills and mill-hands," her ladyship announced to Mr. Laurence, the mill owner, when chance first threw them together,—"with mills and mill-hands come murder, massacre, and mob law." And she said it so loud, and with so stern an air of conviction, that the two Misses Briarton, who were of a timorous and fearful nature, dropped their buttered muffins (it was at one of the tea-parties which were Slowbridge's only dissipation), and shuddered hysterically, feeling that their fate was sealed, and that they might, any night, find three masculine mill-hands secreted under their beds, with bludgeons. But as no massacres took place, and the mill-hands were pretty regular in their habits, and even went so far as to send their children to Lady Theobald's free school, and accepted the tracts left weekly at their doors, whether they could read or not, Slowbridge gradually recovered from the shock of finding itself forced to exist in close proximity to mills, and was just settling itself to sleep—the sleep of the just—again, when, as I have said, it was shaken to its foundations.

It was Miss Belinda Bassett who received the first shock. Miss Belinda Bassett was a decorous little maiden lady, who lived in a decorous little house on High street (which was considered a very genteel street in Slowbridge). She had lived in the same house all her life, her father had lived in it, and so also had her grandfather. She had gone out, to take tea, from its doors two or three times a week, ever since she had been twenty, and she had had her little tea-parties in its front parlor as often as any other genteel Slowbridge entertainer. She had risen at seven, breakfasted at eight, dined at two, taken tea at five, and gone to bed at ten, with such regularity for fifty years, that to rise at eight, breakfast at nine, dine at three, and take tea at six, and go to bed at eleven, would, she was firmly convinced, be but "to fly in the face of Providence," as she put it, and sign her own death-warrant. Consequently, it is easy to imagine what a tremor and excitement seized her when, one afternoon, as she sat waiting for her tea, a coach from the Blue Lion dashed—or, at least, *almost* dashed—up to the front door, a young lady got out, and the next minute the handmaiden, Mary Anne, threw open the door of the parlor, announcing, without the least preface:

"Your niece, mum, from 'Meriker."

Miss Belinda got up, feeling that her knees really trembled beneath her.

In Slowbridge, America was not approved

* ["A Fair Barbarian" was recently written by Mrs. Burnett, and printed in "Peterson's Magazine," for which her earliest stories were written, and though it is quite foreign to our policy to reprint anything, this story is so good, and Mrs. Burnett's audience is now so peculiarly and habitually that which he finds among the readers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, that we have asked and received Mr. Charles Peterson's permission to reprint here her story, which we know our readers will be very glad to see. The present text has had the benefit of the author's revision.—ED. S. M.]

of—in fact, was almost entirely ignored, as a country where, to quote Lady Theobald, "the laws were loose, and the prevailing sentiments revolutionary." It was not considered good taste to know Americans,—which was not unfortunate, as there were none to know,—and Miss Belinda Bassett had always felt a delicacy in mentioning her only brother, who had emigrated to the United States in his youth, having first disgraced himself by the utterance of the blasphemous remark that "he wanted to get to a place where a fellow could stretch himself and not be bullied by a lot of old tabbies." From the day of his departure, when he had left Miss Belinda bathed in tears of anguish, she had heard nothing of him, and here upon the threshold stood Mary Anne, with delighted eagerness in her countenance, repeating:

"Your niece, mum, from 'Meriker!"

And, with the words, her niece entered.

Miss Belinda put her hand to her heart.

The young lady, thus announced, was the prettiest, and at the same time the most extraordinary-looking, young lady she had ever seen in her life. Slowbridge contained nothing approaching this niece. Her dress was so very stylish that it was quite startling in its effect, her forehead was covered, down to her large, pretty eyes themselves, with curls of yellow-brown hair, and her slender throat was swathed round and round with a grand scarf of black lace.

She made a step forward, and then stopped, looking at Miss Belinda. Her eyes suddenly, to Miss Belinda's amazement, filled with tears.

"Didn't you," she said,—"Oh dear, *didn't* you get the letter?"

"The—the letter!" faltered Miss Belinda. "What letter, my—my dear?"

"Pa's," was the answer. "Oh, I see you didn't."

And she sank into the nearest chair, putting her hands up to her face, and beginning to cry outright.

"I—am Octavia B-bassett," she said. "We were coming to surp-prise you, and travel in Europe, but the mines went wrong, and p-pa was obliged to go back to Nevada."

"The mines?" gasped Miss Belinda.

"S-silver mines," wept Octavia. "And we had scarcely landed when Piper cabled, and pa had to turn back. It was something about shares, and he may have lost his last dollar!"

Miss Belinda sank into a chair herself.

"Mary Anne," she said, faintly, "bring me a glass of water."

Her tone was such that Octavia removed her handkerchief from her eyes, and sat up to examine her.

"Are you frightened?" she asked, in some alarm.

Miss Belinda took a sip of the water brought by her handmaiden, replaced the glass upon the salver, and shook her head deprecatingly.

"Not exactly frightened, my dear," she said, "but so amazed that I find it difficult to—to collect myself."

Octavia put up her handkerchief again to wipe away a sudden new gush of tears.

"If shares intended to go down," she said, "I don't see why they couldn't go down before we started, instead of waiting until we got over here, and then spoiling everything."

"Providence, my dear,——" began Miss Belinda.

But she was interrupted by the re-entrance of Mary Anne.

"The man from the Lion, mum, wants to know what's to be done with the trunks. There's six of 'em, an' they're all that 'eavy as he says he wouldn't lift one alone for ten shilling."

"Six!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "Whose are they?"

"Mine," replied Octavia. "Wait a minute. I'll go out to him."

Miss Belinda was astounded afresh by the alacrity with which her niece seemed to forget her troubles and rise to the occasion. The girl ran to the front door as if she was quite used to directing her own affairs, and began to issue her orders.

"You will have to get another man," she said. "You might have known that. Go and get one somewhere."

And when the man went off, grumbling a little, and evidently rather at a loss before such peremptory coolness, she turned to Miss Belinda.

"Where must he put them?" she asked.

It did not seem to have occurred to her once that her identity might be doubted and some slight obstacles arise before her.

"I am afraid," faltered Miss Belinda, "that five of them will have to be put in the attic."

And, in fifteen minutes, five of them *were* put into the attic, and the sixth—the biggest of all—stood in the trim little spare chamber and pretty Miss Octavia had sunk into a puffy little chintz-covered easy-chair, whi

her newly found relative stood before her, making the most laudable efforts to recover her equilibrium, and not to feel as if her head was spinning round and round.

CHAPTER II.

"AN INVESTMENT, ANY WAY."

THE natural result of these efforts was that Miss Belinda was moved to shed a few tears.

"I hope you will excuse my being too startled to say I was glad to see you," she said. "I have not seen my brother for thirty years, and I was very fond of him."

"He said you were," answered Octavia, "and he was very fond of you, too. He didn't write to you, because he made up his mind not to let you hear from him until he was a rich man, and then he thought he would wait until he could come home, and surprise you. He was awfully disappointed when he had to go back without seeing you."

"Poor, dear Martin," wept Miss Belinda, gently. "Such a journey!"

Octavia opened her charming eyes in surprise.

"Oh, he'll come back again!" she said. "And he doesn't mind the journey. The journey is nothing, you know."

"Nothing!" echoed Miss Belinda. "A voyage across the Atlantic nothing? When one thinks of the danger, my dear, ——"

Octavia's eyes opened a shade wider.

"We have made the trip to the States, across the Isthmus, twelve times, and that takes a month," she remarked. "So we don't think ten days much."

"Twelve times!" said Miss Belinda, quite appalled. "Dear, dear, dear!"

And, for some moments, she could do nothing but look at her young relative in doubtful wonder, shaking her head with actual sadness.

But she finally recovered herself, with a little start.

"What am I thinking of," she exclaimed, remorsefully, "to let you sit here in this way? Pray excuse me, my dear. You see I am so upset."

She left her chair in a great hurry, and proceeded to embrace her young guest, tenderly, though with a little timorousness. The young lady submitted to the caress with much composure.

"Did I upset you?" she inquired, calmly.

The fact was that she could not see why the simple advent of a relative from Nevada should seem to have the effect of an earthquake, and result in tremor, confusion, and tears. It was true she herself had shed a tear or so, but then her troubles had been accumulating for several days; and she had not felt confused yet.

When Miss Belinda went down-stairs to superintend Mary Anne in the tea-making, and left her guest alone, that young person glanced about her with a rather dubious expression.

"It is a queer, nice little place," she said. "But I don't wonder that pa emigrated, if they always get into such a flurry about little things. I might have been a ghost."

Then she proceeded to unlock the big trunk and attire herself.

Down-stairs, Miss Belinda was wavering between the kitchen and the parlor, in a kindly flutter.

"Toast some muffins, Mary Anne, and bring in the cold roast fowl," she said. "And I will put out some strawberry jam, and some of the preserved ginger. Dear me! Just to think how fond of preserved ginger poor Martin was, and how little of it he was allowed to eat! There really seems a special Providence in my having such a nice stock of it in the house when his daughter comes home."

In the course of half an hour everything was in readiness, and then Mary Anne, who had been sent upstairs to announce the fact, came down in a most remarkable state of delighted agitation, suppressed ecstasy and amazement exclaiming aloud in every feature.

"She's dressed, mum," she announced, "an' 'll be down immediate," and retired to a shadowy corner of the kitchen passage, that she might lie in wait unobserved.

Miss Belinda, sitting behind the tea-service, heard a soft, flowing, silken rustle sweeping down the staircase and across the hall, and then her niece entered.

"Don't you think I've dressed pretty quick?" she said, and swept across the little parlor and sat down in her place, with the calmest and most unconscious air in the world.

There was in Slowbridge but one dress-making establishment. The head of the establishment—Miss Letitia Chickie—designed the costumes of every woman in

Slowbridge, from Lady Theobald down. There were legends that she received her patterns from London, and modified them to suit the Slowbridge taste. Possibly this was true, but, in that case, her labors as modifier must have been severe indeed, since they were so far modified as to be altogether unrecognizable when they left Miss Chickie's establishment and were borne home in triumph to the houses of her patrons. The taste of Slowbridge was quiet—upon this Slowbridge prided itself especially—and, at the same time, tended toward economy. When gores came into fashion, Slowbridge clung firmly, and with some pride, to substantial breadths, which did not cut good silk into useless strips which could not be utilized in after time, and it was only when, after a visit to London, Lady Theobald walked into St. James's, one Sunday, with two gores on each side, that Miss Chickie regretfully put scissors into her first breadth. Each matronly member of good society possessed a substantial silk gown of some sober color, which gown, having done duty at two years' tea-parties, descended to the grade of "second-best," and so descended, year by year, until it disappeared into the dim distance of the past. The young ladies had their white muslins and natural flowers, which latter decorations invariably collapsed in the course of the evening, and were worn during the latter half of any festive occasion in a flabby and hopeless condition. Miss Chickie made the muslins, festooning and adorning them after designs emanating from her fertile imagination. If they were a little short in the body and not very generously proportioned in the matter of train, there was no rival establishment to sneer, and Miss Chickie had it all her own way; and, at least, it could never be said that Slowbridge was vulgar or overdressed.

Judge, then, of Miss Belinda Bassett's condition of mind when her fair relative took her seat before her.

What the material of her niece's dress was, Miss Belinda could not have told. It was a silken and soft fabric of a pale blue color; it clung to the slender, lissome young figure like a glove; a fan-like train of great length almost covered the hearth-rug; there were plaitings and frillings all over it, and yards of delicate satin ribbon cut into loops in the most recklessly extravagant manner.

Miss Belinda saw all this at the first glance, as Mary Anne had seen it, and, like Mary Anne, lost her breath; but, on her second glance, she saw something more. On the pretty, slight hands were three wonderful, sparkling rings, composed of diamonds set in clusters; there were great solitaires in the neat little ears, and the thickly plaited lace at the throat was fastened by a diamond clasp.

"My dear," said Miss Belinda, clutching helplessly at the tea-pot, "are you—surely it is a—a little dangerous to wear such—such priceless ornaments on ordinary occasions."

Octavia stared at her for a moment, uncomprehendingly.

"Your jewels, I mean, my love," fluttered Miss Belinda. "Surely you don't wear them often. I declare it quite frightens me to think of having such things in the house."

"Does it?" said Octavia. "That's queer."

And she looked puzzled for a moment again.

Then she glanced down at her rings.

"I nearly always wear these," she remarked. "Father gave them to me. He gave me one each birthday for three years. He says diamonds are an investment, any way, and I might as well have them. These," touching the ear-rings and clasp, "were given to my mother, when she was on the stage. A lot of people clubbed together and bought them for her. She was a great favorite."

Miss Belinda made another clutch at the handle of the tea-pot.

"Your mother!" she exclaimed, faintly. "On the—did you say on the——"

"Stage," answered Octavia. "San Francisco. Father married her there. She was awfully pretty. I don't remember her. She died when I was born. She was only nineteen."

The utter calmness and freedom from embarrassment with which these announcements were made almost shook Miss Belinda's faith in her own identity. Strange to say, until this moment she had scarcely given a thought to her brother's wife, and to find herself sitting in her own genteel little parlor, behind her own tea-service, with her hand upon her own tea-pot, hearing that this wife had been a young person who had been "a great favorite" upon the stage, in a region peopled, as she had been led to suppose, by gold-diggers and escaped convicts, was almost too much for her to support herself under. But she did support herself bravely, when she had time to rally.

"Help yourself to some fowl, my dear

she said, hospitably, even though very faintly indeed, "and take a muffin."

Octavia did so, her over-splendid hands flashing in the light, as she moved them.

"American girls always have more things than English girls," she observed, with admirable coolness. "They dress more. I have been told so by girls who have been in Europe. And I have more things than most American girls. Father had more money than most people; that was one reason, and he spoiled me, I suppose. He had no one else to give things to, and he said I should have everything I took a fancy to. He often laughed at me for buying things, but he never said I shouldn't buy them."

"He was always generous," sighed Miss Belinda. "Poor, dear Martin!"

Octavia scarcely entered into the spirit of this mournful sympathy. She was fond of her father, but her recollections of him were not pathetic or sentimental.

"He took me with him wherever he went," she proceeded. "And we had a teacher from the States, who traveled with us sometimes. He never sent me away from him. I wouldn't have gone if he had wanted to send me—and he didn't want to," she added, with a satisfied little laugh.

CHAPTER III.

L'ARGENTVILLE.

Miss Belinda sat, looking at her niece, with a sense of being at once stunned and fascinated. To see a creature so young, so pretty, so luxuriously splendid, and at the same time so simply and completely at ease with herself and her surroundings, was a revelation quite beyond her comprehension. The best-bred and nicest girls Slowbridge could produce were apt to look a trifle conscious and timid when they found themselves attired in the white muslin and floral decorations; but this slender creature sat in her gorgeous attire, her train flowing over the modest carpet, her rings flashing, her ear-pendants twinkling, apparently entirely oblivious of, or indifferent to, the fact that all her belongings were sufficiently out of place to be startling beyond measure.

Her chief characteristic, however, seemed to be her excessive frankness. She did not hesitate at all to make the most remarkable statements concerning her own and her father's past career. She made them, too, as if there was nothing unusual about them. Twice, in her childhood, a luckless speculation had left her father penniless; and once he had taken her to a Californian gold-diggers' camp, where she had been the only female member of the somewhat reckless community.

"But they were pretty good-natured, and made a pet of me," she said. "And we did not stay very long. Father had a stroke of luck, and we went away. I was sorry when we had to go, and so were the men They made me a present of a set of jewelry made out of the gold they had got themselves. There is a breastpin like a breastplate, and a necklace like a dog-collar; the bracelets tire my arms, and the ear-rings pull my ears; but I wear them sometimes—gold girdle and all."

"Did I," inquired Miss Belinda, timidly, —"did I understand you to say, my dear, that your father's business was in some way connected with silver-mining?"

"It *is* silver-mining," was the response. "He owns some mines, you know——"

"Owns!" said Miss Belinda, much fluttered. "Owns some silver mines? He must be a very rich man—a very rich man! I declare, it quite takes my breath away."

"Oh, he is rich," said Octavia. "Awfully rich—sometimes. And then again he isn't. Shares go up, you know, and then they go down, and you don't seem to have anything; but father generally comes out right, because he is lucky and knows how to manage."

"But—but how uncertain!" gasped Miss Belinda. "I should be perfectly miserable. Poor, dear Mar——"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," said Octavia. "You'd get used to it, and wouldn't mind much—particularly if you were lucky as father is. There is everything in being lucky and knowing how to manage. When we first went to Bloody Gulch——"

"My dear!" cried Miss Belinda, aghast. "I—I beg of you——"

Octavia stopped short. She gazed at Miss Belinda, in bewilderment, as she had done several times before.

"Is anything the matter?" she inquired, placidly.

"My dear love," explained Miss Belinda, innocently, determined at least to do her duty, "it is not customary in—in Slowbridge—in fact, I think I may say in England—to use such—such exceedingly—I don't want to wound your feelings, my dear,

—but such exceedingly strong expressions. I refer, my dear, to the one which began with a B. It is really considered profane, as well as dreadful beyond measure."

"'The one which began with a B,'" repeated Octavia, still staring at her. "That is the name of a place; but I didn't name it, you know. It was called that, in the first place, because a party of men were surprised and murdered there, while they were asleep in their camp at night. It isn't a very nice name, of course, but I'm not responsible for it; and besides, now the place is growing, they are going to call it Athens or Magnolia Vale. They tried L'Argentville for a while; but people would call it Lodginville, and nobody liked it."

"I trust you never lived there," said Miss Belinda. "I beg your pardon for being so horrified, but I really could not refrain from starting when you spoke; and I cannot help hoping you never lived there."

"I live there now, when I am at home," Octavia replied. "The mines are there, and father has built a house, and had the furniture brought on from New York."

Miss Belinda tried not to shudder, but almost failed.

"Wont you take another muffin, my love?" she said, with a sigh. "Do take another muffin."

"No, thank you," answered Octavia, and it must be confessed that she looked a little bored, as she leaned back in her chair, and glanced down at the train of her dress. It seemed to her that her simplest statement or remark created a sensation.

Having at last risen from the tea-table, she wandered to the window, and stood there, looking out at Miss Belinda's flower-garden. It was quite a pretty flower-garden, and a good-sized one, considering the dimensions of the house. There was an oval grass-plot, divers gravel paths, heart and diamond shaped beds, aglow with brilliant annuals, a great many rose-bushes, several laburnums and lilacs, and a trim hedge of holly surrounding it.

"I think I should like to go out and walk around there," remarked Octavia, smothering a little yawn behind her hand. "Suppose we go—if you don't care."

"Certainly, my dear," assented Miss Belinda. "But perhaps," with a delicately dubious glance at her attire, "you would like to make some little alteration in your dress — to put something a little — dark over it."

Octavia glanced down, also.

"Oh, no," she replied; "it will do well enough. I will throw a scarf over my head, though; not because I need it," unblushingly, "but because I have a lace one that is very becoming."

She went up to her room for the article in question, and in three minutes was down again. When she first caught sight of her, Miss Belinda found herself obliged to clear her throat quite suddenly. What Slowbridge would think of seeing such a toilette in her front garden, upon an ordinary occasion, she could not imagine. The scarf truly was becoming. It was a long affair of rich white lace, and was thrown over the girl's head, wound around her throat, and the ends tossed over her shoulders, with the most picturesque air of carelessness in the world.

"You look quite like a bride, my dear Octavia," said Miss Belinda. "We are scarcely used to such things in Slowbridge."

But Octavia only laughed a little.

"I am going to get some pink roses, and fasten the ends with them, when we get into the garden," she said.

She stopped for this purpose at the first rose-bush they reached. She gathered half a dozen slender-stemmed, heavy-headed buds, and having fastened the lace with some, was carelessly placing the rest at her waist, when Miss Belinda started violently.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY THEOBALD.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed, nervously, "there is Lady Theobald."

Lady Theobald, having been making calls of state, was returning home rather later than usual, when, in driving up High street, her eye fell upon Miss Bassett's garden. She put up her eyeglasses, and gazed through them, severely; then she issued a mandate to her coachman.

"Dobson," she said, "drive more slowly."

She could not believe the evidence of her own eyeglasses. In Miss Bassett's garden she saw a tall girl, "dressed," as she put it, "like an actress," her delicate dress trailing upon the grass, a white lace scarf about her head and shoulders, roses in that scarf, roses at her waist.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed; "is Belinda Bassett giving a party, without so much as mentioning it to *me*?"

Then she issued another mandate.

"Dobson," she said, "drive faster, and drive me to Miss Bassett's."

Miss Belinda came out to the gate to meet her, quaking inwardly. Octavia simply turned slightly where she stood, and looked at her ladyship, without any pretense of concealing her curiosity.

Lady Theobald bent forward in her landau.

"Belinda," she said, "how do you do? I did not know you intended to introduce garden-parties into Slowbridge."

"Dear Lady Theobald ——" began Miss Belinda.

"Who is that young person?" demanded her ladyship.

"She is poor dear Martin's daughter," answered Miss Belinda. "She arrived to-day—from Nevada, where—where it appears Martin has been very fortunate, and owns a great many silver mines ——"

"A 'great many' silver mines!" cried Lady Theobald. "Are you mad, Belinda Bassett? I am ashamed of you. At your time of life, too!"

Miss Belinda almost shed tears.

"She said 'some silver mines,' I am sure," she faltered; "for I remember how astonished and bewildered I was. The fact is that she is such a very singular girl, and has told me so many wonderful things, in the strangest, cool way, that I am quite uncertain of myself. Murderers, and gold-diggers, and silver mines, and camps full of men without women, making presents of gold girdles and dog-collars, and ear-rings that drag your ears down. It is enough to upset any one."

"I should think so," responded her ladyship. "Open the carriage door, Belinda, and let me get out."

She felt that this matter must be inquired into at once, and not allowed to go too far. She had ruled Slowbridge too long to allow such innovations to remain uninvestigated. She would not be likely to be "upset," at least. She descended from her landau, with her most rigorous air. Her stout, rich, black *moire antique* gown rustled severely, the yellow ostrich feather in her bonnet waved majestically. (Being a brunette, and Lady Theobald, she wore yellow.) As she tramped up the gravel walk, she held up her dress with both hands, as an example to vulgar and reckless young people who wore trains and left them to take care of themselves.

Octavia was arranging afresh the bunch of long-stemmed, swaying buds at her waist, and she was giving all her attention to her task when her visitor first addressed her.

"How do you do?" remarked her ladyship, in a fine, deep voice.

Miss Belinda followed her meekly.

"Octavia," she explained, "this is Lady Theobald, whom you will be very glad to know. She knew your father."

"Yes," returned my lady, "years ago. He has had time to improve since then. How do you do?"

Octavia's limpid eyes rested serenely upon her.

"How do you do?" she said, rather indifferently.

"You are from Nevada?" asked Lady Theobald.

"Yes."

"It is not long since you left there?"

Octavia smiled faintly.

"Do I look like that?" she inquired.

"Like what?" said my lady.

"As if I had not long lived in a civilized place. I dare say I do, because it is true that I haven't."

"You don't look like an English girl," remarked her ladyship.

Octavia smiled again. She looked at the yellow feather and stout *moire antique* dress, but quite as if by accident, and without any mental deduction; then she glanced at the rose-buds in her hand.

"I suppose I ought to be sorry for that," she observed. "I dare say I shall be in time—when I have been longer away from Nevada."

"I must confess," admitted her ladyship, and evidently without the least regret or embarrassment, "I must confess that I don't know where Nevada is."

"It isn't in Europe," replied Octavia, with a soft, light laugh. "You know that, don't you?"

The words themselves sounded to Lady Theobald like the most outrageous impudence, but when she looked at the pretty, love-lock-shaded face, she was staggered—the look it wore was such a very innocent and undisturbed one. At the moment, the only solution to be reached seemed to be that this was the style of young people in Nevada, and that it was ignorance and not insolence she had to do battle with—which, indeed, was partially true.

"I have not had any occasion to inquire where it is situated, so far," she responded, firmly. "It is not so necessary for English people to know America as it is for Americans to know England."

"Isn't it?" said Octavia, without any great show of interest. "Why not?"

"For—for a great many reasons it would be fatiguing to explain," she answered, courageously. "How is your father?"

"He is very sea-sick now," was the smiling answer,—"deadly sea-sick. He has just been out twenty-four hours."

"Out? What does that mean?"

"Out on the Atlantic. He was called back suddenly, and obliged to leave me. That is why I came here alone."

"Pray do come into the parlor and sit down, dear Lady Theobald," ventured Miss Belinda. "Octavia ——"

"Don't you think it is nicer out here?" said Octavia.

"My dear," answered Miss Belinda. "Lady Theobald ——" She was really quite shocked.

"Ah!" interposed Octavia. "I only thought it was cooler."

She preceded them, without seeming to be at all conscious that she was taking the lead.

"You had better pick up your dress, Miss Octavia," said Lady Theobald, rather acidly.

The girl glanced over her shoulder at the length of train sweeping the path, but she made no movement toward picking it up.

"It is too much trouble, and one has to duck down so," she said. "It is bad enough to have to keep doing it when one is on the street. Besides, they would never wear out if one took too much care of them."

When they went into the parlor and sat down, Lady Theobald made excellent use of her time, and managed to hear again all that had tried and bewildered Miss Belinda. She had no hesitation in asking questions boldly; she considered it her privilege to do so; she had catechised Slowbridge for forty years, and meant to maintain her rights until Time played her the knave's trick of disabling her.

In half an hour she had heard about the silver mines, the gold-diggers, and L'Argentville; she knew that Martin Bassett was a millionaire, if the news he had heard had not left him penniless; that he would return to England, and visit Slowbridge, as soon as his affairs were settled. The precarious condition of his finances did not seem to cause Octavia much concern. She had asked no questions when he went away, and seemed quite at ease regarding the future.

"People will always lend him money, and then he is lucky with it," she said.

She bore the catechising very well. Her replies were frequently rather trying to her interlocutor, but she never seemed troubled, or ashamed of anything she had to say; and she wore, from first to last, that inscrutably innocent and indifferent little air.

She did not even show confusion when Lady Theobald, on going away, made her farewell comment:

"You are a very fortunate girl to own such jewels," she said, glancing critically at the diamonds in her ears; "but, if you take my advice, my dear, you will put them away, and save them until you are a married woman. It is not customary, on this side of the water, for young girls to wear such things—particularly on ordinary occasions. People will think you are odd."

"It is not exactly customary in America," replied Octavia, with her undisturbed smile. "There are not many girls who have such things. Perhaps they would wear them if they had them. I don't care a very great deal about them, but I mean to wear them."

Lady Theobald went away in a dudgeon.

"You will have to exercise your authority, Belinda, and *make* her put them away," she said to Miss Bassett. "It is absurd—besides being atrocious."

"Make her!" faltered Miss Bassett.

"Yes, 'make her'—though I see you will have your hands full. I never heard such romancing stories in my life. It is just what one might expect from your brother Martin."

When Miss Bassett returned, Octavia was standing before the window, watching the carriage drive away, and playing absently with one of her ear-rings as she did so.

"What an old fright she is!" was her first guileless remark.

Miss Belinda quite bridled.

"My dear," she said, with dignity, "no one in Slowbridge would think of applying such a phrase to Lady Theobald."

Octavia turned around, and looked at her.

"But don't you think she is one?" she exclaimed. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have said it; but you know we haven't anything as bad as that, even out in Nevada—really!"

"My dear," said Miss Belinda, "different countries contain different people, and in Slowbridge *we* have our standards,"—her best cap trembling a little with her repressed excitement.

But Octavia did not appear overwhelmed by the existence of the standards in question. She turned to the window again.

"Well, any way," she said, "I think it

was pretty cool in her to order me to take off my diamonds, and save them until I was married. How does she know whether I mean to be married or not? I don't know that I care about it."

CHAPTER V.

LUCIA.

In this manner Slowbridge received the shock which shook it to its foundations, and it was a shock from which it did not recover for some time. Before ten o'clock the next morning, everybody knew of the arrival of Martin Bassett's daughter.

The very boarding-school (Miss Pilcher's select seminary for young ladies, "combining the comforts of a home," as the circular said, "with all the advantages of genteel education") was on fire with it, highly colored versions of the stories told being circulated from the "first class" downward, even taking the form of an Indian princess, tattooed blue, and with difficulty restrained from indulging in war-whoops,—which last feature so alarmed little Miss Bigbee, aged seven, that she retired in fear and trembling, and shed tears under the bedclothes; her terror and anguish being much increased by the stirring recitals of scalping stories by pretty Miss Phipps, of the first class—a young person who possessed a vivid imagination, and delighted in romances of a tragic turn.

"I have not the slightest doubt," said Miss Phipps, "that when she is at home she lives in a wampum."

"What is a wampum?" inquired one of her admiring audience.

"A tent," replied Miss Phipps, with some impatience. "I should think any goose would know that. It is a kind of tent hung with scalps and—and—moccasins, and—lariats—and things of that sort."

"I don't believe that is the right name for it," put in Miss Smith, who was a pert member of the third class.

"Ah!" commented Miss Phipps, "that was Miss Smith who spoke, of course. We may always expect information from Miss Smith. I trust that I may be allowed to say that I *think* I *have* a brother——"

"He doesn't know much about it, if he calls a wigwam a wampum," interposed Miss Smith, with still greater pertness. "I have a brother who knows better than that, if I am only in the third class."

For a moment Miss Phipps appeared to be meditating. Perhaps she was a trifle discomfited, but she recovered herself after a brief pause, and returned to the charge.

"Well," she remarked, "perhaps it is a wigwam. Who cares if it is? And at any rate, whatever it is, I haven't the slightest doubt that she lives in one."

This comparatively tame version was, however, entirely discarded when the diamonds and silver mines began to figure more largely in the reports. Certainly, pretty, overdressed, jewel-bedecked Octavia gave Slowbridge abundant cause for excitement.

After leaving her, Lady Theobald drove home to Oldclough Hall, rather out of humor. She had been rather out of humor for some time, having never quite recovered from her anger at the daring of that cheerful builder of mills, Mr. John Burmistone. Mr. Burmistone had been one innovation, and Octavia Bassett was another. She had not been able to manage Mr. Burmistone, and she was not at all sure that she had managed Octavia Bassett.

She entered the dining-room with an ominous frown on her forehead.

At the end of the table, opposite her own seat, was a vacant chair, and her frown deepened when she saw it.

"Where is Miss Gaston?" she demanded of the servant.

Before the man had time to reply, the door opened, and a girl came in hurriedly, with a somewhat frightened air.

"I beg pardon, grandmamma dear," she said, going to her seat quickly. "I did not know you had come home."

"We have a dinner-hour," announced her ladyship, "and *I* do not disregard it."

"I am very sorry," faltered the culprit.

"That is enough, Lucia," interrupted Lady Theobald; and Lucia dropped her eyes, and began to eat her soup with nervous haste. In fact, she was glad to escape so easily.

She was a very pretty creature, with brown eyes, a soft, white skin, and a slight figure with a reed-like grace. A great quantity of brown hair was twisted into an ugly coil on the top of her delicate little head, and she wore an ugly muslin gown of Miss Chickie's make.

For some time the meal progressed in dead silence, but at length Lucia ventured to raise her eyes.

"I have been walking in Slowbridge, grandmamma," she said, "and I met Mr.

Burmistone, who told me that Miss Bassett has a visitor—a young lady from America."

Lady Theobald laid her knife and fork down deliberately.

"Mr. Burmistone?" she said. "Did I understand you to say that you stopped on the road-side to converse with Mr. Burmistone?"

Lucia colored up to her delicate eyebrows and above them.

"I was trying to reach a flower growing on the bank," she said, "and he was so kind as to stop to get it for me. I did not know he was near at first. And then he inquired how you were—and told me he had just heard about the young lady."

"Naturally!" remarked her ladyship, sardonically. "It is as I anticipated it would be. We shall find Mr. Burmistone at our elbows upon all occasions. And he will not allow himself to be easily driven away. He is as determined as persons of his class usually are."

"Oh, grandmamma!" protested Lucia, with innocent fervor. "I really do not think he is—like that at all. I could not help thinking he was very gentlemanly and kind. He is so much interested in your school, and so anxious that it should prosper."

"May I ask," inquired Lady Theobald, "how long a time this generous expression of his sentiments occupied? Was this the reason of your forgetting the dinner-hour?"

"We did not—" said Lucia, guiltily; "it did not take many minutes. I—I do not think that made me late."

Lady Theobald dismissed this paltry excuse with one remark—a remark made in the deep tones referred to once before.

"I should scarcely have expected," she observed, "that a granddaughter of mine would have spent half an hour conversing on the public road with the proprietor of Slowbridge Mills."

"Oh, grandmamma!" exclaimed Lucia, the tears rising in her eyes; "it was not half an hour."

"I should scarcely have expected," replied her ladyship, "that a granddaughter of mine would have spent five minutes conversing on the public road with the proprietor of Slowbridge Mills."

To this assault there seemed to be no reply to make. Lady Theobald had her granddaughter under excellent control. Under her rigorous rule, the girl—whose mother had died at her birth—had been brought up. At nineteen she was simple, sensitive, shy. She had been permitted to have no companions, and the greatest excitements of her life had been the Slowbridge tea-parties. Of the late Sir Gilbert Theobald, the less said the better. He had spent very little of his married life at Oldclough Hall, and, upon his death, his widow had found herself possessed of a substantial, gloomy mansion, an exalted position in Slowbridge society, and a small marriage settlement, upon which she might make all the efforts she chose to sustain her state. So Lucia wore her dresses a much longer time than any other Slowbridge young lady; she was obliged to mend her little gloves again and again; and her hats were retrimmed so often that even Slowbridge thought them old-fashioned. But she was too simple and sweet-natured to be much troubled, and indeed thought very little about the matter. She was only troubled when Lady Theobald scolded her, which was by no means infrequently. Perhaps the straits to which, at times, her ladyship was put to maintain her dignity embittered her somewhat.

"Lucia is neither a Theobald nor a Barold," she had been heard to say once, and she had said it with much rigor.

A subject of much conversation in private circles had been Lucia's future. It had been discussed in whispers since her seventeenth year, but no one had seemed to approach any solution of the difficulty. Upon the subject of her plans for her granddaughter, Lady Theobald had preserved stern silence. Once, and once only, she had allowed herself to be betrayed into the expression of a sentiment connected with the matter.

"If Miss Lucia marries ——" a matron of reckless proclivities had remarked.

Lady Theobald turned upon her, slowly and majestically.

"*If* Miss Gaston marries," she repeated. "Does it seem likely that Miss Gaston will *not* marry?"

This settled the matter finally. Lucia was to be married when Lady Theobald thought fit. So far, however, she had not thought fit—indeed, there had been nobody for Lucia to marry—nobody whom her grandmother would have allowed her to marry, at least. There were very few young gentlemen in Slowbridge, and the very few were scarcely eligible according to Lady Theobald's standard and—if such a thing should be mentioned—to Lucia's, if she had known she had one, which she certainly did not.

CHAPTER VI.

ACCIDENTAL.

WHEN dinner was over, Lady Theobald rose, and proceeded to the drawing-room, Lucia following in her wake. From her very babyhood, Lucia had disliked the drawing-room, which was an imposing apartment of great length and height, containing much massive furniture, upholstered in faded blue satin. All the girl's evenings, since her fifth year, had been spent sitting opposite her grandmother, in one of the straightest of the blue chairs; all the most scathing reproofs she had received had been administered to her at such times. She had a secret theory, indeed, that all unpleasant things occurred in the drawing-room, after dinner.

Just as they had seated themselves, and Lady Theobald was on the point of drawing toward her the little basket, containing the gray woolen mittens she made a duty of employing herself by knitting each evening, Dobson, the coachman, in his character of footman, threw open the door, and announced a visitor.

"Captain Barold."

Lady Theobald dropped her gray mitten, the steel needles falling upon the table with a clink. She rose to her feet at once, and met half way the young man who had entered.

"My dear Francis," she remarked, "I am exceedingly glad to see you at last," with a slight emphasis upon the "at last."

"Tha-anks," said Captain Barold, rather languidly. "You're very good, I'm sure."

Then he glanced at Lucia, and Lady Theobald addressed her.

"Lucia," she said, "this is Francis Barold, who is your cousin."

Captain Barold shook hands feebly.

"I have been trying to find out whether it is third or fourth," he said.

"It is third," said my lady.

Lucia had never seen her display such cordiality to anybody. But Captain Francis Barold did not seem much impressed by it. It struck Lucia that he would not be likely to be impressed by anything. He seated himself near her grandmother's chair, and proceeded to explain his presence on the spot, without exhibiting much interest even in his own relation of facts.

"I promised the Rathburns that I would spend a week at their place; and Slowbridge was on the way, so it occurred to me I would drop off in passing. The Rathburns's place, Broadoaks, is about ten miles further on; not far, you see."

"Then," said Lady Theobald, "I am to understand that your visit is accidental."

Captain Barold was not embarrassed. He did not attempt to avoid her ladyship's rather stern eye, as he made his cool reply.

"Well, yes," he said. "I beg pardon, but it is accidental, rather."

Lucia gave him a pretty, frightened look, as if she felt that, after such an audacious confession, something very serious must happen; but nothing serious happened at all. Singularly enough, it was Lady Theobald herself who looked ill at ease, and as though she had not been prepared for such a contingency.

During the whole of the evening, in fact, it was always Lady Theobald who was placed at a disadvantage, Lucia discovered. She could hardly realize the fact, at first; but before an hour had passed, its truth was forced upon her.

Captain Barold was a very striking-looking man upon the whole. He was large, gracefully built, and fair, his eyes were gray, and noticeable for the coldness of their expression, his features regular and aquiline, his movements leisurely.

As he conversed with her grandmother, Lucia wondered at him privately. It seemed to her innocent mind that he had been everywhere, and seen everything and everybody, without caring for or enjoying his privileges. The truth was that he had seen and experienced a great deal too much. As an only child, the heir to a large property, and heir prospective to one of the oldest titles in the country, he had exhausted life early. He saw in Lady Theobald, not the imposing head and social front of Slowbridge social life, the power who rewarded with approval and punished with a frown, but a tiresome, pretentious old woman, whom his mother had asked him, for some feminine reason, to visit.

"She feels she has a claim upon us, Francis," she had said, appealingly.

"Well," he had remarked, "that is rather deuced cool, isn't it? We have people enough on our hands without cultivating Slowbridge, you know."

His mother sighed, faintly.

"It is true we have a great many people to consider, but I wish you would do it, my dear."

She did not say anything at all about Lucia; above all, she did not mention that a year ago she herself had spent two or three days at Slowbridge, and had been charmed beyond measure by the girl's innocent freshness, and that she had said, rather absently, to Lady Theobald:

"What a charming wife Lucia would make for a man to whom gentleness and a yielding disposition were necessary! We do not find such girls in society nowadays, my dear Lady Theobald. It is very difficult of late years to find a girl who is not spoken of as 'fast,' and who is not disposed to take the reins in her own hands. Our young men are flattered and courted until they become a little dictatorial, and our girls are spoiled at home. And the result is a great deal of domestic unhappiness afterward—and even a great deal of scandal, which is dreadful to contemplate. I cannot help feeling the greatest anxiety in secret concerning Francis. Young men so seldom consider these matters until it is too late."

"Girls are not trained as they were in my young days, or even in yours," said Lady Theobald. "They are allowed too much liberty. Lucia has been brought up immediately under my own eye."

"I feel that it is fortunate," remarked Mrs. Barold, quite incidentally, "that Francis need not make a point of money."

For a few moments Lady Theobald did not respond; but afterward, in the course of the conversation which followed, she made an observation which was, of course, purely incidental.

"If Lucia makes a marriage which pleases her great-uncle, old Mr. Dugald Binnie, of Glasgow, she will be a very fortunate girl. He has intimated, in his eccentric fashion, that his immense fortune will either be hers or will be spent in building charitable asylums of various kinds. He is a remarkable and singular man."

When Captain Barold had entered his distinguished relative's drawing-room, he had not regarded his third cousin with a very great deal of interest. He had seen too many beauties in his thirty years to be greatly moved by the sight of one; and here was only a girl who had soft eyes, and looked young for her age, and who wore an ugly muslin gown, that most girls could not have carried off at all.

"You have spent the greater part of your life in Slowbridge?" he condescended to say, in the course of the evening.

"I have lived here always," Lucia answered. "I have never been away more than a week at a time."

"Ah?" interrogatively. "I hope you have not found it dull."

"No," smiling a little. "Not very. You see, I have known nothing gayer."

"There is society enough of a harmless kind here," spoke up Lady Theobald, virtuously. "I do not approve of a round of gayeties for young people; it unfits them for the duties of life."

But Captain Barold was not as favorably impressed by these remarks as might have been anticipated.

"What an old fool she is!" was his polite inward comment. And he resolved at once to make his visit as brief as possible, and not to be induced to run down again, during his stay at Broadoaks. He did not even take the trouble to appear to enjoy his evening. From his earliest infancy, he had always found it easier to please himself than to please other people. In fact, the world had devoted itself to endeavoring to please him, and win his—toleration, we may say, instead of admiration, since it could not hope for the latter. At home, he had been adored rapturously by a large circle of affectionate male and female relatives; at school, his tutors had been singularly indulgent of his faults and admiring of his talents; even among his fellow pupils he had been a sort of autocrat. Why not, indeed, with such birthrights and such prospects? When he had entered society, he had met with even more amiable treatment from affectionate mothers, from innocent daughters, from cordial paternal parents, who voted him an exceedingly fine fellow. Why should he bore himself by taking the trouble to seem pleased by a stupid evening with an old grenadier in petticoats, and a badly dressed country girl?

Lucia was very glad when, in answer to a timidly appealing glance, Lady Theobald said:

"It is half-past ten. You may wish us good-night, Lucia."

Lucia obeyed, as if she had been half-past ten herself, instead of nearly twenty; and Barold was not long in following her example.

Dobson led him to a stately chamber at the top of the staircase, and left him there. The captain chose the largest and most luxurious chair, sat down in it, and lighted a cigar at his leisure.

"Confoundedly stupid hole!" he said, with a refined vigor one would scarcely have

expected from an individual of his birth and breeding. "I shall leave to-morrow, of course. What was my mother thinking of? Stupid business from first to last."

CHAPTER VII.

"I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE MORE OF SLOWBRIDGE."

When he announced, at breakfast, his intention of taking his departure on the mid-day train, Lucia wondered again what would happen, and again, to her relief, Lady Theobald was astonishingly lenient.

"As your friends expect you, of course we cannot overrule them," she said. "We will, however, hope to see something of you during your stay at Broadoaks. It will be very easy for you to run down and give us a few hours now and then."

"Tha-anks!" said Captain Barold.

He was decently civil, if not enthusiastic, during the few remaining hours of his stay. He sauntered through the grounds with Lucia, who took charge of him, in obedience to her grandmother's wish. He did not find her particularly troublesome, when she was away from her ladyship's side. When she came out to him in her simple cotton gown and straw hat, it occurred to him that she was much prettier than he had thought her at first. For economical reasons, she had made the little morning-dress herself, without the slightest regard for the designs of Miss Chickie, and, as it was not trimmed at all, and had only a black velvet ribbon at the waist, there was nothing to place her charming figure at a disadvantage. It could not be said that her shyness and simplicity delighted Captain Barold; but, at least, they did not displease him, and this was really as much as could be expected.

"She does not expect a fellow to exert himself, at all events," was his inward comment, and he did not exert himself.

But, when on the point of taking his departure, he went so far as to make a very gracious remark to her.

"I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you in London, for a season, before very long," he said. "My mother will have great pleasure in taking charge of you, if Lady Theobald cannot be induced to leave Slowbridge."

"Lucia never goes from home alone," said Lady Theobald; "but I should certainly be obliged to call upon your mother for her good offices, in the case of our spending a season in London. I am too old a woman to alter my mode of life altogether."

In obedience to her ladyship's orders, the venerable landau was brought to the door, and the two ladies drove to the station with him.

It was during this drive that a very curious incident occurred—an incident to which, perhaps, this story owes its existence, since, if it had not taken place, there might, very possibly, have been no events of a stirring nature to chronicle. Just as Dobson drove rather slowly up the part of High street distinguished by the presence of Miss Belinda Bassett's house, Captain Barold suddenly appeared to be attracted by some figure he discovered in the garden appertaining to that modest structure.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, in an undertone, "there is Miss Octavia."

For the moment he was almost roused to a display of interest. A faint smile lighted his face, and his cold, handsome eyes slightly brightened.

Lady Theobald sat bolt upright.

"That is Miss Bassett's niece, from America," she said. "Do I understand you know her?"

Captain Barold turned to confront her, evidently annoyed at having allowed a surprise to get the better of him. All expression died out of his face.

"I traveled with her from Framwich to Stamford," he said. "I suppose we should have reached Slowbridge together, but that I dropped off at Stamford to get a newspaper, and the train left me behind."

"Oh, grandmamma!" exclaimed Lucia, who had turned to look, "how very pretty she is!"

Miss Octavia certainly was amazingly so this morning. She was standing by a rose-bush again, and was dressed in a cashmere morning-robe of the finest texture and the faintest pink; it had a Watteau plait down the back, a *jabot* of lace down the front, and the close, high frills of lace around the throat which seemed to be a weakness with her. Her hair was dressed high upon her head, and showed to advantage her little ears and as much of her slim, white neck as the frills did not conceal.

But Lady Theobald did not share Lucia's enthusiasm.

"She looks like an actress," she said. "If the trees were painted canvas and the

roses artificial, one might have some patience with her. That kind of thing is scarcely what we expect in Slowbridge."

Then she turned to Barold.

"I had the pleasure of meeting her yesterday, not long after she arrived," she said. "She had diamonds in her ears as big as peas, and rings to match. Her manner is just what one might expect from a young woman brought up among gold-diggers and silver-miners."

"It struck me as being a very unique and interesting manner," said Captain Barold. "It is chiefly noticeable for a *sang froid* which might be regarded as rather enviable. She was good enough to tell me all about her papa and the silver mines, and I really found the conversation entertaining."

"It is scarcely customary for English young women to confide in their masculine traveling companions to such an extent," remarked my lady, grimly.

"She did not confide in me at all," said Barold. "Therein lay her attraction. One cannot submit to being 'confided in' by a strange young woman, however charming. This young lady's remarks were flavored solely with an adorably cool candor. She evidently did not desire to appeal to any emotion whatever."

And, as he leaned back in his seat, he still looked at the picturesque figure which they had passed, as if he would not have been sorry to see it turn its head toward him.

In fact, it seemed that, notwithstanding his usual good fortune, Captain Barold was doomed this morning to make remarks of a nature objectionable to his revered relation. On their way they passed Mr. Burmistone's mill, which was at work in all its vigor, with a whir and buzz of machinery and a slight odor of oil in its surrounding atmosphere.

"Ah!" said Mr. Barold, putting his single eyeglass into his eye, and scanning it after the manner of experts. "I did not think you had anything of that sort here. Who put it up?"

"The man's name," replied Lady Theobald, severely, "is Burmistone."

"Pretty good idea, isn't it?" remarked Barold. "Good for the place—and all that sort of thing."

"To my mind," answered my lady, "it is the worst possible thing which could have happened."

Mr. Francis Barold dropped his eyeglass dexterously, and at once lapsed into his normal condition—which was a condition by no means favorable to argument.

"Think so?" he said, slowly. "Pity, isn't it—under the circumstances?"

And really there was nothing at all for her ladyship to do but preserve a lofty silence. She had scarcely recovered herself when they reached the station, and it was necessary to say farewell as complacently as possible.

"We will hope to see you again before many days," she said, with dignity, if not with warmth.

Mr. Francis Barold was silent for a second, and a slightly reflective expression flitted across his face.

"Thanks—yes," he said, at last. "Certainly. It is easy to come down, and I should like to see more of Slowbridge."

When the train had puffed in and out of the station, and Dobson was driving down High street again, her ladyship's feelings rather got the better of her.

"If Belinda Bassett is a wise woman," she remarked, "she will take my advice, and get rid of this young lady as soon as possible. It appears to me," she continued, with exalted piety, "that every well-trained English girl has reason to thank her Maker that she was born in a civilized land."

"Perhaps," suggested Lucia, softly, "Miss Octavia Bassett has had no one to train her at all—and it may be that—that she even feels it deeply."

The feathers in her ladyship's bonnet trembled.

"She does not feel it at all!" she announced. "She is an impertinent—minx!"

CHAPTER VIII.

SHARES LOOKING UP.

THERE were others who echoed her ladyship's words afterward, though they echoed them privately and with more caution than my lady felt necessary. It is certain that Miss Octavia Bassett did not improve, as time progressed, and she had enlarged opportunities for studying the noble example set before her by Slowbridge.

On his arrival in New York, Martin Bassett telegraphed to his daughter and sister, per Atlantic cable, informing them that he might be detained a couple of months, and bidding them be of good cheer. The arrival of the message, in its official envelope, so alarmed Miss Belinda that she was supported by Mary Anne while it was read to her by Octavia, who received it without any surprise

whatever. For some time after its completion, Slowbridge had privately disbelieved in the Atlantic cable, and, until this occasion, had certainly disbelieved in the existence of people who received messages through it. In fact, on first finding that she was the recipient of such a message, Miss Belinda had made immediate preparations for fainting quietly away, being fully convinced that a shipwreck had occurred, which had resulted in her brother's death, and that his executors had chosen this delicate method of breaking the news.

"A message by Atlantic cable?" she had gasped. "Don't—don't read it, my love. L—let some one else do that. Poor—poor child! Trust in Providence, my love, and —and bear up. Ah, how I wish I had a stronger mind, and could be of more service to you!"

"It is a message from father," said Octavia. "Nothing is the matter. He's all right. He got in on Saturday."

"Ah!" panted Miss Belinda. "Are you *quite* sure, my dear—are you quite sure?"

"That's what he says. Listen."

"Got in Saturday. Piper met me. Shares looking up. May be kept here two months. Will write. Keep up your spirits.

"MARTIN BASSETT."

"Thank heaven!" sighed Miss Belinda. "Thank heaven!"

"Why?" said Octavia.

"Why?" echoed Miss Belinda. "Ah, my dear, if you knew how terrified I was; I felt sure that something had happened. A *cable* message, my dear! I never received a telegram in my life before, and to receive a *cable* message was really a *shock*."

"Well, I don't see why," said Octavia. "It seems to me it is pretty much like any other message."

Miss Belinda regarded her timidly.

"Does your papa *often* send them?" she inquired. "Surely it must be expensive."

"I don't suppose it's cheap," Octavia replied, "but it saves time and worry. I should have had to wait twelve days for a letter."

"Very true," said Miss Belinda, "but ——"

She broke off with rather a distressed shake of the head. Her simple ideas of economy and quiet living were frequently upset in these times. She had begun to regard her niece with a slight feeling of awe, and yet Octavia had not been doing anything at all remarkable in her own eyes, and considered her life pretty dull.

If the elder Miss Bassett, her parents and grandparents, had not been so thoroughly well known, and so universally respected; if their social position had not been so firmly established, and their quiet lives not quite so highly respectable, there is an awful possibility that Slowbridge might even have gone so far as not to ask Octavia out to tea at all. But even Lady Theobald felt that it would not do to slight Belinda Bassett's niece and guest. To omit the customary state teas would have been to crush innocent Miss Belinda at a blow, and place her —through the medium of this young lady who, alone, deserved condemnation—beyond the pale of all social law.

"It is only to be regretted," said her ladyship, "that Belinda Bassett has not arranged things better. Relatives of such an order are certainly to be deplored."

In secret, Lucia felt much soft-hearted sympathy for both Miss Bassett and her guest. She could not help wondering how Miss Belinda became responsible for the calamity which had fallen upon her. It really did not seem probable that she had been previously consulted as to the kind of niece she desired, or that she had, in a distinct manner, evinced a preference for a niece of this description.

"Perhaps, dear grandmamma," the girl ventured, "it is because Miss Octavia Bassett is so young that ——"

"May I ask," inquired Lady Theobald, in fell tones, "how old you are?"

"I was nineteen in—in December."

"Miss Octavia Bassett," said her ladyship, "was nineteen last October, and it is now June. I have not yet found it necessary to apologize for you on the score of youth."

But it was her ladyship who took the initiative and set an evening for entertaining Miss Belinda and her niece, in company with several other ladies, with the best bohea, thin bread and butter, plum-cake, and various other delicacies.

"What do they do at such places?" asked Octavia. "Half-past five is pretty early."

"We spend some time at the tea-table, my dear," explained Miss Belinda. "And afterward, we—we converse. A few of us play whist. I do not. I feel as if I were not clever enough, and I get flurried too easily by—by differences of opinion."

"I should think it wasn't very exciting,"

said Octavia. "I don't fancy I ever went to an entertainment where they did nothing but drink tea and talk."

"It is not our intention or desire to be exciting, my dear," Miss Belinda replied, with mild dignity. "And an improving conversation is frequently most beneficial to the parties engaged in it."

"I'm afraid," Octavia observed, "that I never heard much improving conversation."

She was really no fonder of masculine society than the generality of girls, but she could not help wondering if there would be any young men present, and if, indeed, there were any young men in Slowbridge who might possibly be produced upon festive occasions, even though ordinarily kept in the background. She had not heard Miss Belinda mention any masculine name, so far, but that of the curate of St. James's, and, when she had seen him pass the house, she had not found his slim, black figure and faint ecclesiastic whiskers especially interesting.

It must be confessed that Miss Belinda suffered many pangs of anxiety in looking forward to her young kinswoman's first appearance in society. A tea at Lady Theobald's house constituted formal presentation to the Slowbridge world. Each young lady, within the pale of genteel society, having arrived at years of discretion, on returning home from boarding-school, was invited to tea at Oldclough Hall. During an entire evening, she was the subject of watchful criticism. Her deportment was remarked, her accomplishments displayed, she performed her last new "pieces" upon the piano, she was drawn into conversation by her hostess, and upon the timid modesty of her replies, and the reverence of her listening attitudes, depended her future social status. So it was very natural indeed that Miss Belinda should be anxious.

"I would wear something rather quiet and—and simple, my dear Octavia," she said. "A white muslin, perhaps, with blue ribbons."

"Would you?" answered Octavia. Then, after appearing to reflect upon the matter a few seconds, "I've got one that would do, if it's warm enough to wear it. I bought it in New York, but it came from Paris. I've never worn it yet."

"It would be nicer than anything else, my love," said Miss Belinda, delighted to find her difficulty so easily disposed of. "Nothing is so charming in the dress of a young girl as pure simplicity. Our Slowbridge young ladies rarely wear anything but white for evening. Miss Chickie assured me, a few weeks ago, that she had made fifteen white muslin dresses all after one simple design of her own."

"I shouldn't think that was particularly nice myself," remarked Octavia, impartially. "I should be glad one of the fifteen didn't belong to me. I should feel as if people might say, when I came into a room, 'Good gracious, there's another.'"

"The first was made for Miss Lucia Gaston, who is Lady Theobald's niece," replied Miss Belinda, mildly. "And there are few young ladies in Slowbridge who would not desire to emulate her example."

"Oh," said Octavia, "I dare say she is very nice, and all that, but I don't believe I should care to copy her dresses. I think I should draw the line there."

But she said it without any ill-nature, and sensitive as Miss Belinda was upon the subject of her cherished ideals, she could not take offense.

When the eventful evening arrived, there was excitement in more than one establishment upon High street, and the streets in its vicinity. The stories of the diamonds, the gold-diggers, and the silver mines had been added to, and embellished, in the most ornate and startling manner. It was well known that only Lady Theobald's fine appreciation of Miss Belinda Bassett's feelings had induced her to extend her hospitalities to that lady's niece.

"I would prefer, my dear," said more than one discreet matron to her daughter, as they attired themselves,—"I would much prefer that you would remain near me during the earlier part of the evening—before we know how this young lady may turn out. Let your manner toward her be kind, but not familiar. It is well to be upon the safe side."

What precise line of conduct it was generally anticipated that this gold-digging and silver-mining young person would adopt, it would be difficult to say; it is sufficient that the general sentiments regarding her were of a distrustful, if not timorous, nature.

To Miss Bassett, who felt all this in the very air she breathed, the girl's innocence of the condition of affairs was even a little touching. With all her splendor, she was not at all hard to please, and had quite awakened to an interest in the impending social event. She seemed in good spirits, and talked more than was her custom, giving Miss Belinda graphic descriptions of various festal gatherings she had attended

in New York, when she seemed to have been very gay indeed, and to have worn very beautiful dresses, and also to have had rather more than her share of partners. The phrases she used and the dances she described were all strange to Miss Belinda, and tended to reducing her to a bewildered condition, in which she felt much timid amazement at the intrepidity of the New York young ladies, and no slight suspicion of the "German"—as a theatrical kind of dance, involving extraordinary figures, and an extraordinary amount of attention from partners of the stronger sex.

It must be admitted, however, that by this time, notwithstanding the various shocks she had received, Miss Belinda had begun to discover in her young guest divers good qualities which appealed to her affectionate and susceptible old heart. In the first place, the girl had no small affectations; indeed, if she had been less unaffected she might have been less subject to severe comment. She was good-natured, and generous to extravagance. Her manner toward Mary Anne never ceased to arouse Miss Belinda to interest. There was not any condescension whatever in it, and yet it could not be called a vulgarly familiar manner; it was rather an astonishingly simple manner, somehow suggestive of a subtile recognition of Mary Anne's youth, and ill-luck in not having before her more lively prospects. She gave Mary Anne presents in the shape of articles of clothing at which Slowbridge would have exclaimed in horror, if the recipient had dared to wear them; but when Miss Belinda expressed her regret at these indiscretions, Octavia was quite willing to rectify her mistakes.

"Ah, well," she said, "I can give her some money, and she can buy some things for herself." Which she proceeded to do; and when, under her mistress's direction, Mary Anne purchased a stout brown merino, she took quite an interest in her struggles at making it.

"I wouldn't make it so short in the waist and so full in the skirt, if I were you," she said. "There's no reason why it shouldn't fit, you know," thereby winning the housemaiden's undying adoration, and adding much to the shapeliness of the garment.

"I am sure she has a good heart," Miss Belinda said to herself, as the days went by. 'She is like Martin in that. I dare say she finds me very ignorant and silly. I often see in her face that she is unable to understand my feeling about things; but she never seems to laugh at me, nor think of me unkindly. And she is very, very pretty, though, perhaps, I ought not to think of that at all."

CHAPTER IX.

WHITE MUSLIN.

As THE good little spinster was arraying herself, on this particular evening, having laid upon the bed the greater portion of her modest splendor, she went to her wardrobe, and took therefrom the sacred bandbox containing her best cap. All the ladies of Slowbridge wore caps, and all being respectfully plagiarized from Lady Theobald, without any reference to age, size, complexion, or demeanor, the result was sometimes a little trying. Lady Theobald's head-dresses were of a severe and bristling order. The lace of which they were composed was induced by some ingenious device to form itself into aggressive quillings, the bows seemed lined with buckram, the strings neither floated nor fluttered.

"To a majestic person, the style is very appropriate," Miss Belinda had said to Octavia, that very day; "but to one who is not so, it is rather trying. Sometimes, indeed, I have *almost* wished that Miss Chickie would vary a *little* more in her designs."

Perhaps the sight of the various articles contained in two of the five trunks had inspired these doubts in the dear old lady's breast; it is certain, at least, that as she took the best cap up, a faint sigh fluttered upon her lips.

"It is very large—for a small person," she said. "And I am not at all sure that amber is becoming to me."

And just at that moment, there came a tap at the door, which she knew was from Octavia.

She laid the cap back, in some confusion at being surprised in a moment of weakness.

"Come in, my love," she said.

Octavia pushed the door open, and came in. She had not dressed yet, and had on her wrapper and slippers, which were both of quilted gray silk, gayly embroidered with carnations. But Miss Belinda had seen both wrapper and slippers before, and had become used to their sumptuousness; what she had not seen was the trifle the girl held in her hand.

"See here," she said. "See what I have been making for you."

She looked quite elated, and laughed triumphantly.

"I did not know I could do it until I

tried," she said. "I had seen some in New York, and I had the lace by me. And I have enough left to make ruffles for your neck and wrists. It's Mechlin."

"My dear!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "My dear!"

Octavia laughed again.

"Don't you know what it is?" she said. "It isn't like a Slowbridge cap; but it's a cap, nevertheless. They wear them like this in New York. And I think they are ever so much prettier."

It was true that it was not like a Slowbridge cap, and it was also true that it was prettier. It was a delicate affair of softly quilled lace, adorned here and there with loops of pale satin ribbon.

"Let me try it on," said Octavia, advancing, and in a minute she had done so, and turned Miss Bassett about to face herself in the glass. "There!" she said. "Isn't that better than—well, than emulating Lady Theobald?"

It was so pretty, and so becoming, and Miss Belinda was so touched by the girl's innocent enjoyment, that the tears came into her eyes.

"My—my love," she faltered, "it is so beautiful, and so expensive, that—though indeed I don't know how to thank you—I am afraid I should not dare to wear it."

"Oh," answered Octavia, "that's nonsense, you know. I'm sure there's no reason why people shouldn't wear becoming things. Besides, I should be awfully disappointed. I didn't think I could make it, and I'm real proud of it. You don't know how becoming it is."

Miss Belinda looked at her reflection and faltered. It was becoming.

"My love," she protested, faintly, "real Mechlin! There is really no such lace in Slowbridge!"

"All the better," said Octavia, cheerfully. "I'm glad to hear that. It isn't one bit too nice for you."

To Miss Belinda's astonishment, she drew a step nearer to her and gave one of the satin loops a queer, caressing little touch, which actually seemed to mean something. And then suddenly the girl stooped, with a little laugh, and gave her aunt a light kiss on her cheek.

"There!" she said. "You must take it from me for a present. I'll go and make the ruffles this minute, and you must wear those, too, and let people see how stylish you can be."

And without giving Miss Bassett time to speak, she ran out of the room, and left the dear old lady warmed to the heart, tearful, delighted, frightened.

A coach from the Blue Lion had been ordered to present itself at a quarter past five, promptly, and at the time specified it rattled up to the door with much spirit—with so much spirit, indeed, that Miss Belinda was a little alarmed.

"Dear, dear!" she said. "I hope the driver will be able to control the horse, and will not allow him to go too fast. One hears of such terrible accidents."

Then Mary Anne was sent to announce the arrival of the equipage to Miss Octavia, and, having performed the errand, came back, beaming with smiles.

"Oh, mum," she exclaimed, "you never see nothin' like her! Her gownd is 'evingly. An' lor'! how you do look yourself, to be sure."

Indeed, the lace ruffles on her "best" black silk, and the little cap on her smooth hair, had done a great deal for Miss Bassett, and she had only just been reproaching herself for her vanity in recognizing this fact. But Mary Anne's words awakened a new train of thought.

"Is—is Miss Octavia's dress a showy one, Mary Anne?" she inquired. "Dear me, I do hope it is not a showy dress!"

"I never see nothin' no eleganter, mum," said Mary Anne. "She wants nothin' but a veil to make a bride out of her—an' a becominer thing she never has wore."

They heard the soft sweep of skirts at that moment, and Octavia came in.

"There!" she said, stopping when she had reached the middle of the room. "Is that simple enough?"

Miss Belinda could only look at her helplessly. The "white muslin" was composed almost entirely of Valenciennes lace; the blue ribbons were embroidered with field-daisies; the air of delicate elaborateness about the whole was something which her innocent mind could not have believed possible in orthodox white and blue.

"I don't think I should call it exactly simple," she said. "My love, what a quantity of lace!"

Octavia glanced down at her *jabots* and frills complacently.

"There *is* a good deal of it," she remarked; "but then it is nice, and one can stand a good deal of nice Valenciennes on white. They said Worth made the dress I hope he did. It cost enough. The ribbon was embroidered by hand, I suppose. And there is plenty of it cut up into these bows."

There was no more to be said. Miss Belinda led the way to the coach, which they entered under the admiring or critica

eyes of several most respectable families, who had been lying in wait behind their window curtains since they had been summoned there by the sound of the wheels.

As the vehicle rattled past the boarding-school, all the young ladies in the first class rushed to the window. They were rewarded for their zeal by a glimpse of a cloud of muslin and lace, a charmingly dressed yellow-brown head, and a pretty face, whose eyes favored them with a frank stare of interest.

"She had diamonds in her ears!" cried Miss Phipps, wildly excited. "I saw them flash. Ah, how I should like to see her without her wraps! I have no doubt she is a perfect blaze!"

CHAPTER X.

ANNOUNCING MR. BAROLD.

LADY THEOBALD'S invited guests sat in the faded blue drawing-room, waiting. Everybody had been unusually prompt, perhaps because everybody wished to be on the ground in time to see Miss Octavia Bassett make her entrance.

"I should think it would be rather a trial, even to such a girl as she is said to be," remarked one matron.

"It is but natural that she should feel that Lady Theobald will regard her rather critically, and that she should know that American manners will hardly be the thing for a genteel and conservative English country town."

"We saw her a few days ago," said Lucia, who chanced to hear this speech, "and she is very pretty. I think I never saw any one so very pretty before."

"But in quite a theatrical way, I think, my dear," the matron replied, in a tone of gentle correction.

"I have seen so very few theatrical people," Lucia answered, sweetly, "that I scarcely know what the theatrical way is, dear Mrs. Burnham. Her dress was very beautiful, and not like what we wear in Slowbridge; but she seemed to me to be very bright and pretty, in a way quite new to me, and so just a little odd."

"I have heard that her dress is most extravagant and wasteful," put in Miss Pilcher, whose educational position entitled her to the condescending respect of her patronesses. "She has lace on her morning gowns, which ——"

"Miss Bassett and Miss Octavia Bassett," announced Dobson, throwing open the door.

Lady Theobald rose from her seat. A slight rustle made itself heard through the company, as the ladies all turned toward the entrance, and after they had so turned, there were evidences of a positive thrill. Before the eyes of all, Belinda Bassett advanced with rich ruffles of Mechlin at her neck and wrists, with a delicate and distinctly novel cap upon her head, her niece following her with an unabashed face, twenty pounds' worth of lace on her dress, and unmistakable diamonds in her little ears.

"There is not a *shadow* of timidity about her!" cried Mrs. Burnham, under her breath. "This is actual boldness!"

But this was a very severe term to use, notwithstanding that it was born of righteous indignation. It was not boldness at all. It was only the serenity of a young person who was quite unconscious that there was anything to fear in the rather unimposing party before her. Octavia was accustomed to entering rooms full of strangers. She had spent several years of her life in hotels, where she had been stared out of countenance by a few score new people every day. She was even used to being in some sort a young person of note. It was nothing unusual for her to know that she was being pointed out. "That pretty blonde," she often heard it said, "is Martin Bassett's daughter. Sharp fellow, Bassett—and lucky fellow, too. More money than he can count."

So she was not at all frightened when she walked in behind Miss Belinda. She glanced about her cheerfully, and, catching sight of Lucia, smiled at her as she advanced up the room. The call of state Lady Theobald had made with her granddaughter had been a very brief one, but Octavia had taken a decided fancy to Lucia, and was glad to see her again.

"I am glad to see you, Belinda," said her ladyship, shaking hands. "And you, also, Miss Octavia."

"Thank you," responded Octavia.

"You are very kind," Miss Belinda murmured, gratefully.

"I hope you are both well?" said Lady Theobald, with majestic condescension, and in tones to be heard all over the room.

"Quite well, thank you," murmured Miss Belinda again. "*Very* well indeed." Rather as if this fortunate state of affairs was the result of her ladyship's kind intervention with the fates.

She felt terribly conscious of being the center of observation, and rather overpowered by the novelty of her attire, which

was plainly creating a sensation. Octavia, however, who was far more looked at, was entirely oblivious of the painful prominence of her position. She remained standing in the middle of the room, talking to Lucia, who had approached to greet her. She was so much taller than Lucia that she looked very tall indeed by contrast, and also very wonderfully dressed. Lucia's white muslin was one of Miss Chickie's fifteen, and was, in a "genteel" way, very suggestive of Slowbridge. Suspended from Octavia's waist, by a long loop of the embroidered ribbon, was a little round fan of downy, pale blue feathers, and with this she played as she talked; but Lucia, having nothing to play with, could only stand with her little hands hanging at her sides.

"I have never been to an afternoon tea like this before," Octavia said. "It is nothing like a kettle-drum."

"I am not sure that I know what a kettle-drum is," Lucia answered. "They have them in London, I think; but I have never been to London."

"They have them in New York," said Octavia, "and they are a crowded sort of afternoon parties, where ladies go in carriage-toilet, not evening-dress. People are rushing in and out all the time."

Lucia glanced around the room, and smiled.

"That is very unlike this," she remarked.

"Well," said Octavia, "I should think that, after all, this might be nicer."

Which was very civil.

Lucia glanced around again—this time rather stealthily—at Lady Theobald. Then she glanced back at Octavia.

"But it isn't," she said, in an undertone.

Octavia began to laugh. They were on a new and familiar footing from that moment.

"I said 'it might,'" she answered.

She was not afraid, any longer, of finding the evening stupid. If there were no young men, there was, at least, a young woman who was in sympathy with her. She said:

"I hope that I shall behave myself pretty well, and do the things I am expected to do."

"Oh!" said Lucia, with a rather alarmed expression, "I hope so. I—I am afraid you would not be comfortable if you didn't."

Octavia opened her eyes as she often did at Miss Belinda's remarks, and then suddenly she began to laugh again.

"What would they do?" she said, disrespectfully. "Would they turn me out, without giving me any tea?"

Lucia looked still more frightened.

"Don't let them see you laughing," she said. "They—they will say you are giddy."

"Giddy!" replied Octavia. "I don't think there is anything to make me giddy here."

"If they say you are giddy," said Lucia, "your fate will be sealed, and, if you are to stay here, it really will be better to try to please them a little."

Octavia reflected a moment.

"I don't mean to *dis*-please them," she said, "unless they are very easily displeased. I suppose I don't think very much about what people are saying of me. I don't seem to notice."

"Will you come now and let me introduce Miss Egerton and her sister?" suggested Lucia, hurriedly. "Grandmamma is looking at us."

In the innocence of her heart Octavia glanced at Lady Theobald, and saw that she was looking at them, and with a disapproving air.

"I wonder what that's for?" she said to herself; but she followed Lucia across the room.

She made the acquaintance of the Misses Egerton, who seemed rather fluttered, and, after the first exchange of civilities, subsided into monosyllables and attentive stares. They were, indeed, very anxious to hear Octavia converse, but had not the courage to attempt to draw her out, unless a sudden query of Miss Lydia's could be considered such an attempt.

"Do you like England?" she asked.

"Is this England?" inquired Octavia.

"It is a part of England, of course," replied the young lady, with calm literalness.

"Then, of course, I like it very much," said Octavia, slightly waving her fan and smiling.

Miss Lydia Egerton and Miss Violet Egerton each regarded her in dubious silence for a moment. They did not think she looked as if she were "clever," but the speech sounded to both as if she were, and as if she meant to be clever a little at their expense.

Naturally, after that they felt slightly uncomfortable, and said less than before, and conversation lagged to such an extent that Octavia was not sorry when tea was announced.

And it so happened that tea was not the only thing announced. The ladies had all just risen from their seats with a gentle rustle, and Lady Theobald was moving forward to marshal her procession into the dining-room, when Dobson appeared at the door again.

"Mr. Barold, my lady," he said, "and Mr. Burmistone."

Everybody glanced first at the door, and then at Lady Theobald. Mr. Francis Barold crossed the threshold, followed by the tall, square-shouldered builder of mills, who was a strong, handsome man, and bore himself very well, not seeming to mind at all the numerous eyes fixed upon him.

"I did not know," said Barold, "that we should find you had guests. Beg pardon, I'm sure, and so does Burmistone, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Broadoaks, and who was good enough to invite me to return with him."

Lady Theobald extended her hand to the gentleman specified.

"I am glad," she said, rigidly, "to see Mr. Burmistone."

Then she turned to Barold.

"This is very fortunate," she announced. "We are just going in to take tea, in which I hope you will join us. Lucia ——"

Mr. Francis Barold naturally turned, as her ladyship uttered her granddaughter's name in a tone of command. It may be supposed that his first intention in turning was to look at Lucia, but he had scarcely done so, when his attention was attracted by the figure nearest to her—the figure of a young lady, who was playing with a little blue fan, and smiling at him brilliantly and unmistakably.

The next moment he was standing at Octavia Bassett's side, looking rather pleased, and the blood of Slowbridge was congealing, as the significance of the situation was realized.

One instant of breathless—of awful—suspense, and her ladyship recovered herself.

"We will go in to tea," she said. "May I ask you, Mr. Burmistone, to accompany Miss Pilcher?"

CHAPTER XI.

A SLIGHT INDISCRETION.

During the remainder of the evening, Miss Belinda was a prey to wretchedness and despair. When she raised her eyes to her hostess, she met with a glance full of icy significance; when she looked across the tea-table, she saw Octavia seated next to Mr. Francis Barold, monopolizing his attention, and apparently in the very best possible spirits. It only made matters worse that Mr. Francis Barold seemed to find her remarks worthy of his attention. He drank very little tea, and now and then appeared much interested and amused. In fact, he found Miss Octavia even more entertaining than he had found her during their journey. She did not hesitate at all to tell him that she was delighted to see him again at this particular juncture.

"You don't know how glad I was to see you come in," she said.

She met his rather startled glance with the most open candor as she spoke.

"It is very civil of you to say so," he said; "but you can hardly expect me to believe it, you know. It is too good to be true."

"I thought it was too good to be true when the door opened," she answered, cheerfully. "I should have been glad to see *anybody*, almost ——"

"Well, that," he interposed, "isn't quite so civil."

"It is not quite so civil to ——"

But there she checked herself, and asked him a question with the most *naïve* seriousness.

"Are you a great friend of Lady Theobald's?" she said.

"No," he answered. "I am a relative."

"That's worse," she remarked.

"It is," he replied. "Very much worse."

"I asked you," she proceeded, with an entrancing little smile of irreverent approval, "because I was going to say that my last speech was not quite so civil to Lady Theobald."

"That is perfectly true," he responded. "It wasn't civil to her at all."

He was passing his time very comfortably, and was really surprised to feel that he was more interested in these simple audacities than he had been in any conversation for some time. Perhaps it was because his companion was so wonderfully pretty, but it is not unlikely that there were also other reasons. She looked him straight in the eyes, she comported herself after the manner of a young lady who was enjoying herself, and yet he felt vaguely that she might have enjoyed herself quite as much with Burmistone, and that it was probable that she would not think a second time of him, or of what she said to him.

After tea, when they returned to the drawing-room, the opportunities afforded for conversation were not numerous. The piano was opened, and one after another of the young ladies were invited to exhibit their prowess. Upon its musical education Slowbridge prided itself. "Few towns," Miss Pilcher frequently remarked, "could be

congratulated upon the possession of *such* talent and *such* cultivation." The Misses Egerton played a duet, the Misses Loftus sang, Miss Abercrombie "executed" a sonata with such effect as to melt Miss Pilcher to tears; and still Octavia had not been called upon. There might have been a reason for this, or there might not; but the moment arrived, at length, when Lady Theobald moved toward Miss Belinda with evidently fell intent.

"Perhaps," she said, "perhaps your niece, Miss Octavia, will favor us."

Miss Belinda replied in a deprecatory and uncertain murmur.

"I—am not sure. I really don't know. Perhaps—Octavia, my dear."

Octavia raised a smiling face.

"I don't play," she said. "I never learned."

"You do not play!" exclaimed Lady Theobald. "You do not play at all!"

"No," answered Octavia. "Not a note. And I think I am rather glad of it; because if I tried, I should be sure to do it worse than other people. I would rather," with unimpaired cheerfulness, "let some one else do it."

There were a few seconds of dead silence. A dozen people seated around her had heard. Miss Pilcher shuddered; Miss Belinda looked down; Mr. Francis Barold preserved an entirely unmoved countenance, the general impression being that he was very much shocked, and concealed his disgust with an effort.

"My dear," said Lady Theobald, with an air of much condescension and some grave pity, "I should advise you to try to learn. I can assure you that you would find it a great source of pleasure."

"If you could assure me that my friends would find it a great source of pleasure, I might begin," answered the mistaken young person, still cheerfully; "but I am afraid they wouldn't."

It seemed that fate had marked her for disgrace. In half an hour from that time she capped the climax of her indiscretions.

The evening being warm, the French windows had been left open, and in passing one of them, she stopped a moment to look out at the brightly moonlit grounds.

Barold, who was with her, paused, too.

"Looks rather nice, doesn't it?" he said.

"Yes," she replied. "Suppose we go out on the terrace."

He laughed in an amused fashion she did not understand.

"Suppose we do," he said. "By Jove, that's a good idea!"

He laughed as he followed her.

"What amuses you so?" she inquired.

"Oh!" he replied. "I am merely thinking of Lady Theobald."

"Well," she commented, "I think it's rather disrespectful in you to laugh. Isn't it a lovely night? I didn't think you had such moonlight nights in England. What a night for a drive!"

"Is that one of the things you do in America—drive by moonlight?"

"Yes. Do you mean to say you don't do it in England?"

"Not often. Is it young ladies who drive by moonlight in America?"

"Well, you don't suppose they go alone, do you?" quite ironically. "Of course they have some one with them."

"Ah! Their papas?"

"No."

"Their mammas?"

"No."

"Their governesses, their uncles, their aunts?"

"No," with a little smile.

He smiled also.

"That is another good idea," he said. "You have a great many nice ideas in America."

She was silent a moment or so, swinging her fan slowly to and fro by its ribbon, and appearing to reflect.

"Does that mean," she said, at length, "that it wouldn't be considered proper in England?"

"I hope you wont hold me responsible for English fallacies," was his sole answer.

"I don't hold anybody responsible for them," she returned, with some spirit. "I don't care one thing about them."

"That is fortunate," he commented. "I am happy to say I don't, either. I take the liberty of pleasing myself. I find it pays best."

"Perhaps," she said, returning to the charge, "perhaps Lady Theobald will think *this* is improper."

He put his hand up and stroked his mustache lightly, without replying.

"But it is *not*," she added, emphatically; "it is *not!*"

"No," he admitted, with a touch of irony, "it is not!"

"Are *you* any the worse for it?" she demanded.

"Well, really, I think not—as yet," he replied.

"Then we wont go in," she said, the smile returning to her lips again.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSIC OF NIAGARA.

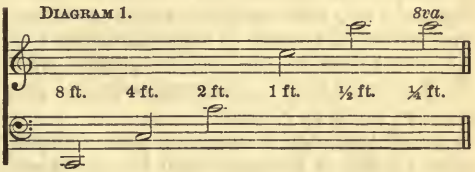
It had ever been my belief that Niagara had not been *heard* as it should be, and in this belief I eagerly turned my steps hitherward the first time a busy life would permit. What did I hear? The roar of Niagara? No. Having been everywhere about Niagara, above and below, far and near, over and under, and heard her voice in all its wondrous modulations, I must say that I have never, for a single instant, heard any *roar* of Niagara. From the first moment to the last, I heard nothing but a perfectly constructed musical tone—clear, definite, and unapproachable in its majestic perfection; a complete series of tones, all uniting in one grand and noble unison, as in the organ, and all as easily recognizable as the notes of any great chord in music. And I believe it was my life-long familiarity with the king of instruments which enabled me to detect so readily the tone-construction of this mighty voice of the "thunder of waters."

I had been told that the pitch of this tone had been given by various persons. That were an easy task, although no two of them seem to have been entirely unanimous. I propose to give much more than this, and the reader will find not only the pitch of the chief or ground tone given, but that of all the accessory or upper tones, otherwise known as harmonic, collateral, or over tones; also the beat or accent of Niagara, with its rhythmical vibrations and subdivisions, from the largest to the smallest, and all in such simple notation that any one who understands the rudiments of music may readily comprehend it. Indeed, I believe that all good readers may understand it clearly without any special technical knowledge of music to assist them.

I have said that the tone of Niagara was like that of the full tone of a great organ. So literally true is this that I cannot make my meanings clear without a brief outline of the construction of that great instrument.

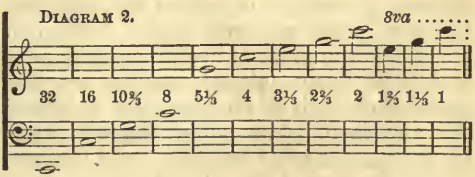
A great organ has in it many pipes, varying from the size of an eagle's quill to three or four feet in diameter; and in length from a quarter of an inch to thirty-two feet. The quality of tone from these pipes also varies, from that of the lightest zephyr to the voice of the tempest. To show the pitch and composition of the tone of Niagara, I will first give, in simple notation, the pitch of these various-sized organ-pipes.

The organ key-board has a compass of from four to five octaves. The fact that a great organ has three or four key-boards has nothing to do with the matter, all the key-boards in this respect being alike. The entire compass is as below written, including all chromatic intervals:



The first, or lowest, note is called eight-foot C; the second, four-foot C; the third, two-foot C, and so on, these figures representing the length of the pipes which give the notes at their proper pitch. The sixteen-foot C is an octave lower, and the thirty-two-foot C (the lowest tone of any great organ) two octaves lower than the first note above given. I give the names in what the organ-builders would call their "foot-lengths" in preference to using the other method. The reason will be evident further on.

Now, if we bring on the full power of a great organ,—that is, draw all the so-called "stops,"—what do we hear? (Convenience of notation necessitates giving the notes two octaves higher than their real pitch.) Let us suppose that the lowest note of the pedal is struck. We shall then hear the following notes—all two octaves lower, be it remembered:



All of these tones will be heard from this one note, and yet all are united in one grand, clear, and definite unison. This is as we hear them in the organ. Do we, or can we, hear all of them with equal distinctness in nature? No. In a high note we may faintly hear the lower or sub-harmonics. In a low note we may more easily hear a part of the over-tones. To hear them all would be impossible. Niagara

gives us our best opportunity, but even there the last two or three notes were inaudible.

All the tones above the ground tone have been named over-tones, or harmonics; the tones below are called sub-harmonics, or under-tones. It will be noticed that they form the complete natural harmony of the ground tone. What is the real pitch of this chord? According to our regular musical notation, the fourth note given represents the normal pitch or diapason; the reason being that the eight-foot tone is the only one that gives the notes as written. According to nature, I must claim the first, or lowest note, as the real or ground tone. In this latter way I shall represent the true tone or pitch of Niagara.

I had long had a suspicion that I should hear all this at Niagara when her wonderful voice should first greet my ears. It *was* just as I had supposed, only at a very different pitch than the one given above. It *must* be so; for all tones, both natural and artificial, are composed in obedience to this harmonic law; and, were the human ear of sufficient range and acuteness, we should at all times be able to hear not only all these (which may be called the *chief* harmonics), but some others as well. The others, being much lighter in power and also more difficult of detection, I pass without mention, as not necessary for our illustration.

How should I prove all this? My first step was to visit the beautiful Iris Island, otherwise known as Goat Island. Donning a suit of oil-cloth and other disagreeable loose stuff, I followed the guide into the "Cave of the Winds." Of course the sensation at first was so novel and overpowering that the question of pitch was lost in one of personal safety. Remaining here a few minutes, I emerged to collect my dispersed thoughts. After regaining myself, I returned at once to the point of beginning, and went slowly in again (alone), testing my first question of pitch all the way; that is, during the approach, while under the fall, while emerging, and while standing some distance below the face of the fall. Not only did I ascertain this (I may say in spite of myself, for I could hear but the one pitch), but I heard, and sang clearly, the pitch of all the harmonic or accessory tones, only, of course, several octaves higher than their actual pitch. Seven times have I been under these singing waters (always alone except the first time), and the impression has invariably been the same so far as determining the tone and its components. I may be allowed to withhold the result until I speak of my experience at the Horseshoe Fall and the American Fall proper—it being scarcely necessary to say that the Cave of the Winds is under the smallest cascade, known as the Central Fall.

My next step was to stand on Luna Island, *above* the Central Fall and on the west side of the American Fall proper. I went to the extreme eastern side of the island, in order to lose as far as possible the sound of the Central Fall and get the full force of the larger fall. Here were the same great ground tone and the same harmonics, differing only somewhat in pitch.

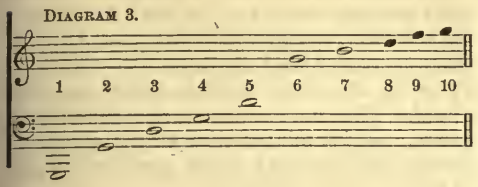
I then went over to the Horseshoe Fall and sat among the rapids. There it was again, only slightly higher in pitch than on the American side. Not then knowing the fact, I ventured to assert that the Horseshoe Fall was less in height, by several feet, than the American Fall; the actual difference is variously given at from six to twelve feet. Next I went to the Three Sister Islands, and here was the same old story. The higher harmonics were mostly inaudible from the noise of the rapids, but the same two low notes (soon to be described) were ringing out clear and unmistakable. In fact, wherever I was, I *could not* hear anything else! There was no *roar* at all, but the same great diapason —the noblest and completest one on earth! I use the word completest advisedly; for nothing else on earth, not even the ocean, reaches anywhere near the actual depth of pitch, or makes audible to the human ear such a complete and perfect harmonic structure.

I next experimented on the east side of the American Fall, both above and below, in Prospect Park; then on the Canada side of the great Horseshoe—above, below, and midway; then in mid-stream below both falls; again at the upper suspension bridge; then at the lower, or railroad, bridge; once at Schlosser Island, above the upper rapids; and finally, all the way down the lower rapids to the whirlpool. Excepting slight variations of pitch (to be explained hereafter), I heard the same, and always the same, tone which for ages has ascended in praise of Him who first gave it voice.

Now, what is this wonderful tone of Niagara? Or, rather, what are all these complex tones which make up the music of Niagara? With more or less variation of pitch at the various points (to be ac-

counted for), here are the notes which I heard everywhere:

DIAGRAM 3.



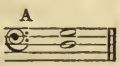
Just these tones, but *four octaves lower!*

At once it will be incredulously replied: "No human ear ever has heard, or ever can hear, tones at such a depth!" I arrived at my conclusions both theoretically and practically, and the two results coincided exactly: and this was how I did it. At first I listened carefully, and heard all the tones the ear could detect as such. All tones lower than that are of such relatively slow vibrations that they may be mentally counted even if the lips and tongue are unable to give them in audible enumeration. Some of these low tones, although relatively so slow, were still too rapid to count singly or continuously. These I reduced to groups, and, by an easy process of multiplication, determined the number of vibrations. Just here is where my familiarity with the organ came to my assistance. Knowing the pitch and number of vibrations of a given note, and knowing the laws followed in the organ and all harmonic tones, I could unhesitatingly fix upon the pitch and vibrations of the other notes.

Let me first call attention to the third and fourth notes in Diagram 3. The first note, or ground tone, was so deep, so grand, so mighty, that I never for an instant could realize it or take it into my thought or hearing. But these two tones were *everywhere*, with a power which made itself felt as well as heard. There was no escaping them, and I must hear them whether I would or not. As far as I could hear any sound of the falls whatever, these two notes rose clear and majestic beyond description! It was from these that I was able to determine what the ground tone or real tone of Niagara is—that is, so far as the pitch is concerned.

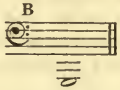
The process can be easily demonstrated at the organ. Let all the sixteen and eight foot diapasons be drawn, and let the organist put down the two following notes in the pedal:

A

DIAGRAM 4. 

And at once will be heard this note:

B

DIAGRAM 5.

Now, the two notes I heard everywhere were the two given at A, only they were four octaves lower; and the resultant note was consequently four octaves lower than the note given at B, or four octaves lower than Note 1 in Diagram 3. But, it will be again replied, these two notes were also too low to be detected by the sense of hearing. How did you determine their pitch?

I first caught the harmonic tones above them that were definite in pitch, and then, counting the number of vibrations of these lower two notes, easily determined their distance below. For, be it remembered, the vibrations of these two low notes are so slow that they may be actually, in fact, easily, counted. I would undertake, at any time, to call off audibly and distinctly each and every vibration of these two notes as long as one breath might last. Later it will be seen that there is not the slightest necessity for all this, as an organ pipe can show the whole matter easily and plainly.

The fifth and sixth notes (Diagram 3) were perfectly distinct, but of far less power than the third and fourth. And here comes a curious feature, which proves conclusively that Niagara gives a tone and not a roar—a musical note and not a mere sound or noise. The seventh note (Diagram 3) is called by musicians the (interval of the) tenth. This was of a power and clearness entirely out of proportion to the harmonics as usually heard in the organ and other musical instruments. Were the tone of Niagara a mere sound or noise, this seventh note would be either weak and confused or absent altogether. Here it was clear and perfect, and extremely pleasing in effect.

It will be seen that the eighth, ninth, and tenth notes are given in smaller type. The reason is that I wish to speak with much reserve about them. Many times I thought I heard them, but the impression was so transient that I dare not speak with absolute confidence. They are there, though; for Nature is the same the world over, and our beautiful art of Music never deceives us. The seven notes first given are enough (I mean the words literally) to give the grandest chord known in music.

Let me now endeavor to show how the organ pipes may prove all this. To give

the first note in Diagram 3, a pipe 10⅔ feet in length would be required. An octave lower would require double the length; that is, 21⅓ feet, and so on for each octave. This is, however, on the hypothesis that the pipes have a diameter in a certain proportion to their length. If the diameter be smaller, the length must be increased from one to six one-hundredths, accordingly as the diameter is reduced more or less; and *vice versa*. Now, the diameter of Niagara is the *greatest* possible compared with its height, and, therefore, the greatest percentage of *reduction* should be applied in our estimate. With this allowance, how long an organ pipe would it take to give the first note in Diagram 3, four octaves lower? In other words, how long an organ pipe would be required to give the key-note of Niagara? It would take one just the height of the falls! It would be, almost to an inch, 160 feet, which is the actual average height of Niagara. In short, Niagara gives just the note we might expect—the waters sing!

Theoretically, a pipe which would give the ground tone of the falls (Note 1 in Diagram 3) would be 170⅔ feet in length, if of relative diameter. Making the reduction referred to, on account of this greatest diameter, it may be stated as follows:

170.66 feet — 10.24 feet = 160.42 feet,

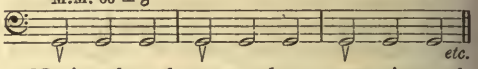
which latter figures represent, as nearly as possible, the height of Niagara. The tone proves the height, and the height proves the tone.

I spoke of the pitch varying somewhat at different points, and that it could be easily explained. As a pipe is lengthened, the pitch falls. The pitch, as given in Diagram 3, is that of the *entire* falls. The American Fall proper is stated to be six feet higher than the Horseshoe. This would make the pitch nearly an eighth of a tone deeper. As a matter of fact, the difference is more than that; and I certainly believe that there is a greater difference in the height of the two falls than that stated to me by the best authorities. How can the two conflicting tones then unite so that (at a proper distance) they will form one tone? Just as in tuning an organ a refractory small pipe can be made to "pull in" with a much larger one. The Horseshoe Fall is so much larger in every way than the American Fall that it practically controls the tone when heard at a distance.

This, then, is the tone of Niagara. It is *note for note* the dominant chord of our natural scale in music! Here has nature given us a dominant, to last as long as man shall last.

So much for the tone of Niagara. What is its rhythm?—that is, its beat, its accent, its notation, rhythmically considered? Its chief accent or beat is just once per second! Here is our unit of time—here has the Creator given us a chronometer which shall last as long as man shall walk the earth. It is the clock of God! The notation of this chief accent is as follows:

DIAGRAM 6.
M.M. 60 = ♩



Notice that there are three notes in each measure,—one each second,—all accented, yet the first one more than the others. And the single beats (that is, the subdivisions of these chief notes) are:

DIAGRAM 7.

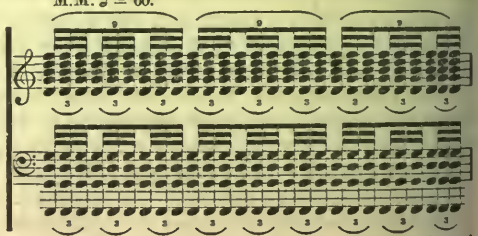
Three times three, three times repeated!

I have tested these conclusions, carefully and repeatedly, from every accessible point about the falls, and the result has been always the same. It is as clear to me as the sunshine, and I only hope that I have made it so to others.

If it be found hereafter that I am incorrect in any part of my description, I shall be only too glad to be set right. I would only claim that I place on record (for the first time, I think) the interpretation of the wonderful music of Niagara.

And can it all be shown together? Yes. Remembering always that the actual pitch is four octaves lower, here are the notes which form this matchless diapason:

DIAGRAM 8.
M.M. ♩ = 60.



I have spoken only of the pitch and rhythm of Niagara. What is the *quality* of its tone? Divine! There is no other word for a tone made and fashioned by the Infinite God. I repeat, there is no *roar* at all—it is the sublimest music on earth!

AUNT 'CINDA'S RANCH.

THERE was plenty of game in the neighborhood of Aunt 'Cinda's Ranch, as we had been told; but our informant had neglected to state that it was also one of the dreariest places on earth. Far as the eye could reach in every direction lay only prairie, prairie, prairie—treeless and flat, with short, trivial grass, and over the face of it all, that indescribable, tawny blur, peculiar to the outlying Kansas plains. The little level river in front of the ranch had no banks, and flowed sluggishly; the ranch itself was a four-roomed cabin of melancholy *adobe*, flanked by a stone corral, in which were awkward racks and troughs for horses.

The interest and excitement of our chases after antelopes, jack-rabbits, and occasionally a wandering buffalo, served to kill time for us during the day, but when evening came, and we returned to the ranch, tired out and thinking of home, the sense of exile became almost painful. The fact that the ranch was a stage station, where a brief halt was made for supper, alone redeemed it from utter desolation, for this gave us our sole glimpses of the distant world, in the faces and conversation of the passengers, with now and then a stray newspaper. We used to stand watching the slow and gorgeous sunsets with a pretty pretense of admiration, when, in reality, our thoughts were bent upon catching sight of the first curl of dust that should denote the approaching stage. The passengers were not always either attractive or communicative, but all the same we hailed them warmly; and when they left, the horizon seemed swiftly to widen, and the stars to creep farther upward in the high, inhospitable sky.

It was at such empty times that we turned forlornly to our associates of the ranch—to the landlady, Aunt 'Cinda McMillan, and the swarthy Mexican and his wife, who were in her service. The resource was an unprofitable one at first; but gradually we found Aunt 'Cinda to be a character worth knowing, and you may be sure we left no artifice untried to win from her all she had to tell. She was robust, strong-featured, and about forty-five years old; there were streaks of gray in her heavy black hair, a few wrinkles in her cheeks; her eyes had an alert and seeking look, such as you see in the eyes of persons who live much alone. Sometimes, when she grew animated, and a fleeting smile came to her aid, we could believe that in her girlish days she had lacked but little—say merely a change of mouth—to make her pretty. But it was her story, and not herself, that mainly held our attention and encouraged our inquiries; indeed, she usually appeared, when recounting the strange incidents of her history, to be talking of some one else, so free from vanity was she, and so candid.

She had been reared, we learned, in the Boone's Lick country, in Missouri, and there had Aaron McMillan known and wooed her. The memory of her courtship was very vivid to her, and she dwelt upon it with lingering fondness. "Aaron wasn't the purtiest man in the world, by long odds," she would say; "he was light-complected and had sandy beard, and freckles; but he was jest as good as ever they make 'em. I disremember how 'twas that he fust begun keepin' company with me. Ther' was likelier gals than me in the settlement: Lucy Walker, for one, that sung alto and played onto the melodeon; and Samanthy Pettis, that had money in her own right, an' sech little taperin' feet, an' she liked to show 'em, too. But Aaron an' me, we both tuk a shine t' each other, an' he didn't 'pear 's if he keered a button for any o' the balance of 'em. 'Cindy,' he used to say, 'some gals is purty an' high-steppin', an' some is handy about bakin' an' weavin' an' sech, an' some is peart in l'arnin'; but it's the average as counts, 'Cindy.' I'll never forgit that, not if I live a thousan' years. 'It's the average as counts': I can a'most hear him sayin' that now. He used to come to see me every other Sunday, rain or shine, an' when the' was a moon, he'd take me to meetin', over to the Chapel, four mile away. The Campbellites an' Methodis' used to have union meetin's there, an' revivals, an' shoutin'. Aaron's folks was Campbellites, an' he leant that way, and mine was Baptis'. But we didn't never argy about religion. Bless you, no."

Then she would detail to us, bit by bit, the current of their closer talks together, as they rode homeward from church, or sat upon the porch behind the morning-glories. It could hardly be called love-making, Aunt 'Cinda herself termed it "sparkin'," and even that sounded too hectic for an intercourse that had in it apparently so little of passion,—so small a chance of heart-break. But perhaps beneath that calm surface,

beyond grasp of expression, had throbbed a wealth of reverent and tender preference that was worth everything else in life—these simple, undemonstrative natures so frequently shame the best of love's examples with their unguessed and quiet power. Certainly this humble woman, no longer young, and living over again that far-off dream, still kept her faith and made a royal comfort of it. And yet, so far as we could ascertain, her matter-of-fact Aaron had but once in all their courtship ventured to kiss her. "I'll never forgit it, not to my dyin' day," she said. "It was of a Sunday night, the last Sunday in September, out by the gate, as he was goin' away. We'd been a-talkin' of things as furrin as could be to sparkin', an' all of a sudden, like's if he'd been possessed, he put his face close up to mine, and—I declare to gracious, I couldn't 'a' been worse su'prised if he'd 'a' hit me. 'Land sakes, Aaron!' I screamed. An' the next minute I snickered right out. I couldn't help it for seein' how flustered *he* was, and kind o' ondecided. I vow, I b'lieve he thought he'd miffed me. But he hadn't. Lordy, lordy, it comes back to me jest like 'twas only yisterday."

Then she dropped her head, and her fingers twitched at her apron, as she added, in a deprecating tone:

"You 'uns 'll think I'm soft, I expect; but I can't help it. I can't forget *some* things." The tears in her eyes said as much, and more.

They were married in time, we came to know, and went to housekeeping; but they were poor; they had to rent land; bad luck followed their planting, and finally, Aaron determined to go west with the Santa Fé freighters, many of whom, once as poor as himself, had been known to return from that mysterious region with money enough to buy well-improved farms in the Boone's Lick country. "I didn't cross him about it," said Aunt 'Cinda; "he was allers dreadful sot in his ways, an' couldn't be coaxed ag'in' the grain. That was his weak spot; everybody has one, you know. It was a'most too much for me to see him start off on sech a journey, but I made myself think it would turn out for the best; an' I knowed he'd come back."

Two years passed, however, and he did not return, nor did she hear aught from him, except that he had duly reached Santa Fé. A third year, almost, dragged away without sight or tidings of him; and then she resolved to move out into Kansas, along the route he had taken,—"so's to be nigher to him," she told us, "an' meet him as he come home." And so she had been pushing on from place to place, through hardship and danger, by the great trail across the plains, until now she could see, on a clear day, the outlines of the mountains that she knew he must pass over on his way eastward. She had supported herself by cooking and washing for the freighters, and caring for the sick who fell in her way, and at length had contrived, after years of "scrimpin' an' dickerin'," as she described it, to secure this isolated ranch, where she dispensed hot meals at a dollar each, including soda biscuits and the accompaniment of a real table-cloth. And here she waited, watchful and patient, for the truant husband. "He's sure to come," she would say, "and I can't miss him; 'twouldn't su'prise me to have him drop in any day." She scanned the faces of the alighting passengers from the stage every evening with habitual eagerness, and yet a trifle timidly, as if doubtful about the kind of reception he would give her; indeed, she said once: "I dunno but it'll rile 'im to meet up with me so suddent away out here, an' him a-thinkin' I'm in Missouri; may be I hadn't orter 'a' come." Every day some special dish was cooked as he had been wont to prefer it; the best bed, in a room by itself, was kept always vacant for him; regularly, each afternoon, she would unloose her abundant hair and gather it into a long, thick braid, after the obsolete fashion of her girlhood, and tie it with a scrap of ribbon—because "Aaron liked it better that way."

The fact that she had received but one letter from him in all the long years did not seem so unaccountable after she informed us that, owing to early neglect, he was "onhandy with a pen," and generally had his writing done by proxy. In strict truth, he probably could not write a word. "But he knows figgers jest as nat'ral as kin be," she hastened to plead for him, "an' I never seed the steer or hog 'at he couldn't guess the heft of nigh onto a few pound; an' nobody could ever beat 'im a-cipherin' out corn in the crib." She refused, also, to confess a moment's uneasiness as to his personal safety; both his absence and his silence failed to disconcert her. "He kin take keer of hisself anywheres," she declared, with evident pride, "an' if he's done got hurt or made way with, I'd have some warnin' of it, in a dream or somethin'. But I aint had's much as a sign in the coffee-groun's to make me afeard. Of course he'll come back. What in the world would he stay away for?"

It was idle to dispute such trust, even

silently. Not only that, it was impossible to avoid sharing it, and soon it became as much our habit as it was hers, to look from day to day for the coming of the absent husband. So minutely did she talk of him that we believed we should recognize him at sight; in fact, we felt so sure of this, and expectation came to be so fidgety with us, that often, when the weather was fair, we would stroll out for miles on our ponies to meet the stage and get an earlier glance at the occupants, hoping thus to spy Aaron, and gallop back to Aunt 'Cinda with the good news of his approach. Such was our thought, our talk, as we cantered leisurely along the trail one quiet evening, and, rounding a curve, came meeting a single queer, covered wagon, drawn by oxen, and creaking piteously. Inside the vehicle lay a man, with pallid face and long, straggling whiskers, who raised himself on his elbow to salute us, and then sank down again with an expression of pain; near his side slept a baby; the wife and mother sat in front, on a tilting seat, guiding "the critters" with a well-worn Mexican goad. It was a novel sight, and provoked at once both curiosity and sympathy. We forgot about the stage, we forgot about Aaron; and when the baby awoke presently, and put its tiny fists to its cheeks and gazed at us in shy, debating wonder—as if trying to identify us with something seen in its just-vanished dream,—we almost ceased to realize the great, far-stretching and empty periphery of desert, a child was such a godsend there.

"Yes," said the woman, as we wheeled about, and rode beside the wagon, with our ponies reined in to suit the slow gait of the oxen, "Yes, I think she's a toler'ble nice baby, myself. We call her Cutie, but her name's Adeline, same's mine. *He* named her"—indicating the pale and silent father, whose thin fingers clutched the child's frock protectingly.

"Has your husband been sick long?"

"More'n a month," the man answered. "But I'm pickin' up now. I aint nigh so porely as I was back in the valley. If I could only get shet o' these rheumatiz, I'd be all right. It's the rheumatiz more'n anything else."

"It's the mount'n fever," remarked the woman, in a kindly whisper; and then, speaking aloud and cheerily, "Yes, he's doin' splendid now," she continued, "an' don't need nothin' but to keep quiet, 'less it mought be wild cherry bitters, if we had 'em. W'y, two weeks ago, he was jest plain skin and bones. His own mother wouldn't 'a' knowed him."

"I seed my shadder on the grass one day," the man called out, with a grim chuckle, "an' it skeert me."

He did not speak again, except in an undertone to the restless child, during the hour or more that we plodded along together; but the woman was talkative, and we gleaned from her, by easy degrees, that they had been living in New Mexico, and were now on their way back "to God's country," east of the plains, "everlastin'ly put out," as she expressed it, "with the greasers, an' their lazy, triflin', good-for-nothin' ways." She had lost one husband there, "shot by the sneakin' Apaches," and married another, and there Cutie had been born; and they milked goats there, and tied pigs to stakes, and had no society, and no rain; and so on and so on. "It's jest too ornery to talk about," she exclaimed, and then went on talking about it faster than ever; and only our arrival at the ranch cut short her fluent and sneering disclosures.

At sight of us, Aunt 'Cinda came hurrying forward. "For pity's sake!" she said, and waited to be told what it all meant. We repeated briefly what facts we had gathered concerning the travelers, not omitting the baby, and laying some stress upon the man's illness.

"A sick man?" answered Aunt 'Cinda. "Fetch him right in. An' the baby, too, an' the woman—all of 'em," she insisted, and turned to lead the way, murmuring to herself, in a pleased manner, "Goodness gracious, a baby!"

The sick man rose with a sudden effort, and sat upright. The dusk had thickened and the stars were coming out, and the path to the door of the cabin, along which he cast a yearning look, was beginning to lose itself in the proximate and dusty sage-brush. "I guess I'd better stay in the wagon," he observed; "the'll be too many of us." And then, glancing skyward, "It's a-goin' to be a purty night," he added, and dropped back upon his pallet.

Aunt 'Cinda hesitated, listened, faced about, and slowly returned. The mother had just climbed down from her uncertain seat, and was holding the baby in her arms while she clumsily adjusted her skirts. With a soliciting gesture, but without speaking, Aunt 'Cinda took the child, and, stepping aside, turned its little surprised face to the stars and gazed upon it fixedly—wishing it were hers, we imagined. "You cunnin' little darlin'," she said, directly, and handed it back in the same peculiar, impulsive manner. Then she moved forward a few short paces, and stood, with bowed

head, very close to the wagon. The sick man must have heard her, for immediately, almost, he was sitting up again, leaning out over the wagon-side. Her face, as she lifted it, touched his; there was a fluttering instant's pause; she grasped his hand:

"If you aint Aaron McMillan, you're his ghost!"

We hastened to them. She had an arm about his neck, now, and his head was upon her shoulder. In the starlight, he looked to be sleeping.

"Don't you know me, Aaron?" she said, fervently; "oh, don't you know me?"

The man opened his eyes with a curious start, and regarded her a minute like one amazed:

"They told me—you was dead—'Cindy." He spoke slowly, in a choked and wavering tone, and made a motion as if to lie down again.

"But I *aint* dead, Aaron," urged Aunt 'Cinda, tightening her hold upon him, and stroking his temples; "I aint dead, don't you see? I'm right here by you, an' a-holdin' your han'. I come away out here to *meet* you, Aaron. Aint you glad to see me? It's been *so* long. Don't be mad at me, Aaron, *don't.* I couldn't stan' it to stay there, wher' ev'ry step I took I got lonesomer an' lonesomer, an' it 'peared to me 's if you got furder and furder off. But I knowed you'd come back; and sometimes, Aaron, sometimes ——"

"Stop, 'Cindy, stop!" he interposed, with startling abruptness. "You don't know what a fix I'm in."

But she did know—had we not told her, could she not see?—that he was very ill, and weak, and nervous; and he seemed to guess her thought, for in the next breath he said, "I don't mean the sickness"; and then, pointing a finger in the direction of the mother and child, he added: "That's my baby, yender, 'Cindy."

He waited for her to reply; he looked up into her face imploringly; but she said not a word. Surely she had heard him; did she not understand? He waited a moment longer. Then he glanced again at her face, again pointed to the mother and child, and suddenly, with woe-begone but blunt and cruel force, exclaimed:

"'Cindy, I—I've—got another wife!"

She did not scream, poor woman, nor faint nor stir. The voice of the child broke the stillness, at length, with a quick, impatient call, like the chirp of a hungry bird. And then Aunt 'Cinda carefully released her arm from about his neck, and turned her head away, and hid her face with her hands, and sobbed:

"Oh, Aaron, Aaron, Aaron!"

The sight was not one for strange or accidental eyes, and we retired, my companion and I, to a respectful distance. What more was said, we could not know; but they conversed there together for several minutes, the three of them—not angrily nor loudly, but very earnestly—and two or three times we detected the shrill voice of the child's mother above the others, as if in special entreaty. Our hearts involuntarily went out to Aunt 'Cinda; and yet there was the shrinking mother with her baby; and there was the sorely beset and helpless Aaron, also. The stars glittered sharply, but coldly; the advancing night made the landscape sinister and spectral. We did not notice the sick man get out of the wagon; but presently he came moving toward us. On either side of him walked one of the women, supporting him—and Aunt 'Cinda carried the child. It was a group that Millet would have liked to paint: it seemed a blended part of the grotesque and fluctuating shadows. Their talk had ceased. Their thoughts we could not catch, of course. But as they drew nigh us, they halted; and in an anxious, coaxing tone, Aaron said: "Remember, though, that one or t'other of you must go on with me to-morrow." The women gave their assent, we inferred, for he added, as if in answer, "That's bracin'." Then they resumed their way, in silence again, and slowly; and looking after them, we saw them reach the cabin and enter at the open door—just as the stage came rattling up, an hour late, crowded with passengers.

The supper was delayed that night, but its quality made ample amends. We had never before seen Aunt 'Cinda's table so invitingly spread, particularly as to canned fruits and unsuspected tumblers of jelly and preserves; and there was buttered toast, too, and lumps of old-time loaf-sugar for the coffee. One guest said the feast was good enough for a wedding—at which Aunt 'Cinda colored, and sighed forlornly, and they all laughed. Ah, they did not guess how that suggestive word wounded her! But Aaron was not to be seen, nor the woman with the baby; they had eaten by themselves, before we were called, as was proper, and were waiting for Aunt 'Cinda in "the extry room," as she had named it, the room so long sacredly kept for Aaron's coming. And so the merriment around the table went on unchecked. The guests were blameless, to be sure; nevertheless, their

jokes and laughter were exasperating; their very presence had the effect of an intrusion. We felt a supreme relief, I know, when it was over at last, and the stage had departed, and the secret was safe; and then we ventured to inquire after the sick man, and to tender our services, should he need or desire them.

"He's weaker'n he lets on," Aunt 'Cinda informed us· "an' he don't 'pear to have no appetite. I felt so sorry for him, a-tryin' so hard to eat when he couldn't. It was sech a nice supper, he said. I could 'a' cried to see him a-lookin' so wishin' at them pickled tomatuses—like I used to make 'em back yender. He *is* Aaron, you know;" and she turned from us, rather abruptly, we thought, and left the room.

We lit our pipes, and sauntered out to look after our ponies. It had grown much darker. We could not see the shallow, crawling river. The wagon still stood by the road-side, the loosed cover flapping like some great fateful wing; the oxen were grazing contentedly a few rods away. From the far-off mystery of space and vagueness, came an echo of a coyote's spiteful challenge. The daily yellow of the stone corral was subdued to the tone of ancient and crumbling ruins; for a moment, we felt as if we ought to find moss and vines there. Our ponies lay reclined upon the trodden feeding-ground, and did not so much as prick up an ear when we talked to them and patted them,with accustomed familiarity. In vain we tried to chat of pleasant things, of other scenes. The solitude would not be disturbed; and somehow the smoke from our pipes, instead of floating upward, was wafted back into our faces, and confused our sight.

When we returned to the cabin, finally, we were surprised, though not displeased, to learn that Aaron was to share our sleeping-room. They had kindled a blaze for him in the big fire-place, and made him a generous couch of blankets, clean and white with astonishing sheets and pillow-slips, that were full of deep creases, and must have been a long time folded. That bed looked more like home than anything we had seen for months, albeit there was no bedstead. He evidently felt out of place and embarrassed in it; he would have rested better, we fancied, had they given him less of softness and daintiness, and brought him his frontiersman's saddle, with the sheep-skin top for a pillow; a droll hint of the kind came over his face, and gave it a downcast expression. We aimed to avoid conversation with him, knowing how fatigued, unstrung, and in need of sleep he was; but he talked in spite of us, and regardless whether we responded or not. Indeed, he seemed morbidly resolute to tell us of himself and his affairs—not as one reaching out for pity, but rather as one offering an explanation. We could not but listen.

"I was a fool," he said, frankly, "but I meant right, an' what a man means ort 'o be sot down for him. It wasn't my fault 'at I didn't git along down ther' among the greasers. Luck was ag'in' me from the very jump. Sometimes I axed myself if may be it wasn't a jedgment onto me; an' may be it was—may be it was. I was crazy to git rich, you understand." And he paused to indulge a mocking smile.

"But I meant all the time to go back," he continued, "only I wanted to git ahead first. It would 'a' groun' me in an inch o' my life to 'a' had 'em a-naggin' me all over Boone's Lick about comin' home dead broke after all my fine talk about gittin' rich. So I jist hel' on, an' kep' a-sayin' to myself, 'Ole man, play your han' out, trumps or no trumps.' Did I think much about 'Cindy? Well, I rather calkilate my head was full of her. That was the pizenest part of it." He hesitated a moment, reflectively, and then, "She don't know how much I hankered for her," he said, under his breath.

"I'll never git done despisin' myself, though," he resumed, "for not sendin' letters to her. But I wasn't a-doin' a bit o' good, an' I thought what was the use o' worryin' her? I'd orter 'a' sent the letters anyhow; it would 'a' been money in my pocket. I was a-reckonin' I mought start back any day, a'most. An' I did go back jest as soon 's ever I got heeled. It was a wood contract, out to the fort, 'at sot me up; it fetched me a round thousan' dollars. I didn't stop to send no letter nor nothin' to 'Cindy then. I jest nat'rally got up and got. A company o' cavalry was goin' acrost to Fort Smith—on t'other trail, you understand—an' I went with 'em, an' saved a week by it. An' when I struck Boone's Lick, whar' was 'Cindy? Sot out for Kansas five year' ago that harvest, they told me, 'lowin' to come back afore cold weather—an' she'd never been heern tell of sence."

He went on to relate, with moving artlessness, how he searched for her, all over the settled portions of Kansas and through the border counties of Missouri, making inquiry at every house he passed, of every person he met, without once reaching the

faintest clue to her whereabouts. "I was clean beat," he declared. "I couldn't make it out. It was like 's if I was lost on the prairie, of a dark night, in the snow. She must be dead, they said." This last sentence was uttered in a solemn, tremulous tone, as if, after all, he still half-believed she was in her grave.

It did not take him long to tell the rest: how he returned to New Mexico—"out o' conceit with ev'rything," as he phrased it—and married a second wife, and lost most of his money in sheep, and had the baby born to him, and tried farming a bit, and herded cattle "along 'ith the greasers," and fell into a lingering illness, and at last resolved to gather his few remaining effects together, and go back to Missouri again. "One or t'other of 'em will go on with me in the mornin'," he said, in an absent and weary way, and then was silent.

We remained sitting by his bedside fully an hour; we feared he might awake and feel hurt at not finding some one to talk to. But he slept on so quietly and restfully that it seemed useless to wait any longer, and we retired. Our bunk was but across the room from his, and we could easily hear if he called, we said to ourselves, and we would be up very early. It was then ten o'clock. The fire had dwindled to a handful of waning coals. We tucked our blankets closely about us, and dreamed of home.

All at once—it might have been but a minute afterward, for all we knew; in reality it was almost daylight—we were aroused by shuffling feet and an intense whispering. We leaped out of bed, with revolvers drawn and cocked. A single glance revealed the situation. There were the two women bending over Aaron with a bottle and spoons, and a cup of water, and a camphorized handkerchief; and he was moaning and tossing with agony. He had grown desperately worse during the night, and his complaining had not disturbed us. But Aunt 'Cinda had heard him, in the next room; perhaps she was awake and listening. She looked up, white and appealing, before we could speak: we understood only too well what she thought. Adeline chafed the poor fellow's chill hand vigorously, and did not heed us.

After a time, with such scant relief as we could give him, he became quiet (except for his heavy and labored breathing), and we watched him keenly, hoping he would sleep again. But shortly he was convulsed with recurring pain, and called for water. Aunt 'Cinda put the cup to his mouth. His eyes met hers; and he said to her, in a strange, relinquishing voice:

"They told me you was dead, 'Cindy."

Then his cramped limbs relaxed, and he lay still, and we thought he breathed with less difficulty. When he moved again, presently, it was to put out his hand in doubtful groping. "Poor Adeline!" he said. We drew nearer, on our knees, like persons at prayer. His quivering lips shaped a few words more:

"Be good," we heard him weakly mutter, "be good—to the baby."

The room became momently lighter; the last of the shadows that had lurked all night in the corners vanished one by one; a crimson flush slowly overspread the window. The sun was rising.

He had gone on—alone—in the morning.

COMPLETENESS.

BECAUSE it is fair, shall the rose-bud keep
Its possible loveliness folded up?
Would you have the pride of the forest sleep
For fear of spoiling the acorn-cup?

Nay. The bud hath dreams of the perfect flower;
The acorn thrills with divine unrest;
The bud must blossom when comes its hour,—
The acorn follow its high behest.

True, they do perish. 'Tis ever so.
This law unerring all nature knows.
The bud and the acorn are slain; but lo!
The pride of the forest, and lo! the rose.

GARRISON LIFE AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.

A GUN CASEMATE.

One May day we embarked in a small steamer at South Ferry and landed on Governor's Island, a distance of about a thousand yards from New York City. The spire of Trinity, and the clustered towers and domes of the buildings on lower Broadway, reminded us how near we were to the surcharged arteries of commerce; but as we lay under one of the bastions the noisy traffic of the city was altogether inaudible, and we felt the alleviation of a sylvan calm. The grass was in the freshness of early spring, and rippled in the soft wind. We could see Staten Island in the south and the Orange Mountain in the west, both veiled in a purple haze, through which a suggestion of green was glimmering. A multiform procession of vessels was beating toward the narrow estuary of the river, and a few schooners were approaching from the same direction. A perpetual fleet of tows and ferry-boats was breaking the water off Battery Park into foaming eddies and sibilant spray. While the city was so near that we could define the individual loungers in the little sea-bound park, its activity found for us no echo, and we might have been a thousand miles instead of a thousand yards away from the marts of the world. The metallic ring of the blocks, as one of the schooners altered her tack, and the breathing of the tow-boats, were the only sounds from beyond that reached this insular retreat. A flock of pigeons flapped in and out of the dark port-holes in the circular fort, and a hen marshaled her brood of chickens among a pyramid of black cannon-balls. A soldier in blue uniform, with the red stripe of the artillery down the seam of his trowsers, was crossing the greensward, and a nursery-maid added the pink of a parasol to the color of the scene as she strolled along the sea-wall. We could hear the voices of some boys who were playing, and of two fishermen who were at work among the shad-nets along the southern shore. The muzzles of cannon pointed at us from the walls of the fort; but peace never seems more permanent than amid the unused materials of war, and idleness became sweet as we sat under the bastion.

Governor's Island is separated from Brooklyn by an arm of the bay about half a mile wide, which at one period was shallow

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

enough to allow the fording of cattle. The island's area is sixty-two acres, and its elevation is about twenty-two feet above low-water mark. It was the first settlement of the Dutch in New York, and from the number of excellent huts that grew up on it, its aboriginal name of Pagganek was supplanted by that of Hutten Island. During the English colonial period it became a perquisite attached to the office of governor, which fact is the basis of its present nomenclature, and, in the hands of the governors, it was transformed from a barren plantation into a bowery garden.

From the revolution in 1688 to the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, great fears were entertained by the British colonies in North America of an assault by the French navy, and the fortification of Red Hook, the Narrows, and Governor's Island was urged; but notwithstanding the apprehended danger, no measures of defense were taken, other than the appropriation of fifteen thousand pounds for the construction of a fort commanding the Narrows, and this amount was diverted to another purpose. Governor's Island, with its luxurious lawns and groves, was then, as it is now, a charming retreat, and the fifteen

THE FERRY TO GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

thousand pounds were spent in building a summer-house and garden, where on fine afternoons, under the arching trees that rustled somniferously, the chief magistrate of the province found relief from what Mr. Evarts has sonorously called "the complications of statesmanship and the exactions of politics."

From 1756 until the meeting of the Continental Congress, the island was successively possessed by Governors Hardy, Delancy, Colden, Moore, Dinsmore, and Tryon, some of whom leased it for their personal benefit; and it was not until 1775 that the fortifications were begun. Delayed so long, they then proved of little use. After the battle of Long Island and the discomfiture of the Americans, Admiral Howe sailed up the bay and anchored off Governor's, from which the garrison under Colonel Prescott retreated to the city without other loss than the arm of a soldier, which was shot off by a ball from a British ship as he was embarking. The abandonment of the city by the Americans left the island in possession of the enemy, who further fortified it and garrisoned it; but at the conclusion of the war it fell into disuse, and in 1784, Governor George Clinton leased it to a person who built a hotel and race-course upon it. Races were run in 1785 and 1786. A renewed fear of invasion, this time by the French, led to petitions for the improvement of the fortifications, and in 1794 thirty thousand pounds were appropriated for the purpose; an additional appropriation was made later, and the completion of the work was considered so urgent that the professors and students of Columbia College went in a body to the island and labored on the fortifications with shovels and wheelbarrows. But Fort Jay, as the new structure was called, did not seem adequate, and in 1806 it was replaced by Fort Columbus, the existing fortification, which is an inclosed pentagonal work. Castle William was completed in 1811.

This is a circular granite battery built on a bed of rocks at the extreme westerly point of the island, which being submerged at low water was formerly a peril to navigation. The castle, with its tiers of cannon, has a formidable look to passengers by the Staten Island ferry-boats which pass and repass within hailing distance of it, but it is in a condition of crumbling decay, and the guns of a *Thunderer* would make short work of leveling it. During the war of the rebellion, as many as eleven hundred prisoners were confined in the castle at one time, and it is still used for a few military offenders. We pass a sentry at the gate whose bayonet is twinkling in the sunshine, and beyond the narrow portals we stand in the reverberant amphitheater formed by the circular walls.

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS IN FORT COLUMBUS.

SALLY-PORT, FORT COLUMBUS.

It is chilly and humid in here: the air is prison-like, but the dome of azure sky and feathery clouds is ample. The prisoners are not deprived of sunshine and cannot complain of austere treatment. They are employed about the grounds of the fort, and though they are guarded in deference to the military code by a soldier with loaded musket and revolver, they usually find so much fellow-feeling in him that their industry is not overtaxed. While we sat under the bastion, a pair of them passed from one mound to another with loads of earth, and their pace was measured to the furthest possible prolongation of idleness; meantime the custodian rested on his musket at a distance, and it seemed that if the men had been more energetic they would not have harmonized as well with the peaceful scene.

The cells are entered from galleries around the amphitheater, and their space is alternated with batteries. Not all the guns are mounted, and parts of the tiers are unoccupied. The crust of whitewash is falling off the stone walls in flakes which spot the floors, and the buildings have an air of untidiness. The heavy doors of the cells are grated, and the windows are set in portholes pierced six or seven feet through the walls of the castle. The bedding is rolled up, and on a center-table of common boards a small Bible and a prayer-book are swamped in a superabundant assortment of sensational periodicals. The deep-set windows in the ports reveal glimpses of the refulgent bay and the purple heights of Staten Island: it is like looking through an inverted telescope, so distant does the point of view seem from the object; but the prisoners do not devote their leisure to the outlook: they spend their evenings largely in card-playing or in reading the sensational literature aforesaid.

Until a few years ago, Governor's Island was a recruiting depot, and the constant arrival of newly enlisted men and their subsequent departure for the frontier provided variety and excitement for the permanent dwellers in the fort. Many of the recruits were Germans, who, landing with little money, soon found themselves impoverished and, without a knowledge of English, unable to obtain employment. The recruiting officer was glad to accept them: they were honest, industrious and vigorous; he spent a few hours "about town" with them, treated them to beer and extolled the pro-

fession of arms. Passed by the surgeon and transported to the island, they suffered many indignities from the petty officers and the impositions of the men; their kits were despoiled, and their inability to understand some of the orders led to peremptory punishments. Finding that every article of his outfit had been stolen, except the clothing he wore and a pair of trowsers, one recruit determined to save the latter at all events,

THE SUNDOWN GUN.

and secretly stowed them away in one of the big guns. On the following day, some dignitary sailed down the bay and a salute was ordered. The cannon thundered in proper succession until the time of that containing the recruit's trowsers came, when there was an unaccountable pause. The officers stormed, and the men were dismayed; the match ignited, but the charge would not explode. When another gun had been loaded and fired as a substitute, the cause of the failure was sought and discovered, to the unspeakable disgust of the gunner, who vented his wrath with an oath, of which under the extenuating circumstances his superior officers did not choose to take notice.

It was the custom to transfer recruits soon after their reception to the Western frontier, where, in many instances, the whole term of their service was spent in a fruitless life at isolated forts, far from civilization, and where it too often happened they fell into a pitiable state of unambitious inaction. The recruiting depot is now at David's Island, in the Sound.

Massive as the walls of the castle are, the concussion produced by the discharge of a cannon causes them to sway alarmingly. Some time ago, the commandant was Colonel Loomis, who, either on Washington's birthday or on the Fourth of July, delayed ordering a salute until a late moment. The guns were quickly loaded, and in the haste they were discharged before their muzzles were properly out of the port-holes. A petty officer and his wife occupied one of the apartments over the battery. Every piece of furniture in their room was completely dismembered; the chairs and tables fell into chaotic heaps; the feathers fluttered out of a new-fashioned helmet, and an infirm old lady bounded into the air with the resilience of childhood. This incident was narrated to us by Hospital-Steward Robertson, who has been stationed at Fort Columbus some twenty-five years.

The view from the parapet of the castle reaches far and wide over the river and the bay, which quivers and twinkles in the spring sunshine. There are guns even up here, and the sparrows twitter garrulously

CASTLE WILLIAM.

over the black pyramids of shot. The area of the island is now fully revealed,—the granite grass-crowned bastions, the low earth-works, the verdant moat, the monotonous buildings of the arsenal, the vivid sweep of lawn before the officers' quarters, and the preëminent flag-staff with its tri-colored banner, which is drawn out by the breeze to its full proportions.

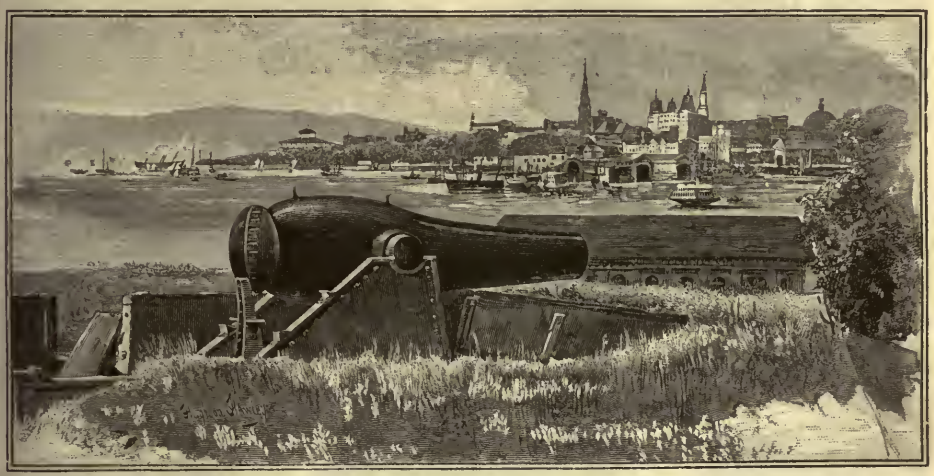
Some of the men in the garrison aver that the ghost of John Yates Beall, who was hanged here in 1865, stalks along the parapet in the moonlight.

In 1864, the United States steamer *Michigan*, the only guard-ship on the great lakes, was anchored off Johnson's Island in Sandusky Bay, where nearly two thousand five hundred Confederate prisoners were confined. Beall conceived the project of capturing the vessel, releasing the prisoners, and reducing the towns along the shore. One morning in September, the steamer connecting Detroit with Sandusky was seized by twenty-four armed men, who had come on board as passengers, bringing with them various innocent-looking trunks which contained their weapons. The crew was overpowered, and the passengers were landed. Another steamer was seized and scuttled, and the pirates, at whose head was John Yates Beall, proceeded for Johnson's Island. It had been previously arranged that a Confederate named Cole should, in an assumed character, become acquainted with the officers of the *Michigan*, and that while he was entertaining them on shore Beall should seize their vessel. Cole made himself popular on board the *Michigan*, and his invitations to a dinner were willingly accepted. When the hour of the entertainment arrived, Beall was standing off the harbor waiting for a signal that was to indicate

that Cole had succeeded in his purpose of drugging the officers' wine. He waited impatiently and in vain. As the signal did not come, he wished to attack the *Michigan* without coöperation from the land, but his men mutinied, and he was compelled to retreat. Cole's real character had been discovered at the last moment. Beall scuttled his steamer, and became a fugitive for four months, when he was captured at Suspension Bridge. He was sentenced to death by the late Governor Dix, and was hanged on Governor's Island, February 24th, 1865.

On the south side of the island, reaching from Castle William to Buttermilk Channel, a low sea-wall has been erected, and it is a favorite promenade of the nursery girls, who avert their eyes as the handsome young prisoners pass with the loads of earth. The blocks of granite deposited on the grass for future absorption in the wall are occupied by readers and idlers in an agreeable state of passivity. The children are omnipresent, and their amusements reflect the military bent given to their fancies by the surroundings. There are enough toy drums, trumpets, cocked hats, and wooden cavalry-horses to stock a shop. While the nursery maids are sunning themselves on the sea-wall, scenes of carnage are being enacted on the greensward by their charges, and victories are won in the realm of the imagination, compared with which the most brilliant pages of history are lusterless.

An immense quantity of military material is stored along the northern shore. There are dilapidated trains of battery wagons, artillery in various forms, and acres of shells, in the hollows of which some wrens have built their nests. The cannon are stacked in terraces, and stroke the ground with their sinister lengths. The shot is erected in uniform and numberless pyramids. But the sun falls softly on these implements of war, and the incidents in their history, which the clerk of the ordnance imparts to us, seem unreal. The clerk of the ordnance is an intelligent, familiar, self-possessed little man, who surveys his domain with great complacency. He has the air of one who feels that the destructive power of the implements around him is within his personal control. "It's a great responsibility," his manner distinctly says; and it really is, for, besides the care of the arsenal, the clerk has the superintendence of much perilous work.



A TWENTY-FIVE-TON GUN.

Accidents happen occasionally from the carelessness of the men employed. When condemned pistol cartridges are emptied, some loose powder is found attached to them, and they are cleared of it by being burned in a fire. Several months ago, a man who was engaged in this work threw a wheelbarrow load into the flames, and retraced his way to the large open bin containing the empty shells, upon which he sat down. Presumably a spark of fire had clung to his trowsers, for in an instant the bin exploded, and he was very severely burned. The clerk of the ordnance has invented an ingenious machine for emptying the condemned cartridges. It is a deep trough filled with water and fitted with a double tray. The cartridges are placed percussion

A COLONIAL GOVERNOR TAKING HIS EASE.

end up, in rows of circular perforations made in the lower shelf of the tray, over which the upper shelf is closed. The upper shelf is fitted with a series of pins that correspond in position with the cartridges, and when it is closed a workman strikes the heads of the pins in quick succession; the points explode the cartridges as the needle of a modern carbine would do, and the load is expelled into the water of the trough.

The clerk led us through the cool, dark gal-

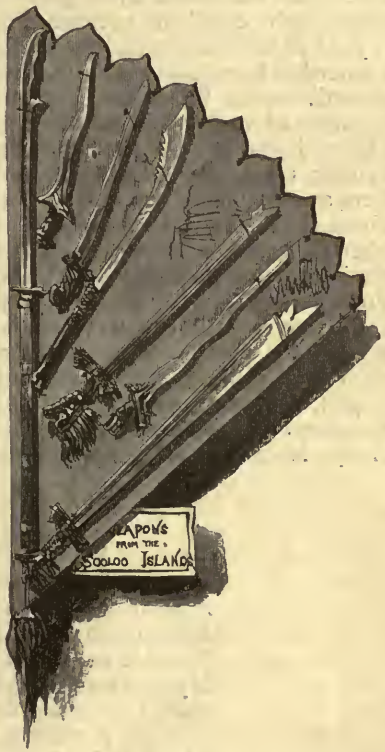
MEXICAN ARMOR IN THE MUSEUM.

eries of the stores in which the muskets were stacked from the floors to the ceilings, some of them twisted and bent by service, others unused, and of the latest pattern.

Passing out of the stores, along a path bordered by cannon, we reach a superb lawn threaded by vivid walks of red brick, set with the smooth exactitude of a mosaic. When the lamps are glimmering in the summer twilight, and the foliage hangs duskily against the gray and crimson sky, there are

OLD ARTILLERY SADDLE IN THE MUSEUM.

few prettier places than the green on Governor's Island. The water of the bay is dyed to a coppery yellow by the reflected light, and the sailing-vessels move along like phantoms. The band plays in the pavilion, and the most animated airs sound distant and pensive. The beauty of the scene is appreciated by many loungers, and perhaps the young officers in attendance on the pretty ladies in muslin are most susceptible to the pervading tenderness of the hour. But the green is attractive at all times; in the afternoon, the children have



possession of the walks, and their voices lend another charm. No wonder that Governor's Island is considered the most desirable station an army officer can have. The garrison ladies have many fair young friends who come to stay a week or longer, and occasionally an entertainment is given, to which guests come from the city. The officers have a club-house, incipient yet, but comfortable, for smoking, reading, and gossip. The club also possesses the nucleus of a museum; and in an adjoining apartment the remains of Sheridan's famous war-horse are embalmed. Prior to our visit a little boy stood in mute admiration of the defunct charger

for a few minutes, and then, turning to his mother, said:

"When General Sheridan dies, I suppose they'll stuff him, too, and mount him on Winchester."

The island is at present the head-quarters of the Department of the Atlantic, of which General Hancock is commander. Fort Columbus is occupied by two batteries of artillery, numbering about one hundred men. Many improvements have been made under General Hancock's administration. The ferriage has been abolished, and the private boat succeeded by a government steamer with excellent accommodations. The yield of the wells being impure, Brooklyn water has been introduced by a flexible pipe carried under Buttermilk Channel, and it is proposed to bring illuminating gas to the island in the same way. Several tasteful cottages have been built for the staff officers, and the grounds are now as carefully cultivated as when the old colonial governors smoked their after-dinner pipes and lived in agreeable ease on the pretty little island.

Fort Columbus, with its five bastions, fills the center of the island, and is surrounded by a moat, in which the grass is smooth and intensely green. Beyond the sally-port, which is surmounted by an elaborate group of statuary, we enter a cool archway leading into a hollow square, formed by the quarters of the officers and men. There is a lawn in front and intersecting walks between. The buildings have wide piazzas, which are abundantly supplied with easy-chairs made by the convicts at Fort Leavenworth, and a soldier's life is probably less irksome at Fort Columbus than at any other post. The barracks are clean, well-ventilated, and in good repair. The ordinary rations are supplemented by supplies of fresh fish and plenty of garden produce. Among various other resources of amusement, the men have a "coterie," which gives entertainments once a month, and a theater, which is utilized for negro minstrelsy. The theater is a small apartment over the barracks; a miniature stage is erected, and the proscenium is decorated with silhouettes of cannon, shields, and eagles. When interrogated as to the available talent, one of the corporals became fervid. "Some of the men sings exquisite, and plays the pe-an-er bully!" he declared. The theater is also used as a reading-room, and a center table is filled with a variety of periodicals.

On the sea-wall outside Castle William stands the gun which, as the sun disappears behind the deep-blue hills in the west, proclaims the end of day to the city. At the same moment the flag flutters down from the staff, the bugle calls to quarters, and night falls on the garrison at Governor's Island.

THE HEART OF A ROSE.

A ROSE like a hollow cup with a brim—
A brim as pink as the after-glow;
Deep down in its heart gold stamens swim,
Tremble and swim in a sea of snow.
My Love set it safe in a crystal glass,
Gently as petals float down at noon.
Low, in a whisper, my Love's voice said:
"Look quick! In an hour it will be dead.
I picked it because it will die so soon.
Now listen, dear Heart, as the seconds pass,
What the rose will say," my Love's voice said.

I look and I listen. The flushed pink brim
Is still as June's warmest after-glow;
Silent as stars the gold stamens swim,
Tremble and swim in their sea of snow.
I dare not breathe on the crystal glass,
Lest one sweet petal should fall too soon.
False was the whisper my Love's voice said—
If he had not picked it, it had been dead.
But now it will live an eternal noon,
And I shall hear, as the seconds pass,
What the rose will say till I am dead.

NORWAY'S CONSTITUTIONAL STRUGGLE.

I AM glad that so many Americans are interested in this struggle. We should not have had it, indeed, if, in 1814, America's free constitution had not been given us as a pattern; if the glorious development of America under this, her constitutional ægis, had not given the Norsemen the initiative, given them instruction and confidence; and if the great emigration from Norway had not in many ways maintained a steady, aggressive propagation of republican rule and ideas.

I shall, in the following article, give a sketch of this struggle which is now going on in Norway between the people and the monarchy. In order to be understood, I must first give so much of Norway's early history as to make it clear that this is the natural result of a long development, at times checked because the forces of the small people were exhausted, but, after a period of repose, to be renewed with even greater energy. This development, so far as I can judge, has gone on in a straight line toward the goal which now, at last, lies clear and open before us.

I.

AN OUTLINE OF NORWAY'S HISTORY TO 1814.

IT is now generally believed in Norway that the "Elder Edda," the mighty fragments of a fallen heathen temple, took its poetic form from Western Norway, or from men sailing thence. This is indicated by its descriptions of nature, of animal life, and by its general characteristics. From Western Norway, more than from any other part of Norway and Scandinavia, came the Vikings, who founded kingdoms in Great Britain and Ireland; perhaps not the men who founded the Russian monarchy, but certainly those who, unsubmissive, left their homes to discover Iceland, Greenland, and America, when Harald the Fair-Haired brought Norway under one crown. They established their sway in Normandy, from whence they later conquered England, and their kings gained foot-hold in Sicily and Jerusalem. They took with them everywhere their council of twelve men, the jury, and a genius for leadership and command which has not been matched in Northern Europe.

If one desires to study in miniature their institutions, and to know their character, let him read the Icelandic sagas. Considered simply as literature, these and Snorre Sturlason's Saga of the Kings are epic masterpieces, unsurpassed in any age.

Norway was brought under one crown in the same way that she was Christianized: by a royal edict; the petty chiefs were compelled to yield to the strongest, and thus they became one people. As a race, they have especially cultivated individuality. In Carlyle's "Hero Worship" (sometimes inaccurate), one reads of the old Norse kings as paragons in their relation to their subjects. The man of strong personality could alone hold the people together; if he were a greater man than the chieftains, all was well; if not, so much the worse for himself and his crown. The unavoidable struggle with feudalism and the church, in which the king represented the common man's right, was, therefore, more severe in Norway than in any other part of the northern countries, and nowhere else arrived at so definite a result. The power of the great families was broken.

This nearly proved fatal to the little nation; for when the Norse king also became king of the Danes, and in a struggle between two pretenders to the throne, Norway lost hers by treachery, there were no great families to rally the people. The pretender, victorious by treachery, at once declared Norway a province of Denmark.

This never went beyond a declaration on paper. In reality, Norway was freer than Denmark, where the peasants were serfs, ruled over by foreign nobles and officials.

In Norway, the cities were small, and nearly the whole population were peasants, who at once, or gradually, came into possession of their land, which descended from father to son. Those who were noble, or descendants of kings and chieftains, gave up their titles of nobility rather than appear at court in Copenhagen. An attempt to form a new nobility in Norway utterly failed. The sons of peasants chosen for this purpose, and sent to Denmark to be educated, were unruly; they beat their teachers and returned home.

The German officials who gathered about Denmark's German king could not thrive in Norway, where they often suffered bad treatment, and where uprisings were constant when the people's wishes were not regarded.

As the country gradually revived, sea communication brought us the spirit of Western Europe. It was natural to our

people, because it was their own spirit of the olden time, only on another soil, in new relations, and in another age. In the Danish-Norse literature, the Norsemen's contribution always gives a gleam of this free, fresh spirit of the West.

The great Ludwig Holberg, born in Bergen in the year 1684, studied in England, Holland, France, and other countries. He was the pioneer of free thought in nearly all directions, and his influence extended far beyond the boundaries of the northern countries; he was a great humorist, and, for his time, a learned man. His comedies are immortal; for the North he was a reformer.

At the end of the last century, when the French Revolution was in preparation, it was the Norsemen in the North who again became the mouth-piece of the revolutionary spirit. Denmark could no longer ignore the example of Norway's free peasantry, and Norwegian officials helped toward the liberation of their own. "The Norse poetic school," as this free current in literature is called, wanted Norway's independence, or separation from Denmark, and first and foremost its own university. Norway's free peasantry was pronounced a qualification for independent self-government which no other European country could show.

From the time feudalism and the power of the church were broken, the country was quietly anticipating the opportunity which now came. Denmark's kings have always been liberally endowed with incapacity, and that country therefore came to take an unfortunate part in the Napoleonic wars, which the remarkable valor of the people could not offset. Napoleon fell, and his only ally, Denmark, was forced to add to all her other losses that of Norway, which was ceded to Sweden. This came about as shamelessly as possible; the ruler of the land took money for his people. But this very thing aroused the Norsemen.

II.

NORWAY'S UNION WITH SWEDEN AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

THE Norwegians would not consider themselves as merchandise; they declared their independence by calling a legislative assembly, which met at Eidsvold, near the capital, in the spring of 1814. A constitution was written, based upon the constitutions of America, of France of 1791, and of Spain of 1812. No other monarchy has so free a constitution. The representative assembly, the "Storthing," elected by the people (the land-owners and householders of the country), imposes the taxes, makes laws, grants salaries, pensions, and all expenditures without the intervention of the king. A bill three times passed upon by the Storthing, after three successive elections, becomes a law, whether sanctioned by king or not. The ministry is under sharp control, and can be held responsible for its measures.

The great difference in the development of Norway and Denmark now became evident. The latter people received their impulse from Germany; the French Revolution could produce no more in Denmark than it had already produced in Germany—the great literary movement of the romantic school, while in Norway it produced a free constitution.

It is true the circumstances were favorable, but it is also true that the people utilized the circumstances. For our constitution was both good and well employed.

Events were, in short, as follows: The French Marshal Bernadotte was chosen crown prince of Sweden, and adopted by the childless Vasa descendant, Charles XIII. This choice was made to conciliate Napoleon, but was unfortunate in so far that the true relation these two famous men bore to each other was misunderstood. Bernadotte came of a poor line in Southern France (according to Lanfrey, Napoleon calls him "a Morocco Jew"), and he had command of the troops in Paris the day Napoleon made his treacherous *coup d'état*. Bernadotte could have prevented this. He was rewarded with one distinction after another by Napoleon, who neither liked nor trusted him. To become crown prince Bernadotte was obliged to abjure the Catholic and adopt the Protestant faith, which he did quite willingly. He was not long regent in Sweden before he sought an alliance with the old enemies of his former fatherland. In Finland, an old province of Sweden, lost to Russia in the last war between those countries, he met the Emperor of Russia to consult about war against Napoleon. The Finns thought the hour had come for their return to the mother country, and the Emperor Alexander was ready to pay this price in order to win Karl Johan, as he was now called, and the Swedish army for a strong alliance against Napoleon; the Swedes rejoiced!

But Karl Johan had other plans; the French troops were to place him on the throne of France after Napoleon, and the

Emperor Alexander was just the person to help him carry out his plan. Karl Johan could not, therefore, offer to take a province from him. Sweden meantime must have something given it, if it was to take part in a war in which it had not the remotest interest. The two rulers made a secret compact that it should have Norway. How great was the chagrin felt by Finland and Sweden when the former remained in Russian possession!

Bernadotte's equivocal game (now come to light) did not bring him to the throne of France. So soon as he discovered this, he broke his alliance and invaded Denmark, forcing it to give up Norway. Soon after, he entered Norway with his army, and war was begun. But astonishment was again general when he suddenly stopped and concluded an agreement with Norway's Storthing according to which Norway was to be united with Sweden, but to remain entirely independent in her union with that country. She was to accept the Swedish king, but retain all the provisions of her constitution, which was much freer than that of Sweden. In other words, Sweden lost both Finland and Norway, but Bernadotte and his line won another crown.

It is entirely certain that this adjustment was for the greatest benefit to both countries, and that a conquest of Norway would have been a very doubtful boon; but it is not so certain that Karl Johan saw it then in that light; it behooved him to hasten matters, as he could rely upon no one but himself.

It soon became evident that Karl Johan, "the son of the Revolution," had no special liking for the constitution he had been in haste to sign. He made several attempts at first to change it and prevent its development. He twice contemplated a *coup d'état*, but the people were on the alert. The Storthing rejected all his measures for amending the constitution, without debate. His protest against the solemn observance of the "birthday of independence" resulted in the seventeenth of May becoming a national holiday. When the Storthing resolved to abolish nobility in the country, and were to pass the bill the last time, he stationed a Swedish fleet in the harbor, which practiced firing till the windows in the council chamber rattled. But nobility was abolished.

Though the seed, which was planted in the people at the time the power of the Church and feudalism was broken, had been bloody, and long laid buried in the earth, it now sprang up and bore good fruit.

Norway's municipal government was so ordered that every little community learned to manage its own affairs. I ought to say, too, with unlooked-for ability. The finances were regulated, free trade adopted, educational methods improved, communication made to meet the demands of the time, and the avenues of supply enlarged. The timber trade, coast fisheries, and sea traffic gave good returns. The latter increased until the commercial fleet of Norway ranked among the nations second to that of England.

The national spirit grew in proportion to the people's advance in economic prosperity.

The relation our king bore to our liberty is illustrated in our flag controversy. Although the constitution gave us our own flag, we could use it only on short voyages; our men-of-war, fortresses, and customs were obliged, against the desire of the people, to float the Swedish flag. This was first remedied by Oscar the First, son of Karl Johan, though only in so far that he, of his own will, without the sanction of the Storthing, thereby violating the constitution, decreed that the flag of each nation should bear the union mark in one corner. Neither country was satisfied. We have found that this gives Norway the appearance of being merged in Sweden, as Ireland is merged in England. For a union flag is only carried by states which, like the United States, are centralized in a higher unity. We have, it is true, different flags, but the union mark leads people to overlook this fact. A party is growing in Norway which desires the pure Norse flag; that is, one without the mark of union. When the laws are not common, the colors should not be blended. The two flags carried side by side, when they have common interests, would be sufficient evidence of the union of the states. This question still awaits a solution.

Another matter was decided on the accession of the present king. Karl Johan had bound himself to appoint a Swede for governor in Norway. He did not, in fact, know a single Norwegian. He made the appointment, but this mark of provincialism became at last so offensive to the Norsemen that the office could not be filled. When the Storthing desired to abolish the office, Sweden opposed the measure as one that concerned herself. A compromise was offered later: We were to have our claim adjusted if we would let all measures fit for such consideration come under a Swedish-Norse parliament. Norway's Storthing rejected this almost unanimously. It waited for a more

propitious time, the succession of monarchs. A young king could not well commence his reign by vetoing the unanimous wish of the people. He sanctioned the decision of the Storthing.

This struggle gave Sweden to understand more clearly than ever before Norway's constitutional position. If there are or have been men surrounding the king who have wished another relation, the great body of the Swedish people are loyal to the union as it now stands. Norway has always found noble men in Sweden to advocate her rights. At the present time, some of her best men support our Storthing in its struggle with the monarchy, and this is true also of the most numerous political party in Sweden. Never has our relation with Sweden been a happier one than now.

III.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL STRUGGLE.

In what has preceded, I have noticed only the political lines in the development of the nation, and only so far mentioned the material advancement which has given it courage and patriotism. But there are also other influences which have helped these results; the increase of general intelligence, and its fruit in knowledge and literature. Norway did not long have its own university before it had men whose names shed a luster on the land. The astronomer Christopher Hansteen immortalized himself by the discovery of the deviation of the magnetic needle. The mathematician Abel will be known by all who take up the advanced study of this science, as one of the first in his department. The zoölogists Sars (father and son) have received also, from American scientists especially, honorable acknowledgment of one branch of their work, that of our maritime fauna. The historians P. A. Munch, Ernest Sars, and others are not unknown to any student of the old Germanic institutions and history, not to mention the orientalist Lassen and others. Ole Bull's musical genius, poetic power, fascinating manner and person, made our people known the whole civilized world over. In the early dawn of liberty we had a poet of the first rank, a fellow-student of Ole Bull, Henrik Wergeland. His writings have the northern intensity and *morale*. The glorious elevation of his imagination and its plastic expression in his happiest moments cannot be surpassed. He gave the people a voice. He is a pure lyrist and almost untranslatable; he is the great prophet of our people. His religious belief would here more nearly be called Unitarian; in politics he was republican. Wherever he went, he marked out for us the newest and most enlightened principles of living. At his side, and often in contrast with him, stood another lyric poet, Welhaven. His verse has a rare mingling of reflection and melody, which at times attains the sublimest heights. We have now a dramatic poet in Henrik Ibsen. I do not hesitate to say that in my opinion Henrik Ibsen possesses the greatest dramatic power of the age. I am so much the more certain of my judgment from the fact that I do not always like his dramas. It is surprising to me that he is not translated in America. He is one whom his contemporaries should know.

The nature of Norway, now grand, now charming, and its characteristic national type, have attracted many painters who have won renown, and other artists have given their countrymen pleasure and honor, among them several composers also known in America. It is self-evident that a little people, hardly numbering two millions, who could in sixty years contribute so much to general civilization as the Norwegians, must have special qualification for, and special need of, self-government.

The strength of the people has concentrated itself in politics—that is to say, in that work which, in the modern state, is the qualification for all else. The communal and state institutions are the house in which society (figuratively speaking) lives. If it is comfortable and healthy, all is well; if not, unhappy results soon follow. It is of no use to say to a people, you shall arrange your house as others have done; each must have its own according to its needs. Nor does it do to say that these needs are too great or too small. Need is a need, as the stream is a stream; if large enough to force its way it will do it. The first to come forward in our political life as the spokesman of the urgent demands of the people, was a peasant to the last hour of his life he shared in all the work of the farm, as a peasant among peasants. His name was O. G. Ueland, and he was from the west of Norway. This man made the peasants of the Storthing a power. Many initiative movements are due to him, many opinions worthy the best-schooled statesman he gave our life as laws and principles. This peasant force which he united has been further strengthened by the knowledg

and enthusiasm of many remarkable men, foremost among whom, for a score of years, has been Johan Sverdrup.

There are few men living, I believe, who know so well as Johan Sverdrup the beginning and development of the constitutional governments, their laws, statistics, statesmanship, military organizations, and educational measures. A little nation cannot divide its work among many, and this lays great stress on the individual. Johan Sverdrup sought to take all this work upon himself. The day he dies, we shall say at his grave that he made use of all his talents to the utmost. There are few of whom we can say this. But if there are those who have his political knowledge, there are certainly few (and I speak from authority) who have the same ability to make their power tell in debate. There is a glowing fire in him which breaks out in pathos as in humor, and renews itself with every new cause. I cannot in this short article mention the measures which under his leadership have won success, or those now under debate. He is Norway's leader, and there is a bent in the people, from olden time, to honor the leader. We must pass on to the one subject which now outweighs all others in importance.

We had, unfortunately, in 1814, adopted from the American constitution the provision that the ministry should not have admission to the Storthing.* It has been proposed to amend this. I will here simply say that the last clause of the constitution says that a proposal to amend any provision of the constitution must not be disposed of by the same Storthing in which it has been proposed, but only by a two-thirds vote of the Storthing succeeding a new election.

Three Storthings, after three successive elections, have now declared their will concerning the proposed amendment,—that the ministry shall take part in the proceedings of the Storthing,—this last year, by ninety-three out of one hundred and thirteen votes.

Each time the king's signature was asked for and refused, he relying on a ministry which is so at variance with the people that in all important matters, for a period of nearly twenty years, it has had the support of but a few members of the Storthing. This is a condition which at last becomes intolerable, nor is it lessened by the fact that the king is a Swede, who lives outside the country.

To this is added another difficulty. Since the earliest time, those surrounding the king have claimed to work for the "closer union" of the two peoples—as it is called in official language—but it has become gradually apparent that, in reality, this closer union is to assume the character of that of Ireland to England! There are not a few conditions to suggest such an attempt. I will illustrate this.

Suppose the United States were divided into two governments, North and South, under one king, the royal residence being in the South. Suppose the North had no aristocratic traditions, no men of wealth not of their own making. Suppose that the South had noble families, aristocratic traditions, and wealth, not wielding a predominant political influence, but being all the more for that a power in social and polite life. What would follow? The king of the South would appoint Northern men to Northern offices, and those in sympathy with the ministry there; but this ministry need not necessarily be in sympathy with the representatives of the people! Would it not be probable that the office-holders of the North would soon come into the most admirable sympathy with royalty and the South, and that Northern men of wealth would find the life of the court most refined, the atmosphere most ennobling, and, at last, acquire a positive distaste for the cursed democratic rabble of the North? If differences should come up between the Northern people and the king, would it not be natural that the Northern office-holders should, with enthusiasm, rally about the monarch, and the men of wealth and their dependents do the same; and would they not consider this their allegiance to the king's "sacred person" in the highest degree moral—yes, Christian, and be strong in their resolve to save the state from demagogical dangers?

In his "Pillars of Society," the dramatist Henrik Ibsen has given us a picture of such a state of affairs, and held it up for the ridicule of Europe.

He states in advance that they have no moral sense, these "Pillars of Society," but

* In America, the chief of the cabinet (the President) is chosen by the whole people, and is responsible. In a monarchy, the chief of a cabinet (the king) becomes so by inheritance, and is irresponsible. The only means, then, by which the true relation between him and the people can be established is a responsible cabinet, but as this has not been chosen by the people, either, the relation between the king and the people is still false, if the ministers do not participate in the debates of the chosen representatives.

this is a mistake. Let us pause and say that they have been led astray, and that their surroundings are responsible. The conditions already mentioned, in addition to others which are to be found in our state church, and in the great European reaction, which at this moment is fighting its last fight in Northern Europe.

The one man most excusable for his mistaken conception of the situation is, without doubt, the king himself. He is separated by a triple barrier from the people of whose will he should be the exponent; first by his birth. He was, it is true, born and educated in Sweden, and he has acquired the Swedish spirit and customs; but there is something lying deeper than that which he could not acquire; the bent of a thousand years in the people's nature. His brother, Charles XV., was undoubtedly more of a Swede than the present Oscar II. Of this there is but one opinion; but the former said straight out, "I am no Swede, I am a Frenchman, and I feel this every day of my life." But if the king cannot be a Swede in the fullest sense, with his best will to be so, still less can he be a Norseman, for he has never lived among Norwegians, and this people have another history, and another history makes another people. It is impossible for him to have an ear for the finest, the most secret, life of the Norsemen,—that which, at last, controls all else. He cannot recognize the under-current in the people which forms its poetry and which guides its action with a resolve not to be shaken. He must stop at the outer mechanical process of the commerce of thought. But to this is added still another difficulty in his position as king. It is heralded in newspapers and books whenever the king talks with peasants, or sits down to exchange ideas with a man in the ordinary walks of life. So long as the highest official of a people belongs to a privileged class. and his office is hereditary, so long will his surroundings be such as do not belong to the people themselves, and such as unconsciously keep him from the people. The king also unconsciously brings his own atmosphere with him; only those who are congenial enter into it, and should any enter who were not congenial, their first effort would be to become so; and this is not the same as bringing the life and spirit of the people to the king. That the monarch lives outside our borders and is only in a judicial sense a Norseman, enables the people to more readily discover the position they relatively hold to one another. In other words, they more readily see the faults which attach to the Norse monarchy and monarchical institutions in general.

Under these circumstances, then, for the monarchy in Sweden to begin an open fight with the people of Norway, when they, by three successive elections, from and by the will of the people, have said that they wish to treat directly with their ministry, is the same thing as invoking a republic.

And in what way has this been done? We have said before that according to the Norse constitution every measure to amend the constitution becomes a law if it has a majority vote of three Storthings after new elections; the royal sanction not being necessary. The constitution, in providing for amendment, says nothing whatever about the king's veto. The amendment shall not be in opposition to the principles of the constitution, nor shall it be decided by the same Storthing in which it shall be proposed, but by the one succeeding a new election, and must have a two-thirds majority of that body; these conditions observed, it becomes a law. The constitution makes no further provision whatever concerning its amendment.

Every Storthing has, notwithstanding, assented to reconsider a bill which the king has not approved. And the kings, on their side, until now, have endeavored to come to an understanding with the Storthing.

This practice would have continued so long as Norway had a king, for the people are not unreasonable and their moral feeling is too pronounced, as their history and literature will witness. But what will the monarchy do? For the third time it now denies its sanction, and declares its right to the absolute veto on any amendment to the constitution. It grants that the constitution makes no mention of this right, but claims that it lies in its principles, but more especially is inherent in the principles of monarchy, which claim they assert as "beyond question." The Storthing, of course, answers by immediately requiring the government to publish the last expressed will of the assembly as law.

It is said that it was the king himself who inserted in the government address the claim that the king's absolute veto in all constitutional amendments was "beyond all question." However this may be, since the debates and decision of the Storthing, it has been found necessary, on the part of the government, to make a long defense of the king's claim which was "beyond question."

And since the discussion of the matter in the press and pamphlets, the monarchy has still further found it necessary to consult the faculty of law of the university, to ask if the king has the right of veto, when it concerns the constitution? It is seldom that so serious a matter concerning the public welfare has been treated so lightly by a government as this present one.

The government address which confirms the king's claim to the absolute veto begins by saying that it is not so expressed in the constitution, but that "it lies in the principles of monarchy. Monarchy cannot be thought of without the absolute veto."

The provisions of the Norse constitution in this respect are based upon the French of 1791, which does not recognize further the absolute veto; on the Spanish of 1812, which does not either acknowledge it, and last upon that adopted by the Constitutional Assembly in Norway of 1814, and proposed by Adler Falsen, which does not recognize it! Our whole constitution is, in general, the outgrowth of the fundamental principles of the American and French revolutions, which are solemnly embodied in its preamble. These fundamental principles are the gospel of the people's sovereignty. But if the people are the fountain-head of authority, the king cannot have the absolute veto upon that law which divides the power among the servants of the people, of whom he is one.

IV.

WHAT IS TO BE THE RESULT?

EVERY person can understand that out of this struggle thoughts of a republic must spring up, even if the qualifications for one do not exist. The Norsemen are a nation of peasants; the towns hold a subordinate position, and as yet no very great wealth is concentrated in them. The constitution provides that two-thirds of all the representatives shall be chosen by the rural districts. Our safety lies there, and is not threatened by the shifting character of the cities.

But can there be imagined a more striking contrast than between these lowly peasant farmers—every man and woman of whom works, often at the hardest kind of labor—and a royal palace? Can one imagine a more unnecessary rule for a people who judiciously provide for all the affairs of each community with discernment and tact?

Norway has a population somewhat larger than that of Massachusetts. Suppose Massachusetts had a king who received $150,000 for the support of himself, family, and estates, and paid no taxes nor custom duties, and was demanding in significant words a standing army of twenty thousand men, with all the luxury which attends a king, an army, and a state church,—for a king and a state church are inseparable. Suppose a king in Massachusetts (instead of the present governor, with his salary of $4000 and no free residence, and with command of sixty soldiers), and suppose this king, with all that royalty costs in living and keeping up of state, should oppose in his government all that toward which the people incline in their development, all that they cherish. What could the inhabitants of Massachusetts say but "God deliver us from the whole paraphernalia and let us govern ourselves!"

This is what the Norsemen are now beginning to say.

But what will be the result to our union with Sweden, ask some.

Our union with Sweden is more than a king, more than a contract; it is that of consanguinity and mutual interests. These are so great, so generally prized, that it will endure long after all kings have become a tradition. The idea that the king alone can maintain a union so natural as that of Sweden and Norway may be respectable, but it is not historical. Should the Norse-Swedish union be broken, it would require the madness of half the people to bring it about, and history shows us that it is easier for a single man to go mad than for the greater part of two nations.

The truth is, republican thought is much extended in Sweden, also. There, too, the real power of the people is now for the first time disclosing itself, and that noble country will accomplish its development in that direction as surely and as powerfully as it has in all others. The present republican agitation in Norway, as in Sweden and in Denmark (for the same struggle is going on under different forms and with varied success in those countries), is a great grief to those who have hoped for a united Scandinavian kingdom, a common Northern parliament, for the protection of "throne and altar."

I feel, however, that the future will not realize this dream of royal power, military domination, and a state church. The future will more and more develop individuality. The future will see the masses breaking up into thinking individuals, and this will be equally

true of governments. The states themselves will probably be smaller, but united in larger groups. The present national unions are but the introduction to this. But in any event the day will never come—as Norway, through its earliest history and latest wisdom declares—the day will never come that sees Norway merged in Sweden, and the day has already come that sees the majority in Sweden no longer wish it. This dream will die before the monarchs themselves, but perhaps not fully before they have outlived their usefulness.

This is also true of the dream that monarchs have a special mission from God, in our day. This, too, will die before the monarchs themselves, but not before they have awakened the people to a consciousness of selfhood.

The following matter is now under the consideration of the people. Since the Storthing and the royal government have, for almost twenty years, each acted from their own stand-point, it is natural that the Storthing should have but partially succeeded in having the government prepare their work for them in season for their sessions. It is also natural that the Storthing should choose to appoint its own committees to prepare for the session's work. This the monarchy considers an encroachment on its prerogative, and has, so far as it could, prevented the committees from working. If government officials were appointed on these committees, they were denied leave of absence, and if they heeded the order of the Storthing, they were dismissed from service.

The last session appointed such a committee, and has just met with the same hinderances on the part of the government.

The exercise of this royal prerogative, however sacred it may be, makes it very plain to the people that it is in opposition to their welfare.

In my judgment, there is no country on the face of the earth so qualified for a republic as Norway. Its population is entirely homogeneous, its strength lies in the fact that its land-owners are tillers of the soil, and enlightened enough to conduct the business of the country, and that the Norwegians are a pure, moral people, whose actions are ordered and regular, whose self-control is assured by their limited territory, which permits the closest scrutiny. It is not a population here to-day, and there to-morrow, nor one that conceals itself in large cities; everything is open, and each man's family, for generations back, is also known. If to their natural fitness and independence is added the still greater development their struggle for freedom these two generations has given them, I believe that all the requirements are there. It only lacks now the making every man to see and feel the great national loss the present state of things entails. This, the monarchy itself is bringing about.

I consider that a people working under monarchical institutions use but half of the strength that would be developed by those working on terms given by a republican state, which awakens honor, strengthens courage, and stimulates energy. And our little people, so long asleep, cannot afford to lose more than they have already lost.

V.

THE WAY OUT OF THE CONTEST.

THE Storthing has one means, among others, by which, if it likes, it can stop the controversy at once.

When first it meets after a new election, it separates into two divisions, the "Odelsthing" and the "Lagthing." The latter is constituted by ballot, and comprises one-fourth of the members of the whole Storthing.

In all cases concerning the ordinary control of the administration, the Odelsthing votes alone. But in all cases in which a member of the cabinet, or the Storthing, or the supreme court, is to be impeached, the Lagthing and the supreme court form together a mixed court, which is called the "Rigsret." The president of the Lagthing is the president of this new court, and the accused has the right to reject one-third of the judges.

Hitherto this branch of our state organization has been very little used. It may, however, be one of the results of the present contest between the people and the king, that the Rigsret will be called into new and greater activity, an appeal being made to the people through the elections, and the question put whether it wishes a certain case to be decided by the Rigsret. If it does, it needs in the present case to reëlect by large majorities the old representatives, and both the Odelsthing and the Lagthing will be so constituted that the Rigsret can be decreed.

The question which the Rigsret now will be called upon to decide is whether the cabinet have acted rightly in refusing to promulgate the law voted by the Storthing con-

cerning the participation of the ministers in its debates. Probably other matters will also be taken up in the case, but the answer cannot be doubtful.

By these proceedings not only a decision of a juridical question will be arrived at, but something much more important will be gained; for, as above indicated, the Rigsret will henceforth become the people's final judgment in any contest of the kind. There is nothing in our constitution which prevents such a development of this institution, and the development would correspond exactly with the spirit of the time.

It will be a year and a half before the new election takes place, and it will be two years before the Rigsret can be called into activity.

Whether, in the meantime, the Storthing will find it necessary to employ other means to compel the cabinet to resign (and it has others), or whether it will go quietly on as if nothing had happened, I know not. But it is not improbable that the latter method will be chosen, for the Norwegian likes, and can use skillfully, tactics which drive his adversary from one fault to another, and which allow him, when the right moment comes, to reap the reward of his enemy's mistakes.

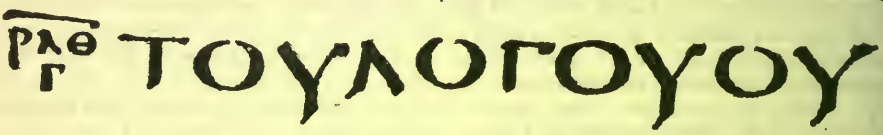
HOW THE NEW TESTAMENT CAME DOWN TO US.

A LARGE portion of the changes, and some of the most important of them, which the forthcoming revision of the New Testament will make in the authorized version, will result from corrections of the Greek text. The text which was followed by King James's translators, compared with that which scholars now would unite in approving, was faulty. This circumstance may lend a higher degree of importance to a subject which in itself is not devoid of interest.

When an ordinary reader of the New Testament is first informed that not a single copy of it of an earlier date than the fourth century is extant, and that few copies are earlier than the tenth century, he is at a loss to see what assurance we can have that the book is essentially the same as it was when it left the hands of its authors. How do we know that in the earliest existing manuscripts the documents do not appear in a form essentially altered from the originals as they were composed by the Apostles and their companions? It will tend to quiet an apprehension of this sort to remark at the outset that the New Testament stands much better in this respect than the classical writings of antiquity, such as the orations of Cicero and the histories of Polybius and of Livy. There is no complete manuscript of Homer older than the thirteenth century, although fragments exist of a much earlier date. How do we know that we have the veritable Iliad and Odyssey, when we can compare our editions of them with no copy of an earlier date than some two thousand years after they were composed and committed to writing? If we know that we have a substantially correct text of Homer, as Homer was read at the opening of the Christian era, we have much stronger grounds for a like belief respecting the New Testament. The process of reasoning on which this assurance is founded can be easily comprehended. If we go back to the last quarter of the second century, we find abundant proof that a great number of copies of the New Testament were in circulation in the various provinces of the Roman empire. Professor Norton estimates that the number of copies of the Gospels then in circulation was not less than sixty thousand. The sixteen hundred manuscripts of the New Testament, or of parts of it, which are now known to exist, are copies, mediate or immediate, of those which were in use at that time. Since the extant manuscripts are essentially in agreement with one another, it follows that the documents from which they sprang, in various places and places distant from one another, must have had a like agreement. Had any material difference existed in the copies of the Epistle to the Romans, for example, which the Christians of Egypt, and Syria, and Rome, and Gaul read toward the close of the second century, that difference would inevitably have perpetuated itself in the copies derived from them, and would necessarily be manifest in those now existing. We are warranted in the conclusion, then, that the copies used at that date were substantially coincident with each other. By the same method of argument, we are authorized to conclude that the various documents from

which the manuscripts in use in the second century were transcribed had the same essential harmony. We are thus carried back to the life-time of the author, and of those who were conversant with him and with his production. Mutilation or corruption of the original manuscript, and of the copies of it first put in circulation, was prevented by the presence of the writer and of those to whom his book was committed, and who were interested in preserving it unaltered. No subsequent alteration could be made in a manuscript from which later manuscripts were transcribed without betraying itself the moment the comparison should be made with other representatives of the original writing. It is obvious that the force of this argument is increased in proportion to the number of the manuscripts which survive, and the diversity of their local origin. In this particular, the writings of the New Testament are placed at a striking advantage in comparison with the celebrated works of heathen antiquity.

The books of the New Testament, in all probability, were written at first on papyrus, or the ancient paper made by gluing together the strips taken from the rind directly under the bark of the plant bearing that name. By beating these with a mallet and subjecting them to an even pressure under a roller, they were converted into convenient writing-material. But the papyrus lacked durability. Manuscripts written upon it have been recovered from the ruins of Herculaneum, and have been found in great number in the tombs of Egypt. But the New Testament books owe their preservation to the fact that they were copied, from as early as the fourth century down through the Middle Ages, on a more durable substance. This was sometimes vellum, which means the skin of a young calf, although the term is also applied to the skins of kids, and of some other animals. The "Codex Sinaiticus," the great discovery of the German scholar Tischendorf, is probably written on the skins of antelopes or young asses. The manuscripts are generally written on parchment, that is, on the skins of sheep or goats, which have been prepared and dressed for the purpose. Before the time of Eumenes II., king of Pergamus from 197 to 159 B. C., from whom *parchment*—a corruption of *pergamena*—has its name, this substance was in use; but he introduced some improvement in the mode of preparing it. Even after the invention of cotton and linen paper, Biblical manuscripts were often of parchment. Prior to the thirteenth century, paper was seldom used for this purpose. It was in the monasteries that the work of transcribing the sacred books was chiefly done. In these establishments, there was usually a quiet room for the scribes, who wrote with the copy before them, or at the dictation of a reader. The ink used in the most ancient manuscripts has changed color, becoming usually red or brown. In the "Codex Vaticanus," a later hand has roughly retraced the letters, and the same thing has been done in many other cases. Since the seventh century, the ingredients of ink have changed very little. The colored inks, even in the oldest manuscripts, have often kept their brightness. Red, green, and purple lines are still brilliant. It is supposed that the instrument of writing on papyrus was the reed. Almost all of the manuscripts now existing were written with a metal pen, the *stylus*. The bodkin or needle *(acus)* was used to mark off the blank leaf into columns and lines. It was not uncommon in the early centuries to stain the vellum with purple, the color held in the highest regard by the ancients, and to impress the letters in silver and gold on this ground. Twelve leaves of a beautiful codex—the "Codex Purpureus"—remain; four of which are in the British Museum, six in the Vatican, and two at Vienna. They are of very thin vellum, of a purple dye, and stamped with silver letters which have turned black. The decoration of manuscripts of the Bible and of other works, which was the delight of mediæval monks, has served incidentally as one important means of determining their age. Whoever wishes to study specimens of the art of illumination in different centuries, or to inspect fac-similes of manuscripts of all ages, may be referred to the splendid work of M. Silvestre on paleography.

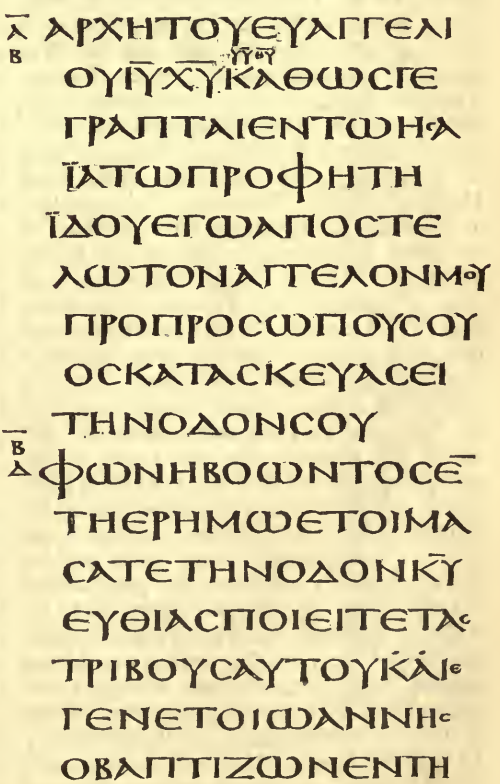


CODEX PURPUREUS. JOHN XV. 20.

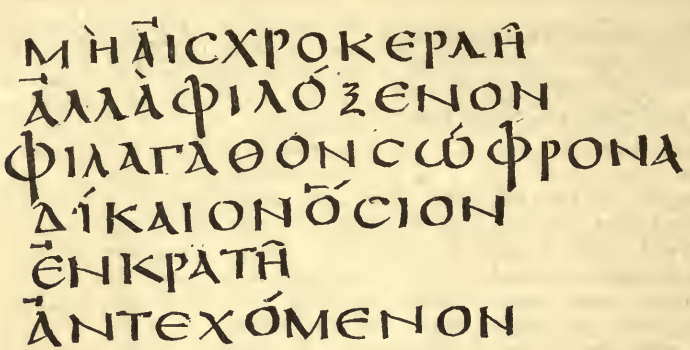
Manuscripts of the New Testament are

CODEX BASILIENSIS. MATT. XV. 1, 2.

of two classes: the "uncial," as they are called from the form of the letters inscribed on them, and the "cursive." The uncial manuscripts are written in square capital letters, disconnected, but in close juxtaposition to each other, with no space between the words, and with few, if any, marks of punctuation. The difficulty of reading books thus written can be understood by any one who will try the experiment on a few lines of English written in the same way. From the tenth century, the cursive or running hand came into vogue, with a more or less complete system of punctuation. Thus, the uncial manuscripts are the oldest, and for this reason presumably the most correct. Yet a cursive manuscript may be of higher authority than certain uncials, for the reason that the former may be the transcript of an uncial of much earlier date. Among the uncials there are five of preëminent value. The "Codex Alexandrinus," which is supposed to have been written early in the fifth century, was sent in 1628 by the Patriarch of Constantinople to Charles I., and is now in the British Museum. It is designated by the initial letter A. The "Codex Vaticanus"—having the designation B—has been in the Vatican Library since 1455. It is incomplete, all after Hebrews ix. 14 being from a later hand. Its date is probably not later than the fourth century. "Codex Ephræmi" (C) is one of the treasures of the Paris Library. It is in fragments, however, considerable portions having been lost. It is of about the same age as the "Alexandrinus." "Codex Bezæ" (D), presented to the University Library at Cambridge by Beza in 1581, comprises the Gospels and Acts. It is referred to the sixth century. Last on this select list, and the latest found, is the "Codex Sinaiticus"—designated by the initial letter of the Hebrew alphabet. In May, 1844, Tischendorf, as he sat in the library of the convent of St. Catherine,—a cloister established at the foot of Mount Sinai by the Emperor Justinian,—noticed in a waste-basket, the contents of which, he was told, had twice before been emptied into the oven, a number of sheets of parchment, inscribed in Greek characters of the most ancient form. His practiced eye was instantly caught by these remarkable sheets, which he found to be forty-three leaves of the Septuagint, the ancient Greek translation of the Old Testament. The monks gave them to him. He saved the manuscript of which the leaves formed a part by informing them of their value. But of the manuscript from which they had been taken, he had no knowledge until, on a third visit, in 1859, while he was sitting in a cell of the cloister with one of the brethren, in whose company he was partaking of refreshments after an excursion upon the mountains, his host said to him: "I have here a Greek Old Testament." Suiting his action to the word, he brought a manuscript wrapped in a red cloth, which Tischendorf, to his amazement and joy, found to contain portions of the Septuagint—the leaves previously obtained having been taken from it—and with them the entire New Testament, together with the Epistle of Barnabas in Greek,—only a Latin version was possessed before,—and parts of the "Shepherd of



CODEX SINAITICUS. MARK I. 1–4.



CODEX CLAROMONTANUS (STICHOMETRIC). TIT. I. 8, 9.

Hermas." He was allowed to take it to his room. "Not until I reached my chamber," he writes, "did I give myself up to the overpowering impression of the fact; my most daring dreams and hopes were surpassed. I knew that I had an inestimable treasure for Christian science in my hands." He could not think of sleep. Through the whole night, indifferent to the cold, he was busy in copying the Epistle of Barnabas. How at length he was enabled to carry away the precious discovery as a present to the Czar Alexander is an interesting story, which cannot here be told. The manuscript is of the finest vellum. Tischendorf considered it older even than the Vatican codex. The poetical books of the Old Testament in the "Sinaiticus" are stichometric—that is, divided into lines according to parallelism, or the true principle of Hebrew poetry. Euthalius of Alexandria, in the fifth century, published portions of the New Testament, broken up into longer or shorter clauses, for the convenience of the reader, and to avoid the use of punctuation. The clauses terminated at the more important pauses. Manuscripts written in this style are called "stichometric." The amount of vellum required was a hinderance to this practice becoming general. Yet where the division was not made to the eye, the number of *stichoi* is frequently given at the end of manuscripts, showing that the terminal places were known to scribes and readers. Stichometry was really nothing but a cumbrous substitute for punctuation.

One of the uncials just mentioned, the "Codex Ephræmi," is a palimpsest. About the twelfth century, the writing was almost erased, and upon it were written Greek works of St. Ephraem, a celebrated teacher in the Syrian church in the fourth century. In ancient Rome, there was in use a kind of parchment, or other writing material, on which writing could be easily effaced, and which could then be used again. Cicero rallies a correspondent on his frugality, as shown in his making use of such material to write his letters upon. As papyrus increased in price, and especially after the conquest of Egypt by the Mohammedans, in the seventh century, had cut off the supply, it became more common to make use of palimpsests —parchments on which the writing has been rubbed off. The popular impression, however, that the monks made a practice of thus treating the ancient classical literature, is unfounded. The parchments which were rewritten in this way were generally scraps or fragments, or other waste material. The restoration of the nearly obliterated letters is effected by chemicals or by boiling the manuscript in oil raised to a very high temperature. One of the most successful restorations is the Institutes of Gaius, by Niebuhr. From the character of the material which was chosen for the palimpsests, it can be readily understood why nearly all the restorations are but fragments of the works to which they belong. This is true of Cicero's "Republic" and of a famous historical manuscript, which were recovered by Cardinal Mai, the most successful of the laborers in this work of deciphering palimpsests. The last-mentioned manuscript was found to consist of excerpts, or a kind of commonplace book, drawn from Dion Cassius, Diodorus, and other Greek historians. The utter derangement of the original order of the sheets in the palimpsest imposes on the restorer the additional, and often most arduous, task of recombining them in their proper sequence.

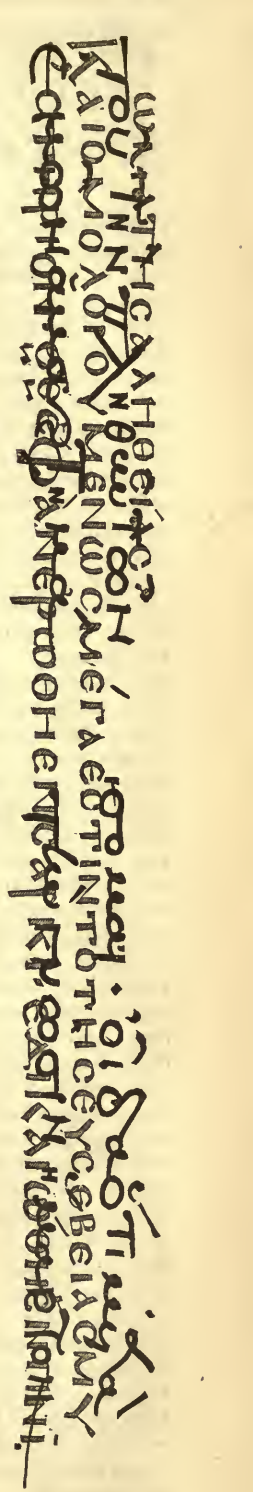
No one should be surprised to learn that a great number of various readings exist in books which have been copied and recopied by the hand. Let any one try the experiment of copying a single page of printed matter, even. Ordinarily it will be found that no inconsiderable number of mistakes, most and perhaps all of them minute, have been made. Old English authors who wrote before printing was invented require a great amount of textual criticism. Six manuscripts have been published, in parallel columns, of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

Apart from discrepancies in orthography, there are diversities in great number which affect the sense, some of them being quite ludicrous instances of the carelessness of scribes. It might be supposed that the art of printing would secure entire accuracy in the transmission of literary works. It is found, however, that compositors and proof-readers are very far from being impeccable. Shakspere's writings are hardly a fair example of the possible varieties of text in printed works, since his own apparent indifference as regards the correct printing of them caused the early editions to swarm with inaccuracies. Critics find their ingenuity tasked to the utmost to divine the meaning, or, indeed, to find any clear meaning, in passages not a few. Errors of transcription and of the press, far more numerous than most readers imagine, have crept into our English classics of a later date. Hence, annotated editions, or editions carefully corrected to conform to the primitive text, have become necessary to the critical student. Milton's second sonnet to Cyriac Skinner (xxii.) reads thus in Todd's edition:

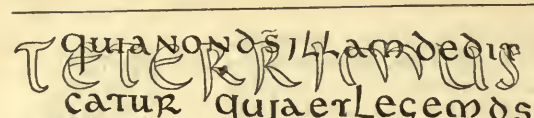
"Cyryac, this three years day these eyes though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide."

In the sonnet, as first published by Phillips, for "light" in line three, we read "sight"; for "sight" in line four, "day"; for "of" in the beginning of line five, "or"; for "a jot" in line seven, "one jot"; for "the world's" in line thirteen, "this world's"; for "better" in line fourteen, "other." Also, prior to the edition of Dr. Newton (1749–1752), the last two lines were wanting in the printed copies, and in line thirteen "whereof" stood in the room of "of which." At Cambridge (England) is the manuscript which was dictated by Milton to his amanuensis. In this there are several author's corrections. Milton dictated first, for "Heaven's hand" in line seven, "God's hand"; for "bear up and" in line eight, "attend to"; and for "Right onward" in line nine, "Uphillward." The editors, since Dr. Newton, have properly followed the Cambridge manuscript, but with one important exception. In the room of the words "Of which all Europe *rings*," that manuscript has "Of which all Europe *talks*." "Only in this case," says Masson, "have I adopted a reading from Phillips's printed copy of 1694. * * * I have no doubt that 'talks' is what Milton himself would have printed. But the word 'rings,' substituted by Phillips, probably because the first line of the sonnet to Fairfax was still echoing in his ear, has so recommended itself by its energy, and has become so identified with the passage by frequent quotation, that no editor since Newton has had the heart to return to 'talks.'" Perhaps some reasons might be given for thinking that Milton said "rings," but the authority of the manuscript is against it.

The foregoing remarks will give the reader an idea of the source of a great part of the variations of the text of the New Testament. They grow out of the inadvertence of transcribers. The principal causes of mistake have been classified by Dr. Scrivener—to whose work we are much indebted—and by other writers. A clause or sentence ends with the same word as closed the sentence before. The eye of the scribe, as it turns back to the page which he is copying, falls upon the later word, and he is thus led to leave out the intermediate clause.



CODEX OF EPHRAEM. 1. TIM. III. 15–16.



CICERO, DE REPUBLICA. PALIMPSEST.

The last clause of I. John ii. 23—"But he that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father also"—is printed in italics and put in brackets in King James's version. But it belongs in the text. It was left out of many manuscripts, probably because it and the clause preceding closed, in the Greek, with the same word, "Father." Seeing this word, scribes, when they had only copied the first clause, supposed that they had transcribed the second. Differences in the order of words are very frequent, in cases where the sense is not particularly affected. The order of the names "Jesus Christ" continually varies. Scribes wrote "Ananias by name," or "by name Ananias," taking little care about it, as the meaning was the same. Words which differ slightly in orthography are mistaken for one another. Then there are *itacisms*, as they are termed, or the confounding of certain vowels or diphthongs which closely resemble one another in sound; a mistake that would easily occur if one were writing from dictation. Thus the Greek words for "we" and "you," which differ only in the initial vowel, are with great frequency interchanged. Synonymous words are often interchanged, the transcriber's mind being occupied only with the sense. Archaic forms will sometimes be replaced by more modern, the scribe following the fashion of spelling prevalent in his own day. Diversities in spelling, not included under this head, are of little moment. The omission or insertion of words which have no material effect on the sense, is a very prolific source of various readings. Particles in the Greek may often be inserted, or exchanged with one another, without any very perceptible alteration of the meaning. Hence, the scribe, having the thought chiefly in mind, is led to deviate from his copy. The omission or insertion of the Greek article, a small word, and hence easily passed over or added, affects the sense in some degree in numerous passages. "The article," says Dr. Scrivener,—who has clearly stated these sources of error,—"will often impart vividness and reality to an expression, where its presence is not indispensable." One of the examples of the omission of the article is Luke xii. 54: "When ye see a cloud rise," etc. The best manuscripts give the article: "When ye see the cloud," etc., that is, the cloud referred to in I. Kings xviii. 44, indicating rain. Since the letters were all run together in the oldest manuscripts, with no division into words, when that division came to be made there would be not a few cases of uncertainty as to where the lines of separation should be placed. The judgment of scribes would differ, and thus diversities would come into the text. Where the New Testament writers quote a part of a passage, or a fragment of a passage in the Old Testament, scribes would sometimes fill out the quotation, it might be from inadvertence, the whole original passage being in memory, or else consciously. A very great source of various readings is the habit of bringing into one Evangelist words or clauses from the parallel passage in another. A disposition to harmonize or assimilate the different narratives, especially the first three Gospels, is the main motive of this procedure. Changes would be made for the sake of removing an appearance of contradiction. When a remark or question of Jesus is given in two or more different forms, various readings are likely to arise from a desire to bring about uniformity in the Gospels. Some of these different readings were, not unlikely, at first marginal notes, which afterward crept into the text. Marginal notes of various sorts might not be intended for corrections, but a subsequent scribe might so regard them. The statement (I. John v. 7) about the three witnesses, which is now known to be spurious, is thought by some to have found its way in this manner into the text. The doxology connected with the Lord's Prayer, in Matt. vi. 13, is a remarkable interpolation of the same general character. It is thought to have been an early liturgical form, which, first recorded on the margin, was transferred to the text. It will probably be inclosed in brackets in the new revision of the English Bible. An explanation of an obscure word or phrase, which was made by some scribe on the margin, may have been incorporated, by those who copied his manuscript, in the text. The book of Revelation is marked by rough and ungrammatical forms of language, which have frequently been softened in the manuscripts. The number of intentional alterations, growing out of an ambition to correct the text, or out of some doctrinal bias, is compara-

tively few. Yet there are readings which must be accounted for in this way.

The total number of various readings may startle the ordinary reader of the Bible when he first ascertains how many there are. When he learns that there are upward of one hundred thousand, his impression may be that the whole text is involved in uncertainty and confusion. This fear, however, is groundless. The vast majority of diversities relate to insignificant points which do not at all affect the sense of Scripture. They hardly exceed in importance, in a multitude of cases, the omission to dot an *i* or cross a *t* in English chirography. Frequently, where the sense is slightly modified, the change is not greater than that produced in a modern author by the superseding of a word by its synonym. There are instances where the diversity of reading is of more consequence. The number of cases is not small where the true text is more expressive, or varies in its shade of meaning, when compared with the rejected readings. But no doctrine and no precept of Christianity is excluded from the text, nor left without adequate support, in consequence of sound textual criticism. Only two passages of any considerable length lack adequate verification. The first is the last twelve verses of Mark (xvi. 9-20), which are not found in the Vatican and Sinaitic manuscripts, and are rejected by the ancient Fathers, Eusebius and Jerome. Tischendorf and most critics consider them no part of the text as written by Mark. Some, however, are of opinion that the Evangelist wrote two copies, only one of which lacked this conclusion. Others think that the manuscript written by Mark had another conclusion, but by some accident was mutilated, and that some early transcribers then condensed from the other Gospels the closing verses as they now stand, to take the place of the part lost. The other passage is John vii. 53–viii. 11. This section, says Dr. Plumptre, "is one of the most striking instances of an undoubted addition to the original text of the Gospel narratives. * * * It is an insertion which breaks the order of the discourse." These sentences express the almost unanimous verdict of scholars at present. As to the origin of the passage, many would agree with Dr. Plumptre, who says: 'We shall find reason to believe that it belongs to the Apostolic age, and preserves to us the record of an incident in the life of our Lord, but that it has not come to us from the pen of St. John." It is a plausible conjecture that the incident recorded in this pericope was transmitted by oral tradition, and early recorded by some copyist on the margin of his manuscript. This would account for its being inserted in different places. In one manuscript it is placed after chapter vii., by a number at the end of the Gospel, and by four cursive manuscripts of value at the end of Luke xxi. Copyists thus appear to have inserted it where they could find room for it. "It is most certain," says Tischendorf in his eighth edition, "that the passage respecting the woman taken in adultery was not written by John."

It is a fact to be emphasized that the Scriptures are almost utterly free from willful corruption. The great critic Bentley, in a passage cited by Dr. Scrivener, says: "The real text of the sacred writers does not now (since the originals have been so long lost) lie in any manuscript or edition, but is dispersed in them all. 'Tis competently exact indeed in the worst manuscript now extant; nor is one article of faith or moral precept either perverted or lost in them." "No matter how many variations," says Bentley, "all the better to a knowing and serious reader, who is thereby more richly furnished to select what he sees genuine. But even put them into the hands of a knave or a fool, and yet with the most sinistrous and absurd choice, he shall not extinguish the light of any one chapter, nor so disguise Christianity but that every feature of it will still be the same." It is well that our knowledge of the sacred text does not depend on any single manuscript. No evidence of the faithful transmission of such a document, and of its protection against the causes of corruption, could, without a miracle, be made so satisfactory as the proof of the substantial accuracy of the text of the New Testament which is derived from the essential accordance of a great variety of manuscripts from different lands and ages.

To determine now, as far as may be, what the original text was in the cases where discrepancies exist, is the business of textual criticism. Besides technical training and extensive knowledge, there are required, also, judicial fairness, and skill in weighing evidence of this nature. The manuscripts are not the only witnesses whose testimony is to be examined, sifted, and rated at its proper value. But they are the witnesses first in order. The particular character of each of these from which light is sought, must be ascertained. There may be in a manuscript a tendency to error in one direction, and a signal merit in another. Its peculiarity must be taken into account, just as in a court-

room the qualities of a witness are considered in deciding on the weight to be given to what he says. Where the oldest and most trustworthy manuscripts are generally agreed, it requires a strong array of proofs on the opposite side to turn the scale against them.

Besides the manuscripts, the most ancient versions throw light on the text. These were made from older manuscripts than any now extant. But in estimating the worth of their testimony, great caution is requisite. One preliminary question to be settled is how accurate in general the version was. How does it correspond in its general character to the original Scriptures? Does it keep close to the text where the text is known, or is it loose and free? Then the text of the versions themselves may have undergone changes, and may require to be settled by just such a process of investigation as that which we are pursuing in the larger field. Obviously, an ancient version is of no authority in settling the text of the Greek Scriptures in places where that version has itself in later ages undergone modification.

There are two of the old versions which are of preëminent value in these inquiries. The first is the *Peshito*, or the ancient Syriac translation. It was made in the latter part of the second century. What adds to its value is that it was the authoritative version of the entire church of Syria. It was made, also, at one time. This is certainly true of the New Testament. Associated on the same level with the Syriac version are the early Latin translations. Jerome, in the fourth century, translated the Hebrew Scriptures into Latin, and revised earlier Latin versions of the New Testament. In this way he produced the Vulgate. From the Fathers of the second century, we can gain considerable knowledge relative to the earlier Latin versions which formed the basis of Jerome's revision. Not a few passages are cited from them. Jerome himself was a scholar, and had in his hands manuscripts which are now lost. It is a drawback, however, from the value of the Vulgate as a witness that its own text requires criticism. This work of emendation was undertaken as long ago as A. D. 802 by Alcuin, under the auspices of Charlemagne. It was undertaken anew by the direction of the Council of Trent, under the superintendence of the popes. The first revised edition, under Sixtus V., was so carelessly prepared that though it was declared by papal authority to be correct, and the last umpire in controversies,—as the Tridentine Fathers had decreed that the Vulgate should be,—it had to be recalled, the reason being assigned, at the suggestion of Bellarmin, that its blemishes were errors of the press. It was a false reason, but it saved the papal dignity, and a more correct edition was prepared and issued. The authorized Vulgate is not, however, so pure a text as some editions issued by scholars not having this ecclesiastical sanction for their labors.

There is a third class of witnesses to whom the scholar can resort to aid him in determining the correct reading of a disputed passage. The ancient ecclesiastical writers, including those of a date prior to our oldest manuscripts, frequently quote from the New Testament. We can examine their citations, and compare them with the rest of our authorities. In some instances their silence is a powerful negative argument. The circumstance that the defenders of the doctrine of the Trinity, like Athanasius, in the fourth century, never quote I. John v. 7, demonstrates that this verse did not stand in their Bibles. Had they known of it, no one can doubt that they would have appealed to it, and laid great stress upon it. Unhappily, the testimony of the Fathers on the text is lessened in value by two circumstances. The first is the inexact manner of quotation that prevailed. Verbal precision was not prized. The earlies Fathers quote less exactly from the New Testament writings than from the Old The second difficulty is the imperfection o the text of the Fathers themselves. As i the case of other ancient authors, their writ ings require emendation, having been ex posed to the usual sources of corruption When a passage was made the subject o particular comment, as, for example, in th exegetical writings of Origen, a writer in th first half of the third century, or when Scriptural passage is a theme of doctrina controversy, its exact phraseology is, o course, brought to light.

The reader can now form an idea of th difficulties of textual criticism, and of th intellectual and scholarly qualities whic are indispensable for success in this impo tant work. He should not be misled, hov ever, into the rash inference that the que tions which arise are uniformly difficult t be decided. In a multitude of instance the preponderance of evidence is undeni bly in favor of one particular reading, an against every other. The discovery of th Sinaitic manuscript was a most welcon

addition to the means of solving doubtful problems, where the evidence was equally balanced. Here was a new witness, brought out of concealment, of venerable authority, and thus capable, in various litigated points, of speaking the decisive word.

Beyond the sorts of testimony which have been described, there is evidence to be obtained from the known style and habit of expression of the author whose text is subjected to criticism. Thus in Shakspere, between two different readings with regard to which the proofs are equally balanced, we unhesitatingly choose that which has the Shaksperian tone. In New Testament criticism, a considerable amount of external evidence may be sometimes neutralized by the intrinsic probability, or improbability, that the author would have used the particular expression in dispute. Does it sound like him? Does it accord with his usual manner? Does it harmonize with his teaching elsewhere? Of course, in this department of the inquiry, there is room for the operation of a merely subjective bias. There is no absolute criterion. Much has to be determined by the critical feeling. And this leads to the remark that no amount of learning, and, it might even be added, no amount of candor, will supersede the need of tact. By nature and by training there is developed in some minds a tact, like the sense of smell in a greyhound; and those who possess it are geniuses in criticism. They are not infallible; yet even their conjectures are always deserving of consideration. Bentley, in classical criticism, was a man of this stamp.

This is not the place to attempt to enumerate the variety of considerations by which a sound critic is influenced, and which contribute to make up his judgment. One thing may be mentioned by way of illustration. A certain reading, compared with its rival, may be supported by a great number of respectable authorities. Yet we may discern just how it originated, just what slip or misapprehension may have naturally given occasion to it, while, on the contrary, we discern with clearness that its rival cannot be accounted for in any such way. Hence we adopt with confidence the reading that has much less external support. This is the verdict from a large view of the probabilities in the case. Questions in textual criticism are not to be settled, as the Dutch magistrate in "Knickerbocker" decided his cases, by weighing the papers in a pair of scales. The considerations are numerous, and many of them delicate. They require a correspondingly delicate organ to appreciate them.

It was not until long after the invention of printing that a Greek New Testament was issued from the press. The Old Testament was printed in Hebrew, and the entire Bible in Latin, before there was any considerable call for the New Testament Scriptures in the original tongue. This was owing to the low state of Greek scholarship in Europe. At length, the famous Cardinal Ximenes caused the Complutensian Polyglot to be prepared, —so called from the place (in Latin, *Complutum;* in Spanish, *Alcala*) where his university was placed. The New Testament was printed, the Greek and Latin in parallel columns, in 1514. But it was not published until six years after the appearance of the edition of Erasmus, the first Greek Testament to circulate in print, which was sent forth by the celebrated publisher Froben, of Basle, in 1516. Erasmus was in a hurry to get the book out in advance of the Complutensian edition. He used but a very few manuscripts, and the best one of these he used but little. For the Apocalypse, he had but a single manuscript, and as the last five verses were missing from it, he supplied them by a translation made with his own hand from the Latin. He made considerable improvement, in subsequent editions, upon this first publication which, with the accompanying Latin translation, was all prepared in the space of ten months. After the Complutensian Bible appeared, Erasmus availed himself of it in revising his text. One of the most celebrated of the early editors of the Greek Testament is Robert Stephens, who enjoyed the patronage of Francis I. of France, but afterward became a Protestant and went to Geneva. There his fourth edition was issued. It was while on a journey on horseback from Paris to Lyons that he divided the New Testament by that arrangement of verses which has since been in vogue. The third edition of Stephens, published in 1550, became in England the standard or *received text.* The Elzevir edition, published at Leyden, and founded partly on Stephens's text, is the *received text* usually on the Continent. Between 1559 and 1598, Theodore Beza, the pupil of Calvin, published five editions of the Greek Testament. His variations from the text of Stephens are not very material. It is the fourth edition of Stephens and the fourth of Beza which are the basis of the authorized English revision. Both these texts are so closely allied to the fourth edition of

Erasmus that this last, as Ellicott has remarked, may be considered the mother-text of our English version.

What is the character of this text? Stephens used but sixteen manuscripts, and these were not very accurately collated. One of his authorities was an old uncial, the Codex of Beza, the text of which, however, is remarkably corrupt. Beza's critical work was likewise of no great account. Since that day, several hundreds of manuscripts have been diligently examined. A crowd of witnesses have been interrogated, and have thrown a flood of light on the questions which criticism has to determine. Textual criticism has become a science. It has shared in the general progress of knowledge. Scholarship in this branch is as far in advance of the state of knowledge in the sixteenth century as the astronomy and botany of to-day are beyond the condition in which they were two or three centuries ago.

SOME QUACKS.

In spite of all moral condemnation, one cannot avoid a certain admiration for a bold and successful impostor. Boldness and shrewdness are captivating in themselves—Becky Sharp, though detestable, is sublime. Milton meant that we should admire his Satan. Scribe has a *comédie vaudeville*, I remember, which appeals entirely to men's admiration for successful charlatanism. So well known is this trait, that some men in politics, as Wilkes, the English demagogue of the last century, and certain American politicians of the present century, or thereabouts, are shrewd enough to win on their barefaced reputation for demagoguery. It is one of the dangers of free government that many people like a trickster, if he is only bold and entirely without scruple. To every condemnation of his morals, men rejoin that he is "mighty smart," or, as they say in England of a famous living statesman, "awfully clever." The mob like the man who goes to extremes, says Brougham. The showmen who frankly do business on their reputation for skillful imposture are far less blameworthy than those political, medical, and clerical humbugs who handle more vital things than "Cardiff giants" and "What-is-its."

But one cannot help being amused even with these impostors. A vulture is interesting from some stand-points. There are books filled with the exploits of quacks; but what I want to do here is to run a naturalist's pin through a few smaller specimens of the humbug family, of the medical genus, whom I have known.

The common resort of quacks in the times of a generation or more ago was Thompsonianism. I have heard that Thompson's little book, containing all the secrets of therapeutics, was sold for twenty dollars, the buyer binding himself not to communicate these mysteries to any other person. As the Thompsonians used only vegetable remedies, and for the most part simples, they were called "root-doctors," and from their use of "steam-sweats," by means of boiled Indian corn packed about the patient, they got the sobriquet at the West of "corn-doctors," but more commonly of "steam-doctors." Any bold-faced ignoramus might set up for a steam-doctor: it was Gil Blas's "universal dissolvent" come back again, for there is nothing new even in quackery. The steam-doctors sneeringly dubbed the regular physicians "calomel-doctors"—a term rendered appropriate by the excessive use of mercury fifty years ago. I think it is O. H. Smith, in his "Sketches," who relates that a certain ignorant fellow, in the interior of Indiana, bought a book, and removed to a new settlement, where he set up for a "root-doctor." A friend who met him inquired after his success. He got on very well, he said. He thought "root-doctorin' a good deal better than calamus-doctorin'. He'd had a case the other day of a sick old woman, and he thought he'd just try the calamus-doctor's plan, so he dug up some calamus and give it to her, and she died."

A blacksmith in one of the river counties of Indiana set up for a "botanic physician," and when I knew him was very rich. A steam-boat pilot in the same county, with no education at all, removed to Brooklyn, and engaged very successfully in cures by rubbing. He claimed to have learned all his secrets by a revelation made in a dream, and he kept a sort of hospital, generally well filled with rich fools. Some of the theories which the root-doctors came to hold were

very amusing. I know a minister of prominence in the West, who was once a "student" or office-boy for one of them. He relates that the doctor sent him into the woods to get some of the inner bark of the butternut-tree.

"Tom," said the doctor, as he departed, "I want you to scrape this bark downward. It is for a cathartic. Don't you scrape it upward, or it will be an emetic. And whatever you do, Thomas, don't you scrape it both ways. If you do, nobody on earth can tell how it will act."

But these were small fry. The rarest specimen of the quack that I have ever known lived in an important city on the upper Mississippi, and practiced curing by mesmerism. Happily he is dead now, though I make no doubt that other quacks have taken his place. This Doctor X. had failed in a very remarkable way, as some men do, in commercial business, and had set up as a mesmeric doctor, though I believe he practiced on an "As-you-like-it" system. To the scientifically inclined patient he was a mesmerist, to the pious he was a man who cured by the power of faith; and he was accustomed to remark, with great austerity, that if the Protestant ministers of the city had as much faith as he, they could work as wonderful cures as he did—which, I believe, was the only strikingly true thing he ever said. To spiritualists, again, he was a medium. His method of cure was by the laying on of hands. He stood with his hands on the patient's head for about five minutes each day. He not only cured, but he diagnosticated the disease in the same way. For half the secret of success in quackery lies in the audacity of your pretension. "*Toujours l'audace*" is the legend of every impostor who wins. It was better than a play to see grave clergymen, lawyers, and other prominent citizens file into the office of a morning to have the solemn old humbug put his magnetic paw upon their heads. Among his patrons were prominent public men, and the Governor of the State himself. The Governor urged me to go to him, because, as he said, the man talked most rationally.

Meeting "Doctor" X. one day in a public library, I sought to hear his theory of healing. He expounded it almost in these words:

"I put my hand upon the patient's head, and bring the sensorium of my brain into contact with the sensorium of the patient's brain. Then I send a subtle current of etherium all over the patient's system, stimulating all his organs into activity. Then I make my examination. I do not want the patient to tell me anything about his symptoms—symptoms are apt to mislead. But I begin with the upper lobe of the brain; if I find that all right, I proceed to the middle lobe; then the lower lobe, or cerebellum; and if I find a coagulation of blood at the top of the spinal cord, I know that the patient has epilepsy, and so on."

A Jew by the name of Quohn was my neighbor. He was a merry-hearted fellow, in spite of the intolerable agony of eighteen years of asthma, which a little later caused his death. He went to see Doctor X., of course, and the exertion of climbing the doctor's steps set him a-wheezing like the steam-engine at a blast-furnace. Placing his hand on Mr. Quohn's head, the wise doctor pronounced the patient to be suffering from asthma. This was a remarkable token of skill, and the patient suffered himself to come under the doctor's hand for five minutes a day during the next five or six weeks, at fifty cents each time. At last, finding his asthma steadily growing worse, he gave over, laughing merrily at his own stupidity.

"I t'ink," he said to me one day, "t'at Doctor X. has cot a coot teal of magnetic power."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"How could he traw eighteen tollars and a half out of my pocket if he hadn't?" he gasped.

Whenever I speak or write of any manifestation of superstition or ignorance in the West, I am sure to meet some eastern man who speaks deprecatingly of western barbarism, as though any one section of the country held a monopoly of ignorance and gullibility. Such a one has only to read the advertisements of clairvoyants in the New York papers to see how many people, in what is called "society," go to see seventh daughters of seventh daughters, or wonderful astrologers.

During the first year that I was in New York, I was talking one day to a prominent journalist. He was speaking highly of a clairvoyant doctor in the West, to whom he was about to forward a lock of hair of one of the most celebrated clergymen of the metropolis. It seems that this clairvoyant physician could tell the disease and prescribe medicines by means of a lock of hair. My friend proceeded to mention that the wife of a certain New-Englander, of world-wide fame, had been ill a long time, and that at his suggestion a lock of her hair had been mailed to this great clairvoyant, who had com-

plained that the hair was not cut off close enough to the head. A second lock of hair, cut closer, served the purpose, and brought a correct diagnosis and a beneficial prescription.

When this recital was ended, I broke out into some skeptical ravings about the absurdity of all this, finally saying:

"Why, that's as bad as old Doctor X., whom I used to know at ——."

"Doctor X. of ——?" responded my friend; "why, that's the very man!"

You see how much more susceptible of deception the wild West is than New York and New England. The excellent New England lady has since died, in spite of X.'s prescriptions, and the eminent metropolitan clergyman did not recover from his disease by means of X.'s prescription. I cannot but admire X.'s ingenuity, however. At home he despised physic, and wrought all by his omnipotent hand. For the absent he prescribed as above. By these ingenious and thrifty acts he acquired a competence, and became a connoisseur in fruit-growing at his country place.

There is flourishing just now a rich and famous quack, who lives near New York, but who finds much of his harvest among the intellectual people of Boston. A gentleman who had been worried by his friends and family to submit a lock of his sick child's hair to this man, at length consented, and, taking a pair of shears to sever a ringlet from her head, he observed that her hair was very similar in color to that of a pet dog lying on the pillow beside her. So he snipped off one of the poodle's curls and sent it. It is needless to add that the child's disease was very correctly described by return of mail!

Of course, quacks always take refuge in something that has an air of mystery. Why a clairvoyant should know any more than anybody else, or why an Indian remedy or an Egyptian doctor should be valuable, it would puzzle one to tell. You have only to peruse the board-fences and dead-walls to understand how much quackery depends on this love of far-fetchedness.

When I was but a little boy, my brother and myself discovered that the lime made by burning the shells of some species of clams or mussels which are very abundant on the Ohio served excellently to polish silver ware—better, perhaps, than the articles now sold for the purpose. What boy has not made his wonderful invention at some period of his life? We were intent on making our fortunes. We manufactured ugly pasteboard boxes, and put up a quantity of shell lime. We could not peddle it ourselves without sacrificing the dignity of the family. There was, however, a venerable junkman, with a hand-cart, who went about the streets of New Albany in that time. On application to him he consented, after trying it, to sell it for us on commission. We delivered the whole stock at once. The junkman wanted a name for it. By dint of looking steadfastly at the Venetian blinds in the window, one of us originated the name of "Venetian Polish." But the junk-dealer said that would not do. People liked French things. So he proceeded to dub it "French Venetian Polish," and, without listening to any remonstrances on our part, he marched off, sold the article, but forgot to make any return to the manufacturers. I often think that many patent nostrums are named about as intelligently as our poor "French Venetian Polish."

I have heard, or read, that there was in one of the larger western towns a man who called himself an "Indian doctor," who was all the vogue, to the great chagrin of the regular physicians. At last he had an amputation to perform, and the consulting physicians, regardless of the patient, stood off to see the ignorant man make a fool of himself. To their surprise, he performed the operation well. One of the doctors took him aside and inquired how he knew so much of surgery, upon which the quack showed a diploma, saying that he knew he should starve if he did not pretend to quackery. Upon this being reported to the others, one of them said: "We'll ruin him now," which they did by reporting everywhere that he was a regularly educated physician.

Indian medicine among the Indians themselves is, for the most part, blind superstition and arrant imposture. The savages can dress wounds fairly well, and they may know some simples that are good, but not half so good as the remedies in use among civilized people. Their chief reliance for a cure seems to be the keeping up of an unearthly howling over the bed of the patient, by way of driving off the evil spirits. It is only the state of semi-savage ignorance of scientific matters in which the prevalent methods of education leave our people that makes them so eager to accept Indian, Persian, Egyptian or American quackery in preference to scientific treatment.

One of my school-mates was hard of hearing. In his childhood, the physicians having failed to relieve the deafness which came a

one of the sequels of a fever, the family resolved to consult a famous "Egyptian doctor" in Cincinnati, and a relative of mine was the messenger for this purpose. This Egyptian doctor, who was only a shrewd negro, perhaps with accomplices, did not ask for a lock of hair, but wished to have the middle finger of the sufferer dipped into water in a certain way, so that only the middle of the finger should be wetted. The water was then bottled and taken to him. In the present case he complained that others had put their hands into the water, and it was necessary to make a second trial; by the time this was done, the doctor had secured information enough to startle the family, and greatly increase his reputation for the possession of the black art.

I suppose one must attribute to the singular inefficiency of our school systems the strange tendency to superstition in medicine, as well as much narrow prejudice in other matters, so prevalent among the mass of our people. I have known families who regularly employed two physicians in their families,—an allopathic physician for the adults and a homeopathist for the children,—on the plan, I suppose, of giving to each one pills according to his size. I have known people, otherwise sane, to stand an asthmatic boy up against a growing tree, bore a hole at his exact height, and insert a lock of his hair, driving in a peg after it, and then cutting the hair from his head. The superstition is that when the boy grows above that lock of hair, his asthma will vanish. Among more ignorant people, the blood of a black hen is sometimes used for erysipelas, and the oil of a black dog is applied for rheumatism, and, to my knowledge, astonishing cures of consumption have been wrought by administering internally the oil from a large black dog. Pills made of spider-webs cure the ague, and so also will caterpillars worn around the neck as beads. The two last are *similia similibus*—the shuddering produced by the remedy cures the shaking of the ague, I suppose. Something of the same notion is found, no doubt, in the application of the flesh of the rattlesnake to cure its own bite. There is, possibly, a real benefit from this, the tissues of the newly killed snake absorbing some of the poison that would otherwise be distributed through the human system.

One of the rarest quacks I have ever known was a man whose mind was positively feeble in everything but cunning. He was greatly sought after as a doctor for children by people who would not trust him to treat grown folks—the measure of his intellect being just suited to the size of a child. He was always boasting of his success.

"How are you, Doctor W.?" I said, one day.

"I am well, and my patients are doing well, too," he answered, characteristically.

He took an active part in politics and secret societies, for the sake of talking about his patients, until he became a by-word. Once in a political meeting he was appointed on a committee. Instantly he was on his feet.

"Mr. Chairman," he drawled, "I hope you'll excuse me. I must leave the house at once to see a patient."

"Mr. Chairman," cried another, "I hope you will excuse Doctor W. and let him go to see this patient. This is the first patient he has had in a month."

I have had this man assure me that a patient would get well, when he was actually and visibly in the very article of death from consumption at the moment, and was dead in an hour afterward. The ignorant quack probably believed what he said. He was only a children's doctor, and could not be expected to know whether a grown man was dying or only getting well. In 1860 I met, in Manitoba, a great medicine-chief of the Crees, who was called in French "*Grandes Oreilles*," a name that easily translates itself into English as "Long Ears." But the medicine-man is not such a donkey as his victim. A year or two later, a chief's son at Manitoba was very low of pneumonia. All the incantations and dervish howling and dancing of the medicine-men could not vanquish the disease. So a white physician was called in. He used a stethoscope to examine the lungs, and the savages watched him in mute astonishment as he handled the flexible rubber tube with silver end-pieces. The Indian got well, and Grandes Oreilles plaintively confided to a white man of his acquaintance that he himself could have cured the young man easily if he had had that little silver thing which the white doctor used to make him well.

Some years ago, a fellow lay dead drunk in one of the streets of New York. Some rollicking medical student pushed through the crowd that surrounded the drunken man, and declared immediately that the man was not drunk, but was suffering from a bad attack of strabismus, and was likely to die. This horrified the crowd, and each man repeated the story to his neighbor, with every

pretense of knowing all about the dreadful disease. At last one of the medical professors came to the outskirts of the crowd and made inquiry, upon which he learned that there was a man dying of strabismus. Just this trick of imposing on the imagination by words not understood, the makers of medicine almanacs play from year to year.

And not they alone. How many physicians who should know better do the same thing, by affecting a learned jargon quite incomprehensible to common folks. And how many have made reputations to which they are not entitled, by adroitly pretending that their cases were very bad ones. "How little you know of medicine!" cries the wife of a ne'er-do-well doctor, in a French play; "when anybody calls you, you say, 'Oh, that's a matter of a few days,' instead of telling him that he is very sick."

That quacks often work cures is not wonderful if we consider how many diseases originate or have to do with morbid nervous conditions. The violent mental shock given to a pilgrim at Lourdes or Knock, by the excitement of expectation and of sympathy, might well cure many cripples from paralysis or rheumatism. There was a miracle-worker in New York, a few years ago, who cured some most obstinate cases of paralysis by "faith." A lady told me that she sat in the chair of an eminent surgeon-dentist when his wife returned from visiting this wonder-worker, quite recovered from a paralysis of nine years' duration. She was able to walk from the carriage alone, and the emotion of the poor lady and her husband was very touching. I believe, however, that the relief was only temporary, and I doubt not it is usually so.

In all such cases, the will and imagination of the patient are violently wrought upon, and will and imagination are great therapeutic agents. It was through such excitement of the patients' feelings, no doubt, that the old kings of England cured so many thousands by touching them. "God heal you and give you a better mind," said the unbelieving William III. to one poor soul who came to be touched. There is grotesque irony in the fact that Charles II. is said to have worked more cures than any other person in history.

As the world comes out of its babyhood, and men understand more and more how inflexible are the laws of life, the quack and miracle-monger will find their occupation gone. Nothing is so much needed as a good, healthy skepticism. For it is better to suffer rheumatisms, fevers, and palsies of the body than to endure the paralysis of the understanding which is the inevitable result of credulity and superstition.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATIONS.

SCIENCE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

WITHIN the past few years there has appeared on our Atlantic coast a steam-ship, flying the national flag, that was neither war-ship, revenue-cutter, nor senatorial pleasure-boat. The fishing population along the shore viewed the strange steamer with mingled contempt and distrust. They could understand a gun-boat, but the new ship, sailed by naval officers, and with a party of naturalists for passengers, seemed only a new style of governmental extravagance or folly. They could not see the use of a boat armed only with dredges, and with bottles of alcohol for a cargo. The *Fish-hawk* went her way, regardless of opinion, dredged the deep sea, brought up wonders never seen before, experimented on the local fishes, and hatched millions of young fish and placed them in the water out of the reach of their enemies; finally, she discovered a new fish, and taught the fishermen how to catch it. Then the fishing people awoke to the fact that the strange steamer cruised for them; that these naturalists, seemingly only intent on dredging up queer specimens from the deep sea, were working for their benefit: the Fish Commission and their boat were doing a work that not the richest fishing-house, with all its steamers and skillful navigators, could even attempt. The *Fish-hawk* was at work for all men who lived by the sea; her apparently aimless wanderings over the water were for the benefit of the people.

In a material sense, the most valuable men in any community are the producers—the men who win food, or raiment, or wealth of any kind, from the land or sea. The

farmer and the fisherman feed the people; their trades make all other trades and arts possible. In the nature of things, the individual fisher or farmer can only follow a certain fixed routine he learns from books or men. The fisherman puts off in his boat to a certain place where he knows cod-fish have been found. He puts over a line, with a certain bait, and trusts blindly to luck; the fish will bite or they will not bite, as it happens. His duty is to catch cod, that his wife and little ones may be fed. He cannot stop to study the cod-fish, to examine his embryology, his life and habits. Only a man of trained observing powers, supported by the Government, or independently rich, can do this work. The *Fish-hawk* anchors on those grounds and studies the cod; experiments on him, dissects him, examines the food he has eaten, drops a thermometer in the waters where he is found or is not found, and declares the law of his being. The cod eats this or that; he spawns at such a time; he avoids this place, because the water is too cold or too warm. To catch cod, you must do this or that. These things are positive facts, tested in a scientific manner, patiently, thoroughly, and completely, without regard to time or expense. Cod-fishing is not blind luck; it is a science.

The rural population of Virginia add to their slender incomes by going out in the fall and gathering the leaves of the wild sumac, which are baled up and sent to the cities to be sold. But the American sumac is an inferior article: its sole value is found in the tannin it may contain. The imported sumac is said to be richer in tannin, and the American article sells at a much lower price. Added to this is the fact that the native sumac discolors the leather to which it is applied in tanning. A scientific man, sent out by the Department of Agriculture, having no interest whatever in wild sumac as an article of commerce, spends months in experimenting on the plant. He is supported by the people, and it is his business to make these investigations without regard to personal profit. Being thus secure of an income, his mind is free to study the sumac at leisure. He examines its leaves in every stage of its growth; he tries the roots, the stems, the flowers, and the outcome is very simple, but worth a thousand times all the cost of his labor. If the leaves of the sumac are gathered in June, they will be found to contain more tannin than at any other time of the year—more than is found in the dried leaves imported from Italy, and the leather will not be discolored in tanning.

The *Fish-hawk* makes cod-fishing more secure and more profitable. The Department of Agriculture, by sending out its observer to experiment on the sumac, adds tens of thousands a year to the income of the State of Virginia. The fisherman and the sumac-gatherer have neither the time, the knowledge, nor the skill for such work. They cannot even afford to pay a man to do it for them. Their business is to fish or gather leaves. Some one else must make experiments.

The United States Fish Commission may be regarded as one of the signs of the times. While it is purely a scientific body, composed of scientific men, and apparently working wholly for scientific objects, it is really of the greatest practical value to the people. It does a work no single individual or trade can perform. It makes experiments. It examines and compares the known, and, from this, reasons to the unknown, and presently the unknown is for the benefit of all men. Much of the work performed on the decks of the *Fish-hawk* seemed to the fishermen idle and foolish. What is the use of dragging the sea for new worms and periwinkles? Of what avail are these hundreds of bottles filled with useless crawling things? But one day the dredge brings up, from depths far below the longest fishing-line, a new fish—a good, solid flounder, a fish without a name, but good to sell, and wholly admirable after it has come out of the frying-pan.

Scientific research and experiment must of necessity be followed without regard to profit. To experiment is to ask questions of Nature—not to seek gain. Only a government can afford to be scientific, and it is the duty of our Government, both State and national, to pursue science for the people. So well is this recognized that several of our State legislatures have appropriated, or propose to appropriate, money for scientific experiments for the benefit of agriculture.

Agriculture has always been regarded with favor by governments of any real value, and for two reasons. First, because it is the basis of all wealth and prosperity, and second, because it is recognized that it is essentially an experimental business. The most successful farmer, in a broad sense, has been the man best able to ask questions of Nature, the most willing to try new things. The State of New York has recently appropriated the sum of forty thousand dollars for scien-

tific research in the interest of agriculture. It is proposed to establish what is called an "agricultural experiment station." This is to be a place where questions are asked of Nature. It is to be a sort of stationary *Fish-hawk* on land; a testing-place where things dimly known may be examined, where new plants may be observed and named; a place where trained observers can study the habits of plants and animals, and announce the law of their being. It is, therefore, a question of the utmost importance to the people of this State, and, in fact, of all the States, to know what is an agricultural experiment station, how should it be conducted, who should guide its work, and what is to be gained by the expenditure of the money.

EUROPEAN STATIONS AND THEIR WORK.

AGRICULTURAL experiment stations are not mere novelties, nor convenient arrangements for finding a snug berth for some political favorite. They have long been in operation in Europe, and several are already established in this country. The first experiment station established by farmers for their own use was started by the Leipsic Agricultural Society, in 1852, at Moeckern. The society already owned a small farm, supplied with stock, tools, and buildings, and they placed Dr. Emil Wolff in charge, assisted by Mr. Baehr, the farm manager. Rooms were prepared for a chemical laboratory, a small glass-house was erected, and the new work of asking questions of Nature was started. Within two years a second station was opened at Chemnitz, and from that time to this these stations have rapidly increased in number. In 1862 there were nineteen, and in 1872 sixty-two in operation in Europe, and since that time the number has received many additions. The Moeckern station was the first started by farmers alone, but in France M. Jean-Baptiste Boussinggault, Professor of Rural Economy in the Conservatory of Arts at Paris, was assisted by the Government to establish an experiment station on his estate at Bechelbronn, near Strasbourg, in 1835. In England, many private farms have been used as experimental stations. The names of Lawes and Gilbert are regarded with respect as being among the first to demonstrate to the English farmer the value of systematic scientific experiments. Mr. Lawes began, in 1843, by experimenting with plants, in pots containing soils of his own preparation. Subsequently he joined Dr. Gilbert, and started the experimental farm at Rothamstead, with a view to testing the theories of Baron Liebig in regard to the mineral and organic food of plants, and to extending the knowledge of plants in their relations to soil. Besides the results of these experiments, they have published seventy papers upon scientific agriculture as shown by their experiments. Mr. Lawes, it is reported, has recently appropriated £100,000 to carry on the farm and laboratory as a permanent experiment station.

In 1870, a commission was sent from Italy to examine the German stations, and so favorable was the report that four Government stations were at once established, and since that time others have been started. Stations have also been established in other parts of Europe, so that in 1879 there were seventy-five in Germany, sixteen in Austria, ten in Italy, six in Sweden, three each in Russia, France, and Switzerland, two in Belgium, and one each in Holland, Denmark, Scotland, and Spain.

At these one hundred and twenty-three stations, every kind of research is pursued that may be of value to agriculture or horticulture, some stations devoting their attention to a single aim, while others do a variety of work, according to the needs of their locality. For instance, acccording to an admirable paper on the subject by Professor Samuel W. Johnson, of the Connecticut Experiment Station, thirteen of these stations are devoted to the study of cattle-feeding, as at Weende, Proskau, and Milan; some twenty-five to experiments on the conditions of vegetable growth and the action of manures, notably at Dahme and Ida-Marienhütte; others to tobacco and wine, as at Carlsruhe, or Wiesbaden, and Padua. Silk is considered at Udine, and at the stations in Stockholm and Lodi experiments concerning the dairy are made. Thirty stations make examinations of commercial manures and eighteen test the purity and vitality of seeds. The aim of these seems to be to do the work best suited to each locality, and to avoid clashing, and thus doing the same work over twice at neighboring stations. Dr. Albert R. Ledoux, A. M., Ph. D., lately Director of the North Carolina Experiment Station, in the report of that station for 1879 classifies the work of the European stations under twenty heads, according to their relative value, as follows:

I.—Control of the trade in commercial fertilizers.

II.—Control of the sale of seeds.

III.—Control of the sale of feeding-stuffs.

IV.—Experiments in the cultivation of plants and crops, and experiments with manures.

V.—Chemical and technical investigations.

VI.—Investigations of animals in health and disease, and feeding experiments.

VII.—Physiological examination of plants.

VIII.—Examination of soils.

IX.—Examination of wines and experiments with the vine.

X.—Study of the diseases of plants and ravages of insects.

XI.—Examination of milk and milch-kine.

XII.—Propagation and preservation of forests.

XIII.—Cultivation and improvement of fruits.

XIV.—Experiments in reclaiming and cultivation of swamps, moors, and barrens.

XV.—Silk-culture.

XVI.—Manufactures relating to agriculture.

XVII.—Experiments relating to the sugar industry.

XVIII.—Experiments in fermentation and the manufacture of spirits.

XIX.—Examination of and experiments with beer.

XX.—Culture of the olive (at Rome).

These European stations are universally recognized as the most valuable aids to agriculture, and thus to the state, ever devised. Their reports have attracted wide attention, and have saved millions of dollars to their local farming populations. They have detected and driven out of the market adulterated or fraudulent seeds and manures, pointed out the best ways of doing thousands of the common labors of the farm, dairy, vineyard, and garden, and have been the indirect means of reclaiming vast extents of sand-dunes, unprofitable plains, and useless mountain lands. They have aimed directly to benefit the people, to teach them how to save money and make money, to defend their farms and crops against harm, and to bring the products of the farm and garden to the market to the greatest advantage.

AMERICAN EXPERIMENTAL STATIONS.

We have in this country a National Department of Agriculture, and nearly all the States have their local boards of agriculture. It is recognized that the nation and State should do something for the benefit of our chief interest, yet, with all our vast territory and extended culture, feeding and clothing millions of people outside our own limits, we have only a few agricultural experiment stations. The first one started here was opened in 1877, and is now located at New Haven, under the charge of Professor S. W. Johnson. The second station was started in North Carolina, and is now under the direction of Dr. C. W. Dabury, at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. There is also a station at New Brunswick, New Jersey, under the direction of Dr. George H. Cook. In Georgia one station has been established and a second is proposed, while other States have recently started one or more, or propose to do so. At Amherst, in Massachusetts, and at Cornell, in this State, experimental work is also performed in connection with the agricultural schools. There are also several private experiment stations. Notable among these private stations is one owned and conducted by the "Rural New Yorker." This consists of a farm on Long Island and a garden and nursery in New Jersey, which are maintained solely for experiment; manures are analyzed and tested, new seeds and plants are cultivated, new tools are tried, new methods of culture are examined, and, in short, new questions are asked of Nature. The results are for the exclusive use of the subscribers to the "Rural New Yorker," yet it is a real experiment station, and its work is of value to the general public. The subscribers ask questions concerning matters they have neither the time, skill, nor money to answer for themselves, and the paper puts the matter to practical test on its farm, and prints the result for the benefit of all. We have only to substitute the State for the newspaper, and the public for the subscribers, and we have a State agricultural experiment station.

The work of the Connecticut station is chiefly devoted to the examination of commercial fertilizers and plants, and the testing and examination of seeds. It occupies rooms in the Sheffield School in connection with Yale College; but, unfortunately, it has no plant-house, nor a single square foot of land. In spite of this great drawback, it has done a most admirable work, driven out of the market a great deal of adulterated and fraudulent material, improved the standing and character of the trade in fertilizers, and saved the farming community of that State many hundred times the few thousands of dollars it has cost. The North Carolina

station has done an equally good work in preventing the sale of spurious seeds and manures, has examined great quantities of soils and materials of all kinds, answered hundreds of important inquiries made by practical farmers, and has proved of real commercial value to the State, and, in fact, to the entire South. The younger stations, of which there are quite a number established or in preparation, appear, as far as can be learned, to be in excellent hands, and to be ready to do good work in the future.

WHAT A STATION SHOULD BE AND DO.

In consideration of the value and importance of such stations, it may be worth while to consider briefly the work an American station should do, the character of the men who should be placed in charge of it, and the best way of making its results available. All the operations of agriculture are in the nature of an experiment, and yet it is one of the least exact of all the trades. It is essentially scientific, and yet the majority of farmers are unscientific; the station must therefore be a place of scientific experiment. There are new seeds and new plants imported by the dealers, and offered at high prices. They may be the best things ever discovered, and they may be mere weeds with high-sounding names—perhaps excellent in their own country, and of no value in this; or they may be unblushing frauds. The station tries the new seeds, plants, or fruits under every variety of culture, notes every stage of their growth, from the seed-leaf to the fruit or flower, and reports to the farming public. The honest dealer in plants, seeds, or trees is glad to get the indorsement of the station, for its favorable report enhances the commercial value of the goods. If the thing is a fraud, the station does a good work in driving it out of the market. There are a thousand questions coming up every year that the station would properly answer. What are the best rations for cattle or sheep? What is this tool good for? How is that better than another? What is the best temperature for this greenhouse plant, or that hot-bed vegetable? How may a certain flower be forced to bloom at Easter? Is this particular way of propagating the best, or must another be tried? The questions quickly gather, for the known in agriculture is to the unknown as the infinitely little to the infinitely great. Let a station be established, and its work will flow in upon it much faster than it can accept it. Were there six in each State and Territory, all would be profitably employed.

An ideal experimental station is one that may be placed on a good farm. It should have barns, stables, and a dairy, a propagating-house, greenhouse, garden, orchard, and vineyard. There should also be a laboratory, and the proper offices and conveniences for the staff. It should employ a director, or manager, who must be a man of science; a good chemist, a competent gardener and greenhouse man, a vineyardist and farmer, and if one of the men is also a good, well-trained reporter, all the better. It is not essential that all these be confined to one spot. The farm and dairy might go together in some rural district; the orchard, vineyard, plant-houses, and laboratory should be near some large city; and if they could conveniently be opened freely to the public, all the better, as the station would then become a museum and public instructor. The tendency has been to regard these stations as mere chemical laboratories. This testing of fertilizers is a good and desirable work, but it cannot fully answer all the questions raised by the farmer, gardener, planter, and grape-grower. In a large State like New York, there should be several stations, to meet the wants of different districts, and one of these, devoted to questions of floriculture and market-gardening, should be in or near New York city. It ought also to be free to the public every day in the year. To take a single instance of the importance of such stations, it may be observed that the wine-growing interest in this country now produces an annual crop of eighty million gallons of wine, with an export last year of over four million gallons, and yet, except perhaps some little help from the Agricultural Department at Washington, this interest is left without aid from any experimental station. It is as impossible for the farmer, the planter, and market-gardener to turn aside from their business and make experiments as it was for the Gloucester fishermen to dredge the sea in search of a new fish. The *Fish-hawk* and her crew of trained observers must come to their assistance, and, in like manner, the station must come to the aid of the farmer and gardener.

THE NEW YORK STATION.

Concerning the management of the station proposed in this State, two plans have

been offered: one has a certain merit in the eyes of the practical farmer, the other seems theoretical and is practical—is, in fact, the only way in which the station can ever be of any lasting benefit to the public. The first plan is to take one or more of the private farms where experiments have been made, and to engage their owners to make certain agricultural field experiments, and to report thereon to the chief officer or manager of the station, who will in turn report to the public. The second plan is to establish a regular station, independently of any school or college or other private enterprise, and exclusively devoted to experimental work, and to place it in the hands of scientific men, who shall devote their entire time to its business. The advantages claimed for the first plan are twofold. It is said that the people who pay for the station, through the legislature, must be educated up to the value of such a station, by seeing the work tried on a small scale by private parties in the pay of the station, or they will refuse to vote any more money, and when the appropriation is spent, that will be the end of the whole affair. It is also claimed that only practical men, regular farmers brought up by the plow, should have charge of the station; that if the money is given to scientific men, it will be frittered away in aimless experiments, of no use to any one. It is also claimed that, if a regular station were established, all the money would be swallowed up in land and buildings, and there would be nothing left for the work.

Neither of these plans is the best. There is yet another way that may be suggested. First, we must understand that the people do not need to be educated to see the value of experimental stations. They are an established success in Europe, and have proved their usefulness in this country so thoroughly that they are being started, or are under consideration, in all parts of the Union. To scatter the work about in the hands of men not known to science, however practical they may be, will be to forfeit the respect of the people. The station, properly equipped, in the hands of men of science is the only thing likely to be successful; but even this must be supplemented by something more.

Many people seem to entertain a curious dread of the man of science. Because such an one once said that he always dropped any line of research the moment he found there was any money in it, people have come to regard the scientist as visionary, impractical, and given to the collection of mere promiscuous data of no value to any one. They say the station must not be put in such a man's hands, but must be put in charge of men they are pleased to call "practical." An agricultural experiment station is a place of observation and comparison,—a place of experiment. Now, the practical man is seldom or never an observer. He has eyes, and thinks he sees, and yet may not know the first thing in the art of seeing. He may be able to make comparisons of known facts, and can perhaps draw admirable conclusions (though ten to one he cannot); but what avail is it if no one can be sure of his facts? It is only your trained scientific observer, accustomed to doubt wisely, knowing his own personal equation, slow to accept without demonstration, and even then only willing to report the mean of his observations, who is the real practical man of the world.

The objection to starting a regular station commonly advanced is, that the entire forty thousand dollars would be sunk in mere land and buildings, and thus the object of the appropriation would be defeated. From the writer's experience as a commercial florist and gardener, he can say with confidence that this is an entire mistake. The station, to do good work and prove its right to live, and indeed to do the greater part of its work, need only be a very small affair, costing a few thousand dollars. A propagating-house one hundred by fifteen feet, from one to four acres of land, a small barn, and a laboratory, would give a station complete enough to inspect manures, test seeds, try new plants, and answer all the questions that would be asked by the market-gardener, florist, vine-grower, nursery-man, and small farmer doing business in this State. Very few people who have not actually worked over a propagating tank, or in a high-class market-garden, have the remotest idea of the amount of scientific research that can be conducted in a year on one square yard of hot sand, or in one hundred three-inch flower-pots. Space is not an important factor in experimental work. A man might try not less than twenty-two thousand varieties of lettuce (did so many exist) on one acre of land, and still find time to test some hundred varieties of potatoes on the same acre before the season was over. The tendency in this State is toward the market-garden, the orchard, plant-house, dairy, and small farm. The large wheat-grower and grazier

have gone to the far West, and the station should aim to benefit the smaller and more diversified culture of the future. Should the station prove its usefulness, a larger place on a regular farm, to try larger experiments, particularly with power tools, might be easily added in time. It is not to be supposed that the work can be thoroughly done by one station. There will be six in this State within ten years, but the first station should consist of a laboratory, plant-house, and garden. The second station might be devoted to dairy interests and stock-raising. The chief thing to do now is to start a station in a small way, near or in some large city, where it can be opened to the public. In this connection it may be observed that the city of New York could, with advantage, set apart one or two acres in Central Park for the use of the station, and where its greenhouse, garden, and laboratory could be visited at all times by the people. Thus its daily work would be a matter of public interest, and it would soon win general approval.

THE GOVERNMENT OF A STATION.

THE best way to conduct a station in this country is to call in the practical man, the man of affairs, and the man of science. Each of these has his position and work in the station. Let the director, or trustee, or chief manager be a practical man, a regular farmer, nursery-man, or gardener, knowing thoroughly what is wanted. Let the actual experimenters be men of science. Then the practical man, knowing the wants of the public, can point out the direction in which the research may be pursued, the scientist will do the work, and the two thus united will make the station of benefit to the State. The people respect the man of affairs, and believe he knows what is best to be done, but they do not believe he knows how to make an experiment. They see that the scientific man is exact, cautious, and reliable, and they accept his reports with confidence. To place the station wholly in the hands of scientific men would be simply unwise, though in any event they would do some good. To place it wholly in the hands of unscientific people, however practical, would be only folly. With each in his place, the station will be a success.

Finally, how shall the work of the station be given to the people? The present stations issue reports and pamphlets, and occasionally give an item to the papers. It would seem as if this last plan should be completely and thoroughly carried out as often as possible. The people want the facts, in a condensed form, as often as ready, and the daily papers are the best medium.

In conclusion, it may be observed that in preparing this article, consultations were had, by mail and personal interview, with leading farmers, planters, scientists, and agricultural journalists in all parts of the Union, particularly in the Southern and South-western States. The general opinion is unanimous in favor of starting experiment stations in every State. In Missouri, the demand is for a large prairie farm for testing crops and seeds, and for trying horse and steam power tools, and a smaller station for the benefit of the wine-growing interest. In Texas, no less than three stations are wanted at once, chiefly for the benefit of the herder and large farmer. Georgia also demands two,—one for cotton culture, one for general farming. Eminent Southern planters and writers suggest that there is a special need of stations in the South, for there is a disposition there to imitate methods of culture followed in Europe or in the Northern States. These methods, it is justly claimed, are not suited to the wants of Southern agriculture, and experiment stations are urgently needed to find out what is best for the peculiar crops and climate of the South. The *Fish-hawk* sails in Southern waters, and confers her benefits on the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and in like manner men of science should be placed in Southern stations to study cattle, cotton rice, sugar, and wine, for these are the sources of Southern wealth.

The time will undoubtedly come when experiment stations will be established in all parts of the Union, and there will then arise one more problem: How shall the stations divide the work between them so as to prevent waste of energy by doing the same work twice? The answer is simple. There must be either a central station, where all may meet in convention and consult in regard to their work, or all the stations must ultimately be united under a national board of managers, trustees, or other officers whose duty it will be to see that all work harmoniously together in mutual helpfulness and good-will.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Art and the Stupidities of the Tariff.

LEGISLATION which persists in driving the mercantile marine of a nation from the sea could hardly be expected to be wise in the treatment of art. It is, indeed, quite "otherwise." The American nation is well advanced in some things. It knows agriculture passably well. It understands the building and the administration of railroads. It can grow cotton and make good cotton cloth. It is at home with reaping-machines, sewing-machines, telegraphs, telephones, great guns and little guns, but of art it knows very little. The art of wood-engraving has made great strides in late years, but it is noticed abroad, where this advance has had full recognition, that designing has not kept pace with it. In short, the nation is young. It has been busy with the development of its wonderful natural resources, and it is only since the Centennial Exhibition that the nation has fully waked up to a sense of its poverty in all things relating to the fine arts, and its impotency in artistic production. That Exhibition has done for the nation what the first World's Fair did for England. There are a hundred thoughts and words about art now where there was one before. We are living, not in a renaissance or a revival, but in a creation—a birth. What the nation expended for that exhibition has been a thousand times returned to it in art inspirations and art education. No outlay ever paid better.

Can it be necessary, at this day, to undertake to prove to the country that popular education in art will be of the greatest pecuniary value to the nation? To pervade the entire field of industrial production with the art idea and the art feeling, would be to raise the value of everything produced. Every button, or yard of cloth, or roll of ribbon; every carriage, every piece of furniture, every garment, every highway, every building, every fence, even, would be raised and transformed. Beauty and harmony would be everywhere produced, and all the values of beauty and harmony would be added to the values of utility.

The great educators in art are the masterly examples in art. What the world was able to show us in the great exhibition was what set our nation on fire with the love of art, and betrayed our own possibilities in the field of art. What we need now is a distribution, all over the country, of those objects of art that have been produced in those countries and ages which have carried art to its highest reach in history. One would say, or suppose, that an ignorant nation—a nation ignorant upon so important a matter as art—would throw its doors wide open to all those products of pictorial and plastic art which would tend to inspire and instruct its people; but in this country we bring art down to a dead level with pottery, and curtain stuffs, and grave-stones.

Let us illustrate some of the stupidities of the tariff, as it stands.

1. A statue by Phidias, specially imported and not for sale, would be classified among "Antiquities," and would be admitted free.

2. The same statue, imported for sale, would be classified as "marble manufactured," and be taxed fifty per cent. *ad valorem* duty.

3. A statue by Michael Angelo, not being five hundred years old, cannot be classified as "antiquities"; and as no one is able to take oath that he saw it done by him, it also would be charged fifty per cent. *ad valorem*, the same as "marble manufactured."

4. A statue by a foreign "professional" sculptor, with a certificate that it is his own original work, would be charged ten per cent. *ad valorem*.

5. The same without a certificate would be charged fifty per cent.

6. A statue made by an American artist (with certificate) would be admitted free.

7. If the "modern" artist, foreign or American, is dead, his executor or near relative can procure a certificate from the American consul on oath. But if there is no competent person to make the oath, the statue must pay fifty per cent.

These facts stated in this way will, perhaps, give all the information necessary concerning the details of the tariff on works of art imported, and at the same time betray their foolishness and the inconsistencies of their practical working. Let us look for a moment at the first two. The office of an antique work of art is one, everywhere. It is an educator. Whether it goes into a public gallery or a private collection, it is still the exposition of the art of its time, and the inspirer of the present. What difference does it make to this country whether a statue by Phidias was purchased by an American in Athens or in New York? Why should a man who purchases his statue in Europe be permitted to import it free, as an "antiquity," while, if he buys it here, he is obliged to pay above its value as an antiquity the additional impost upon "manufactured marble"? Again, why must a thing be 500 years old before it becomes an antiquity? One would suppose that a statue by Michael Angelo would be old enough to have the privileges of an antique; but no; because there is no one living who could certify that he saw him execute it, it must come in as "manufactured marble," like the stock of an Italian vender of sculptured trash. An American artist, by giving a certificate, can get his picture in free; but suppose he dies, and there is no one who saw him paint the picture, ten per cent. duty must be paid. The laws are bad enough, but the inconsistent constructions of the laws are worse. The Castellani collection, exhibited at the New York Museum, and worth $400,000, was imported free of duty, classed as "cabinets of coins, medals, and other collections of antiquities." Now, these articles were for sale. The matter of their free admission was referred to the Treasury Department, and the law was so construed as to admit

them free. A year after this decision, Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent, a Frenchman, imported a collection of classical antiquities, but by some process a new construction of the law was made, and he was asked to pay a duty of 30 to 40 per cent. *ad valorem*, and he would have had to pay this amount under the present ruling, but Mr. Feuardent showed that his collection was imported while the ruling made for the Castellani collection was in force.

It does not take much legal knowledge, or common sense, to see that one of these two decisions was grossly unjust. Last year, an attempt was made in Congress to pass a bill exempting from duty all objects of classical antiquity, defining those objects to be such as were produced during or before the mediæval period. This act passed the House in January; and the Senate in June passed the bill, after having tacked upon it an absurd amendment offered by Mr. Kirkwood, of Iowa, "to relieve from all duty imported salt for the curing of fish." The bill went back to the House, with this clown for a rider, where it now lies upon the Speaker's desk.

Now, what we want is not this bill alone, but one which will admit, duty free, all objects of art, modern and antique. A thousand objects of art would seek this country for purchasers, and become here highly important educating influences, if the barrier of a heavy tariff were removed. Now, importers cannot take the risk. It is folly to talk of protecting home artists, in their production of objects of art. There is nothing under heaven which they need so much as the free introduction here of ancient masterpieces, and the best examples of modern art. Many of our young artists cannot go abroad to see these masterpieces, and the various foreign galleries, and the free admission of all works of art would bring Europe to them. If there is a class which, more than any other, cannot afford to have the barrier of a tariff between them and all European art, it is that to which the artists belong; the country, too, would rather have the art than the money.

Turkey, Egypt, Greece, and Mexico absolutely forbid objects of antiquity to be exported from their borders. Italy imposes an export tax of twenty per cent. Instead of this, America, considering herself in many respects the superior of all these nations, makes a tariff which shuts them out, or does all that is necessary to shut most of them out. Indeed, America is the only nation which imposes a tax upon the entrance of objects of art and antiquity. We cannot better close this article than by giving the following extract from the writings of William Hazlitt:

"The knowledge or perfection of art in one age or country is the cause of its existence or perfection in another. Art is the cause of art in other men. Works of genius done by a Dutchman are the cause of genius in an Englishman—are the cause of taste in an Englishman. The patronage of foreign art is not to prevent, but to promote art in England. It does not prevent, but promotes taste in England. Art subsists by communication, not by exclusion. The light of art, like that of nature, shines on all alike; and its benefit, like that of the sun, is in being seen and felt. The spirit of art is not the spirit of trade: it is not a question between the grower or consumer of some perishable and personal commodity, but it is a question between human genius and human taste, how much the one can produce for the benefit of mankind, and how much the other can enjoy. It is 'the link of peaceful commerce 'twixt dividable shores.' To take from it this character is to take from it its best privilege, its humanity."

The Drama.

In an article published some years ago, we recognized the drama as an institution that had come to stay as an important factor in the social and intellectual life of the people—as a source of much pleasure and a possible source of much culture. Since that day, the drama has had its place in this magazine. We have criticised it freely, we have commended heartily what has seemed to be praiseworthy, and our notices of famous actors and actresses have presented the public with much interesting, instructive, and stimulating personal history. It seems to us that theaters are improving, and that there is much less that is objectionable in their conduct and influence than formerly. We have been witnesses to the fact, right here in New York, that the cleanest and best plays have been the most successful. Plays without any equivocal situations in them—plays that leave no stain, and excite no unwholesome imaginations—have run for months, and made their managers rich.

Now these facts are weighty in the work of reformation. Whenever the time comes in the history of the stage that dirt does not pay, it will cease to be presented. There are, undoubtedly, theaters in New York which cater to the lower tastes of the crowd, but there are certainly theaters here that studiously avoid offending the ears of polite and Christian people with *double entente*, and profanity, and irreverence. There is undoubtedly an increasing attendance upon the theater among refined and religious people, and we rejoice in the fact, for it is full of promise for the theater itself, and for the bodily and mental health of those who are attracted to it. The undiscriminating abuse of theaters—the attempt to drive good people away from them—is a damage to the cause of morality in any community. The undiscriminating condemnation of actors is a gross and inexcusable injustice, and when this condemnation comes from a minister of the gospel of charity, what can it do but drive the whole fraternity away from all religious influence and all sense of religious obligations? Yet there are Christian ministers who do this over the brims of their wine-cups, foolishly fancying that the cherished habit of their lives is absolutely righteous, when it is more baleful to the world in the influences and results of a single day, than all the theaters and actors of the world are in a decade.

It is not in this way that the world is to be bettered. If the drama is among us, and is come to stay—and none will dispute this—then it is our business to make the best of it, and to do all in our power to make it pure. We are always, in our patronage of it, to offer a premium for literary and personal purity. A play that is bad should always be severely let alone. An actor or an actress whose

character is notoriously bad should be shunned. We would no sooner sit before the foot-lights, giving countenance and support to a courtesan, than we would consent to meet her in society. She is a dishonor to her craft, and a disgrace to the stage. Her presence is pollution. To pet and patronize such a creature as this is to disgrace ourselves, no matter how great her genius may be. It is by discriminating between virtuous and vicious plays, and virtuous and vicious players, that the stage is to be kept pure and ennobling in its influence, and not by condemning everything and everybody connected with it.

The old and familiar claim that the theater is "a school of morals," so far as it was intended to declare it to be an educational institution, with morality for its object, was without any foundation whatever. The theater is never ahead of the people who patronize it. If it has any definite aim, it is to please—to reflect the tastes, the moralities, the opinions, and the enthusiasms of those who attend it. No theater can be run unless it pays, and, as money must be the first object, such plays must be presented as attract the crowd. Plays that are offensive repel the crowd, so that the constant study of managers is to ascertain the tastes and wishes of the people. The tastes of those who attend the Madison Square Theater are very different, doubtless, from those of the people who used to throng the old Bowery, but it is a fact worth noting that those who attend the worst theaters are treated, most commonly, to plays which appeal to the best sentiments and moods of their audiences. Poetic justice is insisted upon in the *dénouement* of all plots, before audiences of the lower class. It is only thoughtful people who will tolerate plays that do not "come out right."

Public opinion and public taste are the master and mistress of the stage. It is but a short time since it was proposed to produce a Passion Play in New York. Now a play representing on the boards of a theater the Passion of our Lord could have no apology or justification save in the ignorant devotion of those producing it. No such apology or justification exists in New York, and public opinion rose against the project and vehemently protested. The manager who had it in hand bowed respectfully to the public voice and withdrew it. The incident is a good illustration of the power of public opinion over the theater. The truth is that the life of the theater depends on its power to please the public, and it is bound by every consideration of interest to reflect the moral sense and moral culture of those upon whom it depends for support. It is for this reason that we have no fears of a bad moral result from the theater upon the public. If an immoral actress wins a great success in New York, it is not because she has debauched New York, but because New York is tolerant of immorality. If a bad play succeeds in a New York theater, it is because there is not moral sense enough in those who witness it and in the public press to rebuke it and drive it from the boards. The better and purer the patronage of any theater may be, the better will that theater become, in every variety of influence which a theater can exert; and it is delightful to believe that the dramatic instinct which is the source of so much pleasure to so many good people can be gratified without danger of pollution.

Woman and her Work.

We often hear it said that there are many men engaged in work that women could do as well, and that women ought to be in their places. If we go into Stewart's store, we shall see quite an army of young men engaged in the sale of articles that call for little exercise of muscle in the handling,—articles which women are quite competent to handle and to sell,—and it is common to hear the remark that these men ought to be engaged in some muscular pursuit, and that women ought to do their present work. But do we remember how many hours a day these men are obliged to be on their feet? Do we remember how impossible it is for women to stand all day without serious damage to themselves, especially if they be young, and in the formative period of their lives? Woman is endowed with a constitution and charged with a function which make it quite impossible for her to do certain classes of work for which her mind and her hands, if we consider them alone, are entirely sufficient. Not impossible, perhaps, for she undoubtedly does much that inflicts infinite damage upon her, and those that are born of her.

The effects upon woman and upon the race, through her, of female employment constitute a great subject, which cannot be competently treated in an editorial, but we can at least call the attention of employers to the needs of the women engaged in doing their work. All employments involving long periods of standing upon the feet are bad for women, and this all intelligent employers, if they are humane as well, will remember. No woman should be obliged to stand all day. Women who set type, and stand while doing it, like men, invariably acquire physical ills, that at last become unbearable. Factory work which involves long periods of standing upon the feet is ruinous to health. Employers should remember that the girls engaged in their service must have periods of rest, in a sitting position, or wear themselves out, or make themselves unfit for the duties and functions of women. Even constrained positions while sitting, with no liberty of movement upon the feet, are bad for women. The restraints that are often put upon them in great establishments, with regard to their attention to matters that call for privacy, are terrible foes to health. To compel a woman to run the gauntlet of a great company of men to reach the seclusions necessary to her is a brutal cruelty, for which any employer ought to be ashamed, and legally punished.

It has been a dream of certain men and women whom we know, that women need only to be developed through a number of generations to enable them to engage in a large variety of employments now exclusively pursued by men. They have almost quarreled with those disabilities that now attach to the sex. They have quite quarreled with those who insist that those disabilities inhere in the nature of woman, and can never be removed. There are

those who say that woman has a right to do anything she can do. There are women who insist on this right. This goes without saying, of course, provided they will qualify the claim a little.

A women has a right to do everything she can do, provided she does nothing which will unfit her for bearing and raising healthy children. The future of the nation and the race depends upon the mothers, and any woman who consents to become a mother has no moral right to engage in any employment which will unfit her for that function. We speak, of course, of women whose circumstances give them the control of themselves. It is pitiful to think that there are multitudes who have no choice between employments that unfit them for motherhood and want. It is pitiful to think that there are mothers who live their whole married lives in conditions which utterly unfit them for the functions and responsibilities of maternity.

We have a theory, which, we regret to say, is not only unpopular among a certain class of women, but exceedingly offensive to them, viz., that every one of them ought to be the mistress of a home. Women have a fashion in these days of rebelling against the idea that marriage is the great end of a woman's life. They claim the right to mark out for themselves and achieve an independent career. We appreciate the delicacies of their position, and we bow to their choice and their rights; nevertheless, we believe that in the millennium women will all live in their homes, and that men will not only do that which is now regarded as their own peculiar work, but much of that which is now done by women. There has been in these late years a great widening out of the field of women's employments. We have been inclined to rejoice in this "for the present necessity," but we are sure the better time is to come when man, the real worker of the world, will do the work of the world, or all of it that is done outside of home, and that woman will, as wife and daughter and domestic, hold to the house and to that variety of employments which will best conserve her health and fit her for the duties and delights of wifehood, and the functions of motherhood. Quarrel with the fact as she may, woman's rights must all and always be conditioned on her relations to the future of humanity. She has no right, as a woman, to do anything that will unfit her to be a mother. Sh may be compelled to do some things for bread th will militate against her in this particular, but this wi be pitiful, and the legitimate subject of all the amelio ating influences that practical humanity can comman

We understand, appreciate, and respect that pric of independence which moves women to desire achieve the advantage of self-support, as a relea from the necessity of marriage. We give assent her demand for the privilege to develop herself her own way, and to do those things to which sl finds her powers adapted, but we must exceeding lament that degree of independence, and even th love of it, which interfere with marriage. Anythi which renders the sexes less necessary to each othe or renders them less desirable to each other, is mu to be deprecated. Now there is no question th some of the pursuits which have been adopted l women in these latter days of freedom unfit the in many ways for wifehood and for maternit There is, perhaps, no better test for the proprie and desirableness of a woman's calling than t marriage test. A woman can say, if she choose "I will not marry. I prefer the life of a maide I will take the liberty it gives me, and live the li that seems best to me, and cut myself forever loo from all responsibility for the future of my race We say she can say this, if she chooses, and th settle the matter with Him who made her a woma but if she holds her heart open to men, and conside herself a candidate for love and marriage, she h no moral right to touch any employment that w detract from her modest maiden delicacy, or th will in any degree unfit her for domestic life, and the responsibilities that go with marriage. Furth than this, she positively owes it to the world, herself, and to the possible husband and childr of her future, to seek for that kind of employme and that variety of culture which will fit her marriage and maternity. If public or professio life furnishes this employment and culture, they w be legitimate for her, and not otherwise, and t same may be said of all the employments of men which women may be attracted. Alas! that th should be so many whom circumstances make i potent for any choice in the matter of their li and destinies!

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Tariff on Works of Art.

To the Editor of Scribner's Monthly:

Sir: A girl art-student, who was traveling lately in our party in Europe, came home several months before us, bringing some of our photographs with her. Both her photographs and ours were admitted free, as studio properties, or tools of trade. This was in December, 1879. In June, 1880, we returned by the same line. At the Hoboken dock, when asked concerning photographs, I said we had about one hundred dollars' worth. This was a rough guess, and went beyond the real value, as I had in mind also those which had already gone in un charge of our friend. But I said that they w studio properties,—my wife being an artist,—an had no idea of having to pay anything on the We were, however, forced to pay twenty-five cent. on the suppositive one hundred dollars, a we enjoy the satisfaction of having contributed sum of twenty-five dollars toward the protection (possibly) the American old masters of the fifte and sixteenth centuries. This is only a single exam of the many inconsistencies and absurdities of

tariff, as applied to objects of art. The "rulings" seem to be changed every two hours. Not long ago an artist brought in a houseful of things from Italy as free studio properties, and lately a writer on art was not charged duty for several hundred casts from ancient coins, which were satisfactorily explained to be "tools of trade."

America, the only civilized country on the face of the earth which has not inherited works of native art, is the only country, civilized or uncivilized, on the face of the earth which puts up a barrier against the acquisition of works of art. When the true story of our ignorant (I was about to say barbarous, but no nation of barbarians has ever been guilty of just such folly as this)—when the true story of our ignorant and hurtful laws on this subject comes to be told, we fear it may bear heavily upon certain of our painters, who have not only failed to advance American art by their own example, but who have resorted to a blind and unavailing method of advancing their own selfish interests. One incident in this story is the effort made a dozen years or so ago, by persons calling themselves artists, to put a duty of one dollar per square inch on oil paintings. This would have weighted a picture of twenty by thirty inches with a nice little duty of $600.

I have been told that a new movement has been started lately in favor of making the duties upon works of art still heavier. On the other hand, some of our artists and art lovers are pushing for a total abolition of all duties on art, either ancient or modern. There ought to be nothing startling in such a proposition. There are only two grounds upon which the present heavy tax could be defended. Either it is right and necessary to "protect" our own art in this way, or else works of art must be looked upon as luxuries and taxed for revenue accordingly. But the tariff does not really protect our art in the way that it is supposed to protect our manufactures; and if it did, that is, if the rates were absolutely prohibitive, it would manifestly be a bad thing for the country. For if art is a thing to be desired for the country at large, and if this is the fundamental reason for its protection, then it would be demonstrably a bad thing for the country to keep out of it the highest examples of art anywhere to be obtained. Nor can works of art be considered luxuries, in the sense of costly hangings, expensive wines, etc. By the very nature of a work of art, it is a thing that can be enjoyed by every beholder. Not only can the original painting, for instance, in a gallery give as much pleasure to thousands as it can give to its owner, but it can be in some sort infinitely reproduced, and thus keep up forever its power of pleasing and profiting. Our present laws on this subject are undemocratic, for, as the New York "Times" has recently pointed out, no matter how high the tariff, the rich can always buy. But the law is essentially undemocratic, also, because the wider the diffusion of every kind of art throughout the community, the happier and the more refined the community is supposed to be.

The editor of SCRIBNER'S would please many readers, and help on a good cause, if he would devote space to the anomalies of the American tariff on art works, and set forth, also, the economic bearings of the subject.

G.

Thomas Paine.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

SIR: The extensive circulation of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY may, I hope, be sufficient reason for your allowing me to correct a statement in your columns which is likely to produce a false impression.

The statement of which I complain is in the following sentence, at page 32 of the number for November, 1880, volume XXI., number 1, article "Bordentown and the Bonapartes": "*His* (Paine's) *favorite resort was the bar-room of the Washington House, and the visitors to that ancient hostelry are told that nothing but brandy and atheism passed his lips.*"

This is said to have been "during a period of several years"; and nothing in the context alters the bearing of the sentence. Of course I cannot dispute the statement of such tales being told to the Washington-House visitors: I only deny the truth of the tales.

Paine was neither brandy-drinker (implied drunkard) nor atheist. Against the atheism his own works are sufficient evidence. Throughout his writings, especially in the "Age of Reason" and his "Thoughts on a Future State," is proof that, although not a believer in Christianity or the Bible, he was a steady theist,—what in those days was known as a deist,—as distinct from the Unitarian, who accepts the authority while denying the divinity of Christ. In his will, Paine expressly directs that his adopted sons shall be instructed in "their duty to God."

For the brandy-bibbing there is as little warrant as for the atheism. I have before me a letter of his, to a friend intending to visit him (it is dated some years later than the bar-room period, but there is no record of any variation in his habits), in which he says:

"When you come you must take such fare as you meet with, for I live upon tea, milk, fruit, pies, plain dumplings, and a piece of meat when I get it; but I live with that retirement and quiet that suits me."

In truth, these aspersions of atheism and brandy, like the insolent appellation "Tom Paine" (to which even your contributor stoops, though he does not write Joe Hopkinson nor Jack Adams), deliberately intended to cloak him with an atmosphere of vulgarity, are but proofs of the reckless blackguardism of polemical writers of Paine's time. It is not at the present more courteous day, at least not in America, that the author of "Common Sense" should be so treated.

Forty years ago I was employed to write Paine's "Life." Knowing nothing of *the man*, I was careful to examine everything I could find for or against him. I was also in communication with men who had known him personally. I found him to be that typical Englishman, honest, courageous, and constant, a lover of justice, a man of the real Old *and New* England stamp, religious according to his light, it may be pugnacious in attacking what to him seemed error, but at least more tolerant than his

opponents, benevolent, and generous. Born of the lower classes, with only a grammar-school education, he must have made something of himself, must have also acquired some decency of behavior, to become the friend of Franklin, Jefferson, and Lafayette, and for a time the companion of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, living in the same house with him in Paris. Of him Lord Edward writes, October 30, 1792, no such great while after the accustomed visits to the Bordentown bar:

"I lodge with my friend Paine. We breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me. There is a simplicity of manners, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him that I never knew a man before possess."

So also Colonel Burr, who knew him after his return to America; and who replied to an inquirer as to Paine's habits (it was the inquirer himself who informed me), "Sir, he dined at my table;" adding: "I always considered Mr. Paine a gentleman, a pleasant companion, and a good-natured and intelligent man; decidedly temperate, with a proper regard to his personal appearance, whenever I saw him."

Yes; this man, still pointed out to abhorrence as a coarse, brawling, brandy-tippling reviler of religion, was indeed a gentleman, a high-souled man of genius and philanthropic purpose, a man of remarkable probity and disinterestedness, a notably good man; and known to be so in his own day, however buried now in the mud flung at him by calumniators, and heaped again by those who care not to learn the truth concerning him.

W. J. Linton.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

About Floors and Rugs.

Modern fashion is responsible for so many absurdities that it is only fair to expect from it some really sensible innovations. To offset the ridiculous eruptions of meaningless and ugly bric-à-brac, the collections of china dogs and climbing monkeys, the fire-places with their mock logs and senseless gas flames, we have at least one sensible, wholesome fashion. In place of the old-fashioned carpet, serving as a reservoir of dust in the rooms of a careless housekeeper, and as a continual thorn in the flesh to the careful one, we may now have polished floors and movable rugs, and yet be in the fashion.

The outcry which the devotees of hygiene make against carpets, as affording such admirable hiding-places for dust and the germs of disease, cannot be urged with equal force against rugs. In the first place, the corners of the room are always open to sun and air, to water and soap, and these, all housekeepers know, are the places where dust accumulates; in the second, with very little trouble a rug may be taken up, beaten, and sunned; and whenever the floor is washed, dusted, or waxed, it should be lifted along the edges, and the dust carefully removed. Where rugs are filled in about the edges with carpeting, they must meet the hygienists in the same rank with carpets, as they have no advantage over them in that case.

I have nothing to say to the people who can afford to have inlaid or even simple natural wood floors; but there is many a careful housewife who is living in a rented house, or who cannot afford either to have her floors relaid or covered with wood carpeting, and yet who would be glad to replace her worn-out carpets with rugs. The floors in well-finished Northern houses, having all the modern improvements and conveniences about them, are an astonishment to Southern people, who are used to seeing, in every decent house, good, well-finished floors, with smoothly planed, narrow, clear-grained, close-fitting planks. What to do with the knotty, rough, irregular planks, covered with spots and splashes of paint left by the careless workmen, is a puzzling question to the housekeeper. The painter who is called in to remedy the evil has usually but one suggestion to make—the universal panacea—which is "Paint it," and he goes on to expatiate upon the "elegant floors he has painted for so and so." Do not be beguiled into painting your floor. Every footstep will leave a dusty impression, many repeated footsteps will leave it scratched and ugly beyond redemption by any thing less than radical measures—which will bring you back to the naked planks.

First, if your floor has been already painted, or is covered with drippings from the paint-brush, cover the spots and splashes with caustic potash; leave this on till the paint is dissolved. It will take, perhaps, thirty-six hours to do this if the paint is old and hard; then have the floor well scoured, taking care not to let the mixture deface your wash-boards.

Secondly, if your flooring is marred by wide, ugly cracks between the planks, have them puttied, as they serve otherwise as a multitude of small dust bins, and show an ugly stripe between your shining boards.

If the planks are narrow and of equal width, you can have them stained alternately light and dark—oak and walnut. In that case, stain the whole floor oak, and then do the alternate stripes dark. The staining mixture can be bought at any paint-shop, or can be ordered from any city, and brought by express in sealed cans. In almost every case it is safe to dilute the staining mixture with an equal quantity of turpentine. I have never seen or used any which was not far too thick as it is bought. It helps very much, when staining in stripes, to lay two boards carefully on each side of the stripe to be stained, and then draw the brush between. This guards the plank from an accidental false stroke of your brush and saves time to the aching back. If, however, the

dark staining should chance to run over on the light plank, before it dries wipe it off with a bit of flannel dipped in turpentine.

When the floor is to be all walnut, the best staining I have ever seen is done without the use of a brush. Buy at a grocer's—for a single medium-sized room—a one-pound can of burnt umber, ground in oil. Mix with *boiled* linseed oil a sufficient amount of this to color properly without perceptibly thickening the oil; by trying the mixture upon a bit of wood till the desired color is attained, the quantity can easily be determined. It should be a rich walnut brown. Rub this into the wood thoroughly with a woolen cloth, rubbing it off with another woolen cloth till the stain ceases to "come off." Never be beguiled into using boiled oil to keep the floor in order, for it is more like a varnish than an oil, and after the pores of the wood have once become filled, it lies on the surface, attracting and holding dust till it ruins the wood, and can only be removed by the use of caustic potash, sand-paper, or the plane. But this first, or any subsequent *coloring* of the floor, must be done as here directed.

If you find, when the coloring matter dries, that it is not dark enough, rub on another coat. Do not be discouraged that your floors look dull and poor, for they only need a few weeks of proper care to be what you want.

When the staining is done, prepare for the next day's waxing. Mix turpentine and yellow bees-wax in the proportion of one gallon of turpentine to one pound of wax, shaved thin. Let the wax soak all night, or longer, in the turpentine before using; then rub it on with a woolen cloth. A few times of using this will make the floor gain a polish like that of an old-fashioned table-top. At first it must be done frequently, but beyond the smell of the turpentine, which soon passes off, and the trouble of applying, it has no disadvantage. When the wood finally becomes well polished, the wax need not be applied oftener than once a week or even once a fortnight. The floor, in the meantime, can be dusted off by passing over it an old broom or hair floor-brush, with a piece of slightly moistened rag tied around it. Everything that falls upon it lies upon the surface, as on that of varnished furniture. Nothing ever really soils it. It can, of course, be washed up, but never needs scrubbing.

Now for the rugs. A room, unless it is very full of furniture, never looks well with bits and scraps of rugs about it. The main open space should be covered by a large rug, if possible. The rug need not be so expensive as a carpet, for it can be made of American Smyrna, velvet, Brussels, or even ingrain carpeting, edged with a border to match. It should cover the open space in the middle of the room, and be held down, if possible, here and there, by the heavier pieces of furniture. If made of carpeting, it is better to have it made by the firm of whom it is bought, as home-made rugs usually bear the impress of domestic manufacture. They need, after being sewed, to be shrunk and pressed, so as to lie flat and smooth and perfectly square.

Of the domestic and imported rugs there is a great variety, with a corresponding range of prices. The Pennsylvania rugs—imitation Smyrna—are exceedingly pretty, and are gotten up in pleasing colors—olives and crimsons and blues; but the occidental appreciation for color is crude and vulgar compared to the oriental; and the domestic rugs, even the prettiest, smack of the designer and the loom, while the oriental ones often show an audacity of color and design in detail which produces a charmingly harmonious result.

The Indian designs are dark and rich and somber, but very beautiful, while the Turkish are bright and vivid, and are far handsomer when toned down by wear than at first. The Persian are scarcely to be distinguished from the Turkish by the uninitiated. The Smyrna or Oushak rugs usually have a vivid cardinal center, broken by set figures and surrounded by a border of deep, rich, harmonious tints, or else they are of the old-fashioned colors, brick-dust red with indigo-blue, a somberer combination, but one of which the eye never tires.

Rugs, like wine, grow more valuable as they grow older. Not with our usage, scampered over by children with muddy boots, or trodden by the heeled shoes of adults, but with the eastern usage, they are worn from their original wooliness of surface to an exquisite sheen, almost like that of silk plush, and are sold, half-worn, for prices above what the new ones bring.

S. B. H.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"Jean-François Millet, Peasant and Painter."*

We fear it will be long before there will appear the biography of a modern artist at once so absorbingly interesting and touching in its story and so profound in its dealings with principles of life and of art, as that of Millet. Since Gilchrist's life of Blake, nothing of the kind has been given to the world of equal importance. The man of whom this volume is the hero—for Sensier, in his enthusiasm and devotion, casts a by no means false atmosphere of romance about the life of his friend—was one of the deep thinkers, as well as one of the strong painters, of our century. His pictures have been the theme of heated discussion ever since they first began to attract

* Jean-François Millet, Peasant and Painter. Translated by Helena de Kay, from the French of Alfred Sensier. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

"Note by the American Publishers.—The present work,—being an abridged translation, from advance sheets, of 'La Vie et L'Oeuvre de J.-F. Millet, par Alfred Sensier: Manuscrit Publié par Paul Mantz,' Paris, A. Quantin, 1881,—is reprinted from Scribner's Monthly, with additional letter-press and illustrations."

attention, and the same discussion—with ever-lessening violence—is likely to continue for many years, and to deal hereafter with his words, as well as with his work. As the book has already appeared in the pages of SCRIBNER, it is not necessary to rehearse its pathetic incidents, nor to quote as freely as a reviewer must feel inclined to do from the letters and conversations of the artist,—so subtile, so poetic, so abounding in insight, in correct judgment, in accurate and authoritative statement of the principles of plastic art. Not only are his views of his own art of unique value, but wherever he touches upon literary themes, old or new, Theocritus or Mistral, he shows a fresh and vigorous understanding. If he is able to make himself comprehended both through his painting and his speech, he himself gives us a key to the reason in a sentence of terrible simplicity. "Pain," said Millet, "is, perhaps, that which makes the artist express himself most distinctly."

Millet was a protestant against the superficiality, the empty prettiness of his time, and he put his protest not only into his pictures, but with almost equal force, as it now appears, into oral and literary expression. Did he carry his theory too far, both in what he painted and what he said? Was his correction of the manifest evil of the day too violent?

In his art, judging from what we have seen of his work, it seems to us that he scarcely ever erred in this respect—certainly he was never wantonly, sensationally ugly, though he was, very rarely, humanly painful and distressing. He was moved by the tragedy of life, but, in showing even the darkest side of the tragedy, he was never morbid. "Some tell me," he said, "that I deny the charms of the country. I find much more than charms—I find infinite glories. I see, as well as they do, the little flowers of which Christ said that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. I see the haloes of dandelions, and the sun, also, which spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds. But I see as well, in the plain, the steaming horses at work, and in a rocky place a man, all worn out, whose '*han*' has been heard since morning, and who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. The drama is surrounded by beauty." In his pictures as in nature, surely "the drama is surrounded by beauty." If it were true, as many of his contemporaries said, that he was "the painter of ugliness," there would have been no question, at this late day, concerning either his art or his opinions. Millet, like all real artists, had the sense of beauty; his pictures are full of loveliness, both physical and spiritual. He was "able to make people hear the songs, the silences, and murmurings of the air," and while, in his figures, he sought to characterize above all things, he did not fail to portray grace, stateliness, and tenderness of action, and charm of color, as well as the deeper beauty of expression.

In his words, however, Millet was, perhaps, on the question of the beautiful and the sublime in art, a special pleader, though in no petty sense; or rather, it should be said, that as every question has two sides, so it was Millet's part to put into clear, eloquent, and convincing language one side of the truth concerning beauty and sublimity in plastic art. Who will deny that he was right when he said, with that directness of which he was a master, "If I am to paint a mother, I shall try to make her beautiful simply by her look at her child. Beauty is expression." How well he puts a profound critical thought when he says that "one is never so Greek as in painting, naïvely, one's impressions, no matter where they are received." And who does not sympathize with the artist when he refuses to "prettify his types?" "I would rather do nothing than express myself feebly." "Yet, one sees handsome peasants, pretty country girls." "Yes, yes, but their beauty is not in their faces; it is in the expression of their figures and their appropriate action."

Perhaps, too, he not only expressed a private conviction, but hinted at a philosophic truth, when he said, "I do not speak of absolute beauty, for I do not know what it is, and it seems to me only a tremendous joke." It may be he was right when he declared that "everything is beautiful in its own time and place;" that "nothing is beautiful which comes at the wrong time," and that "the beautiful is the suitable." "Who shall dare to say," he asks, "that a potato is inferior to a pomegranate?" But would it be too bold to confess that we still cling to the old idea that some things are prettier than others, and that, as a rule, fruits are more pleasing to the eye than vegetables,—although it remains true that a painter of imagination can make a much more beautiful picture of a cabbage than a poor painter can make of a peach, and that even the same good painter's picture of a cabbage may happen to be prettier than his own picture of a peach. "I tried to show Thoré," he says, "that I thought grandeur was in the thought itself, and that everything became great that was employed in a great cause." Incontestable; but Millet illustrated and enforced the doctrine by a reference to the prophet's threatening of a plague of grasshoppers and locusts. "I asked him whether the threat would have been more terrible if, instead of locusts, the prophet had spoken of some king, with his chariots and war-horses, for the devastation is so great that nothing is untouched; the earth is denuded! Lament, husbandman, for the harvest of the field has perished! the wild asses and all creatures cry out, for there is no more grass; the object is accomplished and the imagination aroused." Certainly; but what has this to do with painting? If he had said one might paint a picture of a land that had been desolated by grasshoppers, which would be as fine as a picture of a land desolated by chariots and horsemen, this would have been true enough. But the prophet's threat was *verbal*, and Millet, in the heat of his controversy with Thoré, confounded literary with plastic art, and for once, at least, is eloquent without being clear. He could hardly have denied that a group of a chariot and horseman is a finer thing to paint than a grasshopper.

But far be it from us to combat the views of Millet with regard to beauty. They may be said to be fundamentally true, if not exclusively true; and the world of art has need of their lesson to-day as much as when they were first uttered.

We have in another number of the magazine referred to Millet's technical and moral excellences. It can scarcely be called a derogation that Millet, like all other geniuses that the world has known, with the almost solitary exception of Shakspere, had his limitations of temperament. In the large sense in which we say that Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Milton, and Dante were limited, so Millet was limited. He seems to have been somewhat deficient in humor, and lacking in appreciation of the gayety of life and nature. He did not understand or sympathize with Paris—a civic entity which has been an inspiration to so many men of genius. He was a somber, though serene spirit; a Norman peasant with a peasant's pride.

"The gay side never shows itself to me," he said. "I don't know where it is. I have never seen it. The gayest thing I know is the calm, the silence, which is so sweet, either in the forest or in the cultivated land—whether the land be good for culture or not. * * * Sometimes, in places where the land is sterile, you see figures hoeing and digging. From time to time one raises himself and straightens his back, as they call it, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. 'Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.' Is this the gay, jovial work some people would have us believe in? But, nevertheless, to me it is true humanity, and great poetry."

"True humanity and great poetry"—that he should see these in the life about him, and be able to put them into his pictures—this is the important matter, after all. And if his pictures do possess these qualities, what becomes of the doubt thrown out by Fromentin as to their power to live? This is what Fromentin says:

> "An original painter of our own time, a lofty soul, a melancholy spirit, a good heart, a nature truly rustic, has said of the country and country people, of the severity, the melancholy, and the nobility of their work, things which no Dutchman would have ever dreamed of looking for. He said them in a language a little rude, and under forms where the thought has more clearness and vigor than the hand. We were deeply thankful for his tendencies; and in the French school of painting we saw in him the sensibilities of a Burns, less clever than the poet in making himself understood. After all, has he or not left beautiful pictures? Has his form, his language—I mean that exterior envelope without which the things of the mind cannot exist or last—has it the qualities to make him a beautiful painter, and to assure his future fame? He is a profound thinker compared with Paul Potter and de Cuyp; he is a sympathetic dreamer compared with Terburg and Metsu; he has something incontestably noble when we think of the trivialities of Steen, Ostade, and Brauwer. As a man, he puts them all to the blush; as a painter, is he their equal?"

Remember that Fromentin is judging Millet's use of pigments by one of the two highest standards in art—that of the Dutch school. Comparing him with his contemporaries, Fromentin might have held at least Rousseau, possibly Delacroix and one or two others, his superiors in color; but in this one point of technique, we think a critic as severe as Fromentin would have been at a loss to find among now living French painters more than two or three equals of Millet—if he could have found as many as that. The modern school in Holland—though so different from the old—still is a school in which color is not forgotten; but even in color who will say that Israels (sometimes called the Dutch Millet) is equal to his master? Is there now any one in England or in Germany whose color is better? America has produced only one or two colorists who are superior to him: La Farge is, indeed, more purely a colorist than Millet, and perhaps the same can be said of Albert Ryder, a young painter of a more limited range of ability than La Farge, but of great beauty and intensity of color. So, even in the use of pigments, Millet falls short, if he does fall short, only by comparison with the very best, while as a delineator of the action of the human figure, we think it can be shown that Millet is among the first. But to adhere to what Fromentin actually says—"an original painter," "a lofty soul," who has said "things that no Dutchman would have ever dreamed of looking for"; "the sensibilities of Burns"; "a profound thinker compared with Paul Potter and de Cuyp"; "sympathetic," "noble," putting them all to the blush "as a man." But Millet was not a poet, a preacher, a statesman—he was a painter. He did not belong to the class of men whose friends say, deprecatingly: "If, only, he had the gift of expression, others beside us would know how great he is!" It is by means of his own plastic expression that he forces Fromentin to say, comparing him with the masters of painting: "As a man, he puts them all to the blush." If Fromentin was not deceived in declaring Millet to be a great man, by the testimony of his art, then it seems to us that he may have underrated the technical qualities themselves of that art. We repeat—we know Millet's moral and intellectual qualities only through his art; he makes through this medium a powerful impression, and so long as this impression continues to be made, so long will his pictures last. But, like Fromentin, we are inclined rather to suggest and question than to dogmatize in taking, as we do, a more hopeful view of the perpetuity of the fame of this "lofty soul" and "profound thinker."

Tennyson's New Ballads.*

THERE are people who believe that the poets are a short-lived guild, and apt, by too much giving way to their emotional nature, to wear themselves out earlier than other men. Keats in England, Schiller and Heine in Germany, Drake and Poe in America, give some color to the idea. But how many more reach an age when they live again for the third time in their grandchildren? Victor Hugo has made exquisite melody over his feelings as a grandfather, and now Tennyson, the happy father of sons who promise much better things than are supposed traditionally to be the lot of a great man's children, comes before the world as a grandparent of the most devoted kind. Little is known of Mrs. Tennyson. Whatever share she may have had in the love-lyrics of the Poet-Laureate remains concealed under the habitual reserve of Tennyson, but, as a woman is best and most honorably known by the children she has reared, the grandfather's testimony to the grandchild may be taken indirectly as a compliment to the grandmother.

* Ballads and Other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

It would not be true to say that this dedication, "To Alfred Tennyson, my Grandson," is particularly good poetry; its virtue is rather reflex and relative to the personality of its author. For there are many stories running about the world whose animus is to make the unwary hearer suppose that Mr. Tennyson is a morose and forbidding person in his old age, a sort of poetical Thomas Carlyle.

"Golden-haired Ally, whose name is one with mine,
Crazy with laughter, and babble, and earth's new wine,
Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,
Oh, little blossom, oh mine, and mine of mine,
Glorious poet who never hast written a line,
Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine.
Mayst thou never be wronged by the name that is mine!"

There will be ten thousand readers of these lines who will glow over the fact that Tennyson dedicates his ballads to his baby grandson, and among them one, at most, who will shake his head over the weakness of the verse. The mass of readers are, fortunately, more occupied with the fact presented than with a critical analysis of the poem. Doubtless many who have heard grievous reports of the Poet-Laureate, particularly from lion-hunting Americans who had been badgering him, will revise their judgment when they find him a doting grandfather.

Mr. Tennyson does not offer anything essentially different from his earlier work, nor is there any reason why we should expect it. He has a niche on Parnassus; whether it be high or low remains for posterity to decide. At present all we have to do is to pick out the best from what he gives us among the ballads and miscellaneous verses now for the first time printed in book form. Unquestionably the first place must be given to "The *Revenge;* A Ballad of the Fleet," which appeared a year or two ago in "The Nineteenth Century." The scene is new (for Tennyson) and the versification very unusual. It reminds one of Browning's ballad of "Hervé Riel." Mr. Tennyson seems to have had a fit of disgust at the comparative smoothness of his usual versification, and to have determined to outdo Browning himself. Yet, for all that, his hearty love of rhyme, of the cling-clang of double and single rhymes, would not let him be, and so we find "The *Revenge*" full of rhymes in the line. The effect is to give an indescribable smack of sailor-song to the ballad; perhaps the poet had the ballad of Captain Kidd in mind. Were it shorter, it might rank as one of Tennyson's finest things, but it has upon it the thoroughly English curse of wordiness, and, by the time we know where the whole story tends, we are beginning to perceive that the author might have told it in half the time.

"Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: 'I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

III.

"So Sir Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him, in their pain, that they never were left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV.

"He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castle heaving upon the weather-bow.
'Shall we fight, or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'
And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil!
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet.'

Sir Richard spoke, and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right, and half to the left were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on through the long sea-lane between."

As the Poet-Laureate of England, Mr. Tennyson keeps his seat manfully, if the chief qualification be to write abundantly and in various directions. If, however, the laureateship be regarded as an appanage of the throne, as it was in former centuries, the present incumbent has not much to show in the way of direct poetical expression to or concerning members of the royal family. There is a dedicatory poem to the Princess Alice, and lines to the Princess Frederica of Hanover, daughter of the blind king, on her marriage—fine ideas not too happily expressed. The poem to the Princess Alice dedicates "The Defence of Lucknow" to her memory, a ballad full of good things and admirably fit for a poet-laureate of England to write, but a poem which suffers from the same defect that lessens the interest in much of Tennyson's work, namely, unnecessary length. It has such lines as

"The mellowed murmur of the people's praise

* * * where is he can swear
But that some broken gleam from our poor earth
May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
Of England, and her banner in the East?"

The ballads in dialect take their place well along with similar work by the Laureate, especially, "Rizpah," the lament of a crone over her only son, who has been hanged for robbery. In "The Sisters" we have the lines:

"I lay at leisure, watching overhead
The aërial poplar wave, an amber spire."

In "Columbus," the Tennysonian touch is heard again in such lines as

"Chains for him
Who pushed his prows into the setting sun
And made West East, and sail'd the Dragon's mouth,
And came upon the Mountain of the World,
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!"

If Tennyson does little in the way of writing for the Court, he is certainly ready enough to write for the

English people. Yet, a distinction must be made. He does not embrace in his sympathies anything but Saxon England; Ireland and Scotland are foreign countries to him, and it is clear that France or Montenegro interests him more than two of the three main divisions of Great Britain. He has seen tardily the value of certain Irish legends, and in "The Defence of Lucknow" is compelled to give credit to the Highlanders who relieved the city. But without the modernization of the "Battle of Brunanburh" from the Anglo-Saxon, one can see in his poems the prejudices entertained by Englishmen against the Irish and Scotch. This poem is a rough alliterative war chant in memory of the discomfiture, by West-Saxons and Mercians, of the Scotch under Constantinus and the Irish-Danes under Anlaf.

The translation of thirty lines of the 18th Book of the Iliad is admirably done, being executed in thirty-three lines of blank verse. We might prefer in these lines a stronger word for "call'd," since it was a goddess who cried out, and it was her voice that paralyzed the Trojans.

> "There standing, shouted, and Pallas far away
> Call'd; and a boundless panic shook the foe."

The sonnets are of different degrees of merit; that to Victor Hugo least pleasing; that to Montenegro fine; but the following is, to our thinking, much the finest of the four:

> "TO THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD.
>
> "Brooks, for they called you so that knew you best,
> Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
> How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes!
> How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest
> Would echo helpless laughter to your jest!
> How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
> Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,
> Who loved you well! Now both are gone to rest.
> Yon man of humorous melancholy mark,
> Dead of some inward agony—is it so?
> Our kindlier, trustier Jacques, past away!
> I can not laud this life, it looks so dark:
> SKIAS ONAR—dream of a shadow, go—
> God bless you. I shall join you in a day."

Recent Works on Poe.*

MR. STODDARD'S recently published selections from the writings of Edgar Poe contain all of Poe's poems worthy of retention, the best of his tales and sketches, and enough of his critical essays to give the general reader an idea of the singular acuteness of his literary judgments when unbiased by personal feeling. The accompanying life of the poet is enlarged from the memoir prefixed to Mr. Stoddard's edition of the poems published in 1875. It contains, however, much new material, and in special several of Poe's letters, now first presented. Mr. Stedman's valuable critical article on Poe, contributed to the May SCRIBNER, has been reprinted in elegant shape by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., so that the latest utterances on the subject, both in biography and in criticism, are now simultaneously before the public.

It can hardly be said that these two publications do much toward modifying the already very distinct impression made by Poe's peculiar genius. And yet they were not uncalled for, since they settle—it may be hoped finally—many mooted points in his career, both as a man and as an artist.

Poe's life has usurped an undue share of attention, considering how unrelated it was to his literary work. The latter occupied a sphere more remote from the real world than is usual even in the writings of the most "idealistic" poets. Mr. Lathrop, in his comparison of Poe with Hawthorne, has pointed out how un-American the former was; how little root he struck in the soil. His creations were like the blossoms of an air-plant. Even where they sprang from an actual experience, as in the lines "To Helen," or the little poem "For Annie," he translated the experience into that realm of weird creatures and unearthly landscapes which was the true home of his imagination. In Philadelphia or New York he was always a stranger. His mind had

> "——— reached these lands but newly
> From an ultimate dim Thule."

The reason why so many memoirs of Poe have been written is to be found in the inaccuracy and malignity of Griswold's famous life. This was at once attacked by Graham and Neale, and the controversy thus started has raged ever since. Many obscure points have been thereby cleared up, such as the date and place of the poet's birth, the real manner of his death, the exact nature of his relations with Mrs. Whitman, etc. Griswold has been convicted of many errors of fact; and yet, in spite of the generous women who have rushed to Poe's defense, and of the laborious biography of his latest rehabilitator, Mr. Ingram, the essential features of his character remain much as Griswold left them.

It can hardly be denied that Poe was personally a very poor creature. He was thankless, vain, quarrelsome, and insincere. He had some fine, winning traits which made a few women love him, but he was one whom no man could trust or respect. Mr. Stoddard claims in his preface to have written "generally without a word either of praise or blame; for whatever else might be said of his memoir, he was determined that it should not be called controversial." This boast he carries out very fairly, maintaining an attitude of cold impartiality, and certainly not erring through excess of sympathy with his subject.

But whatever may have been the short-comings of Poe's life, the world willingly forgets and forgives. It knows that the order and harmony of the poet's verse have often no correspondence in his acts; that the ethereal quintessence of genius is lodged sometimes in the coarsest vessels, and sometimes in vessels sadly frail and broken. Has not the world forgiven Byron? And after all, what has it to forgive?—it remains so vastly in the poet's debt! It seems, therefore, a kind of ingratitude to recall the failure in living of one whose thinking has become part of the intellectual experience of the race.

Mr. Stoddard gives us suggestive glimpses of the

* Edgar Allan Poe. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.
The Life and Writings of Edgar Allan Poe. By R. H. Stoddard. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

literary background against which Poe's figure is projected. Those were the days of Graham, and Godey, and of the annuals; the days of the Kennedys, the Hoffmans, and the Sigourneys; when the "North American Review" paid its contributors two dollars a page; when General Morris wrote songs for the "New York Mirror"; and Mr. Richard Henry Wilde wrote sonnets for the "Southern Literary Messenger." Does not all this read like ancient history? Poe slaved as an assistant editor for a salary of ten dollars a week. Willis was the only writer who made a comfortable income by his pen. The reading public was still small. There was no stimulating criticism. A new book was greeted with indifference by the public, and with feeble, indiscriminating praise by the reviews. Hard, surely, was the fortune of the bard born into such an environment. In reading the career of Poe, one is reminded of another American poet who suffered in the same way from an uncongenial *milieu*. We allude to Percival. The two men were quite unlike in character, and of totally unequal genius. Poe is as sure to be remembered as Percival to be forgotten. But they were alike in the bitterness of their reaction against their environment; in the injurious effect upon them of the atmosphere of their generation, at once relaxing and chilling. They both wrote, as it were, *in vacuo*.

How much more bracing is the air of literature to-day appears on comparing Mr. Stedman's little book with Poe's own critical writings. The latter was alternately engaged in attacking his rivals with jealous ferocity, and in puffing some third-class obscurity into notice. The former, with much less than Poe's natural sagacity, brings to his task a sense of responsibility which makes him, in the end, the better critic. If his criticism seems the result of a nicely trained taste rather than of original insight, it is nevertheless just and delicate throughout. It applies largely—though by no means exclusively—to matters of *technique*, as might perhaps be expected from the nature of his subject, and from the fact that he is himself a conscientious literary workman. Poe's art—at least as a poet—was minute, and invites minute discussion.

It may be worth while to compare Mr. Stedman's judgments with Mr. Stoddard's, where they touch the same points. Criticism, it is to be feared, can never become an exact science. It always brings up against some such maxim as "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*" Here are two poets writing of a third, and reaching, perhaps, a general agreement; but in details the subjective element comes in and defeats consent. "If 'Annabel Lee' and 'For Annie,'" writes Mr. Stoddard, "possess any merit other than attaches to melodious jingle, I have not been able to discover it." On the other hand, Mr. Stedman says of "For Annie": "For repose, and for delicate and unstudied melody, it is one of Poe's truest poems, and his tenderest." And he pronounces "Annabel Lee" "a tuneful dirge, the simplest of Poe's melodies, and the most likely to please the common ear." He adds that it was written with more spontaneity than others of Poe's lyrics: "The theme is carried along skillfully, the movement hastened and heightened to the end, and there dwelt upon, as often in a piece of music." Still greater is their divergence of opinion touching "Ulalume," that fantastic requiem which the poet wrote shortly after the death of his wife. Of "Ulalume" Mr. Stoddard writes as follows, after calling it "the most singular poem that anybody ever produced in commemoration of a dead woman": "I can perceive no touch of grief in it, no intellectual sincerity, but a diseased determination to create the strange, the remote, and the terrible. * * * No healthy mind was ever impressed by 'Ulalume.'". On the other hand, Mr. Stedman says: "It is so strange, so unlike anything that preceded it, so vague and yet so full of meaning, that of itself it might establish a new method. To me it seems an improvisation, such as a violinist might play upon the instrument which had become his one thing of worth after the death of a companion had left him alone with his own soul."

We think that the subtler interpretation is here the truer one. Is there any touch of grief in "Lycidas"? Poe was incapable of writing a simple, direct expression of a personal sorrow, such as Burns wrote, *e. g.*, in his lines "To Mary in Heaven." As Milton's pastoral machinery keeps his emotion at arm's length, so with Poe: the strangest form which his imagination imposed upon his utterance grew to be his instrument of expression—his violin. In the preface to his third volume of poems, he says that "a poem is opposed to romance, by having for its object an indefinite instead of a definite pleasure." This is one of the cases in which he limited his definitions by his own practice, and "Ulalume" is his extremest example of indefiniteness.

Apropos of "Ulalume," Mr. Stoddard objects to Poe's abuse of the refrain—or, as Mr. Stedman prefers to call it, the "repetend." "The gain of a single word and the variation of a single thought are hardly worth such repetitions as these":

> "The leaves they were crisped and sere—
> The leaves they were withering and sere," etc.

Here again Mr. Stedman would seem to take issue with his brother critic. He instances, as an example of the employment of the refrain with "novel and poetical results," the following lines from "Ulalume":

> "But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,
> Our memories were treacherous and sere."

So far as the instances here quoted go, we agree with Mr. Stoddard. The trick becomes distasteful in its excess, and has been wittily compared to the arithmetical process of "carrying one" from the line above. But we would not willingly relinquish the masterly employment of this effect in "The Raven," nor that lingering echo in which the music of "Annabel Lee" expires—

> "In her sepulcher there by the sea—
> In her tomb by the sounding sea."

After what Stoddard says of the "jingle" in "For

Annie" and other pieces, it seems incredible that he should hold up "The Bells" as the most perfect example of Poe's "power of words." We must strongly dissent from his estimate of this poem, as well as from Mr. Stedman's, which seems equally high. "The Bells" has always impressed us as one of Poe's most artificial lyrics: the mechanical effect is carried beyond permissible bounds. It is the converse of those imitative abominations in "The Battle of Prague," and similar performances, which strive to set the boom of artillery, the noise of water-falls, etc., in the place of purely musical ideas.

Yet there can be no question that Poe was one of our finest versifiers. That his devices were somewhat transparent, and admit easily of parody, is no objection to them. He carried them even into punctuation, as witness his fondness for the parenthesis:

> "Round about a throne where, sitting
> (Porphyrogene!)," etc.

We think Mr. Stedman is perfectly right in his preference of "Israfel" over any other single poem of its author. He deserves thanks, too, for saying a good word for "The Sleeper," which is certainly Poe's most characteristic thing, though by no means his best. Those who like to taste the extreme flavor of a poet—who find something in "The Idiot Boy" which they miss in the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality"—will feel what we mean when we say that we would lose any other one of Poe's poems rather than "The Sleeper."

In what Mr. Stedman has to say of Poe's prose writings he is equally sympathetic, and careful to do exact justice. It must be confessed that Poe's rank as a prose classic will depend in the future upon almost as slender a basis as his poetic fame. Only some dozen or half-dozen of his tales will stand the wear of time. His humorous tales are even now melancholy reading. In this kind he attained at most the grotesque. His ingenious analyses, like "The Gold Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," will always have an interest as puzzles. His tales of fear and of the supernatural still retain their fascination; but even here there is an alloy of baseness: the terrible is mixed overmuch with the horrible—*i. e.*, with the physically repulsive. Poe's great inferiority to Hawthorne in spiritual depth and fineness—which Mr. Stedman points out—is of course obvious. The critic's allusion to his author's display of learning, and his fondness for mystifying his readers, reminds one of Colonel Higginson's confession that he had once looked in vain through Tieck to find that "Journey into the Blue Distance" to which Poe refers in "The Fall of the House of Usher."

We fear, from Mr. Stedman's use of "transcendental" in the following sentence, that he is one of those who use this word loosely: "His artistic contempt for metaphysics is seen even in those tales which appear most transcendental." But for this we are willing to blame, not any particular critic, but rather the wretched state of our whole critical nomenclature. Who is not tired unto death of critical talk about "realism" and "idealism"—both of which words have in philosophy a precise meaning, in criticism none; about "melody" and "harmony"—misleading analogies imported from music; or the "preraphaelite" and the "picturesque"—equally misleading terms from a sister art? We read with grief that Mr. Bryant had suggested for the Poe monument at Baltimore an inscription containing that odious piece of literary slang, "word-painting." And this after Lessing has taught us better; and from one who insisted on having the writers on the "Evening Post" call a hotel an inn! Coleridge's imported distinctions have broken down. Genius is only a higher degree of talent; fancy and imagination are not two faculties but different employments of one faculty (*Einbildungskraft*); and few metaphysicians will admit any distinction between his famous reason and understanding.

Edward Everett Hale's "Crusoe in New York."*

MR. HALE'S contribution to the Christmas flood of literature is a volume of his capital short stories, the title to which is furnished by a new tale. The old acquaintances in the book are not less welcome because they are not new; and many readers will be glad to have in the covers of a substantial work the delightfully funny sketch of "Alif-Laila, or the Origin of the Serial Story," and the equally ingenious romance of "Max Kessler's Horse-Car." The adventures of the New Crusoe in the city are delightfully told, and they have all that air of reality which has made the author of "The Man without a Country" famous. In his preface, Mr. Hale gravely remarks on the criticism of his books by those who think that the appearance of probability in a story earns for the author the epithet of "forger and counterfeiter." This, Mr. Hale thinks, is a superficial view of the case, and he pleads that he has high authority for teaching by parable.

The Crusoe of the tale, employed to build a ten-foot fence around a vacant lot near the corner of "Fernando Street and Ninety-ninth Avenue," and which is sheltered under the high wall of a church, conceives the clever plan of building a hut on the premises for himself and his widowed mother. The land belongs to minor heirs of a great estate, and cannot be used for any purpose of revenue to the owners until they become of age. The lot is ample, and is so screened by the tall fence that the occupant may be hidden from the rest of the world as completely as if he were on a desert island in the South Pacific. By ingenious artifices, the New Crusoe, who tells his own story to the reader, conveys his building-materials into the inclosure, erects his hut, furnishes and equips it, and smuggles his unsuspecting parent into it through a sliding panel in the otherwise impervious fence. Here Crusoe and his mother lived for many years, cultivating the ground, resorting to all manner of odd expedients to elude observation,

* Crusoe in New York, and other Tales. By Edward E. Hale, author of "The Man without a Country," "Ten Times One are Ten," and other tales. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

and being quite alone in the midst of a great city. This is Crusoe's description of his "desert island" when he began operations:

"When I was fairly within, and the plank was replaced, I felt that I was indeed monarch of all that I surveyed. What did I survey? The church wall on the North, my own screen of spruce boards, now well dry, on the South; on the East and West, the ten-foot fence which I had built myself; and over there in the West, God's deep, transparent sky, in which I could see a planet whose name I did not know. It was a heaven, indeed, which he had said was as much mine as his."

To maintain the subtle and distant imitation of De Foe's wonderful tale, Mr. Hale's New Crusoe in the city one day finds a terrifying foot-print, not on the sand, but in the moist earth of his island garden, where "the melons lie a-ripening in the sun." Crusoe, describing his emotions, says:

"I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened; I looked around me. I could hear nothing but the roar of the omnibuses, nor could I see anything. I went up and down the path, but it was all one. I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again, to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy. But there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of an Englishman's hob-nailed shoe,—the heavy heel, the prints of the nails. There was even a piece of patch which had been put on it, though it had never been half-soled."

Observant readers will recognize in all this the minute and deceptive details of description with which Mr. Hale has so often beguiled multitudes of people. And when we read that Crusoe, in consternation, fled to his hut, "panting like one pursued," the fine touches of the master of realistic writing are complete. Crusoe, too, has his "man Friday," although in this instance the creature rescued from the savages who rage around his retreat is *Frida*, a Swedish maid, whom, when he hears her shrieks, as she is hunted down Church Alley, he swiftly drags through the sliding panel of his stockade, to the intense astonishment of her pursuers, who are baffled by the seeming impenetrability of the board fence into which she has apparently melted. The New York Crusoe marries Frida, after much entertaining pursuit for her missing brother, who should have been working in Tuckahoe, New Jersey, and who is hunted down, with great tribulation, before the tale is done and Crusoe is rescued, so to speak, from his self-exile. The story, it will be seen, is charmingly told; it has a moral in due form, and it will be welcomed as one of the most striking of Mr. Hale's fictions.

Bellamy's "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process."*

WE have been very much struck by this story of New England village life by Mr. Edward Bellamy. It is a painful story of sin and suffering, very genuine, written with much power, but as it seems to us in a too despondent tone. The tenor of the work may be caught from the following thoughtful sentence, which is put in the mouth of a young man who has committed a crime: "After my disgrace, the way I felt about myself was very much, I presume, as a mechanic feels, who by an unlucky stroke has hopelessly spoiled the looks of a piece of work, which he nevertheless has got to go on and complete as best he can." The subject of the story is as follows: A village girl is betrayed by a young man and flies to the city, whither she is followed by a former lover, who discovers her and offers her marriage. The "Process" of Dr. Heidenhoff is an invention which is to induce in men forgetfulness of their past lives. In a dream, the lover imagines that his bride is subjected to the experiment, which is successful. The story ends with the suicide of the girl. We are especially struck by the rude fidelity with which the village life is described, by the total absence of affectation, and by the power with which the writer has apprehended the suffering and sinful mind of the young girl. Our readers will remember several very original stories and sketches by Mr. Bellamy which have appeared in SCRIBNER—"Potts's Painless Cure," "The Old Folks' Party," "The Cold Snap," and others.

* Dr. Heidenhoff's Process. By Edward Bellamy. D. Appleton & Co.

The Third Salmagundi Exhibition.

THE third annual exhibition of Black-and-White Art, under the auspices of the Salmagundi Sketch Club, which was given in the month of December, 1880, in the rooms of the National Academy of Design, New York, was especially noteworthy for the large number of examples shown, and for the evidences displayed of the new directions in which American artists are now called upon to exercise their talents. The illustration of periodicals and of books has come to be an important branch of art in America. The two illustrative figure-artists whose work is now most prominently before the country are Mr. Edwin A. Abbey and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote; unfortunately for such exhibitions as this, however, Mrs. Foote's drawings are generally made directly upon the wood, and so this artist is seldom well represented in public exhibitions; Mr. Abbey, therefore, made the most important display on the walls as an illustrator. He shows invention, range, and strength in making pictures to accompany old poems and new stories, but we are inclined to think that his most masterly and satisfactory work is done in landscape and figure subjects from nature and life. This, we think, is true of Mrs. Foote, also, to whose work we cannot help referring, though conspicuous here only by its absence.

The cartoons of La Farge and Shirlaw show that our artists are entering with spirit into the fields of decoration—of wall-painting and window-making. There is, moreover, a growing American school—if school it can be called—of etchers. Among the newer names, we notice those of Stephen Parrish and Mary Nimmo Moran; the etchings of the former manifest decided cleverness and a pictorial sense, while those of the latter have a fresh and naïve charm of their own.

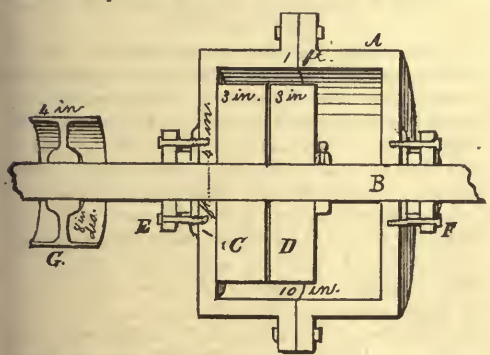
But we have not space to review completely the

exhibition of this young but very active society, or to speak as we might of the delicate work of Murphy, Riordan, and Homer Martin; the outline drawings of Brennan; the dashing pictures and sketches of Miller, George Inness, Jr., Blum (a new name of great promise in a special line), Chase, Lungren; the ingenious compositions of Howard Pyle, Burns, and a host of others, many of whose names and work are familiar to our readers. There is much here that is superficial, merely imitative, and too easily attractive; but there is, also, enough good and serious work to interest and to encourage the lover of art. The wood-engravers exhibit a number of proofs; and, in this branch of art, at least, it is a satisfaction to be assured by foreign critics that America can now claim to be ahead of all other countries.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Heat from Friction.

THAT friction will develop heat is often used to demonstrate the familiar law that heat is a mode of motion, and that one may be turned into the other. In mechanical work, the heat springing from friction is regarded as a loss, to be saved, as far as possible, by the use of lubricants, and little practical use has been made of the transformation of motion into heat by friction, except in the common lucifer match. Recently two inventions, originating in this country and differing widely in their objects, have been introduced, with a view to utilize the heat that springs from friction. One of these is the fusing-disk, already in use in several iron-works, and the other is a novel system of obtaining sensible heat from friction, for the purpose of warming buildings and railroad cars. The aim of this invention is to transform the motion of a steam-engine, wind or tide mill, or other motor, into heat for warming inclosed air. It consists essentially of two disks of iron, arranged to rub against each other when in motion, and a water-circulating system for conveying the heat developed to the room or car to be warmed.



The accompanying diagram gives a section of the movable parts of this machine. An iron cylinder, made in two parts, is bolted together, inclosing two iron disks. One of these is fastened to the end of the cylinder, and the other is placed on the shaft that passes through the center of the cylinder. The disks are designed to be placed close together, provision being made for regulating the pressure of one against the other. The shaft is turned by means of a belt on the pulley seen in the drawing, and when ready for work the cylinder is connected by pipes (not shown in the drawing) with the flow and return of a common hot-water system, such as may be seen in any greenhouse. Stuffing-boxes are provided for the shaft, to prevent leakage, and when the pipe-system and cylinder have been filled with water (through the usual expansion standpipe), power is applied to the pulley. The rubbing or friction between the two disks heats the water in the cylinder, and it expands and circulates through the pipes, heating and warming the room in which they are placed. The amount of heat obtained depends on the amount of friction between the two disks and the power expended in overcoming it. No doubt the water surrounding the disks in a measure reduces the friction by acting as a lubricant, and that in a dry air the heat obtained by friction would be greater, but much of the novelty of the invention consists in the use of the water-circulation to take up the heat and convey it where it is needed. Machines constructed on this plan, having a cylinder 30.5 centimeters (12 inches) in diameter, 61 centimeters (2 feet) long, and absorbing the energy of some motor represented by one horse-power, are reported to thoroughly heat 61 meters (200 feet) of water-pipe, or sufficient heating surface to warm a room 9.15 by 12.20 meters (30 by 40 feet). A larger machine, absorbing four horse-power, is said to be sufficient to warm a room 18.30 by 61 meters. The horse-power quoted is presumed to mean horse-power per hour, and calling this a consumption of three pounds of coal burned in the boiler, it would seem the larger room is warmed at a cost of 12 pounds of coal per hour. While this interesting invention is reported to be a practical success, it must be observed that it is essentially wasteful. The coal under the boiler supplies heat to turn water into steam, and this in expanding develops energy in the engine, and the friction of the rubbing-disks turns the energy of the engine into heat. Each transformation is accompanied by loss, particularly in the first, for only a small fraction of the heat in the coal is utilized. It would seem better to burn the coal directly in a stove in heating the room. However, power in certain places is cheap, as at a water-fall, tide or wind mill, and by such a device as this it may be used to develop sufficient heat to warm shops or dwellings. It can also be used on railway cars, by taking the power from the axles of the moving car, and it has the undoubted merit of freedom from danger by fire or explosion.

The second invention for utilizing the heat of friction is so radically different that there does not at first seem to be any connection between the two. From experiments made within the last year or two, it was

found that if a bar of steel was brought close to the edge of a thin disk of metal driven at a high speed, it could be cut, or apparently sawn, apart. The action of such a disk was not at first understood, but the invention has been improved, and is now in use in a number of machine-shops under the name of the fusing-disk. The name rightly describes the peculiar action of the apparatus. The revolving disk is now made of soft steel, 5 millimeters ($\frac{3}{16}$ inch) thick at the edge and 106.7 centimeters (42 inches) in diameter. This is mounted vertically on a shaft supported by a strong frame, and driven by steam-power at a speed of 230 revolutions a minute. In front of the disk is placed a lathe chuck for carrying the steel bars to be cut. A round bar, 4 centimeters ($1\frac{5}{8}$ inches) in diameter, placed in the chuck and turned in the same direction as the disk at a speed of 200 revolutions, and slowly brought in contact with the disk, is cut or fused in two in from two to ten seconds. In examining such a bar when partly cut in two, it is found that the cut portion is wider than the disk, there being a free play or narrow space between the sides of the disk and the sides of the cut, showing that in cutting the bar the disk does not touch it anywhere. It is thought from this that the cutting is really a fusing or melting of the bar, due to the heat developed by friction. The particles of air next the edge of the disk are swept around by its motion and thrown against the bar, and the friction of the air develops the heat that fuses the bar. The bar is clearly melted off, and the explanation offered appears to be reasonable. The fusing-disk is reported to be a practical and useful tool, and it will no doubt lead to other interesting and valuable inventions based upon the same principles.

Under-ground Telegraphy.

THE rapid increase of telegraph, telephone, fire-alarm, and electric-light wires in this country has again called attention to the dangers and inconveniences of placing the wires on poles and on the house-tops in our cities. Telegraph and telephone wires interfere with each other by induction, and electric-light wires have proved a source of possible danger to all other wires near them. The crossing of such a wire with a telephone wire recently made an accidental short circuit at the telephone transmitter, producing a sudden heat that set fire to the apparatus and completely destroyed it, only its prompt discovery preventing a serious fire. To this is the added possible danger that may arise if any one should short-circuit an electric-light wire through his limbs or body. Two deaths are said to have been recently caused in this manner. Several plans for placing all such wires under-ground have already been proposed, one of which has been described in this department; and in Germany many miles of cable have already been laid under-ground for military purposes. A new system now under experiment in this country seems to offer some advantages in point of cheapness and ease of management, and may be briefly described. Cylindrical blocks of terra cotta are bored with numerous small holes from four to six cm. (two and a half inches) in diameter, and covered with a vitrified glazing on the inside. These blocks are designed to be laid end to end under-ground, and firmly cemented together, thus making a series of terra-cotta pipes in a single line of blocks. These are laid in sections, and at convenient distances excavations are made in the ground and carefully bricked up, thus making an under-ground chamber between each section, and giving room for laying new wires and making repairs, without disturbing the blocks or tearing up the street. As the blocks are laid, small wires are placed in the holes, all the wires in each section ending in the sunken chambers. The design of this is to enable the workman in the chamber to draw the cables or bundles of wires through the perforated blocks, by means of a reel, as fast as needed. When a section is laid and ready for use, a rubber pipe or hose is drawn through the holes in the blocks, and in this the insulated cable is placed, thus incasing it in a vitrified stone-ware pipe, lined with rubber, a threefold protection against the dampness of the ground. The different kinds of wires may be completely separated, while a small block will carry a thousand wires without inconvenience. Branch lines will be laid to offices and buildings, by pipes laid under the walks from the chambers at the ends of the sections. These chambers are designed to be covered when not in use, and will not interfere with street traffic. It is claimed that the system is much cheaper than any hitherto proposed, and it certainly has the merit of removing the wires from the streets and house-tops, and at the same time of preventing the continual tearing up of the roadway to lay new cables.

Some Recent Research in the Prevention of Diseases of Cattle.

AMONG the most destructive diseases to which cattle are subject is the so-called Siberian plague, the carbuncular disease or anthrax. From some recent researches concerning the origin and transmission of this disease, Pasteur brings out one fact that cannot fail to be of value to the breeder and farmer. Without here considering the nature of this disease and its treatment, attention may be drawn to the single fact that it may be communicated from one animal that has died to all living animals near its place of burial through the agency of the common earth-worm. It would appear that the parasite or its germs affecting the blood of the animal, and causing the disease, may survive in the ground after the diseased animal has died and is properly buried. The earth-worm passing freely up and down through the soil may (and apparently without harm to itself) take up the germs of the disease and deposit them on the surface, where, when dry, they may be blown in fine dust upon the grass or other herbage on which cattle in the neighborhood may feed. It is thus the disease is transmitted from the dead to the living through the innocent and hitherto unsuspected agency of the earth-worm. The remedy suggested by Pasteur is always to bury animals that may die of the anthrax in sandy soil, or, better, whenever practicable to sink them in the sea.

New Steelyard.

THE common steelyard with weight attached to the end has been recently simplified by taking off the weight and using the beam in its place. To accomplish this, the beam is arranged to slide freely in a ring, or case, of metal. The hook for supporting the material to be weighed is pivoted to the lower side of this case, while the chain, or rod, for holding the apparatus is pivoted to the upper side. When the beam is at rest, or at zero on the scale, the zero mark is at the edge of the case, and the beam rests horizontally in equilibrium. When the material to be weighed is suspended on the hook, the beam is thrown out of equilibrium and is then drawn through the ring till the balance is restored, the weight being then indicated on the scale next the ring. Weights may also be used with the beam in the usual manner, and in this event a second scale on the beam is used, and the weight is indicated by the last figure next the ring.

New Variable Water-lens.

A NEW lens, suggested by the peculiar power possessed by the human eye in changing its focal length by altering the shape of the crystalline lens, has been made, that may prove of some value in laboratory work. It consists of two fine glass disks set in a ring-frame, the space between them being filled with water. The water is connected, by means of a flexible pipe passing through the ring, with a reservoir that may be raised or lowered to change the pressure of the water in the ring. The advantage claimed for this arrangement is found in the expansion or contraction of the glass sides of the lens under the variations of pressure. When the pressure is increased, the glass bends outward, thus making the lens thicker, and changing its focal length. The elastic limit of such disks of glass, however thin, must be small and the changes in the focal length of the lens would be limited, yet there would seem to be no reason why, with other transparent material, such as mica, a lens might not be constructed in this manner, having a wide range of focal length.

Fire-proofing Iron Columns.

HOLLOW iron columns for supporting floors and roofs are much used in constructing large buildings, and were it not for the almost fatal defect that they will bend or break under the influence of heat, they would be universally employed in building. Many experiments have been tried with a view to making such columns fire-proof, or, at least, sufficiently so to be able to stand a small fire in their neighborhood without bending, and thus bringing the entire building to the ground in ruins, long before it would be destroyed by the fire alone. A total collapse of a large building in which there was only a moderate fire, in this city, together with the loss of two lives, would seem to make this point perfectly clear. Casing the columns with wood, asbestos, brickwork, etc., has been tried, and some of the methods have been described here in detail. Recently two more suggestions have been offered. One is to inclose the columns in rings of terra cotta, put on over the top when the column is set up. These would act as a shield to keep off the heat till the fire could be subdued. The plan is simple and inexpensive, and has the added advantage of giving opportunity to make the columns highly ornamental, as terra cotta readily lends itself to decorative treatment. The second plan is to fill the columns with water. To do this, the plates or castings, usually placed between the columns where they stand one over the other, have holes or openings of some kind, so that there is a free communication from column to column, from the bottom to the top of the building. Where columns are already erected, short pipes are used to connect them at each floor. The uppermost column is also provided with a small escape-pipe, passing through the roof to the open air. At the base of each tier of columns a pipe is connected with the street mains, so that all the columns may be filled with water, either permanently or on emergency. When thus filled with water and provided with an escape for the expansion of the water or steam, the columns would stand unharmed until every floor was burned out. Were the girders also hollow and filled with water in the same manner, both girders and columns would undoubtedly stand intact, even after all the floors and the roof had fallen in, and they could be used again in rebuilding. The system has the merit of cheapness and ease of application, and is patented in this country.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Cabin Philosophy.

JES' turn de back-log ober, dar—an' pull your stools up nigher,
An' watch dat 'possum cookin' in de skillet by de fire:
Lemme spread my legs out on de bricks to make my feelin's flow,
An' I'll grind you out a fac' or two, to take befo' you go.

Now, in dese busy wukin' days, dey's changed de Scripter fashions,
An' you needn't look to mirakuls to furnish you wid rations;
Now, when you's wantin' loaves o' bread, you got to go an' fetch 'em,
An' ef you's wantin' fishes, you mus' dig your wums an' ketch 'em;
For you kin put it down as sartin dat de time is long gone by,
When sassages an' 'taters use to rain fum out de sky!

Ef you think about it keerfully, and put it to the tes',
You'll diskiver dat de safes' plan is gin'ully de bes':
Ef you stumble on a hornets'-nes' an' make de critters scatter,
You needn't stan' dar like a fool an' argerfy de matter;
An' when de yaller fever comes an' settles all aroun',
'Tis better dan de karanteen to *shuffle out o' town!*

Dar's heap o' dreadful music in de very fines' fiddle;
A ripe an' meller apple may be rotten in de middle;
De wises' lookin' trabeler may be de bigges' fool;
Dar's a lot o' solid kickin in de humbles' kind o' mule;
De preacher aint de holies' dat w'ars de meekes' look,
An' does de loudes' bangin' on de kiver ob de Book!

De people pays deir bigges' bills in buyin' lots an' lan's;
Dey scatter all deir picayunes aroun' de pea-nut stan's;
De twenties an' de fifties goes in payin' orf deir rents,
But Heben an' de organ-grinder gits de copper cents

I nebber likes de cullud man dat thinks too much o' eatin':
Dat frolics froo de wukin' days, and snoozes at de meetin';
Dat jines de Temp'ance 'Ciety, an' keeps a-gittin' tight,
An' pulls his water-milions in de middle ob de night!

Dese milerterry nigger chaps, wid muskets in deir han's,
Perradin' froo de city to de music ob de ban's,
Had better drop deir guns, an' go to marchin' wid deir hoes,
An' git a honest libbin' as dey chop de cotton-rows,
Or de State may put 'em arter while to drillin' in de ditches,
Wid more'n a single stripe a-runnin' 'cross deir breeches!

Well, you think dat doin' nuffin' 'tall is mighty sof' an' nice,
But it busted up de renters in de lubly Paradise!
You see, dey bofe was human bein's, jes like me an' you,
An' dey couldn't reggerlate deirselves wid not a thing to do;
Wid plenty wuk befo' 'em, an' a cotton crop to make,
Dey'd nebber thought o' loafin' 'roun' an' chattin' wid de snake!

The Story of the Gate.

Across the pathway, myrtle-fringed,
Under the maple, it was hinged—
  The little wooden gate;
'Twas there, within the quiet gloam,
When I had strolled with Nelly home,
  I used to pause and wait

Before I said to her good-night,
Yet loath to leave the winsome sprite
  Within the garden's pale;
And there, the gate between us two,
We'd linger, as all lovers do,
  And lean upon the rail.

And face to face, eyes close to eyes,
Hands meeting hands in feigned surprise
  After a stealthy quest,—
So close I'd bend, ere she'd retreat,
That I'd grow drunken from the sweet
  Tuberose upon her breast.

We'd talk—in fitful style, I ween—
With many a meaning glance between
  The tender words and low;
We'd whisper some dear sweet conceit,
Some idle gossip we'd repeat;
  And then I'd move to go.

"Good-night," I'd say; "good-night—good-bye!"
"Good-night"—from her, with half a sigh—
  "Good-night!" "*Good*-night!" And then—
And then I do *not* go, but stand,
Again lean on the railing, and—
  Begin it all again!

Ah! that was many a day ago—
That pleasant summer-time—although
  The gate is standing yet;
A little cranky, it may be,
A little weather-worn—like me—
  Who never can forget

The happy—"End?" My cynic friend,
Pray save your sneers—there was no "end."
  Watch yonder chubby thing!—
That is our youngest, hers and mine;
See how he climbs, his legs to twine
  About the gate and swing.

Two Scenes from an Unpublished Drama.

It was in a garden shady,
Where the moonbeams softly lay,
That a lover and his lady
Met, a sad farewell to say.

There were sighs and sobs in plenty,
Locks of hair and flowers, I ween,
Tin-types, too,—the youth was twenty,
And the maiden seventeen.

And his eyes were moist and shiny,
As he tried his love to tell,
While she, too, turned on the briny
Most successfully and well.

Then they vowed, in terms caloric,
Nothing should their true love sever,
And were really Pinaforic
In their frequent use of "Never."

* * * * * *

Well, they met. When many seasons
Neatly had the past interred.
Doubtless both had had good reasons
Why the meeting was deferred.

In a widow's cap, beguiling,
She was (very strange is life!),
While *he* came up, pleased and smiling,
With his pretty second wife.

Bows were made and hands were shaken,
Then old times were gayly quoted.
Chirped he: "If I'm not mistaken,
Wasn't I once quite devoted?"

"Was it *you?*" She gave another
Smile,—"I don't remember well.
It was you or else your brother,
Which, I really couldn't tell."

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IN LONDON WITH DICKENS.*

"A MATTER OF IDENTIFICATION."

"THE MOST ANCIENT PART OF HOLBORN." (THE GATE-WAY OF STAPLE INN.)

WHEN Balzac, entertaining his friends, became impatient—as he easily did—of their customary chat about politics, people, social gossip, he was wont to exclaim, in his robust way: "Let us leave these trivialities and discuss real things and real people; let us talk about my novels and my characters!" They *were* real to him: he pictured them with such vividness, he projected them on the vision with such force, that the illusion became contagious, and his creations were to him, as he has made them to us, a series of solid, rounded personalities. They were more real to him than were the living beings about him, and, like Tennyson's Prince, he no longer knew shadow from substance.

* The Editor desires here to make acknowledgment of the material assistance which the author of the present paper courteously rendered in the preparation of the two similar papers already published—"About England with Dickens" and "Pickwick and Nicholas Nickleby," in SCRIBNER for August and September, 1880, respectively. "In and Out of London with Dickens," by the present writer, will soon follow, completing the series.

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In this power of physical evocation of the bodiless beings of the brain, Dickens alone can stand beside the great French master; and after him I know of only two writers of modern romance who possess, in any comparable degree, this vividness of portraiture which makes their creations living, moving beings to themselves as to us: Turgénieff, and Henry Kingsley in his early and fresh work. To not one of these, it is probable,—not even to the great Balzac,—had his own creations such distinct and insistent personality as those of Dickens to himself. They were, as he once said, a part of himself "gone out into the shadowy world," and, having separate existence, thenceforth never left him. He had entire belief in their reality, and would stop in his walks to hold conversations and play pranks with them. Above all, he suffered most acutely in their sufferings. Some one has well said that no human being could really suffer as Dickens sometimes thought that he suffered. His feeling was too intense to be profound or lasting. And it is singular that, while he sympathized so acutely with the fictitious sufferings of his own creation, he did not show, in written words at least, any such intensity of feeling for the trials of his own boyhood. He could turn them to dramatic account and coin them into serviceable scenes. Yet none of the children of his brain were more forlorn and friendless than he; no childhood of his invention was more sad and dramatic than his own. But it is noticeable that on the few occasions on which he speaks of these early scenes,—in his narration of it to Forster,—in an allusion in a letter to Washington Irving,—he is singularly temperate and self-contained: in striking contrast to the ease with which he becomes lachrymose over Paul Dombey, maudlin over Little Dorrit, or breaks into blank verse over the privations and death of Little Nell. "I *cannot* help it when I am very much in earnest," he writes of this tendency. Perhaps he was too much in earnest in his own case to sentimentalize or "drop into poetry" over it; and certainly nothing he ever wrote has less of shallow sentimentality in it than his account of his own "small and not over-particularly cared-for boyhood"—nothing more genuinely pathetic than his references to the "never-to-be-forgotten misery of that time."

These scenes of his boyhood, which are also those of David Copperfield's early London life, have the greatest interest for us, but it is no longer possible to trace them. The blacking-warehouse at Old Hungerford Stairs, Strand, opposite Old Hungerford Market, in which he tied up the pots of blacking in company with Bob Fagin (whose name he "took the liberty of using long afterward in 'Oliver Twist'") and Poll Green (whose first name he "transferred, long afterward again, to Mr. Sweedlepipe"), has long since been torn down. That "crazy old house, with a wharf of its own, abutting on the water when the tide was in and on the mud when the tide was out, and literally overrun with rats," is now replaced by a row of stone buildings; the embankment has risen over the mud; and the vast Charing Cross Station stands opposite, on the site of the old Hungerford Market and of "The Swan, or The Swan and something else"—the miserable old "public" where he used to get his bread and cheese and glass of beer. The very name of the street is gone, and Villiers street has sponged out the memory of Hungerford Stairs.

The "two old-fashioned shops" in Chandos street, next to the corner of Bedford street,—to which the blacking-warehouse was afterward removed, and in front of which people used to stop to admire his and Bob Fagin's briskness at their work,—are replaced by the massive coöperative stores; and the little public-house where he got his ale, on the opposite side of the street, and of which he writes, "the stones in the street may be smoothed by my small feet going across to it at dinner-time, and back again,"—this, too, is swept away. Indeed, it is no longer possible to find any of the places he makes mention of in his narrative to Forster: there are no traces of the two pudding-shops between which he was divided according to his finances, nor of the *à la mode* beef shop where he once magnificently dined, nor of the coffee-shops at which, when he had money, he took his half-pint of coffee and slice of bread and butter. When he had no money, he used to take a turn in Covent Garden Market and stare at the pine-apples for his dinner; and this refreshment is still open to us. But the Adelphi arches, the hiding and sleeping place of tramps and outcasts, which he loved to explore, have been transformed by gas, and policemen, and other modern improvements; Bayham street, where he lived, is entirely rebuilt—(singularly enough, a tavern on its corner is kept by one Dickens); his school-house, in Mornington Place, was long since half sliced

away when the London and North-western Railway entered London. And the tipsy book-seller in Hampstead Road, to whom he used to sell his father's books, who knows what has become of him and his little shop? The very streets through which Mr. Micawber guided young Copperfield to his new home in Windsor Terrace are changed beyond all recognition.

There is, indeed, but one spot in all London toward which we can turn now with the assurance of finding any traces of those days. The Borough, Southwark, still contains the two buildings which we should, perhaps, of all others have selected for preservation,—the Marshalsea, no less filled with memories of young Dickens than of Little Dorrit; and near to it—for he could not live in the prison with his father—his lodgings, "at the house of the Insolvent Court agent, who lived in Lant street, in the Borough, where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterward." It has been repeated over and over—respectable guide-books continue to state—that the old prison no longer exists. This error may have been caused by the statement he makes in introducing the Marshalsea in "Little Dorrit": "it is gone now, and the world is none the worse for it." He may have meant that it no longer existed as a debtor's prison, or he may have believed, at the time of writing, that it had really been torn down; but before the termination of the story he had discovered that it still stood there, as he tells us in the preface to the completed volume. Taking him for our guide, let us stroll out for a visit to it on this sunny September morning.

COURT-YARD OF THE MARSHALSEA PRISON.

Southwark, or, as it is commonly called, the Borough, lies on the southern or Surrey side of the Thames, and we may cross to it from where we start on this northern side by almost any of its bridges, and still walk with Dickens. We may cross by Westminster Bridge, as he did one evening when he had been somewhere for his father, and was going back to the Borough by that route. It was on this evening that he went into the public-house in Parliament street, near the bridge, and astounded the landlord and his wife—so small he was—by demanding "a glass of his *best*,—his VERY *best*,—his Genuine Stunning Ale, with a good head to it!" He tells this story of David Copperfield, but it really happened to him. This

house is still standing, at No. 53 Parliament street, at the corner of the short street leading into Cannon Row, but has been converted into a restaurant, Mr. Pemberton* tells us.

Or we may follow the boy's usual course "home"—as he called the prison!—at night, across Blackfriar's Bridge, "and down that turning in the Blackfriar's Road which has the likeness of a golden dog licking a golden pot over a shop-door" on one corner. This turning was Little Charlotte street, leading to Union street, and the sign—but newly gilt and gorgeous now—is still to be seen there as an ironmonger's sign. Or we may cross by Southwark Bridge,—the iron bridge of which Little Dorrit was so fond, because it was "as quiet after the roaring streets as if it had been open country." It was a toll-bridge in those days, and for that reason less frequented than the free bridges. To this bridge, "young John Chivery" followed Little Dorrit on that baleful Sunday when he attempted his modest declaration of love, with such small measure of success that we—who wish him well—regret the more to see so soon after, on this same bridge, her evident readiness to bestow her confidence and her affection on that lugubrious bore, Arthur Clennam.

And, while here, we cannot forget that it was on this black stretch of water below us, "between Southwark Bridge, which is of iron, and London Bridge, which is of stone, as an autumn evening was closing in," that we first saw Lizzie Hexam, rowing her father's boat, while Gaffer sat in the stern and steered, "and kept an eager lookout."

And so, still going down the river, we come at last to cross by London Bridge, there following the footsteps of Nancy, dogged by Noah Claypole, to the steps on the Surrey side. This, too, was the lounging-place of young Dickens, on those mornings when he was out from his lodgings betimes, too early for admission to the Marshalsea for his breakfast; and where he used to tell "quite astonishing fictions about the wharves and the Tower" to their little maid-of-all-work, on her morning way to the prison, she also lodging outside. It was this "orphan girl of the Chatham work-house, from whose sharp little worldly and also kindly ways he took his first impression of the Marchioness in 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'"

Passing up the High street of the Borough—into which each of these ways has at last led us—past the White Hart of Sam Weller and Jack Cade, and the other famous old taverns,—the George, the Spur, the Queen's Head, the King's Head,—we reach, at the end of the street, just on the hither side of St. George's church, a cheese-and-butter shop, into the back part of which the proprietor courteously allows us to enter. We stand in the former turnkey's-lodge of the Marshalsea, unchanged, except for the shop built in front of it, since the days when young Dickens and Little Dorrit crept through it, in and out, at night and morning; both about of a size, both equally forlorn. We seem to see Mr. Chivery "on the lock" to-day, and "young John," having set his dinner down, is entirely oblivious that it is growing stone-cold, in his mute adoration of the movements of Little Dorrit in the yard within, whom he is gazing on with his eye glued to the key-hole of the lodge-door,—that eye which, by constant employment in this laudable duty, has become swollen and enlarged beyond the other one.

Going out again from the shop into the street, we find, a few feet lower down, a narrow archway under the houses, on the side of which, in half-effaced black letters, on an alleged white ground, we read, "*Angel Place, leading to Bermondsey.*" Let the visitor pass through this archway into Marshalsea Place just within, and he "will find his feet on the very paving-stones of the extinct Marshalsea jail; will see its narrow yard to the right and to the left, very little altered, if at all, except that the walls were lowered when the place got free; will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived; and will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years."

As we stand in the court, we have before us the right-hand yard, the little prison for smugglers at its farther end, and that side of the debtor's prison in which the Dickens family lived; the windows nearest, in the top story but one, are those of their rooms, which he has made, also, the rooms of Mr. Dorrit. The windows above look into the room occupied by Captain Porter and his queer family, of whom the boy borrowed the extra knife and fork. This block of buildings is backed by a similar block, the windows of which look out also on the yard, which runs completely around the barrack-like pile. It is now what we should call a cheap tenement-house, and has a squalid and

* Dickens's London, or London in the Works of Charles Dickens, by T. Edgar Pemberton.

poverty-stricken air. Frowzy women stop their washing to look at the stranger; and disheveled children play about the pump at which "Pancks the gypsy," rampant that night over the fortune he had found for Little Dorrit, cooled his head, and then "took a header" over the back of Mr. Rugg, of Pentonville, General Agent, Accountant, and Receiver of Debts. On my first visit, I tried to get something of personal interest about the prison from the oldest inhabitants I saw about—two very old men, basking in the sun where the Brothers Dorrit were wont to stroll, and waggling their heads over their snuff-boxes; but the pristine brightness of their brains had become dimmed, and evolved no flash. There came into the court just then a most amazing old lady, so tremulous with age and, it is to be feared, with gin, that she might have been a twin sister of old Dolls, stricken with the same malady, and strayed into this forlorn place. She was bright enough, however, and shook out much of interest about the former prison, over which she guided the visitor, spite of her terrible trembling. Handing her the customary sixpence, I turned rapidly away, that she might not be abashed to squander it at once for the gin she so evidently thirsted for, at the "public," on the corner of the little alley. I hope she did, purely as a hygienic measure.

The wall on the right forms the inclosure of St. George's grave-yard, now a trim, beflowered little park. The church vestry may be visited wherein Little Dorrit slept on the cushions, with the church register for a pillow, on the early morning after she had been shut out of the prison all night with Maggie: and in this church,—where she had been christened,—she and Arthur Clennam were married. On the opposite side of High street is the pie-shop where Flora took Little Dorrit for a talk, and from which Mr. F.'s aunt refused to stir until "*he* should be brought for'ard to be chucked out o' winder"; with which wish, and that estimable lady's customary belligerent attitude toward that offensively precise and proper Clennam, we all surely are in fullest sympathy. Within a few minutes' walk was Mr. Cripple's dancing-academy, where Frederic Dorrit and his niece Fanny lodged; and in the other direction, in Horsemonger Lane, was the tobacco-shop kept by Mrs. Chivery, mother of "young John,"—"a business of too modest a character to support a life-sized Highlander, but it maintained a little one on a bracket on the door-post, who looked like a fallen cherub that had found it necessary to take to a kilt."

There are no scenes of "Little Dorrit" outside of this neighborhood which are capable of identification. That part of the city wherein was situated Mrs. Clennam's house, between St. Paul's and the river, has been almost entirely rebuilt within a few years, and its old dwellings have given place to great warehouses and offices. Mr. Meagles's villa at Twickenham may be picked out from a score of just such ones; and if the Bleeding *Hart* Yard (as it is spelled in the maps) which lies between Farringdon Road and Hatton Gardens is the Bleeding Heart Yard of Mr. Casby, of Doyce and Clennam, and of Plornish, it has been changed beyond all recognition.

A little farther up High street—but let Bob Sawyer speak, as he hands his card to Mr. Pickwick: "There's my lodgings, Lant street, Borough; it's near Guy's and handy for me, you know—little distance after you've passed St. George's church; turns out of High street on right-hand side the way." As we turn into Lant street, unchanged since that day, and look at the row of small and shabby houses, young Dickens in his back attic, the little window of which "had a pleasant prospect of a timber-yard," is not more real to us than Bob Sawyer and his friends of the bachelor party. We are as fond of Jack Hopkins and his immortal story of the necklace as Dickens himself always was, and we hear Mrs. Raddle's shrill voice as she drives the revelers out with ignominy, even addressing the venerable Pickwick as an "old wretch, wuss'n any of 'em!"

Just beyond, a little farther up High street, there was demolished, only one year ago, the old King's Bench prison, called, of course, during the present reign, Queen's Bench, and hallowed as the residence of the majestic Micawber, when the ban-dogs of the law were set upon him. Looking at the last of its wall, topped with its iron railing, a tear stood in the writer's eye as he recalled the touching reminiscence it brought forth from Mr. Micawber, on the occasion of his revisiting it with David and Traddles: "Gentlemen, when the shadow of that iron-work on the summit of the brick structure has been reflected on the gravel of the parade, I have seen my children thread the mazes of the intricate pattern, avoiding the dark marks. I have been familiar with every stone in the place."

CHURCH STREET, MILLBANK. (JENNY WREN'S HOUSE.)

As we turn toward the High street, we meet Bradley Headstone and Charlie Hexam, who are coming from the schools, away down in the south-east quarter of London,—"down in that district of the flat country tending to the Thames, where Kent and Surrey meet,"—and are going toward Westminster Bridge. We join them, and, having crossed the bridge, make along the Middlesex shore toward Millbank. It is greatly improved since the night that David Copperfield and Mr. Peggotty followed Martha down the water-side street there, when she was intent on suicide, and his vivid description of the scene no longer applies. Now "in this region are a certain little street called Church street, and a certain little blind square called Smith Square," at the junction of which are some "quiet little houses in a row." At the one next the corner we stop, with the school-master and the boy, and see, through the open door, Jenny Wren hard at work dressing her dolls, stopping only to stab at the air with her needle; and Lizzie Hexam soon joins them. Leaving them a while, we stroll about the little blind square in the delicious English autumn twilight, finding still that same "deadly kind of repose on it, more as though it had taken laudanum than fallen into a natural rest." And we still find the tree near by in the corner, and the blacksmith's forge, and the timber-yard, and the dealer in old iron; but this dealer has carted away from his fore-court the rusty portion of a boiler and the great iron wheel that lay half-buried there.

All unchanged, too, is the "hideous little church, with four towers at the four corners, generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic, on its back, with its legs in the air." Nor is this grotesque description one bit too strong. It is the church of St. John the Evangelist, looking like anything but a church, defying every law of architecture, ugly beyond description; and yet there was somebody who, in 1736, admired, and in print, "the new church with four towers at Westminster."

When we return to the little house, we find that Eugene Wrayburn has just sauntered up, and we leave him here, leaning over the little half-door as he smokes and chats with the most womanly and most lovable of Dickens's women.

We will not follow the school-master and

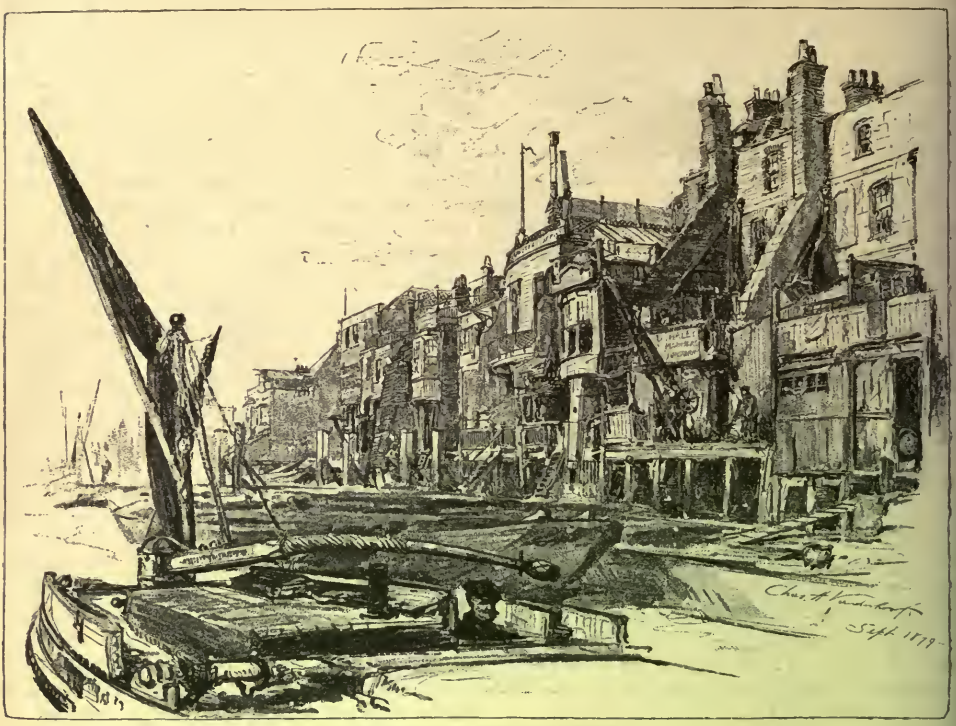
his pupil over Vauxhall Bridge, but will keep on this north, or Middlesex, side of the town, and make our way through Westminster, Charing Cross, and the Strand to the Temple. Here Rogue Riderhood is just slouching out, having had his "Alfred David took down by the Governors Both," and we will follow him, as they did on a certain memorable occasion, but at a safe distance behind his unsavory person, and that old sodden fur cap, formless and mangy, like the skin of a drowned, decaying dog or cat, puppy or kitten. As we pass St. Paul's we glance at the archway giving entrance to Doctors' Commons, and smile at Mr. Boffin's reference to "this Dr. Scommons, the gentleman in the uncomfortable neck-cloth, under the little archway in St. Paul's churchyard." There are other scenes in "Our Mutual Friend" which tempt us to linger on our route, and as we see Rogue Riderhood's mangy fur cap just ahead, and he slouches slowly along,—for he has no bird of prey to track down to-night,—we may, instead of following him through the water-side streets, by which route he leads Eugene Wrayburn and Mortimer Lightwood, pass through Leadenhall street, and turn for a moment into St. Mary Axe,—in the cockney dialect, "Simmery" Axe,—on which the old lines run:

> "Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
> That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary."

In this queerly named street we look for the sign of Pubsey & Co., hoping to get a glimpse of old Riah, and eke of Fascination Fledgeby, too; but the "old, yellow, overhanging, plaster-fronted house" has given way to straight, staring, new banks and offices. By a short cut through these devious little alleys we reach Fenchurch street, and find, in Mincing Lane, the counting-house of Chicksey, Veneering & Stobbles, hoping that Bella Wilfer may be making one of her frequent visits to the Cherub; but he has just come to the conclusion "that perhaps it might attract attention, having one's hair publicly done by a lovely woman in an elegant turnout in Fenchurch street," and so has sent her, while he is buying his new outfit from the little purse she has pressed into his hand, to wait for him in the yellow chariot, "near the garden, up by the Trinity House on Tower Hill"; so thither we follow her as willingly as would John Rokesmith himself.

It is hard to say whether she or Lizzie Hexam is the more lovable. It is certain that, after many failures in his portraitures of women, Dickens succeeded in giving us, in this one work, two most genuine and most womanly women. It has always seemed to me that Dickens, for all his genius, had no comprehension of the nature of woman, but looked on her with the eye of the average Englishman, while as a novelist his types are few in number and phantasmal in form. She is a pretty, foolish doll, like Dora or Ada Clare; or a bloodless artist's lay-figure, like Agnes Wickfield; or a cheap, melodramatic heroine, like Edith Dombey; or a portentous prig and *poseuse*, like Esther Summerson. His favorites are invariably small in stature, coquettish in costume, and kittenish in their ways. For some recondite reason, as it seems to Mr. Bret Harte's "Haunted Man," female goodness is always embodied by Dickens in an undersized and infantine, not to say idiotic, creature; sometimes charming, sometimes irritatingly imbecile, but always undersized. For a similar inscrutable reason, his willful or wicked woman strides on the scene, always tall and handsome and haughty. Only late in life did his imagination ripen to the production of flesh-and-blood women, such as these two of "Our Mutual Friend," or such as Rosebud, in "Edwin Drood," gave promise of being.

At Tower Hill our way has again joined that of Mr. Riderhood, who is now far ahead, "sweating away at the brow, as an honest man should." We hasten after him, going always eastward; down Tower Hill, through the Ratcliffe Highway—now St. George's street, the scene of the first of De Quincey's "Three Memorable Murders" and of much of "The Uncommercial Traveler's" midnight prowling: through Wapping, and Shadwell, and Stepney—the latter curious as the parish to which all English children born at sea were considered to belong. We go over the same ground with Walter Gay, in his visit to Captain Cuttle, in Brig Place; and with Pip in his search for Mrs. Whimple's house, at Mill Pond Bank, Chink's Basin, Old Green Copper Rope-walk, where lived old Bill Barley and his daughter Clara, and where the convict Magwitch was concealed. The neighborhood becomes more and more marine in its character as we advance; the people more and more degraded—"the accumulated scum of humanity washed from higher grounds, like so much moral sewage, and pausing until its own weight has forced it over the bank, and



LIMEHOUSE HOLE, FROM THE RIVER.

sunk it in the river." The gradations of tone in this walk, from the sturdy mercantile aspect about the Tower and the India Docks, through the shipping and then the ship-building regions, through the quarters of the marine-store dealers and the lower quarters devoted to the entertainment and the plunder of poor Jack, to the squalid and dismal picturesqueness at the end:—all this has been painted by that master hand, in many distinct sketches, equally faithful, yet curiously diverse: in "Dombey & Son," in "Great Expectations," in "Our Mutual Friend," and in "The Uncommercial Traveler." Even as a boy, his greatest delight was to visit Limehouse, where his godfather, a Mr. Huffham, was an oar and block maker and rigger; and all through his life he was fond of excursions into these regions.

We have at last come to Limehouse church, at the great iron gate of which stands the disguised John Rokesmith, on his way to call Rogue Riderhood to account, as once before had stood there John Harmon, waiting for the third-mate Radfoot, who meant to murder him that night. We hurry on in the fast-deepening evening to Limehouse Hole, just in time to see Rogue Riderhood plunge down the three steps of the Leaving Shop; we catch a glimpse of Miss Pleasant tying up her hair—which has of course tumbled down on the entrance of her revered parent—and, in the background, of the shiny black sou'-wester suit and hat hung up, looking like a clumsy mariner, so curious to overhear that he has stopped in dressing to listen, with his coat half on and his shoulders to his ears. We go on farther till we reach the wicket-gate and bright lamp of the neat little police-station, with the inspector writing in his whitewashed office, "as studiously as if it were in a monastery on the top of a mountain." We remember that, long before this visit, we had driven here on that dreadful night with Esther Summerson and Mr. Bucket; and we still see all about the neighborhood the wet handbills on the walls which she noticed, and to which Gaffer Hexam held the candle in the bottle that Eugene Wrayburn and Mortimer Lightwood might read them. "FOUND DROWNED" stands in fat black letters at the top, with the description below in smaller type; it was these bills, Mr. Forster tells us, that first gave to Dickens, in his wanderings about here, when he used

to go out with the river police at night, the idea of introducing Hexam and Riderhood, and their hideous calling. Down at last at the edge of this filthy stretch of water, called Limehouse Reach, on which "foul and furtive boats" float at intervals in the dark, we may search for the old mill which was the home of Lizzie Hexam. The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, Mr. Hassard believes he has found in the tavern called the Two Brewers, and I agree with him that the likeness is very striking as to its exterior. That we may test how far that resemblance extends to the interior, we will enter the "dropsical old house," pass through the narrow hall to the tap-room on the river, and there order, from the descendant of Joe Glibbery, some of the burnt sherry so highly recommended by Mr. Inspector. Resting here after our long walk, we recall a certain memorable visit of that gentleman to this room, and wonder if it was at this very table that he sat with Miss Abbey and her brother Potterson, and Kibble, while John Harmon and his wife waited in "Cozy."

"On a matter of Identification," was Mr. Inspector's phrase on that occasion; and as we sit and sip our sherry, it is on just such a matter that we will chat. How it is possible that these scenes from Dickens's fiction—often purposely misplaced, often given names borrowed from similar places—can be identified with such precision, is a question frequently asked, and of interest to answer. It is because of the infinite care with which Dickens set his scene; making its background as real and as solid as the personages he placed before it; and giving it the exact local coloring which should make intimate correspondence between scene and story. Balzac alone, of all the romancers, has been at equal pains with his *mise en scène;* and he too frequently overdoes it; he goes into needless and tiresome detail of description, and—as has been well said—when the action of the story is running thin, stops up the reader's mouth against complaint, as it were, by a choking dose of brick and mortar. Never in this way does Dickens err; his descriptions of houses, of places, and of scenery are always to the purpose, and no more; his fancy carrying him too far only in those cases where, fairly possessed by his subject, he has found life

THE HALL OF LINCOLN'S INN.

in inanimate things, voices in furniture, and weird suggestions and prophecies in all sorts of odd lumber. The very atmosphere is made at these times to suggest impending danger, and a variety of dreadful things is incessantly foreshadowed, in very queer ways, by very queer "properties." But the genuine local color—almost the "local odor"—he gives to each dwelling of his characters, makes them nearly always possible of identification—forces them upon our belief, indeed.

The eager interest this quest for these localities has for us, suggests to me that it will entertain the reader to have two examples of this "matter of Identification." Many attempts have been made to locate the filthy grave-yard of "Bleak House," with its reeking tunnel, its iron gate, its little arch with the step therein, swept so solicitously by Joe after "Nemo" Hawdon's burial there, and on which Lady Dedlock found her lonely death. Mr. Hassard, in his pleasant letters to the "New York Tribune" under the title "Haunted London," claims to have found this grave-yard in an obscure court on the border of Drury Lane; while others have claimed that it was the little grave-yard of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, just east of Chancery Lane, which was dug up and leveled away a year or two ago. But the "Bleak House" grave-yard could have been neither of these. Why? Because neither of them lay in the parish in which the law-copyist lived, in which he died, and in which, as a pauper, he was buried by the beadle of that parish. Every one who knows English law and English usage knows that a pauper *must* be buried in that parish to which he belongs—that he cannot be buried by the parish authorities in any other parish. We have a witness in Guster, Snagsby's maid-of-all-work; and, to explain the value of her testimony, let it be noted here that in the masterly construction of "Bleak House," more than in any

MR. TULKINGHORN'S HOUSE, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS. (THE FORSTER RESIDENCE.)

other of his works—unless it be the unapproachable "Tale of Two Cities"—nothing is introduced that does not bear upon and irresistibly lead toward the progress of the story and its due catastrophe. Says poor Guster, as she sits sobbing on the floor and fearful of "going off into another"; Esther soothing her and trying to draw out her interview that evening with the disguised Lady Dedlock; Mr. Bucket standing by in painful expectancy for the result; Mr. Snagsby coughingly apologetic in the background:—"And I asked her which burying-ground. And she said the poor burying-ground. And so I told her I had been a poor child myself, and *it was according to parishes.*" Now, the law-writer had his lodgings at Krook's rag-and-bottle shop, in a court on the west side of Chancery Lane, so near to Lincoln's Inn as to be blinded by its wall "intercepting the light within a couple of yards." This court is in the parish of St. Clement Danes, that ugly little church in the Strand, where one may still sit in the pew occupied every Sunday for so many years by Samuel Johnson:—and the graveyard must therefore be sought for in this parish. The old burying-ground near Drury Lane lies in quite a different parish, either in that of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, or of St. Mary le Strand; while that of St. Dunstan-in-the-West lay not only in another parish, but in a different city, London, to wit: that "city" ending at Temple Bar and Chancery Lane, and Westminster beginning on the westerly border of that street. So that, however many points of resemblance may have existed between these burying-grounds and that of "Bleak House," it could have been neither of the two. These points of resemblance, however,—with perhaps some bits from the grave-yard of the adjoining parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, wherein slept Peffer, Mr. Snagsby's former partner,—were probably all used, as was Dickens's way, and adapted to the peculiar traits of the parish burying-ground of St. Clement Danes: which, there can be no doubt, was the original of that of "Bleak House," and is, indeed, as I have shown, the only possible one. This old pauper burying-ground of St. Clement Danes lay between Lincoln's-Inn Fields and the Strand; its site now partly covered by King's College Hospital:—a loathsome spot, long called in derision the "Green Ground," reported time and again by everybody for everything, and in which 5500 corpses were crammed in twenty-five years, until it was heaped and running over with pauper bodies. Poor Joe understood it: "They put him wery nigh the top. They was obliged to stamp upon it to get it in. I could onkiver it for you with my broom if the gate was open. I s'pose that's why they locks it." The hole into which they had stamped Nemo Hawdon, "among them piles o' bones and close to that there kitching-winder," could not have been far from the grave of Joe Miller, of which we read in an old book: "The slab rose from rank green grass that was sprinkled with dead cats, worn-out shoes, and fragments of tramps' bonnets"—a singular testimony in this connection. This foul place was spaded out of existence in 1850 and 1851, the latter the year of the beginning of "Bleak House"; so that none of the searchers for its grave-yard have ever seen it.*

Tulkinghorn's house, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, in which takes place so much of the action, and around which moves so much of the current of the "Bleak House" narrative, has always had a peculiar fascination for me. The coloring given to it is something unique, even from Dickens's hand; it is done with but few touches, but with such skill that, like Poe's "House of Usher," it has an aspect and an atmosphere all its own. It should not be difficult, therefore, of identification, and two Americans who were interested in this quest, and who went on it at odd hours each by himself, were pleased one day, on comparing results, to find that both had fixed on the same two houses—adjoining and united by a common porch—as the only two possible houses that might serve for Tulkinghorn's. Soon after, we found that passage, in one of Dickens's letters to Forster from America, in which he speaks of his hoping soon "to walk into No. 58 Lincoln's-Inn Fields"; and our immediate visit showed that number on the door of one of these two houses! As we had already suspected, he had taken the house in which Forster lived, and with which he was so familiar, as the residence of Tulkinghorn. And if any further corroborative proof was needed, it was unexpectedly stumbled on

*A striking confirmation of the truth of this reasoning has come to me since the above was put in type. Mr. Lawrence Hutton, who has been interested in this same search, tells me that, questioning the present Mr. Charles Dickens about the "Bleak House" grave-yard, he was assured that its description was made up from several of these vile pauper burial-places, in the city and elsewhere, and, so completed, placed within the proper parish.

CHANCERY LANE.

one evening by one of these Identifiers,—with a sudden shout from the discoverer, which shook our sedate suburb of Surbiton to its center. Let the reader turn to Maclise's sketch, in "The Life," of the gathering in John Forster's chambers to hear Dickens read his new Christmas story, "The Chimes." He had come on from Italy for this reading prior to publication, having written Forster to invite Carlyle, Jerrold, Maclise, Stanfield, and others to hear him, in that delightful letter beginning, "Now, if you was a real gent." Maclise made a sketch of the room and its inmates, and there, in the left-hand corner, you shall still see the very frescoes—weird figures, with waving arms and pointing fingers—which Dickens placed, with such ghastly effect, on Tulkinghorn's ceiling. With this the evidence was all in, complete at every point, and our case rested. Tulkinghorn's house, out of hundreds in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, had forced itself upon our credence by its own inherent probabilities, unassisted by extraneous proof. I think that even Mr. Inspector would look on this as a pretty stroke of business, "on a matter of Identification."

There remained some natural curiosity to know whether the frescoes still exist, but the male American mind was not capable of solving the difficulty of gaining access to the rooms, involving, as it did, the asking a favor of an entire stranger in London. Here came into play the gracious and graceful audacity—that sweet sublimation of what the British coarsely call "cheek"—peculiar to the American girl. With her deployed as a skirmisher, the house was safely stormed, the outlying sentries of clerks were passed; the barrister himself, now in possession of Forster's chambers, was won over, and the large front room—the scene of Maclise's sketch—finally entered:—only to find that it had been lately "done up new" in staring and swearing colors, and that all traces of the former frescoes had vanished under unhallowed combinations of hues "from which," as from Sloppy's buttons, "reason revolts and the imagination shrinks discomfited!"

Turning from Tulkinghorn's house, with his dead body lying there, "foreshortened Allegory in the person of an impossible Roman, upside down," pointing his outstretched hand at it; leaving Hortense, and Trooper George, and Mr. Bucket, we cross the square of Lincoln's-Inn Fields, pass its fine Tudor Hall, in which, "at

the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery," and so along by the garden. "I call it *my* garden," says poor little Miss Flite. But, long before, Ben Jonson had strolled there as in his own garden; later, Richard Steele wandered undisturbed for hours while composing in its quiet precincts; here Isaac Bickerstaffe was to be seen walking, as the "Tatler" tells us; and Mr. Pepys came to look at "the new garden they are making and will be very pretty":—indeed, the whole place is haunted with historic shapes. And so, through the heavy old Tudor gate-way, black with age and smoke, we come out into Chancery Lane.

As the heart of this story is a chancery suit, so the heart of its scene is Chancery Lane. All its London localities lie within a half-mile radius of this street. It is but a short street, running from Fleet street to Holborn, but it is the very center of legal London, and, therefore, of legal England. At its southern end lie the Temple and its gardens, and here, spanning Fleet street, stood Temple Bar, now replaced by its gratuitously hideous memorial. At its upper end, running back from Holborn, is Gray's Inn, its dreary garden, its "arid square, Sahara desert of the law." All along its westerly side stretch Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and the old inns of Court and of Chancery lie all about. The street is lined with massive law offices and chambers; in odd corners and dingy courts we find rusty law-stationers, and many a little shop which, like Krooks's, seem to be "dirty hangers-on and disowned relations of the law"; and, at frequent intervals, we pass the ceaselessly swinging doors of the Slap Bang eating-house, with Messrs. Guppy, Jobling, Smallweed, and all their race passing in and out. These noisy and nasty eating-houses are in striking contrast with the staid, old-fashioned taverns in the same neighborhood. The Old Cheshire Cheese, the Mitre Tavern, descendant of Dr. Johnson's, "Dick's," the Rainbow, Tennyson's Cock Tavern, all in Fleet street near Chancery Lane, have been but little changed, if at all, in all these years. The two aspects of this neighborhood—the one in the midst of the November fog, the other in the midst of the summer heats—are given with equal faithfulness and equal vividness. Dickens never excelled these two dramatic bits of description.

At the lower end of the Lane the rising walls and towers of the vast new law-courts have nearly destroyed Bell-Yard,—"that filthy old place, Bell-Yard," as Pope called it,—but they still look down on one house therein which is more to us than all their massive magnificence. "The chandler's shop, left-hand side, name of Blinder," Gridley, the man from Shropshire, has given as his address; but we go there, not to see that querulous personage, but to call on "Little Coavinses," as the jocular Skimpole names the child of the Bailiff's follower—"Charley," who takes charge of her little brother and sister, not much younger than herself, after "Coavinses himself had been arrested by the Great Bailiff." There is not, in all of Dickens's pages—it would be hard to find in English literature—anything more true and touching than the scene of the visit to that room. It is given with Dickens's tenderest touch; there is no sham sentiment anywhere in it; it has the true ring. The unconscious daily heroism of little Charley, as shown in this short scene, is worth all the perpetual posing of Miss Esther Summerson; and not all the tiresome, demonstrative self-effacement of that tiresome young lady touches us once as does Charley's little gasp and quick reply when Mr. Jarndyce hints that she is hardly tall enough to reach the tub: "In pattens I am, sir. I've got a high pair as belonged to mother."

A few steps up Chancery Lane, on the left, we turn into the narrow and dingy Bishop's Court, in the middle of which, huddled up close under the wall of Lincoln's-Inn Fields, we find Krooks's rag-and-bottle shop, well chosen in its gloom and dreariness for Miss Flite's perching place, for the law-writer's suicide, for Krooks's hideous death, and its ghastly discovery by Mr. Guppy and Mr. Jobling. And to this very day, one sees there—in further proof of that marvelous accuracy of observation of Dickens—the round holes in the closed shutters, and knows them, with a sudden shock, to be the great gaunt eyes that stared in on the dead man on that dreadful afternoon.

Just beyond Krooks's, at the back of the court named Chichester Rents, we find the public house,—the "Old Ship,"—called by Dickens the Sol's Arms, where little Swills, the comic vocalist, held forth, and where the "inkwhich" took place. Crossing the lane again, and turning down Cursitor street, we pass the former site of "Coavinses," now partly occupied by the Imperial Club chambers. Sloman's private prison for debtors

CLIFFORD'S INN.

was the original,—a famous sponging-house in bygone days. Disraeli introduces it in "Henrietta Temple," and it is here that Rawdon Crawley was brought for debt, on the night when old Steyne wanted to keep him out of the way. The description then by Moss, the keeper, of his queer lodgers is one of Thackeray's most delicious bits. At the next corner, we turn into Took's Court, thinly disguised in the book as Cook's Court. In this dirty and dingy court, near the corner, next the Imperial Club chambers, still stands the moldy little law-stationer's shop which once was Snagsby's. And not far away, in a prominent thoroughfare, stood the pretentious building erected by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, on the steps of which poor Jo sat down to rest, ignorant, tired, hungry, cold, dying; and from which he was ordered to "move on,"—not being a native of "foreign parts." And to Jo's "crossing," in Holborn, I shall be happy at any time to lead any of my readers. It is not so well swept by his successor as aforetime by him.

"Only 'round the corner," says Mr. Guppy. "We just twist up Chancery Lane and cut along Holborn, and there we are in four minutes' time, as near as a toucher." Following his directions, we pass "under an archway into a narrow street of high houses,

like an oblong cistern to hold the fog," and find ourselves in Thavie's Inn, the residence of Mrs. Jellaby. This apt description of this inn is one of the many of the old Inns Dickens introduced in his works. Early in life he was struck by all that is queer, and comical, and intensely dramatic in them and their denizens, and he has used them in many ways and with great effect. So early as Pickwick, he speaks of these "curious little nooks in a great place like London,"—"queer old places,"—and at once starts Jack Bamber with his stories about them. "I know another case; it occurred in Clifford's Inn; tenant of a top set—bad character—shut himself up in his bedroom closet, and took a dose of arsenic." The reader may turn to the twenty-first chapter of "Pickwick" for the rest of the story, which will be made more vivid to him by a sight of the very windows of that top set in our sketch. The little square and plot of grass has been somewhat improved since Mr. Boffin was led to it for a quiet talk by John Rokesmith, and found it to be a "moldy little plantation or cat-preserve, as it was at that day. Sparrows were there, cats were there, dry rot and wet rot were there, but not otherwise a suggestive spot." Dickens's pages are full of these delightful bits of description, and of every variety of allusion to the old Inns, gay, gloomy, ludicrous: from the decay and darkness of Symond's Inn, to which Richard Carstone took his bride Ada, and wherein he died,—"a little pale, wall-eyed, woe-begone inn, like a large dust-bin of two compartments and a sifter": to his rollicking description—undeterred by the majestic memory of Bacon or the pleasant memory of Sir Roger de Coverly—of the chambers in Gray's Inn, and of the leeches that were painfully escaping therefrom. It is to Mr. Perker's chambers, in Gray's Inn, that Mr. Pickwick goes in the afternoon, to find no one left but the "laundress,"—so called, Sam explains, "'cos they has a mortal awersion to washin' anythin'." It is also in rooms in Holborn Court, Gray's Inn, that Traddles packs his bride and "the girls"; and, "pernicious snug" as Mr. Tigg Montague would have called them, for Traddles there were "oceans of room."

Pip finds his quarters in Barnard's Inn, which he had supposed to be a grand hotel kept by Mr. Barnard, and found to be "the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tomcats." Pip afterward moves to the Temple, and the description of the night storm therein, in the midst of which the convict Magwitch finds his way to his chambers, is one of Dickens's strongest bits.

The Temple is introduced in many of the novels. In "Barnaby Rudge," Sir John Chester has here his elegant chambers; in the "Tale of Two Cities," Stryver, Q. C., here lives and works, or rather Sydney Carton works for him by night; and here Tom Pinch dusted, arranged, and catalogued the piles of books of his unknown patron. It was here, too, that Mortimer Lightwood and Eugene Wrayburn had their chambers, presided over by young Blight; to find which one had to wander "disconsolate about the Temple until he stumbled on a dismal church-yard, and had looked up at the dismal windows commanding that church-yard until, at the most dismal window of them all, he saw a dismal boy."

It has always seemed odd to me that Dickens should have been impressed in this way by this little church-yard. It lies snugly shadowed under the wall of the little round Temple church, built by the Templars in that shape in imitation of the temple at Jerusalem, and still the finest one of the four now existing in England. This interesting Norman and early English relic; the cross-legged stone effigies of the mailed Knights Templar within; the flat tombstones without, worn by the footsteps of centuries; the grave of Goldsmith there; the names that cluster about—Chaucer, the student here; the judicious Hooker, master of the Temple; Addison, Johnson, Lamb:—all the memories with which this quiet spot is haunted, make it dear to the American heart.

"Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, London, where certain gabled houses, some centuries of age, still stand looking on the public way as if disconsolately looking for the old Bourne that has long run dry, is a little nook, composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn." Here it was that Mr. Grewgious had his home; here Mr. Tartar lived, and here Neville Landless, after his persecution in Rochester, found a retreat in "some attic-rooms in a corner," taken for him by the kindly Crisparkle. It is a great delight to turn out from the maddening thoroughfare of Holborn into the quiet of this little nook, where "a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to each other, 'Let us play at country,' and where a few feet of garden-mold and a few yards of

THE NOOK OF STAPLE INN.

gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings." It was Mr. Snagsby, who, loving to walk in Staple Inn in summer time, observed "how countrified the sparrows and the leaves are".; but only so poetic a soul could have seen this. What we see is what may have been seen there at any time for more than a century—"the little hall with a little lantern in its roof," the queer old sun-dial on the wall, the three mystic letters on it and over the door-way:

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—which, however little they troubled Mr. Grewgious, do never cease to puzzle us.

One other interesting feature of these old inns, which, as a matter of course, did not escape Dickens's unerring eye, is the constant presence of "lovely woman" within their dim and dismal precincts. He who passes through them cannot help being struck by the frequency with which he meets a dainty figure, "not sauntering, you understand (on account of the clerks), but coming briskly up," and vanishing within one of the dusky portals and up the shabby staircase. Or it may be he shall see, peeping out of a second or third floor window,—its smoke-soaked sash framing the fair face so quaintly,—the laughing blue eyes and yellow curls of that charming English blue-and-gold edition of girlhood—like Ada in Symond's Inn, or Rosebud in Staple Inn, or Ruth in Furnival's. Dickens never failed to light up the gloom of these dingy and dismal dens by this pretty contrast of youth and grace; and the memory of it leaves with us, as with Ada's friends, "a mournful glory shining on the place, which will shine forever."

A FAIR BARBARIAN.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Surly Tim and Other Stories," "Louisiana," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INVITATION.

In the meantime, Mr. Burmistone was improving his opportunities within doors. He had listened to the music with the most serious attention, and on its conclusion he had turned to Mrs. Burnham, and made himself very agreeable indeed. At length, however, he arose and sauntered across the room to a table at which Lucia Gaston chanced to be standing alone, having just been deserted by a young lady whose mamma had summoned her. She wore, Mr. Burmistone regretted to see as he advanced, a troubled and anxious expression—the truth being that she had a moment before remarked the exit of Miss Belinda's niece and her companion. It happened oddly that Mr. Burmistone's first words touched upon the subject of her thought. He began quite abruptly with it:

"It seems to me," he said, "that Miss Octavia Bassett——"

Lucia stopped him with a courage which surprised herself.

"Oh, if you please," she implored, "don't say anything unkind about her!"

Mr. Burmistone looked down into her soft eyes with a good deal of feeling.

"I was not going to say anything unkind," he answered. "Why should I?"

"Everybody seems to find a reason for speaking severely of her," Lucia faltered. "I have heard so many unkind things to-night, that I am quite unhappy. I am sure —I am *sure* she is very candid and simple."

"Yes," answered Mr. Burmistone, "I am sure she is very candid and simple."

"Why should we expect her to be exactly like ourselves?" Lucia went on. "How can we be sure that our way is better than any other? Why should they be angry because her dress is so expensive and pretty? Indeed, I only wish I had such a dress. It is a thousand times prettier than any we ever wear. Look around the room, and see if it is not. And as to her not having learned to play on the piano or to speak French—why should she be obliged to do things she feels she would not be clever at? I am not clever, and have been a sort of slave all my life, and have been scolded and blamed for what I could not help at all, until I have felt as if I must be a criminal. How happy she must have been to be let alone!"

She had clasped her little hands, and though she spoke in a low voice, was quite impassioned in an unconscious way. Her brief girlish life had not been a very happy one, as may be easily imagined, and a glimpse of the liberty for which she had suffered roused her to a sense of her own wrongs.

"We are all cut out after the same pattern," she said. "We learn the same things, and wear the same dresses, one might say. What Lydia Egerton has been taught, I have been taught; yet what two creatures could be more unlike each other, by nature, than we are?"

Mr. Burmistone glanced across the room at Miss Egerton. She was a fine, robust young woman, with a high nose and a stolid expression of countenance.

"That is true," he remarked.

"We are afraid of everything," said Lucia, bitterly. "Lydia Egerton is afraid—though you might not think so. And as for me, nobody knows what a coward I am but myself. Yes, I am a coward! When grandmamma looks at me, I tremble. I dare not speak my mind and differ with her, when I know she is unjust and in the wrong. No one could say that of Miss Octavia Bassett."

"That is perfectly true," said Mr. Burmistone, and he even went so far as to laugh as he thought of Miss Octavia trembling in the august presence of Lady Theobald.

The laugh checked Lucia at once in her little outburst of eloquence. She began to blush, the color mounting to her forehead.

"Oh!" she began, "I did not mean to—to say so much. I——"

There was something so innocent and touching in her sudden timidity and confusion, that Mr. Burmistone forgot alto-

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gether that they were not very old friends, and that Lady Theobald might be looking.

He bent slightly forward, and looked into her upraised, alarmed eyes.

"Don't be afraid of *me*," he said—"don't, for pity's sake!"

He could not have hit upon a luckier speech, and also he could not have uttered it more feelingly than he did. It helped her to recover herself, and gave her courage.

"There," she said, with a slight catch of the breath, "does not that prove what I said to be true! I was afraid, the very moment I ceased to forget myself. I was afraid of you and of myself. I have no courage at all."

"You will gain it in time," he said.

"I shall try to gain it," she answered. "I am nearly twenty, and it is time that I should learn to respect myself. I think it must be because I have no self-respect that I am such a coward."

It seemed that her resolution was to be tried immediately; for at that very moment Lady Theobald turned, and, on recognizing the full significance of Lucia's position, was apparently struck temporarily dumb and motionless. When she recovered from the shock, she made a majestic gesture of command.

Mr. Burmistone glanced at the girl's face, and saw that it changed color a little. "Lady Theobald appears to wish to speak to you," he said.

Lucia left her seat, and walked across the room with a steady air. Lady Theobald did not remove her eye from her until she stopped within three feet of her. Then she asked a rather unnecessary question.

"With whom have you been conversing?"

"With Mr. Burmistone."

"Upon what subject?"

"We were speaking of Miss Octavia Bassett."

Her ladyship glanced around the room, as if a new idea had occurred to her, and said:

"Where *is* Miss Octavia Bassett?"

Here it must be confessed that Lucia faltered.

"She is on the terrace with Mr. Barold."

"She is on ——"

Her ladyship stopped short in the middle of her sentence. This was too much for her. She left Lucia, and crossed the room to Miss Belinda.

"Belinda," she said, in an awful undertone, "your niece is out upon the terrace with Mr. Barold. Perhaps it would be as well for you to intimate to her that in England it is not customary — that — Belinda, go and bring her in."

Miss Belinda arose, actually looking pale. She had been making such strenuous efforts to converse with Miss Pilcher and Mrs. Burnham that she had been betrayed into forgetting her charge. She could scarcely believe her ears. She went to the open window and looked out, and then turned paler than before.

"Octavia, my dear," she said, faintly.

"Francis!" said Lady Theobald, over her shoulder.

Mr. Francis Barold turned a rather bored countenance toward them—but it was evidently not Octavia who had bored him.

"Octavia," said Miss Belinda, "how imprudent! In that thin dress—the night air! How could you, my dear, how could you?"

"Oh! I shall not catch cold," Octavia answered. "I am used to it. I have been out hours and hours, on moonlight nights, at home."

But she moved toward them.

"You must remember," said Lady Theobald, "that there are many things which may be done in America which would not be safe in England."

And she made the remark in an almost sepulchral tone of warning.

How Miss Belinda would have supported herself if the coach had not been announced at this juncture, it would be difficult to say. The coach was announced, and they took their departure. Mr. Barold happening to make his adieus at the same time, they were escorted by him down to the vehicle from the Blue Lion.

When he had assisted them in and closed the door, Octavia bent forward so that the moonlight fell full on her pretty, lace-covered head and the sparkling drops in her ears.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "if you stay here at all, you must come and see us. Aunt Belinda, ask him to come and see us."

Miss Belinda could scarcely speak.

"I shall be most—most happy," she fluttered. "Any—friend of dear Lady Theobald's, of course ——"

"Don't forget," said Octavia, waving her hand.

The coach moved off, and Miss Belinda sank back into a dark corner.

"My dear," she gasped, "what will he think?"

Octavia was winding her lace scarf around her throat.

"He'll think I want him to call," she said, serenely. "And I do."

CHAPTER XIII.

INTENTIONS.

THE position in which Lady Theobald found herself placed, after these occurrences, was certainly a difficult and unpleasant one. It was Mr. Francis Barold's caprice, for the time being, to develop an intimacy with Mr. Burmistone. He had, it seemed, chosen to become interested in him during their sojourn at Broadoaks. He had discovered him to be a desirable companion, and a clever, amiable fellow. This much he condescended to explain incidentally to her ladyship's self.

"I can't say I expected to meet a nice fellow or a companionable fellow," he remarked, "and I was agreeably surprised to find him both. Never says too much or too little. Never bores a man."

To this Lady Theobald could make no reply. Singularly enough, she had discovered early in their acquaintance that her wonted weapons were likely to dull their edges upon the steely coldness of Mr. Francis Barold's impassibility. In the presence of this fortunate young man, before whom his world had bowed the knee from his tenderest infancy, she lost the majesty of her demeanor. He refused to be affected by it; he was even implacable enough to show openly that it bored him, and to insinuate by his manner that he did not intend to submit to it. He entirely ignored the claim of relationship, and acted according to the promptings of his own moods. He did not feel it at all incumbent upon him to remain at Oldclough Hall, and subject himself to the time-honored customs there in vogue. He preferred to accept Mr. Burmistone's invitation to become his guest at the handsome house he had just completed, in which he lived in bachelor splendor. Accordingly he installed himself there, and thereby complicated matters greatly.

Slowbridge found itself in a position as difficult, and far more delicate, than Lady Theobald's. The tea-drinkings in honor of that troublesome young person, Miss Octavia Bassett, having been inaugurated by her ladyship, must go the social rounds, according to ancient custom. But what, in discretion's name, was to be done concerning Mr. Francis Barold? There was no doubt whatever that he must not be ignored; and, in that case, what difficulties presented themselves!

The mamma of the two Misses Egerton, who was a nervous and easily subjugated person, was so excited and overwrought by the prospect before her that, in contemplating it when she wrote her invitations, she was affected to tears.

"I can assure you, Lydia," she said, "that I have not slept for three nights, I have been so harassed. Here, on one hand, is Mr. Francis Barold, who must be invited, and on the other is Mr. Burmistone, whom we cannot pass over, and here is Lady Theobald, who will turn to stone the moment she sees him—though, goodness knows, I am sure he seems a very quiet, respectable man, and said some of the most complimentary things about your playing. And here is that dreadful girl, who is enough to give one cold chills, and who may do all sorts of dreadful things, and is certainly a living example to all respectable, well-educated girls. And the blindest of the blind could see that nothing would offend Lady Theobald more fatally than to let her be thrown with Francis Barold; and how one is to invite them into the same room, and keep them apart, I'm sure I don't know. Lady Theobald herself could not do it, and how can we be expected to? And the refreshments on my mind, too, and Forbes failing on her tea-cakes, and bringing up Sally Lunns like lead."

That these misgivings were equally shared by each entertainer in prospective might be adduced from the fact that the same afternoon Mrs. Burnham and Miss Pilcher appeared upon the scene, to consult with Mrs. Egerton upon the subject.

Miss Lydia and Miss Violet being dismissed upstairs to their practicing, the three ladies sat in the darkened parlor, and talked the matter over in solemn conclave.

"I have consulted Miss Pilcher, and mentioned the affair to Mrs. Gibson," announced Mrs. Burnham. "And really we have not yet been able to arrive at any conclusion."

Mrs. Egerton shook her head, tearfully.

"Pray don't come to me, my dears," she said,—"don't, I beg of you! I have thought about it until my circulation has all gone wrong, and Lydia has been applying hot-water bottles to my feet all morning. I gave it up at half-past two, and set Violet to

writing invitations to one and all, let the consequences be what they may."

Miss Pilcher glanced at Mrs. Burnham, and Mrs. Burnham glanced at Miss Pilcher.

"Perhaps," Miss Pilcher suggested to her companion, "it would be as well for you to mention your impressions."

Mrs. Burnham's manner became additionally cautious. She bent forward slightly.

"My dear," she said, "has it struck you that Lady Theobald has any—intentions, so to speak?"

"Intentions!" repeated Mrs. Egerton.

"Yes," with deep significance. "So to speak. With regard to Lucia."

Mrs. Egerton looked utterly helpless.

"Dear me!" she ejaculated, plaintively. "I have never had time to think of it. Dear me! With regard to Lucia!"

Mrs. Burnham became more significant still.

"*And*," she added, "Mr. Francis Barold."

Mrs. Egerton turned to Miss Pilcher, and saw confirmation of the fact in her countenance.

"Dear, dear!" she said. "That makes it worse than ever."

"It is certain," put in Miss Pilcher, "that the union would be a desirable one, and we have reason to remark that a deep interest in Mr. Francis Barold has been shown by Lady Theobald. He has been invited to make her house his home during his stay in Slowbridge, and though he has not done so, the fact that he has not is due only to some inexplicable reluctance upon his own part. And we all remember that Lady Theobald once plainly intimated that she anticipated Lucia forming, in the future, a matrimonial alliance."

"Oh!" commented Mrs. Egerton, with some slight impatience, "it is all very well for Lady Theobald to have intentions for Lucia; but if the young man has none, I really don't see that her intentions will be likely to result in anything particular. And I am sure Mr. Francis Barold is not in the mood to be influenced in that way now. He is more likely to entertain himself with Miss Octavia Bassett, who will take him out in the moonlight, and make herself agreeable to him in her American style."

Miss Pilcher and Mrs. Burnham exchanged glances again.

"My dear," said Mrs. Burnham, "he has called upon her twice since Lady Theobald's tea. They say she invites him herself, and flirts with him openly in the garden."

"Her conduct is such," said Miss Pilcher, with a shudder, "that the blinds upon the side of the seminary which faces Miss Bassett's garden are kept closed by my orders. I have young ladies under my care whose characters are in process of formation, and whose parents repose confidence in me."

"Nothing but my friendship for Belinda Bassett," remarked Mrs. Burnham, "would induce me to invite the girl to my house." Then she turned to Mrs. Egerton. "But—ahem—have you included them *all* in your invitations?" she observed.

Mrs. Egerton became plaintive again.

"I don't see how I could be expected to do anything else," she said. "Lady Theobald herself could not invite Mr. Francis Barold from Mr. Burmistone's house, and leave Mr. Burmistone at home. And after all, I must say it is my opinion nobody would have objected to Mr. Burmistone, in the first place, if Lady Theobald had not insisted upon it."

Mrs. Burnham reflected.

"Perhaps that is true," she admitted, cautiously, at length. "And it must be confessed that a man in his position is not entirely without his advantages—particularly in a place where there are but few gentlemen, and those scarcely desirable as ——"

She paused there, discreetly; but Mrs. Egerton was not so discreet.

"There are a great many young ladies in Slowbridge," she said, shaking her head. "A great many! And with five in a family all old enough to be out of school, I am sure it is flying in the face of Providence to neglect one's opportunities."

When the two ladies took their departure Mrs. Burnham seemed reflective. Finally she said:

"Poor Mrs. Egerton's mind is not what it was—and it never was remarkably strong. It must be admitted, too, that there is a lack of—of delicacy. Those great, plain girls of hers must be a trial to her."

As she spoke they were passing the privet hedge which surrounded Miss Bassett's house and garden; and a sound caused both to glance around. The front door had just been opened, and a gentleman was descending the steps—a young gentleman in neat clerical garb, his guileless ecclesiastical countenance suffused with mantling blushes of confusion and delight. He stopped on the gravel path to receive the last words of Miss Octavia Bassett, who stood on the threshold, smiling down upon him in the prettiest way in the world.

"Tuesday afternoon," she said. "Now don't forget, because I shall ask Mr. Barold and Miss Gaston, on purpose to play against us. Even St. James can't object to croquet."

"I—indeed I shall be *most* happy and—and delighted," stammered her departing guest, "if you will be so kind as to—to instruct me, and forgive my awkwardness."

"Oh! I'll instruct you," said Octavia. "I have instructed people before, and I know how."

Mrs. Burnham clutched Miss Pilcher's arm.

"Do you see who *that* is?" she demanded. "Would you have believed it?"

Miss Pilcher preserved a stony demeanor.

"I would believe anything of Miss Octavia Bassett," she replied. "There would be nothing at all remarkable to my mind in her flirting with the Bishop himself! Why should she hesitate to endeavor to entangle the curate of St. James?"

CHAPTER XIV.

A CLERICAL VISIT.

It was indeed true that the Rev. Arthur Poppleton had spent the greater part of his afternoon in Miss Belinda Bassett's front parlor, and that Octavia had entertained him in such a manner that he had been beguiled into forgetting the clerical visits he had intended to make, and had finally committed himself by a promise to return a day or two later to play croquet. His object in calling had been to request Miss Belinda's assistance in a parochial matter. His natural timorousness of nature had indeed led him to put off making the visit for as long a time as possible. The reports he had heard of Miss Octavia Bassett had inspired him with great dread. Consequently he had presented himself at Miss Belinda's front door with secret anguish.

"Will you say," he had faltered to Mary Anne, "that it is Mr. Poppleton, to see *Miss* Bassett—Miss *Belinda* Bassett?"

And then he had been handed into the parlor, the door had been closed behind him, and he had found himself shut up entirely alone in the room with Miss Octavia Bassett herself.

His first impulse was to turn, and flee precipitately; indeed, he even went so far as to turn, and clutch the handle of the door; but, somehow, a second thought arrived in time to lead him to control himself.

This second thought came with his second glance at Octavia.

She was not at all what he had pictured her. Singularly enough, no one had told him that she was pretty, and he had thought of her as a gaunt young person with a determined and manly air. She struck him, on the contrary, as being extremely girlish and charming to look upon. She wore the pale pink gown, and as he entered he saw her give a furtive little dab to her eyes with a lace handkerchief, and hurriedly crush an open letter into her pocket. Then, seeming to dismiss her emotion with enviable facility, she rose to greet him.

"If you want to see Aunt Belinda," she said, "perhaps you had better sit down. She will be here directly."

He plucked up spirit to take a seat, suddenly feeling his terror take wing. He was amazed at his own courage.

"Th-thank you," he said. "I have the pleasure of ——" There, it is true, he stopped, looked at her, blushed, and finished somewhat disjointedly. "Miss Octavia Bassett, I believe."

"Yes," she answered, and sat down near him.

When Miss Belinda descended the stairs, a short time afterward, her ears were greeted by the sound of brisk conversation, in which the Rev. Arthur Poppleton appeared to be taking part with before-unheard-of spirit. When he arose at her entrance, there was in his manner an air of mild buoyancy which astonished her beyond measure. When he reseated himself, he seemed quite to forget the object of his visit for some minutes, and was thus placed in the embarrassing position of having to refer to his note-book.

Having done so, and found that he had called to ask assistance for the family of one of his parishioners, he recovered himself somewhat. As he explained the exigencies of the case, Octavia listened.

"Well," she said, "I should think it would make you quite uncomfortable, if you see things like that often."

"I regret to say I do see such things only too frequently," he answered.

"Gracious!" she said; but that was all.

He was conscious of being slightly disappointed at her apathy, and perhaps it is to be deplored that he forgot it afterward, when Miss Belinda had bestowed her mite, and the case was dismissed for the time

being. He really did forget it, and was beguiled into making a very long call, and enjoying himself as he had never enjoyed himself before.

When, at length, he was recalled to a sense of duty by a glance at the clock, he had already before his eyes an opening vista of delights, taking the form of future calls, and games of croquet played upon Miss Belinda's neatly shaven grass-plot. He had bidden the ladies adieu in the parlor, and, having stepped into the hall, was fumbling rather excitedly in the umbrella-stand for his own especially slender clerical umbrella, when he was awakened to new rapture by hearing Miss Octavia's tone again.

He turned and saw her standing quite near him, looking at him with rather an odd expression and holding something in her hand.

"Oh!" she said. "See here! Those people."

"I—beg pardon," he hesitated. "I don't quite understand."

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "Those desperately poor wretches, you know—with fever, and leaks in their house, and all sorts of disagreeable things the matter with them. Give them this, won't you?"

"This" was a pretty silk purse, through whose meshes he saw the gleam of gold coin.

"That?" he said. "You don't mean—isn't there a good deal—I beg pardon—but really ——"

"Well, if they are as poor as you say they are, it wont be too much," she replied. "I dont suppose they'll object to it, do you?"

She extended it to him as if she rather wished to get it out of her hands.

"You'd better take it," she said. "I shall spend it on something I don't need, if you don't. I'm always spending money on things I don't care for afterward."

He was filled with remorse, remembering that he had thought her apathetic.

"I—I really thought you were not interested at all," he burst forth. "Pray forgive me. This is generous indeed."

She looked down at some particularly brilliant rings on her hand, instead of looking at him.

"Oh, well," she said, "I think it must be simply horrid to have to do without things. I can't see how people live. Besides, I haven't denied myself anything. It would be worth talking about if I had, I suppose. Oh, by the bye, never mind telling any one, will you?"

Then, without giving him time to reply, she raised her eyes to his face, and plunged into the subject of the croquet again, pursuing it until the final moment of his exit and departure, which was when Mrs. Burnham and Miss Pilcher had been scandalized at the easy freedom of her adieus.

CHAPTER XV.

SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES.

When Mr. Francis Barold called to pay his respects to Lady Theobald, after partaking of her hospitality, Mr. Burmistone accompanied him, and, upon almost every other occasion of his presenting himself to her ladyship, Mr. Burmistone was his companion.

It may as well be explained, at the outset, that the mill-owner of Burmistone Mills was a man of decided determination of character, and that, upon the evening of Lady Theobald's tea, he had arrived at the conclusion that he would spare no effort to gain a certain end he felt it would add to his happiness to accomplish.

"I stand rather in awe of Lady Theobald, as any ordinary man would," he had said, drily, to Barold, on their return to his house. "But my awe of her is not so great yet that I shall allow it to interfere with any of my plans."

"Have you any especial plan?" inquired Barold, carelessly, after a pause.

"Yes," answered Mr. Burmistone, "several. I should like to go to Oldclough rather often."

"I feel it the civil thing to go to Oldclough oftener than I like. Go with me."

"I should like to be included in all the invitations to tea for the next six months."

"I shall be included in all the invitations so long as I remain here, and it is not likely you will be left out in the cold. After you have gone the rounds once you wont be dropped."

"Upon the whole, it appears so," said Mr. Burmistone. "Thanks."

So, at each of the tea-parties following Lady Theobald's, the two men appeared together. The small end of the wedge being inserted into the social stratum, the rest was not so difficult. Mrs. Burnham was at once surprised and overjoyed by her discoveries of the many excellencies of the

man they had so hastily determined to ignore. Mrs. Abercrombie found Mr. Burmistone's manner all that could be desired. Miss Pilcher expressed the highest appreciation of his views upon feminine education and "our duty to the young in our charge." Indeed, after Mrs. Egerton's evening, the tide of public opinion turned suddenly in his favor.

Public opinion did not change, however, as far as Octavia was concerned. Having had her anxiety set at rest by several encouraging paternal letters from Nevada, she began to make up her mind to enjoy herself, and was, it is to be regretted, betrayed by her youthful high spirits into the committing of numerous indiscretions. Upon each festal occasion, she appeared in a new and elaborate costume; she accepted the attentions of Mr. Francis Barold as if it was the most natural thing in the world that they should be offered; she joked—in what Mrs. Burnham designated "her Nevada way"—with the Rev. Arthur Poppleton, who appeared more frequently than had been his habit at the high teas. She played croquet with that gentleman and Mr. Barold day after day, upon the grass-plot, before all the eyes gazing down upon her from the neighboring windows; she managed to coerce Mr. Burmistone into joining these innocent orgies; and, in fact, to quote Miss Pilcher, there was "no limit to the shamelessness of her unfeminine conduct."

Several times much comment had been aroused by the fact that Lucia Gaston had been observed to form one of the party of players. She had indeed played with Barold, against Octavia and Mr. Poppleton, on the memorable day upon which that gentleman had taken his first lesson.

Barold had availed himself of the invitation extended to him by Octavia, upon several occasions, greatly to Miss Belinda's embarrassment. He had dropped in the evening after the curate's first call.

"Is Lady Theobald very fond of you?" Octavia had asked, in the course of this visit.

"It is very kind of her, if she is," he replied, with languid irony.

"Isn't she fond enough of you to do anything you ask her?" Octavia inquired.

"Really, I think not," he replied. "Imagine the degree of affection it requires! I am not fond enough of any one to do anything they ask me."

Octavia bestowed a long look upon him.

"Well," she remarked, after a pause, "I believe you are not. I shouldn't think so."

Barold colored very faintly.

"I say," he said, "is that an imputation, or something of that character? It sounds like it, you know."

Octavia did not reply directly. She laughed a little.

"I want you to ask Lady Theobald to do something," she said.

"I am afraid I am not in such favor as you imagine," he said, looking slightly annoyed.

"Well, I think she wont refuse you this thing," she went on. "If she didn't loathe me so I would ask her myself."

He deigned to smile.

"Does she loathe you?" he inquired.

"Yes," nodding. "She would not speak to me if it wasn't for Aunt Belinda. She thinks I am fast and loud. Do *you* think I am fast and loud?"

He was taken aback, and not for the first time, either. She had startled and discomposed him several times in the course of their brief acquaintance, and he always resented it, priding himself in private, as he did, upon his coolness and immobility. He could not think of the right thing to say just now, so he was silent for a second.

"Tell me the truth," she persisted. "I shall not care—much."

"I do not think you would care at all."

"Well, perhaps I shouldn't. Go on. Do you think I am fast?"

"I am happy to say I do not find you slow."

She fixed her eyes on him, smiling faintly.

"That means I am fast," she said. "Well, no matter. Will you ask Lady Theobald what I want you to ask her?"

"I should not say you were fast at all," he said, rather stiffly. "You have not been educated as—as Lady Theobald has educated Miss Gaston, for instance."

"I should rather think not," she replied. Then she added, very deliberately: "She has had what you might call very superior advantages, I suppose."

Her expression was totally incomprehensible to him. She spoke with the utmost seriousness, and looked down at the table.

"That is derision, I suppose," he remarked, restively.

She glanced up again.

"At all events," she said, "there is nothing to laugh at in Lucia Gaston. Will you ask Lady Theobald? I want you to ask her to let Lucia Gaston come and play cro-

quet with us on Tuesday. She is to play with you against Mr. Poppleton and me."

"Who is Mr. Poppleton?" he asked with some reserve. He did not exactly fancy sharing his entertainment with any ordinary outsider. After all, there was no knowing what this little American might do.

"He is the curate of the church," she replied, undisturbed. "He is very nice, and little, and neat, and blushes all over to the toes of his boots. He came to see Aunt Belinda, and I asked him to come and be taught to play."

"Who is to teach him?"

"I am. I have taught at least twenty men in New York and San Francisco."

"I hope he appreciates your kindness."

"I mean to try if I can make him forget to be frightened," she said, with a gay laugh.

It was certainly nettling to find his air of reserve and displeasure met with such inconsequent lightness. She never seemed to recognize the subtle changes of temperature expressed in his manner. Only his sense of what was due to himself prevented his being very chilly indeed, but, as she went on with her gay chat, in utter ignorance of his mood, and indulged in some very pretty airy nonsense, he soon recovered himself, and almost forgot his private grievance.

Before going away, he promised to ask Lady Theobald's indulgence in the matter of Lucia's joining them in their game. One speech of Octavia's connected with the subject he had thought very pretty, as well as kind:

"I like Miss Gaston," she said. "I think we might be friends, if Lady Theobald would let us. Her superior advantages might do me good. They might improve me," she went on, with a little laugh, "and I suppose I need improving very much. All my advantages have been of one kind."

When he had left her, she startled Miss Belinda by saying:

"I have been asking Mr. Barold if he thought I was fast, and I believe he does—in fact, I am sure he does."

"Ah, my dear, my dear!" ejaculated Miss Belinda, "what a terrible thing to say to a gentleman! What will he think?"

Octavia smiled one of her calmest smiles.

"Isn't it queer how often you say that!" she remarked. "I think I should perish if I had to pull myself up that way as you do. I just go right on, and never worry. I don't mean to do anything queer, and I don't see why any one should think I do."

CHAPTER XVI.

CROQUET.

LUCIA was permitted to form one of the players in the game of croquet, being escorted to and from the scene by Francis Barold. Perhaps it occured to Lady Theobald that the contrast of English reserve and maidenliness with the free and easy manners of young women from Nevada might lead to some good result.

"I trust your conduct will be such as to show that you at least have resided in a civilized land," she said. "The men of the present day may permit themselves to be amused by young persons whose demeanor might bring a blush to the cheek of a woman of forty, but it is not their habit to regard them with serious intentions."

Lucia reddened. She did not speak, though she wished very much for the courage to utter the words which rose to her lips. Lately she had found that now and then, at times when she was roused to anger, speeches of quite a clever and sarcastic nature presented themselves to her mind. She was never equal to uttering them aloud, but she felt that, in time, she might, because of course it was quite an advance in spirit to think them, and face, even in imagination, the probability of astounding and striking Lady Theobald dumb with their audacity.

"It ought to make me behave very well," she was saying now to herself, "to have before me the alternative of not being regarded with serious intentions. I wonder if it is Mr. Poppleton or Francis Barold who might not regard me seriously. And I wonder if they are any coarser in America than we can be in England when we try."

She enjoyed the afternoon very much, particularly the latter part of it, when Mr. Burmistone, who was passing, came in, being invited by Octavia across the privet hedge. Having paid his respects to Miss Belinda, who sat playing propriety under a laburnum tree, Mr. Burmistone crossed the grass-plot to Lucia herself. She was awaiting her "turn," and laughing at the ardent enthusiasm of Mr. Poppleton, who, under Octavia's direction, was devoting all his energies to the game; her eyes were bright, and she had lost, for the time being, her timid air of feeling herself somehow in the wrong.

"I am glad to see you here," said Mr. Burmistone.

"I am glad to be here," she answered. "It has been such a happy afternoon. Everything has seemed so bright and—and different."

"'Different' is a very good word," he said, laughing.

"It isn't a very bad one," she returned. "And it expresses a good deal."

"It does indeed," he commented.

"Look at Mr. Poppleton and Octavia ——" she began.

"Have you got to 'Octavia'?" he inquired.

She looked down and blushed.

"I shall not say 'Octavia' to grandmamma."

Then suddenly she glanced up at him.

"That is sly, isn't it?" she said. "Sometimes I think I am very sly, though I am sure it is not my nature to be so. I would rather be open and candid."

"It would be better," he remarked.

"You think so?" she asked, eagerly.

He could not help smiling.

"Do you ever tell untruths to Lady Theobald?" he inquired. "If you do, I shall begin to be alarmed."

"I act them," she said, blushing more deeply. "I really do—paltry sorts of untruths, you know; pretending to agree with her when I don't, pretending to like things a little when I hate them. I have been trying to improve myself lately, and once or twice it has made her very angry. She says I am disobedient and disrespectful. She asked me, one day, if it was my intention to emulate Miss Octavia Bassett. That was when I said I could not help feeling that I had wasted time in practicing."

She sighed softly as she ended.

In the meantime, Octavia had Mr. Poppleton and Mr. Francis Barold upon her hands, and was endeavoring to do her duty as hostess by both of them. If it had been her intention to captivate these gentlemen, she could not have complained that Mr. Poppleton was wary or difficult game. His first fears allayed, his downward path was smooth, and rapid in proportion. When he had taken his departure with the little silk purse in his keeping, he had carried under his clerical vest a warmed and thrilled heart. It was a heart which, it must be confessed, was of the most inexperienced and susceptible nature. A little man of affectionate and gentle disposition, he had been given from his earliest youth to indulging in timid dreams of mild future bliss—of bliss represented by some lovely being whose ideals were similar to his own, and who preferred the wealth of a true affection to the glitter of the giddy throng. Upon one or two occasions, he had even worshiped from afar; but as on each of these occasions his hopes had been nipped in the bud by the union of their object with some hollow worldling, his dream had, so far, never attained very serious proportions. Since he had taken up his abode in Slowbridge, he had felt himself a little overpowered by circumstances. It had been a source of painful embarrassment to him to find his innocent presence capable of producing confusion in the breasts of young ladies who were certainly not more guileless than himself. He had been conscious that the Misses Egerton did not continue their conversation with freedom when he chanced to approach the group they graced, and he had observed the same thing in their companions—an additional circumspection of demeanor, so to speak, a touch of new decorum, whose object seemed to be to protect them from any appearance of imprudence.

"It is almost as if they were afraid of me," he had said to himself once or twice. "Dear me! I hope there is nothing in my appearance to lead them to ——"

He was so much alarmed by this dreadful thought, that he had ever afterward approached any of these young ladies with a fear and trembling which had not added either to his comfort or their own; consequently, his path had not been a very smooth one.

"I respect the young ladies of Slowbridge," he remarked to Octavia, that very afternoon. "There are some very remarkable young ladies here—very remarkable, indeed. They are interested in the church, and the poor, and the schools, and indeed in everything—which is most unselfish and amiable. Young ladies have usually so much to distract their attention from such matters."

"If I stay long enough in Slowbridge," said Octavia, "I shall be interested in the church, and the poor, and the schools."

It seemed to the curate that there had never been anything so delightful in the world as her laugh and her unusual remarks. She seemed to him so beautiful, and so exhilarating, that he forgot all else but his admiration for her. He enjoyed himself so much, this afternoon, that he was almost brilliant, and excited the sarcastic comment of Mr. Francis Barold, who was not enjoying himself at all.

"Confound it!" said that gentleman to himself, as he looked on. "What did I come here for? This style of thing is just what I might have expected. She is amusing herself with that poor little cad now, and I am left in the cold. I suppose that is her habit with the young men in Nevada."

He had no intention of entering the lists with the Rev. Arthur Poppleton, or of concealing the fact that he felt that this little Nevada flirt was making a blunder. The sooner she knew it the better for herself; so he played his game as badly as possible, and with much dignity.

But Octavia was so deeply interested in Mr. Poppleton's ardent efforts to do credit to her teaching, that she was apparently unconscious of all else. She played with great cleverness, and carried her partner to the terminus, with an eager enjoyment of her skill quite pleasant to behold. She made little darts here and there, advised, directed, and controlled his movements, and was quite dramatic in a small way when he made a failure.

Mrs. Burnham, who was superintending the proceeding, seated in her own easy-chair behind her window-curtains, was roused to virtuous indignation by her energy.

"There is no repose whatever in her manner," she said. "No dignity. Is a game of croquet a matter of deep moment? It seems to me that it is almost impious to devote one's mind so wholly to a mere means of recreation."

"She seems to be enjoying it, mamma," said Miss Laura Burnham, with a faint sigh. Miss Laura had been looking on over her parent's shoulder. "They all seem to be enjoying it. See how Lucia Gaston and Mr. Burmistone are laughing. I never saw Lucia look like that before. The only one who seems a little dull is Mr. Barold."

"He is probably disgusted by a freedom of manner to which he is not accustomed," replied Mrs. Burnham. "The only wonder is that he has not been disgusted by it before."

CHAPTER XVII.

ADVANTAGES.

THE game over, Octavia deserted her partner. She walked lightly, and with the air of a victor, to where Barold was standing. She was smiling and slightly flushed, and for a moment or so stood fanning herself with a gay Japanese fan.

"Don't you think I am a good teacher?" she asked, at length.

"I should say so," replied Barold, without enthusiasm. "I am afraid I am not a judge."

She waved her fan airily.

"I had a good pupil," she said. Then she held her fan still for a moment, and turned fully toward him. "I have done something you don't like," she said. "I knew I had."

Mr. Francis Barold retired within himself at once. In his present mood it really appeared that she was assuming that he was very much interested indeed.

"I should scarcely take the liberty upon a limited acquaintance," he began.

She looked at him steadily, fanning herself with slow, regular movements.

"Yes," she remarked. "You're mad. I knew you were."

He was so evidently disgusted by this observation that she caught at the meaning of his look, and laughed a little.

"Ah!" she said, "that's an American word, aint it? It sounds queer to you. You say 'vexed' instead of 'mad.' Well, then, you are vexed."

"If I have been so clumsy as to appear ill-humored," he said, "I beg pardon. Certainly I have no right to exhibit such unusual interest in your conduct."

He felt that this was rather decidedly to the point, but she did not seem overpowered at all. She smiled anew.

"Anybody has a right to be mad—I mean vexed," she observed. "I should like to know how people would live if they hadn't. I am mad—I mean vexed—twenty times a day."

"Indeed?" was his sole reply.

"Well," she said, "I think it's real mean in you to be so cool about it when you remember what I told you the other day."

"I regret to say I don't remember, just now. I hope it was nothing very serious."

To his astonishment she looked down at her fan, and spoke in a slightly lowered voice.

"I told you that I wanted to be improved."

It must be confessed that he was mollified. There was a softness in her manner which amazed him. He was at once embarrassed and delighted. But, at the same time, it would not do to commit himself to too great a seriousness.

"Oh!" he answered, "that was a rather good joke, I thought."

"No, it wasn't," she said, perhaps even half a tone lower. "I was in earnest."

Then she raised her eyes.

"If you told me when I did anything wrong, I think it might be a good thing," she said.

He felt that this was quite possible, and was also struck with the idea that he might find the task of mentor—so long as he remained entirely non-committal—rather interesting. Still he could not afford to descend at once from the elevated stand he had taken.

"I am afraid you would find it rather tiresome," he remarked.

"I am afraid *you* would," she answered. "You would have to tell me of things so often."

"Do you mean seriously to tell me that you would take my advice?" he inquired.

"I mightn't take all of it," was her reply, "but I should take some—perhaps a great deal."

"Thanks," he remarked. "I scarcely think I should give you a great deal."

She simply smiled.

"I have never had any advice at all," she said. "I don't know that I should have taken it, if I had—just as likely as not I shouldn't; but I have never had any. Father spoiled me. He gave me all my own way. He said he didn't care, so long as I had a good time, and I must say I have generally had a good time. I don't see how I could help it—with all my own way, and no one to worry. I wasn't sick, and I could buy anything I liked, and all that—so I had a good time. I've read of girls, in books, wishing they had mothers to take care of them. I don't know that I ever wished for one particularly. I can take care of myself. I must say, too, that I don't think some mothers are much of an institution. I know girls who have them, and they are always worrying."

He laughed in spite of himself, and though she had been speaking with the utmost seriousness and *naïveté*, she joined him.

When they ceased, she returned suddenly to the charge.

"Now tell me what I have done, this afternoon, that isn't right," she said—"that Lucia Gaston wouldn't have done, for instance. I say that because I shouldn't mind being a little like Lucia Gaston—in some things."

"Lucia ought to feel gratified," he commented.

"She does," she answered. "We had a little talk about it, and she was as pleased as could be. I didn't think of it in that way until I saw her begin to blush. Guess what she said."

"I am afraid I can't."

"She said she saw so many things to envy in me, that she could scarcely believe I wanted to be at all like her."

"It was a very civil speech," said Barold, ironically. "I scarcely thought Lady Theobald had trained her so well."

"She meant it," said Octavia. "You mayn't believe it, but she did. I know when people mean things and when they don't."

"I wish I did," said Barold.

Octavia turned her attention to her fan.

"Well, I am waiting," she said.

"Waiting?" he repeated.

"To be told of my faults."

"But I scarcely see of what importance my opinion can be."

"It is of some importance to me—just now."

The last two words rendered him really impatient, and it may be spurred him up.

"If we are to take Lucia Gaston as a model," he said, "Lucia Gaston would possibly not have been so complaisant in her demeanor toward our clerical friend."

"Complaisant!" she exclaimed, opening her lovely eyes. "When I was actually plunging about the garden, trying to teach him to play. Well, I shouldn't call that being complaisant."

"Lucia Gaston," he replied, "would not say that she had been 'plunging' about the garden."

She gave herself a moment for reflection.

"That's true," she remarked, when it was over; "she wouldn't. When I compare myself with the Slowbridge girls, I begin to think I must say some pretty awful things."

Barold made no reply, which caused her to laugh a little again.

"You daren't tell me," she said. "Now, do I? Well, I don't think I want to know very particularly. What Lady Theobald thinks will last quite a good while. Complaisant!"

"I am sorry you object to the word," he said.

"Oh, I don't!" she answered. "I like it. It sounds so much more polite than to say I was flirting and being fast."

"Were you flirting?" he inquired, coldly.

He objected to her ready serenity very much.

She looked a little puzzled.

"You are very like Aunt Belinda," she said.

He drew himself up. He did not think there was any point of resemblance at all between Miss Belinda and himself.

She went on, without observing his movement.

"You think everything means something, or is of some importance. You said that just as Aunt Belinda says 'What will they think?' It never occurs to me that they'll think at all. Gracious! Why should they?"

"You will find they do," he said.

"Well," she said, glancing at the group gathered under the laburnum tree, "just now Aunt Belinda thinks we had better go over to her, so suppose we do it. At any rate, I found out that I was too complaisant to Mr. Poppleton."

When the party separated for the afternoon, Barold took Lucia home, and Mr. Burmistone and the curate walked down the street together.

Mr. Poppleton was indeed most agreeably exhilarated. His expressive little countenance beamed with delight.

"What a very charming person Miss Bassett is!" he exclaimed, after they had left the gate. "What a very charming person indeed!"

"Very charming," said Mr. Burmistone, with much seriousness. "A prettier young person I certainly have never seen; and those wonderful gowns of hers ——"

"Oh!" interrupted Mr. Poppleton, with natural confusion. "I—I referred to Miss Belinda Bassett; though, really, what you say is very true. Miss Octavia Bassett —indeed—I think—in fact, Miss Octavia Bassett is *quite*—one might almost say even *more* charming than her aunt."

"Yes," admitted Mr. Burmistone; "perhaps one might. She is less ripe, it is true; but that is an objection time will remove."

"There is such a delightful gayety in her manner," said Mr. Poppleton; "such an ingenuous frankness; such a—a—such spirit! It—quite carries me away with it—quite."

He walked a few steps, thinking over this delightful gayety and ingenuous frankness, and then burst out afresh.

"And what a remarkable life she has had, too! She actually told me that, once in her childhood, she lived for months in a gold-diggers' camp—the only woman there. She says the men were kind to her, and made a pet of her. She has known the most extraordinary people."

In the meantime, Francis Barold returned Lucia to Lady Theobald's safe-keeping. Having done so, he made his adieus, and left the two to themselves. Her ladyship was, it must be confessed, a little at a loss to explain to herself what she saw, or fancied she saw, in the manner and appearance of her young relative. She was persuaded that she had never seen Lucia look as she looked this afternoon. She had a brighter color in her cheeks than usual, her pretty figure seemed more erect, her eyes had a spirit in them which was quite new. She had chatted and laughed gayly with Francis Barold as she approached the house, and after his departure she moved to and fro with a freedom not habitual to her.

"He has been making himself agreeable to her," said my lady, with grim pleasure. "He can do it, if he chooses; and he is just the man to please a girl—good-looking, and with a fine, domineering air."

"How did you enjoy yourself?" she asked.

"Very much," said Lucia. "Never more, thank you."

"Oh!" ejaculated my lady. "And which of her smart New York gowns did Miss Octavia Bassett wear?"

They were at the dinner table, and instead of looking down at her soup, Lucia looked quietly and steadily across the table at her grandmother.

"She wore a very pretty one," she said. "It was pale fawn-color, and fitted her like a glove. She made me feel very old-fashioned and badly dressed."

Lady Theobald laid down her spoon.

"She made you feel old-fashioned and badly dressed—you!"

"Yes," responded Lucia. "She always does. I wonder what she thinks of the things we wear in Slowbridge." And she even went to the length of smiling a little.

"What *she* thinks of what is worn in Slowbridge!" Lady Theobald ejaculated. "She! May I ask what weight the opinion of a young woman from America—from Nevada—is supposed to have in Slowbridge?"

Lucia took a spoonful of soup in a leisurely manner.

"I don't think it is supposed to have any," she said; "but—but I don't think she

minds that. I feel as if I shouldn't if I were in her place. I have always thought her very lucky."

"You have thought her lucky!" cried my lady. "You have envied a Nevada young woman, who dresses like an actress, and loads herself with jewels like a barbarian? A girl whose conduct toward men is of a character to—to chill one's blood!"

"They admire her," said Lucia, simply. "More than they admire Lydia Egerton, and more than they admire me."

"Do *you* admire her?" demanded my lady.

"Yes, grandmamma," replied Lucia, courageously. "I think I do."

Never had my lady been so astounded in her life. For a moment, she could scarcely speak. When she recovered herself she pointed to the door.

"Go to your room," she commanded. "This is American freedom of speech, I suppose. Go to your room."

Lucia rose obediently. She could not help wondering what her ladyship's course would be if she had the hardihood to disregard her order. She really looked quite capable of carrying it out forcibly herself. When the girl stood at her bedroom window, a few minutes later, her cheeks were burning and her hands trembling.

"I am afraid it was very badly done," she said to herself. "I am sure it was; but—but it will be a kind of practice. I was in such a hurry to try if I was equal to it, that I didn't seem to balance things quite rightly. I ought to have waited until I had more reason to speak out. Perhaps there wasn't enough reason then, and I was more aggressive than I ought to have been. Octavia is never aggressive. I wonder if I was at all pert. I don't think Octavia ever means to be pert. I felt a little as if I meant to be pert. I must learn to balance myself, and only be cool and frank."

Then she looked out of the window, and reflected a little.

"I was not so very brave, after all," she said, rather reluctantly. "I didn't tell her Mr. Burmistone was there. I daren't have done that. I am afraid I *am* sly—that sounds sly, I am sure."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTRAST.

"LADY THEOBALD will put a stop to it," was the general remark. "It will certainly not occur again."

This was said upon the evening of the first gathering upon Miss Belinda's grass-plot, and at the same time it was prophesied that Mr. Francis Barold would soon go away.

But neither of the prophecies proved true. Mr. Francis Barold did *not* return to London, and, strange to say, Lucia was seen again and again playing croquet with Octavia Bassett, and was even known to spend evenings with her.

Perhaps it might be that an appeal made by Miss Belinda to her ladyship had caused her to allow of these things. Miss Belinda had, in fact, made a private call upon my lady, to lay her case before her.

"I feel so very timid about everything," she said, almost with tears, "and so fearful of trusting myself, that I really find it quite a trial. The dear child has such a kind heart—I assure you she has a kind heart, dear Lady Theobald—and is so innocent of any intention to do wrong—I am sure she is innocent—that it seems cruel to judge her severely. If she had had the benefit of such training as dear Lucia's, I am convinced that her conduct would have been most exemplary. She sees herself that she has faults—I am sure she does. She said to me, only last night, in that odd way of hers—she had been sitting, evidently thinking deeply, for some minutes—and she said: 'I wonder if I shouldn't be nicer if I was more like Lucia Gaston.' You see what turn her mind must have taken. She admires Lucia so much."

"Yesterday evening, at dinner," said Lady Theobald, severely, "Lucia informed me that *she* admired your niece. The feeling seems to be mutual."

Miss Belinda colored, and brightened visibly.

"Did she, indeed?" she exclaimed. "How pleased Octavia will be to hear it. Did she, indeed?" Then, warned by a chilliness and lack of response in her ladyship's manner, she modified her delight, and became apologetic again. "These young people are more—are less critical than we are," she sighed. "Octavia's great prettiness——"

"I think," Lady Theobald interposed, "that Lucia has been taught to feel that the body is corruptible, and subject to decay, and that mere beauty is of small moment."

Miss Belinda sighed again.

"That is very true," she admitted, deprecatingly; "very true, indeed."

"It is to be hoped that Octavia's stay in Slowbridge will prove beneficial to her," said her ladyship, in her most judicial manner. "The atmosphere is wholly unlike that which has surrounded her during her previous life."

"I am sure it will prove beneficial to her," said Miss Belinda, eagerly. "The companionship of well-trained and refined young people cannot fail to be of use to her. Such a companion as Lucia would be, if you would kindly permit her to spend an evening with us now and then, would certainly improve and modify her greatly. Mr. Francis Barold is—is, I think, of the same opinion—at least, I fancied I gathered as much from a few words he let fall."

"Francis Barold?" repeated Lady Theobald. "And what did Francis Barold say?"

"Of course, it was very little," hesitated Miss Belinda; "but—but I could not help seeing that he was drawing comparisons, as it were. Octavia was teaching Mr. Poppleton to play croquet, and she was rather exhilarated, and perhaps exhibited more—freedom of manner, in an innocent way—quite in an innocent, thoughtless way—than is exactly customary, and I saw Mr. Barold glance from her to Lucia, who stood near; and when I said, 'You are thinking of the contrast between them,' he answered, 'Yes, they differ very greatly, it is true'; and of course I knew that my poor Octavia could not have the advantage in his eyes. She feels this herself, I know. She shocked me, the other day, beyond expression by telling me that she had asked him if he thought she was really fast, and that she was sure he did. Poor child; she evidently did not comprehend the dreadful significance of such terms."

"A man like Francis Barold does understand their significance," said Lady Theobald, "and it is to be deplored that your niece cannot be taught what her position in society will be if such a reputation attaches itself to her. The men of the present day fight shy of such characters."

This dread clause so impressed poor Miss Belinda by its solemnity that she could not forbear repeating it to Octavia afterward, though it is to be regretted that it did not produce the effect she had hoped.

"Well, I must say," she observed, "that if some men fought a little shyer than they do, I shouldn't mind it. You always *do* have about half a dozen dangling around, who only bore you, and who will keep asking you to go to places, and sending you bouquets, and asking you to dance when they can't dance at all, and only tear your dress, and stand on your feet. If they would 'fight shy,' it would be splendid."

To Miss Belinda, who certainly had never been guilty of the indecorum of having any member of the stronger sex "dangling about" at all, this was very trying.

"My dear," she said, "don't say 'you always have'; it—it really seems to make it so personal."

Octavia turned around and fixed her eyes wonderingly upon her blushing countenance. For a moment she made no remark, a marvelous thought shaping itself slowly in her mind.

"Aunt Belinda," she said, at length, "did nobody ever ——"

"Ah, no, my dear. No, no, I assure you!" cried Miss Belinda, in the greatest possible trepidation. "Ah, dear, no! Such—such things rarely—very rarely happen in—in Slowbridge—and besides, I couldn't possibly have thought of it. I couldn't, indeed!"

She was so overwhelmed with maidenly confusion at the appalling thought, that she did not recover herself for half an hour at least. Octavia, feeling that it would not be safe to pursue the subject, only uttered one word of comment:

"Gracious!"

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EXPERIMENT.

MUCH to her own astonishment, Lucia found herself allowed new liberty. She was permitted to spend the afternoon frequently with Octavia, and, on several occasions, that young lady and Miss Bassett were invited to partake of tea at Oldclough in company with no other guest than Francis Barold.

"I don't know what it means, and I think it must mean something," said Lucia to Octavia, "but it is very pleasant. I never was allowed to be so intimate with any one before."

"Perhaps," suggested Octavia, sagely, "she thinks that, if you see me often enough, you will get sick of me, and it will be a lesson to you."

"The more I see of you," answered Lucia, with a serious little air, "the fonder I am of you. I understand you better. You are not at all like what I thought you at first, Octavia."

"But I don't know that there's much to understand in me."

"There is a great deal to understand in you," she replied. "You are a puzzle to me often. You seem so frank, and yet one knows so little about you, after all. For instance," Lucia went on, "who would imagine that you are so affectionate?"

"Am I affectionate?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Lucia, "I am sure you are very affectionate. I have found it out gradually. You would suffer things for any one you loved."

Octavia thought the matter over.

"Yes," she said, at length, "I would."

"You are very fond of Miss Bassett," proceeded Lucia, as if arraigning her at the bar of justice. "You are *very* fond of your father, and I am sure there are other people you are very fond of—*very* fond of, indeed."

Octavia pondered seriously again.

"Yes, there are," she remarked; "but no one would care about them here—and so I'm not going to make a fuss. You don't want to make a fuss over people you l—like."

"*You* don't," said Lucia. "You are like Francis Barold, in one way—but you are altogether different, in another. Francis Barold does not wish to show emotion, and he is so determined to hedge himself around that one can't help suspecting that he is always guarding himself against one. He seems always to be resenting any interference; but you do not appear to care at all, and so it is not natural that one should suspect you. I did not suspect you."

"What do you suspect me of now?"

"Of thinking a great deal," answered Lucia, affectionately. "And of being very clever and very good."

Octavia was silent for a few moments.

"I think," she said, after the pause, "I think you'll find out that it's a mistake."

"No, I shall not," returned Lucia, quite glowing with enthusiasm. "And I know I shall learn a great deal from you."

This was such a startling proposition that Octavia felt decidedly uncomfortable. She flushed rosy red.

"I'm the one who ought to learn things. I think," she said. "I'm always doing things that frighten Aunt Belinda, and you know how the rest regard me."

"Octavia," said Lucia, very naïvely indeed, "suppose we try to help each other. If you will tell me when I am wrong, I will try to—to have the courage to tell you. That will be good practice for me. What I want most is courage and frankness, and I am sure it will take courage to make up my mind to tell you of your—of your mistakes."

Octavia regarded her with mingled admiration and respect.

"I think that's a splendid idea," she said.

"Are you sure," faltered Lucia, "are you sure you wont mind the things I may have to say? Really, they are quite little things in themselves—hardly worth mentioning ——"

"Tell me one of them, right now," said Octavia, point-blank.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lucia, starting. "I'd rather not—just now."

"Well," commented Octavia, "that sounds as if they must be pretty unpleasant. Why don't you want to? They will be quite as bad to-morrow. And to refuse to tell me one is a bad beginning. It looks as if you were frightened, and it isn't good practice for you to be frightened at such a little thing."

Lucia felt convicted. She made an effort to regain her composure.

"No, it is not," she said. "But that is always the way. I am continually telling myself that I *will* be courageous and candid, and the first time anything happens, I fail. I *will* tell you one thing."

She stopped short here, and looked at Octavia guiltily.

"It is something—I think I would do if —if I were in your place," Lucia stammered. "A very little thing indeed."

"Well?" remarked Octavia, anxiously.

Lucia lost her breath, caught it again, and proceeded cautiously, and with blushes at her own daring.

"If I were in your place," she said, "I think—that, perhaps—only perhaps, you know—I would not wear—my hair—*quite* so low down—over my forehead."

Octavia sprang from her seat, and ran to the pier glass over the mantel. She glanced at the reflection of her own startled, pretty face, and then, putting her hand up to the soft blonde "bang" which met her brows, turned to Lucia.

"Isn't it becoming?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Oh, yes!" Lucia answered. "Very."

Octavia started.

"Then why wouldn't you wear it?" she cried. "What do you mean?"

Lucia felt her position truly a delicate one. She locked her hands, and braced herself; but she blushed vividly.

"It may sound rather silly when I tell you why, Octavia," she said; "but I really do

think it is a sort of reason. You know, in those absurd pictures of actresses, bangs always seem to be the principal feature. I saw some in the shop windows, when I went to Harriford with grandmamma. And they were such dreadful women—some of them—and had so very few clothes on, that I can't help thinking I shouldn't like to look like them, and ——"

"Does it make me look like them?"

"Oh, very little!" answered Lucia; "very little indeed, of course; but ——"

"But it's the same thing, after all," put in Octavia. "That's what you mean."

"It is so very little," faltered Lucia, "that—that perhaps it isn't a reason."

Octavia looked at herself in the glass again.

"It isn't a very good reason," she remarked, "but I suppose it will do."

She paused, and looked Lucia in the face.

"I don't think that's a little thing," she said. "To be told you look like an *opéra bouffe* actress."

"I did not mean to say so," cried Lucia, filled with the most poignant distress. "I beg your pardon, indeed—I—oh dear! I was afraid you wouldn't like it. I felt that it was taking a great liberty."

"I don't like it," answered Octavia; "but that can't be helped. I didn't exactly suppose I should. But I wasn't going to say anything about *your* hair when *I* began," glancing at poor Lucia's *coiffure*, "though I suppose I might."

"You might say a thousand things about it!" cried Lucia, piteously. "I know that mine is not only in bad taste, but it is ugly and unbecoming."

"Yes," said Octavia, cruelly, "it is."

"And yours is neither the one nor the other," protested Lucia. "You know I told you it was pretty, Octavia."

Octavia walked over to the table, upon which stood Miss Belinda's work-basket, and took therefrom a small and gleaming pair of scissors, returning to the mantel glass with them.

"How short shall I cut it?" she demanded.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucia, "don't—don't."

For answer, Octavia raised the scissors, and gave a snip. It was a savage snip, and half the length and width of her love-locks fell on the mantel; then she gave another snip, and the other half fell.

Lucia scarcely dared to breathe.

For a moment, Octavia stood gazing at herself, with pale face and dilated eyes. Then suddenly the folly of the deed she had done seemed to reveal itself to her.

"Oh!" she cried out. "Oh, how diabolical it looks!"

She turned upon Lucia.

"Why did you make me do it?" she exclaimed. "It's all your fault—every bit of it;" and flinging the scissors to the other end of the room, she threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears.

Lucia's anguish of mind was almost more than she could bear. For at least three minutes, she felt herself a criminal of the deepest dye; after the three minutes had elapsed, however, she began to reason, and called to mind the fact that she was failing as usual under her crisis.

"This is being a coward again," she said to herself. "It is worse than to have said nothing. It is true that she will look more refined, now one can see a little of her forehead, and it is cowardly to be afraid to stand firm when I really think so. I—yes, I will say something to her."

"Octavia," she began, aloud, "I am sure you are making a mistake again." This as decidedly as possible, which was not very decidedly. "You—you look very much—nicer."

"I look *ghastly!*" said Octavia, who began to feel rather absurd.

"You do not. Your forehead—you have the prettiest forehead I ever saw, Octavia," said Lucia, eagerly, "and your eyebrows are perfect. I—wish you would look at yourself again."

Rather to her surprise, Octavia began to laugh under cover of her handkerchief; reaction had set in, and, though the laugh was a trifle hysterical, it was still a laugh. Next she gave her eyes a final little dab, and rose to go to the glass again. She looked at herself, touched up the short, waving fringe left on her forehead, and turned to Lucia, with a resigned expression.

"Do you think that any one who was used to seeing it the other way would—would think I looked horrid?" she inquired, anxiously.

"They would think you prettier—a great deal," Lucia answered, earnestly. "Don't you know, Octavia, that nothing could be really unbecoming to you? You have that kind of face."

For a few seconds, Octavia seemed to lose herself in thought of a speculative nature.

"Jack always said so," she remarked, at length.

"Jack!" repeated Lucia, timidly.

Octavia roused herself, and smiled with candid sweetness.

"He is some one I knew in Nevada," she explained. "He worked in father's mine once."

"You must have known him very well," suggested Lucia, somewhat awed.

"I did," she replied calmly. "Very well."

She tucked away her pocket-handkerchief in the jaunty pocket at the back of her basque, and returned to her chair. Then she turned again to Lucia.

"Well," she said, "I think you have found out that you *were* mistaken, haven't you, dear? Suppose you tell me of something else."

Lucia colored.

"No," she answered, "that is enough for to-day."

(To be continued.)

PROTESTANTISM IN ITALY.

It is but a little more than a score of years since the dream of Italian unity began to be fulfilled—in the treaties of Villafranca and Zurich that added Lombardy to the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel; in the voluntary annexation of central Italy, and in the gift to the King of Naples and Sicily by the hand of Garibaldi. It was in 1861 that Victor first ventured to call himself King of Italy; in 1865 that the royal residence was removed from Turin to Florence; in 1871 that the throne of the brave King was set up in the Quirinal.

During the first part of this period, religious liberty had gained a footing in northern Italy. Cavour's motto, "A free church in a free state," was not a mere sentiment. It was incorporated into the constitution of Sardinia, and, in spite of the difficulties arising out of the customs and prejudices of the people, Christians of all names were generally protected in their worship.

The Rev. William Arthur, an English Wesleyan minister who made the tour of Italy in the spring of 1860, reported that in Turin, at that time, no sensible restraint existed upon religious liberty. "There," he says, "the Protestant churches are as free as Romish or Greek ones are with us. The Bible is everywhere hawked and sold, Bible schools are taught, the press issues whatever books any one may please to print, and the spirit of the constitution has free way. Throughout the great provincial cities the same state of things exists, in the main, though now and then the courts of Genoa may be heard pronouncing a sentence that reads much more like Naples than like Sardinia. But in country places irritating obstructions are often thrown in the way of religious liberty, and statesmen are slow to interfere effectually." *

As fast as Sardinia became Italy, by repeated conquest and gradual annexation, this liberty was extended southward, and, at length, when the French troops were withdrawn from Rome nine years ago, the free constitution became the law of the whole peninsula, and nowhere in Italy could any man be legally restrained from worshiping God according to his own conscience.

That this legal right was then and is still dimly apprehended and feebly held in many obscure portions of Italy is not disputed. The traditions of centuries are not uprooted in a decade; but so far as the power of the Italian Government can reach, religion is as free to-day in Rome as in Boston, in Italy as in New England.

This change, to an Italian of middle age whose youth and early manhood were passed under the rigors of the Papal rule, must seem bewildering. The spectacle of Protestants setting up their churches under the shadow of the Vatican, worshiping by their own simple rites in their own hired houses or consecrated temples in all parts of Italy, must fill him with amazement. This is not the manner to which he was born and brought up.

It is only twenty-four years ago that the famous edict of Loretto, adopted by a convention of cardinals and prelates, was republished by authority of the Pope. By this edict all persons guilty of blasphemy, non-observance of holy days, or violations of fasts, were threatened with arrest and punishment, the fine authorized ranging from fifty cents to three dollars, and the imprisonment from two to twelve days. On a second offense the penalty could be doubled, and half of the fine in each case went to the informer or the police.

* "Italy in Transition," p. 60.

These penalties were, of course, not merely for professed Catholics, but for all citizens. Any person failing to keep the fasts and holy days of the Roman Catholic Church was an offender against ecclesiastical law, and subject to fine and imprisonment.

How it fared with those who were known to be heretics may be inferred from the decree of an inquisitor general, published in Pesaro, in 1841, in which he commands "every person, of whatever state, grade, or dignity," to "reveal and judicially notify to him" the names of "all heretics, or persons suspected or reported to be heretics, or who have favored, or defended, or described, or explained heresies"; of "those who have composed satires or divulged writings against the High Priest, the Sacred College, superiors, ecclesiastics, or against the regular orders"; of "those who, without license, retain writings and prints which contain heresies, or the books of heretics"; or of "those who, without necessity or license, have eaten, or given to others to eat, meat, eggs, *latticini* (the products of milk), on forbidden days, in contempt of the precepts of the church." *

Whoever failed to denounce to the Holy Inquisition such heretics and offenders as these suffered the "greater excommunication," by which he was entirely excluded from the sacraments and services of the church, and the faithful were forbidden all intercourse with him.

This decree was ordered to be hung up in the sacristies of all the churches, and in all "printing-houses, book-shops, custom-houses, gates, inns, lodging-houses, and shops," that thus good Catholics might be apprised of their duty to watch and denounce every appearance of heresy, and admonished that the gates of hell stood open to receive them if they neglected to do it. And this decree had still the force of law when Victor Emmanuel entered Rome in 1871.

With such a system of penal law for the correction of heresies and ecclesiastical irregularities, the methods of judicial administration perfectly agreed. The old mediæval expedients of scourging and torture were still freely resorted to; men were arrested on suspicion, beaten unmercifully to make them confess offenses of which they were not guilty, and punished, sometimes, because they could not be convicted. Here, for example, are one or two specimen cases from the records of Roman courts:

"In view of the present report, and the *absence of proof* on which to proceed equitably in a judicial process in the case of Giovanni Ricci, it is ordered that the arrested shall be retained in prison for correction for eight days, with the usual prison fare, and one day he shall have only bread and water."*

Another document, to which a cardinal's name is signed, sets forth that a certain man had been accused of having injured a soldier, but the offense "not having been proved," the authorities had "benignantly deigned to condescend to release him from prison," straitly threatening him, however, that if he ever should be convicted of any offense in the future, a penalty of five years of public labor would be added, on account of this accusation, to the lawful penalty of that offense.

With such laws, such penalties, such judicial methods, and such judges, it would seem that heretics must have had an anxious time of it within the Papal dominions. It is only repeating history to say that these laws were by no means a dead letter, and that a Jew or a Protestant who could not claim the protection of some other strong government found life in Italy scarcely worth living.

No Protestant church was allowed within the limits of the city of Rome. Just outside the Porto del Popolo, the English Episcopalians held religious services; but this was never authorized by the Papal Government; it was simply winked at. The Romans could not live without the money which the English spend in Rome every winter, and, therefore, they permitted these services outside their gates. But the English were not allowed to refashion the old warehouse in which they worshiped, so that it should look like a church; police were always stationed outside its doors to keep the Romans from entering; and nowhere within the walls of the city was any Protestant religious service tolerated, save those which were held in the apartments of the embassadors of other nations.

This was the way the Romans did nine years ago. I have sketched the conditions of the Papal rule somewhat carefully, that the reader may see at a glance the contrast between Rome under Pius the Ninth and Rome under Humbert the First. Not only

* "Inner Rome," by the Rev. C. M. Butler, pp. 17, 18.

* "Inner Rome," pp. 121, 122.

are all forms of religious worship tolerated now throughout the whole of Italy; not only are worshipers of all faiths protected in their worship; but the King has shown himself a cordial friend to the invading Protestants.

This full measure of religious liberty has been allowed in Italy for almost a decade. What are the fruits of it? How much has been lost by the Papacy, and how much has been gained by Protestantism during this period? It was hoped by many ardent Protestants that the destruction of the temporal power would open the way for a great secession from the Papal church, and a great advance of Protestantism in Italy. Has this hope been realized?

That the losses of the Roman church have been serious can hardly be disputed. Between the Holy See and the governing classes of Italy the breach is wide; the loss of prestige that the Pope has suffered is altogether irreparable. It was a curious commentary upon the decree of the Vatican Council proclaiming the supremacy of the Pope to see Victor Emmanuel marching into Rome within a twelvemonth, and taking the scepter out of the hands of the supreme pontiff. Few Italians outside of the clerical orders failed to applaud when the Holy Father was thus despoiled of his realm; their patriotism triumphed over their devotion to the head of the church. The Pope was thus put in a sorry plight in the eyes of those who still wished to be good Catholics; his complaints and objurgations might excite their pity, but did not convince their judgment. And when they found themselves wishing that His Holiness would make less fuss about his imprisonment, they must have experienced some misgivings concerning his supremacy and his infallibility.

That the minds of many fairly intelligent Italians, who had hitherto been loyal to the church, were thus affected is certain; and as time has passed, and the rule of the King has brought to the country not only liberty, but peace and order and prosperity greater than it ever had enjoyed under the rule of the Pope, their misgivings have been strengthened, and the hold of the Papacy upon them has been visibly relaxed.

But those who, in the struggle between the old church and the new Italy, have been detached from the church, have not all become Protestants. Unfortunately, the tendency of those who break with authority in religion is to proceed at once to the extreme of unbelief if not of irreligion. Moreover, the majority of those who had been the leaders in the emancipation and unification of Italy were either men who had small care for religion, or else men who, by their long warfare with the Roman church, had become the foes of religion.

When Father Gavazzi was first in America, he declared that the educated people of Italy, the clergy excepted, were nearly all infidels. That statement would need some explanation, perhaps; but there is no doubt that it embodied a substantial truth. When Italy was made free, large numbers of educated men and women had already abandoned the church of their fathers. And many of those who were still outwardly subservient to the church were destitute of faith in its doctrines, and of respect for its authority; the new liberty broke a bond that long had galled them. The ranks of unbelief have thus been rapidly recruited during the last decade by those who have departed from the Roman church.

These unbelievers are not all of one class. The materialistic theories have their students and propagandists; for the Italians, in common with all other civilized peoples, are engaged in the enthusiastic pursuit of the physical sciences. Jacob Moleschott, the Dutchman whose philosophy was too rank for the Lowlands, who defines man as "the sum of his parents and his wet-nurse, of time and place, of wind and weather, of sound and light, of food and clothing": who is the author of the famous saying: "Thought consists in the motion of matter; it is a translocation of the cerebral substance; without phosphorus there can be no thought; and consciousness itself is nothing but an attribute of matter"—this Jacob Moleschott, who stands with Vogt and Büchner among the most extreme materialists, has been occupying a chair in the University of Turin; and native Italians of eminence, such as Ferrari, Bonavino, and Tommasi, have made the mind of young Italy familiar with the assumptions of positivism and agnosticism.

But we may safely conclude that the unbelief of Italy does not all proceed to this extent. A well-informed Italian gentleman testifies that of those who have departed from the Roman church, there are many who still hold fast to the cardinal truths of theism,—who believe in God and duty, in rewards and punishments, and in the life hereafter; who are only strenuous in their rejection of the sacerdotalism of the system in which they were reared. It would seem

that such men might find a refuge in Protestantism, if Protestantism were fairly represented to them. Up to this time, however, the Roman church has lost of such material as this far more than the Protestant churches have gained. Multitudes have forsaken the faith of their fathers, but not many of them are found in the congregations of the reformers.

Doubtless something of this sort could easily have been prophesied. If revolutions never go backward, reactions do, and that mightily. It is not strange that in revolting from the tyranny of Rome men have shaken themselves loose from everything that bears the name of Christianity.

The same law of human nature explains another fact in the recent history of religion in Italy. The new faith which was soonest in the field, and which made the most notable gains under the new *régime*, is that type of Protestantism which is taught by the Plymouth Brethren. These zealous disciples had gained a footing in northern Italy before the kingdom was consolidated, and in some of the large cities they have gathered large congregations. Their success has not been of a solid or permanent nature. Their congregations have fluctuated greatly, and in some places where they once were strong their assemblies are no longer held; but they had great hopes and fair prospects at the first of gathering a great harvest in Italy.

To the people who were sick of a rigid ecclesiasticism, this form of religion made a strong appeal. The Roman Catholic Church had oppressed them by its organization; the Plymouth Brethren offered them an assembly destitute of organization, with neither creeds nor rules of order. The priesthood had become intolerable to them, and among the Plymouth Brethren were neither priests nor parsons. None of the other Protestant sects could show them so complete a contrast to the system which they were casting off. That religion which was outwardly most unlike Romanism was the kind of religion they were looking for.

There was another reason for the success of the Plymouth Brethren. The Italians had learned to hate the power of the Roman church, but they had not learned to perceive the deepest truths of spiritual religion. The religion which consists in a voluntary and steadfast choice of righteousness, maintained by a personal faith in a personal Saviour, they could not at once comprehend. The sacramentarian theories in which they had been trained had not qualified them for such a *cultus* as this. If, without resort to a priest, they could find something in the nature of an *opus operatum*—that would come nearer to satisfying their religious notions. Something of this sort the Plymouth Brethren brought them. The substitutionary theories of atonement and of justification held by these teachers are not in principle very different from the sacramentarian theories of the Romanists. The salvation provided for in them is a transaction; when it is done, that is the end of it. After conversion, the believer is not greatly burdened with responsibility for moral progress, or even for conduct. One of their writers, speaking of the regenerated man, says: "He is thus a complex being, for in becoming a child of God he does not cease to be a child of Adam. The two natures exist in him unchanged. His old nature is not modified or ameliorated by the new, nor does the new nature become soiled or contaminated by reason of its co-existence in the same being with the old. They remain the same. There is no blending or amalgamation. They are essentially and eternally distinct. The old nature is unalterably and incurably corrupt, while the new nature is divinely pure in its essence." Another of their notions is that the "standing" of the believer is something entirely apart from his moral state. The "standing" in Christ is attained by a single act of faith, and is a great and decisive fact. The moral state is of comparatively little moment, as it does not and cannot affect the "standing." If a man perform a single act of faith in Christ as his substitute, he is saved at once and forever; and the "standing" which this act gives him can never be damaged by anything that he may do. However deeply stained with vice the believer may be, he never for a moment loses his "standing" in Christ; because by imputation he is as holy as Jesus Christ: God beholds him only in Christ.

It is easy to see that such a system as this would recommend itself to the natural man; and perhaps the mind trained in the functional religion of Rome would take to it more kindly than to the system which declines to distinguish so broadly between the Christian's moral state and his religious standing, and which makes him responsible, even after conversion, for the deeds of the "old nature."

Both by their loose organization and by

their mechanical theories of religion, the Plymouth Brethren were well equipped for missionary work among the Italians as they were casting off the cords of the Papal domination; but it became evident before long, to the soberest of them, that this form of religion was lacking in some important elements. The brilliant prospects of its prime have not been realized. It looks as though the brethren had seen their best days in Italy.

Out of the movement begun by these Christians has sprung the "Free Christian Church of Italy." This organization was effected at Milan, in June, 1876. The "declaration of principles," which forms its basis, is remarkably simple and sensible. There is nothing in it to which an orthodox Congregationalist, or Presbyterian, or Baptist, or Methodist, or even Episcopalian, would object; and none of them would venture to assert that any truth essential to salvation is excluded from it. There are traces in it of the influence of the Plymouth Brethren; it is evident that the assembly that framed it did not wish to alienate sincere believers who had hitherto acted with that body. "Believers," says the sixth article, "regenerated in Christ, form the church, which cannot perish or apostatize, being the body of the Lord Jesus."

This is the doctrine of the Plymouth Brethren. They refuse to define the church in any narrower sense than this. "In addition to the universal priesthood of believers," says the seventh article, "God himself has established in the church various special ministries for the perfecting of the church and the edifying of the body of Christ, which ministries ought to be recognized by the church itself." A good Plymouthite could hardly deny that, albeit he might suspect a lurking purpose of setting up a priesthood.

But these conciliatory sentences, which are found among the "principles" of the Free Christian Church of Italy, are not likely to be criticised by evangelical Christians in America. The great majority of Congregationalists and Baptists, and many in the other communions, will accept them as the substantial truth respecting the Christian ministry; and when they are interpreted in the light of the actual organization, it is seen at once that they do not authorize the extreme notions of the Plymouthites respecting polity.

In many respects this declaration of principles is remarkably judicious. The first article is as follows: "God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost has manifested His will in revelation, which is the Bible, the alone perfect and immutable rule of faith and conduct." If all the other Protestant sects would content themselves with defining the Trinity and the inspiration of the Scriptures in these simple words, they would prove their wisdom.

The article which treats of sin refrains from juridical philosophizing, but recites the fact that men have followed Adam in sinning, and represents his relation to us as parental rather than federal, and our sinfulness as hereditary rather than judicial. The nearest that this declaration comes to affirming endless punishment is in the following article: "God does not desire the death of the sinner, but that he should come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved." It is not likely that the Free Christians of Italy are Universalists; but they have not chosen to rank a belief in the endless duration of punishment among their cardinal principles.

The government of the Free Christian Church of Italy may be described as Presbygational. It is substantially the same system that a school of modern Congregationalists are seeking to erect over the American Congregational churches. Over its own domestic affairs each church has the supreme control; but "fellowship" is regulated by a General Assembly and an Evangelization Committee. The General Assembly is composed of deputies from the several churches, and the Evangelization Committee is chosen by the General Assembly. This committee is practically the ruling body in the Free Church. The ministers of the several churches are really missionaries, appointed and supported mainly by this committee. The president of the committee, and the most conspicuous figure of the Free Italian Church, is the celebrated Father Gavazzi; though the management of its affairs is largely in the hands of the Rev. John R. McDougall, a minister of the Scotch Church, residing at Florence, and acting as the treasurer and foreign secretary. The funds for the support of this organization come principally from abroad, though the people gathered into the churches are taught self-support, and generally contribute out of their poverty as much as they are able.

The last Evangelization report shows that this organization includes thirty-six churches, large and small, and thirty-five out-stations, more or less frequently visited, fifteen

ordained ministers, fifteen evangelists, eighteen hundred communicants, two hundred and sixty-five catechumens, and seven hundred and twenty-four Sunday-school scholars. There is a college at Rome, in a fine building near the Vatican, owned by the Evangelization Committee, in the preparatory department of which there are seven students, and in the theological department ten. The Free Church is hopeful of great success in the near future; but for the present the results of its labors are not large.

But the Free Christian Church of Italy is not the only Protestant organization existing in that country. The story of the Vaudois or Waldenses needs no repetition here. Since the year 1848, when full liberty was first granted to them, they have been prosecuting their missionary operations, keeping pace with the extension of liberty southward, until their congregations are now found in all parts of the United Kingdom.

Within their native valleys of Piedmont the Waldenses number about twenty thousand; outside of the valleys, in other parts of Italy, they had in 1876 forty settled congregations, ten missionary stations, with fifty outposts, twenty ordained ministers, and two thousand one hundred and forty communicants. They, too, have a college, which was formerly in Turin, but which has been removed to Florence.

In doctrine and polity the Waldenses are Presbyterians of a mild type; between this church and the Free Church of Italy there is no important difference. Numerically the Waldensian church is a little stronger than the Free Church; but their congregations are made up largely of their own people, who have emigrated from the valleys, and who are now found in all parts of Italy. There are not among them so many converted Romanists as may be found among the members of the Free Church.

The division of the native Protestants into these two rival organizations is a deplorable fact; but it is by no means the worst feature of the case under consideration. For the Protestant sects of the other countries have rushed into Italy, and are setting up their rival gospel-shops in all the chief cities. Thus in Rome, beside the English chapel there is a Methodist mission of the English Wesleyans and another of the American Methodist Episcopal Church; and a mission of the English Baptists and another of the Southern (American) Baptists, and so on; and the same sight is witnessed in many other places. Where there are only a hundred or two of Protestants, there will be five or six different Protestant organizations: a Waldensian church and a Free Italian church, and two kinds of Methodists and two kinds of Baptists—a little band broken into factions, whose professions of unity but poorly disguise the real rivalry into which the circumstances force them. These sectarian missions have had but small success; the most prosperous of them numbers but a few hundred communicants in all Italy.

Is there any need of further questioning as to the reasons why Protestantism has not made more progress in Italy during the past nine years? Other reasons there may be, but this is reason enough; and until this miserable and wicked sectarianism is purged away, no substantial progress will be made in the evangelization of Italy.

It is said, in extenuation of this state of things, that inasmuch as sectarian divisions prevail throughout Christendom, it is natural to expect that these divisions will be extended to all missionary fields. The answer is that this scandal has generally been avoided in mission fields. In some cases, it is true,—and pity 'tis 'tis true,—the rival sects have come to close quarters on heathen ground; but generally they have had the grace or the decency to keep out of one another's way. And if there is any country in the world where, for simply prudential reasons, such a collision should be avoided by evangelistic workers, that country is Italy. If there is any people to whom the exhibition of this miserable disunity must be discouraging and harmful, it is the Italian people. How good a text this state of things has afforded to the Roman priests, and how well they have handled it, may be easily conjectured.

The thing that ought to be done is evident enough. The two native Protestant churches ought to unite; the other Protestant sects ought to turn over their congregations and their property to the United Italian Church, take themselves out of Italy, and devote themselves to the vigorous support of the native Protestants. To say that this cannot be done is to say, in stronger language than any reactionary controversialist has ever ventured to use, that Protestantism is a failure. If the Protestant sects of Great Britain and America, in full sight of the problem of Italian evangelization as it now presents itself to them, cannot come to an understanding by which this work

can be successfully promoted, they may as well cease from their cheap sentimentalism about Christian union.

That Italy presents at this time a most promising field for earnest preachers of a pure gospel I most heartily believe. What is said of France in the words that follow, by an intelligent Presbyterian minister,* now for several years resident in Paris, is scarcely less true of Italy. "The religious regeneration of France," he says, "is not only demanded by the exigencies of her condition, but is prophesied by the march of events. Alongside of and underneath the tendency to free thought, to indifferentism, to infidelity, to atheism, is a counter-current of religious thought, and feeling, and aspiration. There are opportunities for preaching the gospel such as have not before existed for centuries. The masses are disposed to listen to Protestant teachers. The religious question has entered largely into politics. Anti-clericalism is popular. The education of the masses on a broad and national basis occupies the attention of the Government. The syllabus, with its profane dogma of Papal infallibility, has opened a gulf between the Church of Rome and thinking, patriotic, and conscientious men which can never be filled up or bridged over. The religious regeneration of France is prophesied as well as demanded, and it may be looked for, as it should be prayed for and toiled for."

Such is the work to be done in Italy, not less than in France. Now mark what is said respecting the forces by which it must be done:

"This regeneration, so far as human agency is concerned, will be brought about chiefly through the native churches, reënforced from other Christian lands and rebaptized with 'the Holy Ghost and with fire.' They alone are competent to deal with the masses of the French people, and lead them out of their spiritual bondage. Especially when, as not unfrequently occurs, the half of a village or commune, under the inspiration of some political leader, break away from the Romish church in which they were born and seek an alliance with the Protestant church because they must have some religion, this popular movement must be organized and directed by the native church, by men conversant with the language, tastes, prejudices, and genius of the people."

* The Rev. E. W. Hitchcock, D. D.

All this is just as true of Italy as it is of France. If Italy is to be evangelized it must be done by Italians, and if the Italian Protestants are to evangelize Italy they must unite. The squabbles into which their rivalry forces them, and which have resulted already in accusations and recriminations and controversial pamphlets, must cease. The longer these two bodies are separated the harder it will be to bring them together.

What are the obstacles that now hinder the consolidation of the Waldenses and the Free Christian Church of Italy into one organization?

The first, and one of the most serious, will be the unwillingness of a few of the leaders and agents of the several bodies to vacate their places. The final cause of the creation and the perpetuation of many sectarian divisions is leadership. The more sects the more officials. It is not wise to mince words about this; no consolidation of two such organizations was ever effected without opposition arising from this source. Some excellent and godly men yield, more or less, without knowing it, to motives of this nature. They cannot be convinced, they cannot even convince themselves that such is the fact, but it is the fact, nevertheless. Hence, in all the discussions of this question, this familiar trait of human nature will need to be kept constantly in mind: the personal equation must, in such matters, be carefully considered.

It is natural for both of these religious bodies to wish to maintain intact its own organization. The Free Church has an honorable history, brief as it is; it is proud of its name, which is borrowed from Cavour's famous maxim, and which embodies the aspirations of so many Italian patriots. The Waldenses, on their part, have still stronger reasons for wishing to perpetuate their name and their corporate life. Even if their claims of the highest antiquity are not all conceded, it is certain that for more than seven centuries they have maintained in their native valleys a pure worship, for which they have suffered persecution and exile; and the record of their fidelity and heroism is one of the most thrilling chapters of Christian history.

It is to be feared that members of the Free Church sometimes seek to make a point against the Waldensians, by representing the latter as not genuine Italians, and their church as a foreign church. It is true that in the early days the Waldenses occupied valleys on the western or French

side of the Cottian Alps, as well as on the eastern or Italian side; and when they were persecuted on the one side they sometimes fled to the other; but the hand of the French rulers proved heavier, in the end, than the hand of the Italian princes, and the Waldenses on the French side were nearly exterminated. The three valleys to which these people have for a long time been chiefly confined—the valleys of Perosa, San Martino, and Lucerna—are in Piedmont, and belong to the dominion of King Humbert. It is true, also, that the French language has long been spoken in the valleys, partly, perhaps, because, after the plague in 1630, fifteen pastors came to them from Geneva. But the Italian, which is their native tongue, is also spoken; and in 1873, three of the four newspapers of the valley were printed in Italian. None of the people of Italy are more thoroughly identified with the interests of the nation than the Waldenses; and it is not quite fair to discredit them on patriotic grounds.

It is not, however, from the native members of these Italian churches that opposition to this union is likely to arise. If they are kept apart, it will be done by influences originating outside of Italy. Whenever the Christians of Great Britain and America, by whose contributions the evangelistic work of these two churches is chiefly carried on, shall temperately but firmly, and in the name of our common Master, demand that these twain shall become one, the union will speedily be consummated. Ways of agreeing and combining will easily be found when once the end is resolved upon. The desirableness of such a union is not disputed by those who are working on the ground. The Rev. Professor Henderson, of the Scotch Church, who is now a professor in the college of the Free Church at Rome, in his inaugural address, looks forward to this result. "Let there be rivalry," he says, "only in well-doing. Should that course be adopted, as I earnestly pray it will, we may at no distant day see the two churches enter into an incorporating union, and constitute a church which, better than either, will meet the wants and satisfy the aspirations of the Italian people. * * * It seems to me that one thing to be aimed at is, that the two properly native churches of Italy—the Waldensian and the Free Italian—should constitute themselves one church, keeping the good elements which may be found in each, and casting the bad away."

For this result all good Christians in every land will wish and work; and the sooner it is gained, the sooner the gospel can be preached in Italy with some hope of the blessing of God upon it.

AT SUNSET.

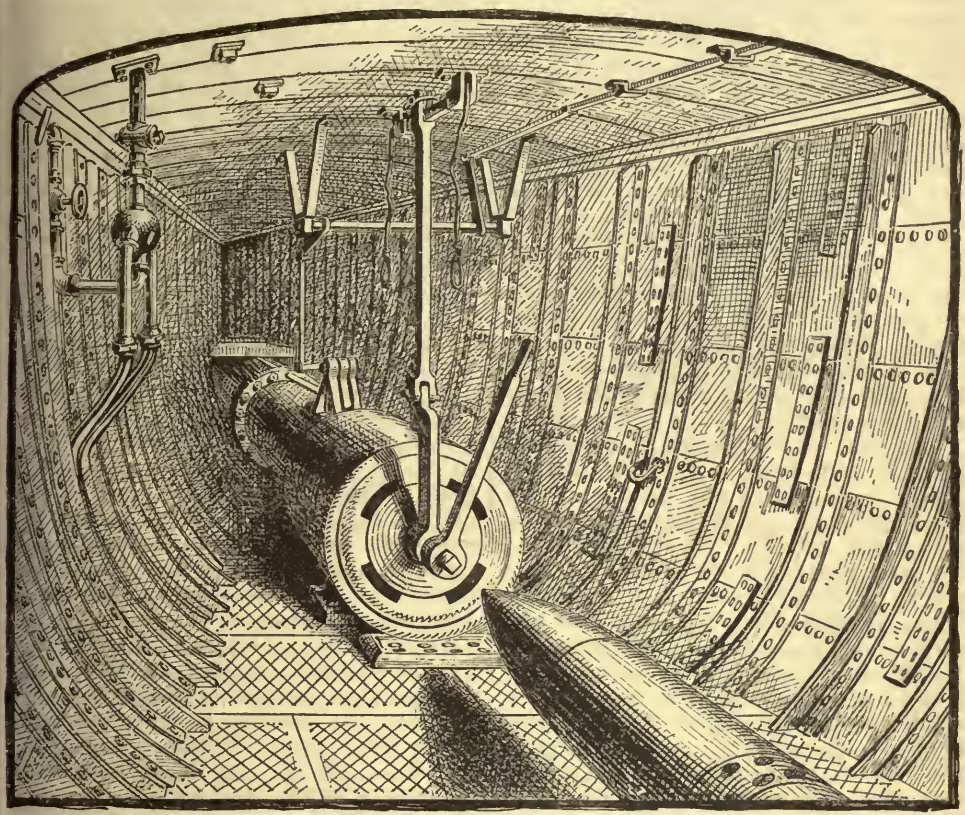
When life's low sun is sinking slow and sad,
How cold and sharp the lengthened shadows fall!
They lie projected on the straightened path,
Whose narrow point—a grave—must end it all.

So slight a thing—a wavering look, a doubt,
Some small and slender fear—impedes the light;
And yet it is enough to darken heaven,
And fill the soul with terror and with night.

There is no time for youth's divinest rage,
Hours of recall, that knit the chain anew;
The flower may be reset, and live; the tree
Uprooted once, must perish where it grew.

O Life! so grudging in your gifts, redeem
By one great boon the losses of the past.
Give me a full, imperishable faith,
And let the light be with me to the last.

ERICSSON'S "DESTROYER," AND HER NEW GUN.



FORESHORTENED VIEW OF THE GUN AND PART OF THE EXPLOSIVE PROJECTILE.

It is the desire of the American people to be at peace with all the world. Conscious that the nation is the army, that we are abundantly able to repel any land force that might ever be sent against us, thinking no ill, and intent only on things that make for peace, we have refused, since the War for the Union, to spend more on the army or navy than seemed necessary for mere police duty. But the beginnings of a war are often farcical or unforeseen. As a people, we may think no ill, and even be ready at any time to make honorable amends for international slights; but suppose some little power should feel aggrieved, and refused to be comforted. We might view its wrath with contempt, till it could raise enough to build an iron-clad, armed with hundred-ton guns. Suppose such a ship should steam along Nantasket Beach, and pitch shells into Boston, or anchor off Coney Island and throw its shot into Wall street: the West and the South might think it hard to be forced to pay a large indemnity to the little power with a navy of one ship; but for all that, from sheer inability to drive away one iron-clad, we might be compelled to pay.

Not many years ago, there began in Europe a mighty rivalry,—a race between ships and guns. Armor-plates of great thickness were made only to be penetrated by new projectiles, fired from new guns. Science was called in on both sides; armor-plating grew thicker, and guns grew larger. Finally, as the outcome of it all, the navies of Europe are now largely made up of vessels of enormous size and prodigious power, and armed with the new guns,—*Inflexibles* and *Duilios*. They could cross the ocean, resist in safety any guns we have, and from the sea could lay all New York below Canal street in ruins—not, perhaps, with the

guns of the *Duilio* herself, but certainly with those of lighter ships under her protection. The provocation to war may be some ridiculous little riot at Fortune Bay, or a supposed affront to the dignity of some Spanish gun-boat captain, yet the iron-clads might come, and what could we do about it?

The American theory seems to be that, as we intend no harm, there is no need to be ready to inflict any. Should war be forced upon us, no doubt we should find some happy way out of it, or be able to invent some new method of repelling these *Duilios* and *Inflexibles*. That this is the unspoken thought of our people is evident from the fact that we have neglected to build either ships or guns,—and have trusted wholly to our torpedo service and our inventors. Are we wise in this? Shall we build these great iron-clads and hundred-ton guns, or do something else?

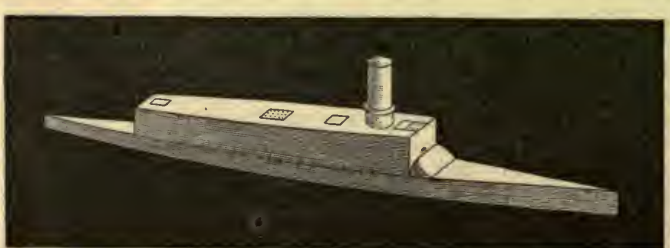
The effect of the torpedo is two-fold—practical and moral. The fact that an unseen torpedo may sink the largest ship takes the nerve out of any sailor, be he commodore or bo's'n. On the open sea he is a great fighter, but this running your ship into an innocent-looking bay, only to find a dozen earthquakes bursting under your keel with scientific precision, is disheartening. For defending harbors, the torpedo service, if supplemented with shore batteries to keep off the enemy's small boats that may seek to destroy the torpedo, is every way admirable. But we have an enormous coast lined with cities; the torpedo service cannot be everywhere, cannot defend every mile of shore. Suppose a single iron-clad to escape past the torpedoes into Long Island Sound, or to make her way up the Potomac or the Mississippi. The enemy could afford to lose a few ships for the chance of passing Sandy Hook, and at such places as Newport, or Portland, Maine, would have nothing to do but stand in deep water and destroy them at leisure.

We have wisely waited while England was spending her millions in experimenting with guns and armor. We have the results without the cost, and it now becomes us to decide what we shall do. Shall we imitate her, or look to our inventors for new weapons, new ships, and new methods of fighting? We have made the ground torpedo an instrument of wonderful precision. We have the Lay torpedo, swimming under water and guided and fired from the shore. In the torpedo-boat *Alarm*, we have one of the most remarkable American marine inventions.* These things are admirable, and we should have more of them, supplemented by heavy shore batteries; but they are not enough. We want something aggressive, like the *Alarm*. To defend ably is not all of warfare: we must have the moral aid that springs from the ability to attack; we must be able to go out and sink these *Duilios* and *Inflexibles* before they come within range of a single beach hotel.

Happily, we are not without resource. In one of our greatest inventors, Captain John Ericsson, we have a man who has constructed, at his own expense, perhaps the most novel arm of precision ever invented—a gun of appalling power and destructiveness, in an aggressive torpedo-boat aptly named the *Destroyer*.

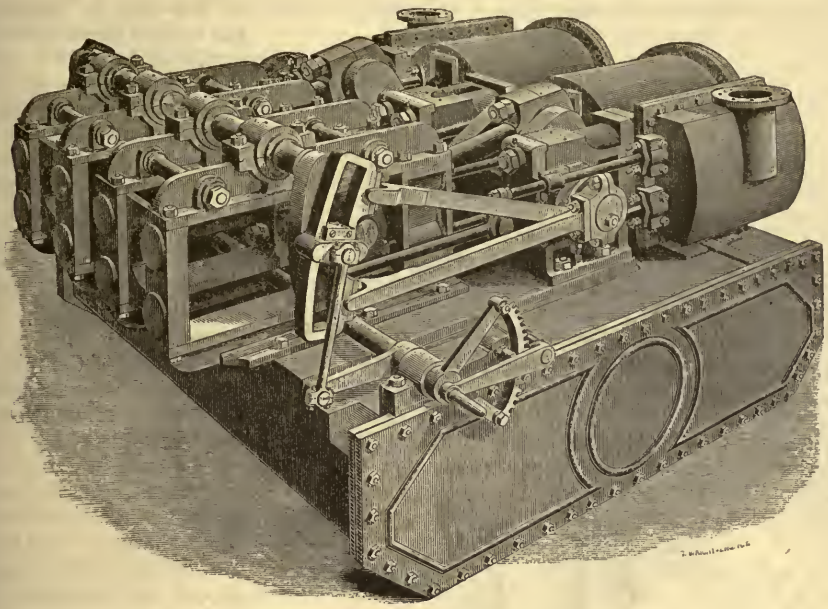
Precisely as, in building the *Monitor*, Captain Ericsson departed utterly from all previous ideas concerning marine construction, so in the *Destroyer* he turns aside from beaten paths and tries the wholly new. The boat and her gun have been made the subject of long and costly experiment. The Navy Department has seconded Captain Ericsson in his researches, both with men and materials, and the outcome of it all is here for the first time illustrated and described for the general reader, from personal observation, and with the approval of the inventor.

The *Destroyer* is properly an instrument of precision, self-contained, armored, self-moving, and submerged in the water. It consists essentially of three parts—the iron-clad boat and its motive power, the gun, and its explosive projectile. The cut of the foreshortened outline of the upper part of the vessel gives her exact geometrical proportions. The vessel is wholly of iron, one hun-



OUTLINE OF THE UPPER PART OF THE "DESTROYER."

* For description, see page 637, volume xix. of this magazine.

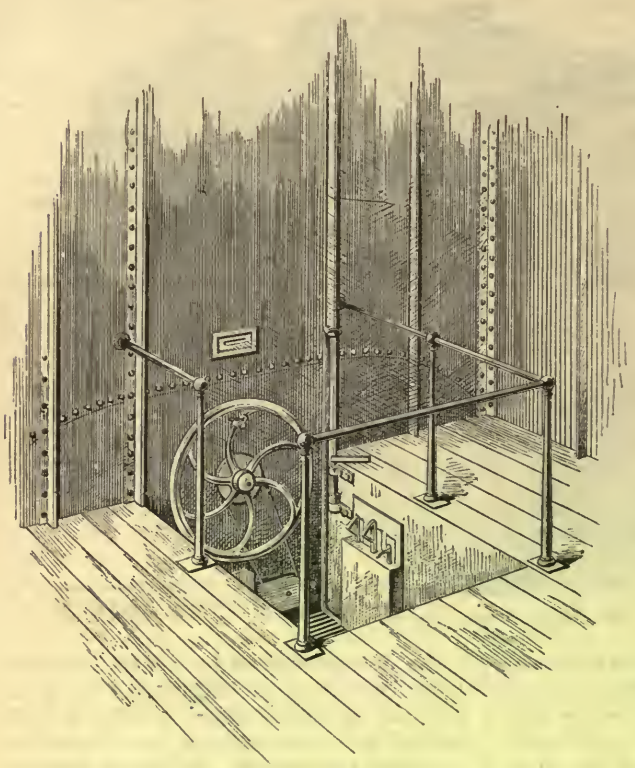


THE ENGINE OF THE "DESTROYER."

ired and thirty feet long, eleven feet deep, nd twelve wide. These unusual proporions are designed to give her a high peed, while her lines, which are exactly ilike in both directions, enable her to go head or astern with equal facility. This leep and narrow hull is divided by an ntermediate iron-clad deck of plate-iron. The space between the two decks is parially filled with cork and with bags inflated vith atmospheric air. When equipped and eady for action, the boat is nearly subnerged, the deck being only a few inches ut of water, and it is thus really an armored oat, capable of resisting any guns afloat. n addition to the armored deck is an extra nd very massive armor-plate, backed with our feet of wood-work, situated forward of he engine, and placed at an angle of fortyive degrees. This makes a shield or guard o resist shot fired from the front. The top f this inclined shield is shown in the second rawing, in front of the house on deck. his house is only temporary, and is merely n iron shelter for the crew, and in action night be destroyed by the enemy's fire. Its otal destruction would make no difference o the crew, and during conflict the shot that night strike the inclined shield in front would glance and pass through the upper portion f the house and smoke-stack. The damge would not in any way interfere with the handling of the boat.

The rudder is pivoted to a stern-post that stands erect on a prolongation of the keel. The post is not, however, connected with the hull, and both the post and the rudder are entirely submerged, the top of the rudder being four feet under water. To control the rudder, hydraulic cylinders are placed outside the boat on each side of the keel, with the piston-rods connected with the rudder, and by the aid of a pump and the proper connection, this steering gear is governed by the wheel. There are three openings in the deck—one forward to the gun-room, one to the engine-room, and one for admission of air to the blowing and ventilating engine. Space forbids a detailed description of the motive power of the boat, and it is sufficient to say that it consists of a simple horizontal engine, with two cylinders twenty-four inches in diameter, and with a stroke of twenty-two inches. The entire engine rests on the surface condenser, and is only a trifle over eight feet square, though of 1000 horse-power. Two boilers placed close to the engine amidship supply the steam, while the coal is stored between the two decks.

The accompanying illustration shows the steering-hatch just behind the inclined shield. All the bells for the engine are in reach at the right of the helmsman. The steering-wheel is in front, just below the glass-covered peep-hole. In reach is the



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE STEERING-HATCH AND WHEEL.

electric firing apparatus for discharging the gun, while the mechanism for controlling the valve that closes the muzzle of the submerged gun is located below.

Immediately below the opening in which the steersman stands is the torpedo-room, of which our first picture is an exact representation. On the floor of this room, just above the keel, is the new submerged gun. This remarkable piece of ordnance is of gun metal, cast in three pieces, the rear or breech section being reënforced by a number of heavy steel rings shrunk on. The different sections are securely bolted together, and the whole piece is thirty feet long, with a bore of sixteen inches. In the illustration the breech and lock are clearly shown, resting on the floor and nearly filling the space between the sides of the boat. The muzzle of the gun is at the stem, the sides being slightly enlarged to embrace the gun, the opening being closed by a hinged valve. This valve is controlled by the mechanism before referred to. The action of this system of levers and rods is clearly indicated in the illustration. The breech-block of the gun is operated by the upright handle behind the gun, and to open it the handle is moved one side, when the entire block may be brought backward out of the breech by means of the traveling crane overhead, to which it is suspended. This crane has also a lateral motion, so that the block may be easily drawn to the right and secured to the side of the boat. In the foreground is shown a portion of one of the missiles or aggressive torpedoes used in this gun. It is twenty-five feet six inches long and sixteen inches in diameter, and weighs one thousand five hundred pounds, including the firing charge of two hundred and fifty pounds of explosive, placed in the forward end. This terrible weapon, or submerged shell, is placed in the gun and the cartridge is placed behind it. The block is then closed, and the wires are connected with the electric firing apparatus. The sea-valve is opened and when ready the gun is fired, throwing the torpedo directly through the water at the enemy's ship. It leaves no disturbance on the water (as does the Whitehead torpedo) and it can neither be seen nor avoided; no netting nor "crinoline" hung about a ship can keep it away, for it moves at the rate of three hundred and ten feet for the first three seconds, and will travel from four to seven hundred feet, rending its way through nets or shields till it strikes the ship, and sends her in frightful ruin to the bottom, be she *Inflexible* or *Duilio*. The sea valve is closed immediately after the firing and the small quantity of water that may get into the gun is allowed to run out at the breech and fall through the grating into the bilge. It is then pumped out by aid of a steam siphon, which is shown in the cut.

It may be objected that a gun charged with gunpowder can only be fired into solid water ten feet under the surface with great danger and difficulty. Such is not the case on the *Destroyer*. How the difficulties have been surmounted cannot be described, as the details of the torpedo and

its method of handling are, necessarily, the secrets of the inventor.

Here, then, is the American idea: an armor-clad boat with a submerged gun firing a shell, or torpedo, of greater power than any yet made, and before which the iron-clad fleets of Europe are helpless. The *Destroyer* can outrun any iron-clad afloat, she is invulnerable, fights bows on, rushes up to within a few hundred feet of her enemy, fires shot after shot in rapid succession without warning, and without noise or sign upon the water. As a duelist she is more than a match for the *Duilio*. Forty *Destroyers* can be built in this city in ninety days, at the cost of one *Inflexible*, and, protected by a dozen, New York harbor is secure against any hostile fleet. With a fleet of *Destroyers* in our navy, we can defy the iron-clad ships of the world. Moreover, the submarine gun, with its appalling aggressive torpedo, can be fitted to any ship. In emergency, they could be placed within forty days on a hundred steam-boats of any size or shape, and were an iron-clad fleet to attempt to enter our port, we might dispatch a strange fleet, armed with invisible guns, to meet it. But the true aim is to make the boat for the gun, which shall be iron-clad, with enormous engine-power and high speed, for it is the union of these that makes the new arm so valuable. But it is not alone the offensive power of a fleet of *Destroyers* that will help us—it is their moral influence.

"IN VAIN OUR WISTFUL HEARTS WOULD GRASP."

In vain our wistful hearts would grasp
A moment from the fairest day;
Scarce has it met our longing clasp,
When 'tis forever passed away!

The fragrance of the rarest flower
That opens to the summer sun
Swift passes with the passing hour,
And dies,—its little service done!

The music of the sweetest lay—
Scarce has it met the waiting ear,
When the loved strain has died away,
Nor left one lingering echo here!

Yet what though still the restless tide
Maintain its endless ebb and flow,
If only in our souls abide
The fountain whence its waters flow;

If but we feel, within the soul,
The brooding Spirit from above,—
The moving impulse of the whole,—
The Infinite Source of Life and Love!

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.*

The "Essays of Elia," the work by which Lamb has been and will continue to be known, were not written until comparatively late in his literary career. They are the expression of the completed man, and contain a summary of the qualities of his head and heart. His leading qualities were chiefly a whimsical and charming humor, and a very pure devotion to literature. This latter is, to our mind, one of his most attractive traits. He was a great admirer of early English literature; in this, in his own time, among persons who had been educated by the literature of the eighteenth century, he was considered somewhat affected. Indeed, it was his way to admire out-of-the-way and forgotten authors. He will quote such a couplet as this:

"Queens drop away while blue-legged Maukin thrives,
And courtly Mildred dies while country Madge survives";

and will stop in his story to tell you parenthetically, with a kind of glee, that this is from old Quarles. Of the poetry of Sir Philip Sidney he was a great admirer, but

* "Charles Lamb's Complete Works, including Elia and Eliana, with a sketch of his life by Thomas Noon Talfourd." In three volumes. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.
"Mary and Charles Lamb: Poems, Letters, and Remains." By W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Chatto & Windus.

he was in truth an admirer of all sorts of books. In his essay, "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," he tells us: "I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such." This essay is in Lamb's best style. It slides pleasantly into the mind. It has a quiet enthusiasm and charming way of touching upon the names of familiar books. If, when you have read it, you are asked what truths you have learned, you may be at a loss what to answer, but you know that you have been amused and profited, and have been in good company; you pass on to the next paper with zest and relish. As they say of walnuts, Charles Lamb's essays are fascinating.

The quality to which Lamb owed a large part of his literary success was charity. It is hard for the world to resist a man who is without a trace of envy, malice, or suspicion. Lamb abounded in charity. He was a man who liked all the world, but, we are told, liked particularly eccentric and out-of-the-way characters—those, in a word, who have the greatest need of charity. It was these he delighted in having about him on his Wednesday evenings at the Temple. He loved the unsuccessful, admired the odd, and has even written an essay in praise of folly. The following, from the essay on "All-Fool's Day," is, to our mind, one of his most charming passages:

"I love a *Fool*—as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*,—not guessing at the involved wisdom,—I had more yearnings toward that simple architect that built his house upon the sand than I entertained for his more cautious neighbor. I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins. I have never made an acquaintance since that lasted, or a friendship that answered, with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants—the security which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition."

His works abound in indications of his charity and unselfishness. We see these qualities in his treatment of the question of gentility. He was himself a man of low birth, but he professed to a whimsical admiration for ancestry. He has described this in his essay entitled "Blakesmoor in H——shire." Blakesmoor was an old house in Hertfordshire, where Lamb lived for some time as a child with an old aunt, who was the housekeeper. The house was not lived in by its owner, so that little Charles Lamb had the run of the ancient and endless rooms and of the old garden upon which his memory dwells in this essay. It was a deserted old place, and a little past its best days, but the furniture was still there, and the place appeared to Lamb cheerful as well as splendid. Lamb tells us that he mused over the halls and pathways of this ancient house till, "every dreg of peasantry purging off, he received into himself Very Gentility."

Another pleasant instance of his generosity, as well as of that enthusiasm for poetry of which I have spoken, is to be found in the well-known story of his infatuation with Landor's verses "Rose Aylmer," beginning

"Ah, what avails the sceptered race."

Crabbe Robinson wrote to Landor, October 20, 1831: "I found your poems lying before Lamb; both tipsy and sober he is ever muttering 'Rose Aylmer.'" It is pleasant to think of an old fellow so full of poetry and romance. Not long after this, Landor came to England and had his first and last interview with Lamb. They saw each other for an hour only, but we are told that they parted old friends. Landor has left a memorial of this interview in the following lines:

"Once, and once only, have I seen thy face,
Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue
Run o'er my breast, yet never has been left
Impression on it stronger or more sweet.
Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,
What wisdom in thy levity, what truth
In every utterance of that purest soul!
Few are the spirits of the glorified
I'd spring to earlier at the gate of Heaven!"

To this irresistible charity and unselfishness of Lamb is due in part the fact that the reader is so ready to hear him talk about himself, his history and his childhood. The world does not invite most people to talk about themselves, and is particularly unwilling to hear them talk about their

infancy. Thackeray says, somewhere, that the people to whom a man's childhood is a matter of interest are very few; that it is a matter of the deepest interest first of all and chiefly to himself, and then to his wife and daughters, and perhaps a few very kind friends, but that he must not talk to many persons on this subject. Now, we are never tired of hearing Lamb talk of his infancy and boyhood. The warm window at Blakesmoor House where, as a very young child, he used to sit all day and read Cowley, the story of his first visit to a play, the incidents of his life at Christ's Hospital, the reader takes scarcely less interest in than in Lamb himself. Lamb has gathered his memories of Christ's Hospital into two essays —"Recollections of Christ's Hospital" and "Christ's Hospital Five-and-thirty Years Ago." The first of these is tender and laudatory; in the second he tells the other side of the story. Writing as Elia, he says that the author of the first of these papers saw only the pleasant side of the school. He then proceeds to tell the experience of a poor friendless boy in the same school. No doubt both pictures are true. The school was unquestionably ancient and poetical; some Latin and Greek was learnt there; but no doubt the boys were starved and cruelly flogged. The Christ's Hospital boys, hatless, and in their quaint dress, are yet among the prettiest features of a London landscape; we are glad to know that they are happier than their predecessors were in Lamb's time. One often sees them on their half-holidays, running about the streets and parks of London on some such errand, perhaps, as that of Charles Lamb when one afternoon he started out to discover the source of New River.

Besides the "Essays of Elia," Lamb wrote some beautiful poems and one story, which is to our mind the most beautiful of all his works. This is "Rosamund Gray." "Rosamund Gray" is a little story which can be read through in an hour or two. It is written in odd little broken paragraphs, and with a simplicity so extreme as to seem almost affected. I remember that when I read it as a boy, so obtuse is the juvenile mind to any delicate pathetic sentiment, I was half inclined to think it was a burlesque. I read it again but a few months ago, and think it one of the sweetest tales I know. It is an exquisite story of village virtue and suffering. It is as far removed from guilt and worldliness as if these qualities had no existence on our planet. There is wickedness in the story, but it is of a kind so extreme and strange as to make all the more marked the beautiful isolation of the scene. I hardly know what to liken "Rosamund Gray" to, except to say that it has the purity of your old grandmother's garden.

It is said that the scene of "Rosamund Gray" was laid at Blenheims, where Rosamund's cottage is still shown. It stands about two miles from Blakesmoor House. The name was evidently derived from a poem by Lamb's friend, Charles Lloyd, the first stanza of which runs thus:

"Let the pander of vice and the minion of power
Claim the blasphemous boon of a verse;
Let the poet who sings for the infamous dower
Ambition's mad actions rehearse;
The child of misfortune, who's bent to the earth,
Shall live in my incondite lay;
I'll boast the intuitive feelings of worth—
The virtues of Rosamund Gray."

Of Lamb's poems, the best is "Hester." Hester was a Quaker girl, whom Lamb knew at one time, and who died while very young. The poem is a beautiful sketch of character. There are other good poems, such as "The Old Familiar Faces," but none except this which are likely to be widely known or long kept in memory. Lamb also wrote several plays, none of which ever obtained a place on the stage. One of them, "Mr. H——; a Farce," has obtained, from the celebrity of its author, and the fact of its having been "damned," a fame to which very few successful plays come. This piece, like everything of Lamb's, is delicately written, and is amusing. The fault was that it had not a sufficiently substantial *dénouement*. The scene was laid at Bath; the subject was the attempts of the society of that watering-place to find out who Mr. H—— was. It was only known that his name began with H. The piece describes the importance which the mystery gave the gentleman in the eyes of the curious ladies of Bath. They debate whether it is Howard or Harcourt or Hargrave. It turns out that the name is Hogsflesh. So fragile a whim as this is very well to try upon a solitary reader, but would never do with a large audience, and in a great, palpable theater. The crowd hissed the piece off the stage, and Lamb, who sat in the front row, joined energetically in the uproar, and hissed and hooted as loud as any.

The name of Mary Lamb is joined inseparably with that of her brother. She wrote, herself, stories and poems. I have

read some of these, but do not see that they would, of themselves, be considered remarkable. That she had many fine mental and moral qualities is evident, both from her letters and what we know of her life. There is an interesting series of letters which she wrote to Miss Sarah Stoddart, who afterward became the wife of Hazlitt. In one of these letters, Miss Lamb is giving her friend good advice, which she prefaces by telling her that she does not wish her to change the essential parts of her character. The following is interesting: "When you leave your mother, and say, if you never shall see her again, you shall feel no remorse, and when you make a *Jewish* bargain with your *lover*, all this gives me no offense, because it is your nature, and your temper, and I do not expect or want you to be otherwise than you are. I love you for the good that is in you, and look for no change."

But it is, of course, on account of Miss Lamb's relationship to her brother that her letters and herself are of interest. That relationship was singularly intimate. The events of her life controlled and shaped his. Lamb was about twenty years of age when the accident occurred which may be said to have decided his life for him. This was the killing of Lamb's mother by Mary Lamb while in a fit of insanity. From this time, Lamb devoted himself to the care of his sister. He gave up the idea of marriage. There is a story that about this time he was in love with a certain Alice W——. It is not known who this girl was, nor is it certain what was her name. Lamb's relationship with her is not quite understood. But whatever it was, there is no doubt he gave it up to devote himself to the painful task of supporting the miseries of his sister's existence. She, on her part, was deeply devoted to Lamb. Although older than Lamb, she survived him by many years, and, indeed, survived the loss of her own faculties. In her very old age it was her habit, so Mr. Carew Hazlitt remembers, to visit the houses of her friends with three or four snuff-boxes, which she brought empty and carried away full. She bought also several large silk pocket-handkerchiefs, one of which became the receptacle of some article from the table to which she took a fancy, and this she carried home with her. Mr. Hazlitt tells us that it was the custom to humor the old lady's whims.

For many years the Lambs' house appears to have been the center to which the most distinguished poets and literary men resorted. In the Temple, in Great Russell street, and Islington, they had their Wednesday evenings, which were attended by Coleridge, Hazlitt, Hunt, and a number of lesser literary celebrities. Mr. Talfourd, in his "Life of Lamb," has drawn an interesting parallel between Holland House and the Lambs' evenings at the Temple. To the first of these came the great world, or rather the clever and brilliant part of the great world,—statesmen, diplomates, and such authors as had been accepted by fashion. At the Lambs' it was very different. Lamb, as has been said, affected the society of the quaint and the unsuccessful. The truth seems to be, from what has been written about Lamb's society and from some of his own confessions, that his house must have been the resort of a lot of people who were scarcely presentable. He had besides, however, his own life-long literary friends, who were among the most famous personages of the time. Hazlitt came and inveighed most eloquently against the persecution of his idol, Napoleon. Coleridge recited, in what is said to have been a singularly beautiful manner:

> "A damsel with a dulcimer
> In a vision once I saw:
> It was an Abyssinian maid,
> And on her dulcimer she played,
> Singing of Mont Abora."

Godwin, Haydon, and other distinguished people came, and there was a great deal of good talk. But the wittiest and deepest things, we are told by Hazlitt, were always said by Lamb himself.

In closing this brief sketch, one should remark that Lamb had a very perfect genius. He is one of those writers whom we would not have changed in the least degree—whom, indeed, we cannot conceive of being changed. Had he been greater in certain directions than he was, he would have been, as a whole, less perfect. For instance, he was not possessed of very profound perceptions, but had he been a man of greater penetration than he was, his mind might have been marked by a difficulty and painful gravity from which he was altogether free; facility and lightness were essential parts of his character, as we now know him. Then, Lamb had a mind that was very fully flowered out. There is nothing in his character to demand or to reward a painstaking inquiry. For this reason, perhaps, he is less attractive to the critic than many other less perfect and less

MARY AND CHARLES LAMB.

istinguished characters. But most readers re not critics. They read for amusement, nd not for the pleasure of investigation. o them, therefore, the fact that they can understand Lamb at a glance, and that he is almost as familiar to them as one of their own family, is the cause of their liking to read him.

[EDWARD R. HUGHES, Esq., a young English portrait-painter of reputation, nephew of the artist rthur Hughes, lately came into possession of an oil-painting of interest to the literary world,—namely, ary's portraits from life of Charles and Mary Lamb. In this picture Charles is seated and Mary is standg by his side; the figures are full-length and about half life-size. In copying the portraits for our ngraver, Mr. Hughes has imitated Mr. Cary's work very closely, giving not only the likeness but the andling as well. In order, however, that the heads should not be too small on our page, he has copied ese only, and has placed them side by side. Lithographs from these heads appear in "Charles Lamb, Memoir, by Barry Cornwall." Mr. Cary is still living, and we are permitted to print a letter written by m to Robert Bateman, Esq., who was once his pupil.—ED. S. M.

ABINGER, DORKING, 7th December, 1878.

DEAR BATEMAN: I commenced the portraits of Charles and Mary Lamb, which were painted entirely om life, at my studio in Hart street, Bloomsbury, in the summer of 1834. There had been for some time engagement that they should dine with us at my father's residence, in the British Museum, on the third ednesday of each month. My father wishing me to paint their portraits, it was arranged that one or her of them should give me a sitting every Thursday, before their return home to Edmonton, where they en resided, and this continued up to the time of his death, in December, 1834. I suppose you are ware that H. C. Robinson mentions in his diary having gone, with Mr. Scharf, the director of the National ortrait-Gallery, to look at a portrait by me of C. Lamb, and that he condemns it as being not the least ke. I do not know what picture that was or where he saw it; he certainly did not see the picture of C. amb and his sister which Mr. Hughes possesses, it not having been out of my studio until many years ter he wrote his criticism. I can only suppose it was a copy of the figure of C. Lamb which I comenced after his death, my father wishing me not to touch the original portraits, although they were, as ou see, not finished. I was unsuccessful in this attempt, and the canvas was sent away as useless. Probly this is what Robinson saw. It would be well if Mr. Hughes would call on Mr. Scharf and ask him hat picture he saw. Until H. C. Robinson's diary was published, nobody doubted the resemblance of my ortraits of C. Lamb and his sister. You will find a very good description of the personal appearance of Lamb in Fitzgerald's work, vol. i., pages 7, 75, 282. My health has been so bad the last four years that I ldom leave home, or I should have had much pleasure in calling to see you and the "Lambs" and Mr. ughes.

Yours very truly,

F. S. CARY.]

STRIPED BASS.

GOING TO THE SURF STANDS.

To THE lover of rod and reel, the striped bass, or rock-fish, as he is called south of Philadelphia, is the most important of all our sea fish. His habitat is so extended and his stay with us so constant; he is so eagerly sought for by anglers of all classes and conditions of life; he affords such sport in the various stages of his growth, from the puny half-pounder found almost everywhere on our Atlantic coast, to the enormous "green-head" who makes his home in the break of the surf; he brings into play such a variety of tackle, from the pin-hook of the urchin fishing from the city docks to the jewel-mounted rods and reels of the crack bass-fisherman,—that he well merits the title which is sometimes bestowed on him of the game fish *par excellence* of the sea—the fish for the million and the millionaire.

A bright August morning found the writer, in company with a member of the Cuttyhunk Club, steaming down the bay from New Bedford, bound for a trip to the Elizabeth Islands and Martha's Vineyard, and for a bout with the large bass which frequent the rocky shores of those favored regions.

Arriving at the mouth of the harbor, as our little craft steams around Clark's Point and enters Buzzard's Bay, the whole range of the Elizabeth Islands comes into full view, and we find ourselves trying to repeat the old verse by which our ancestors remembered their uncouth Indian names:

> "Naushon, Nonamesset,
> Uncatema and Wepecket,
> Nashawena, Pasquinese,
> Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

There is a mysterious influence at work in these regions which seems to gather the sea-fogs and hold them suspended around the islands, shutting them in completely, while all about the atmosphere is clear. As we approach the land we observe this phenomenon and are soon lost in its dense vapors. We steam along slowly, our fog-whistle shrieking at intervals, and every eye strained forward for rocks or vessels which may be in the way, until presently we hear a distant fog-horn answering us, and following it we find ourselves among a fleet of sword-fishermen anchored for the night in Cuttyhunk Bay. More music by the steam-whistle and an answering shout from the shore, and in a few moments the stroke of oars is heard upon the water. A skiff gropes its way toward us through the fog, we gather our baggage together, and are landed on the shingly beach, where, after a

short walk, we find ourselves safe under the comfortable roof of the club-house.

As the tide does not serve until late, we breakfast at the usual hour and, having tested our line and seen that everything is in order, with a good supply of spare hooks, we start for a brisk walk over the hills, preceded by Perry, our "chummer," bearing a basket full of lobsters and menhaden for bait.

Bleak and uninteresting as these hills appear when seen from the water, every now and then we come unexpectedly on some little gem of picturesque beauty, which is none the less charming from the exceeding plainness of its setting. We hear, too, the abrupt notes of the upland plover, wildest of all game birds, as he rises at a safe distance and speeds his flight to far-off hills. A little later in the season, large flocks of golden plover will stop on their way south and make it lively for the grasshoppers, which now rise before us in clouds at every step and scatter away in uncertain flight before the wind.

CLUB-HOUSE STANDS, CUTTYHUNK.

Our brisk walk soon brings us to the edge of a little fresh-water lake, separated from the sea by a narrow shingle beach, where we take a skiff and row over water as clear as crystal itself to the landing at the other end. The bottom of this lake is covered with a growth of aquatic vegetation which seems as though it might harbor sufficient insect life to feed millions of fish, while in the shallows water-lilies grow in profusion, their dark-green leaves crowding each other on the surface, leaving scant room for the snowy petals to shoot up and unfold themselves. Some years ago the club placed several thousand young trout in the lake, but they did not appear to thrive, or, rather, they disappeared mysteriously; whether they escaped through some under-ground outlet to the sea, or whether they furnished food to the enormous eels which inhabit these waters, is a question difficult of solution. The lake is now stocked with black bass, and the experiment bids fair to succeed.

Arrived at our destination,—a large granite bowlder, known as Bass Rock, which stands out some distance from the shore and is connected with it by a narrow planking supported on iron rods,—we occupy the seat at the end of the jetty while our chummer, standing behind us, baits the hook with a lobster-tail, and we cast out toward two or three rocks where the waters are swirling with the incoming and receding waves.

The chummer is an important man in his way. He is generally a native of the island, and has done much fishing in his

life-time and seen much more. His office is no sinecure; besides keeping four or five baits peeled ready for use, he breaks up the bodies and claws of the lobsters, and chops the head and shoulders of the menhaden into small bits, and throws them out upon the water with an odd-looking wood-and-tin ladle called a "chum-spoon." Without the chum you might catch an occasional straggler, but there is nothing to attract the attention of the fish, and it is only by accident, as it were, that they happen upon the solitary bait with which you are fishing.

But stop! that fellow takes hold as though he meant it, and is laying his course straight for Newport; we must try and stop him short of that. The line whizzes out from the reel, and our thumb would be blistered in a moment were it not for the double worsted thumb-stall which protects it. Perry says he's a twenty-pounder, at least, and he feels like it, for the rod is bent to the curve so beautiful in the eyes of an angler, and the line is strained to the utmost tension. There! he stops and breaks on the surface. How broad his tail looks as he lashes the water in impotent wrath! The worst of his run is over; reel him in carefully, keeping the killing strain on him all the time. He will make two or three more short dashes, and then you may lead him as gentle as a kitten to where Perry stands, with his gaff-hook, ready to reach down and take him in out of the wet. It is a pity to strike the cruel steel into his silvery sides, but it would be dangerous to attempt to land him among the rocks in-shore.

It is true that chumming attracts other less desirable fish. Your blue-fish has an insatiable appetite and a keen nose for a free lunch. We say this ruefully, as we reel in and put on a fresh hook to replace the one just carried away. Egad! that fellow struck like a forty-pound bass, and cut the line as clean as though he had carried a pair of scissors! What a game fish he is! He fights to the very last, and only comes in when he fears that the struggle is becoming monotonous.

What's that—another blue-fish? No, his pull is too steady; it's a bass, surely! This one strikes off in another direction; he lays his course as though he were bound for Pasque Island. There, he has taken the line around that rock; better to give him slack and risk his unhooking himself than have the line frayed and perhaps parted against the sharp granite edges. Now he's off again; handle him tenderly: there's no knowing what damage that rub may have done to the slender line—phew! how cold the water is! That wave struck flat against the rock which supports the seat, and nearly drenched us.

There is no royal road to this heavy surf-fishing; with all the appliances for comfort which experience can suggest, there is a certain amount of hard work to be done and exposure to be borne as a part of the price of success. Father Neptune is no respecter of persons, and spatters his royal favors so lavishly and so impartially on the just and the unjust that, unless you are a believer in the 'long-shore theory that "salt water never hurts nobody," and can take a thorough soaking philosophically and as a matter of course, you had better give up all thought of being a bass-fisherman. It is somewhat trying to the nerves to have a barrel of salt water dashed unexpectedly in your face, sousing you in an instant from head to foot, and at times, when there is a heavy sea running, it is dangerous. Cases are upon record where anglers have been washed from the rocks, and have narrowly escaped with their lives. Even on these stands it is not always safe, although they are supposed to be above high-water mark. Sometimes, during the spring-tides, when the wind has lashed the sea into a fury, or a distant storm is lending additional force to the breakers, the fisherman will sit securely on his perch and see the white waters breaking angrily among the rocks under his feet. The tide rises higher, but he gives little heed to it, as in such perturbed waters he expects to meet with his greatest success,—perhaps catch the fish which shall make him "high-hook" for the year. The caps of the higher waves sweep over the sag of the narrow plank which connects him with the shore, while the crests of one or two bolder than the rest have lapped his feet with their icy tongues; still he continues to cast, encouraged by the taking of one or two fish, or by the strike of some monster of unknown size, until he is wet to the knees, though the tide cannot be more than three-quarters high. An exclamation from his chummer causes him to look up, and a sight meets his eye which, for a moment, appalls him—an enormous, unbroken roller, stretching the length of the coast, and coming on at race-horse speed, followed by two others equally formidable,—for your big fellows generally travel in threes. Escape is impossible, and

his only recourse is to hold on tight and take his ducking with what equanimity he can command, when, if he be sensible, he will watch his opportunity and make for the shore, a wetter and a wiser man. Seth Green got caught in this way, on this very rock from which we are now fishing, and retired drenched to the skin, but only for a time; the bass were biting freely, and the "great father of fishes," procuring a rope, lashed himself to the seat, and, in spite of the warnings and remonstrances of his friends, continued his sport, with the waves occasionally making a break clear over his head. Perry tells us this story in the intervals between chopping and chumming, and we notice that the pluck of the old man elicits from him an admiration which no amount of piscicultural skill could have commanded.

Another strike! This fellow betrays himself at the very start, for we see the cloven hoof, or rather the forked tail, which denotes that pirate of the deep, blue sea—the blue-fish, and we bring him to gaff as soon as possible, using him rather roughly, for he is seldom alone, and his companions in iniquity are apt to cut him loose by striking at any bit of bait that may have run up on the line, or even at the line itself as it cuts rapidly through the water.

Perry opens this fish and brings us his paunch to examine; in it, besides many pieces of chum, are three hooks—one of them, with the bait still on and a bit of the line attached, we identify as our property, which he feloniously purloined and converted to his own use this morning; the others, of strange make and corroded by the strong gastric juices, are evidently much older acquisitions.

But the bass have ceased biting, our stock of bait is reduced to a few shreds and patches, and the inner man calls loudly for repairs, so our chummer starts on ahead with the heavy load of fish, while we linger for a few minutes at the light-house, built on the rising ground between the lake and the sea, to have a chat with the keeper.

Truly, this is classic ground. Lying almost within a stone's-throw of us, snugly nestled in the bosom of the black-bass pond, is the little island called after Bartholomew Gosnold, that mighty navigator whose name has come down to us in a blaze of posthumous glory as the discoverer of Cape Cod.

The first duty of your chummer, on returning from the stand, is to see that the bass are weighed on a pair of scales hanging at the corner of the piazza. This is done in the presence of two members of the club, to avoid—mistakes, the result being entered on a blank slip which is retained until evening, when the score of each member for the whole day is duly entered opposite his name on the records. Our score for the morning's work shows three bass, weighing eighteen and one-half, sixteen and one-half, and nine pounds. Glancing over the leaves of the record-book, we find some interesting items, which we copy—premising that the season in each year lasts but four months, extending from the middle of June to the middle of October. The honorary title of "high-hook" is conferred on the member taking the largest fish of the season.

Year.	Weight of bass caught.	High-hook for the year.	Largest fish.
1876	5,862	W. R. Renwick	51 lbs.
1877	3,311	W. McGrorty	51½ "
1878	5,444	T. W. Van Valkenburgh.	51 "
1879	4,841	H. D. Polhemus.....	49 "
1880	3,619	Andrew Dougherty	50¼ "

On the following morning we leave our hospitable friends, our destination being Gay Head. We can see its many-colored cliffs from the club-house, across the Vineyard Sound, only eight miles away; but the wind is contrary and the water too rough for the small boat at our disposal, so we conclude to return to New Bedford by the more tranquil waters of Buzzard's Bay, and take the steamer thence to Martha's Vineyard. We make an early start, and, as the weather is fair, get a good view of the island of Pune, or Penikese, and its elegant buildings (the Anderson School of Natural History superintended by Professor Agassiz), which the fog had hidden from sight when we arrived. Skirting along the coast of Nashawena, and giving Quick's Hole a wide berth on account of its strong currents, we come to the island of Pasque, or Pesk, as the natives call it, and, rounding its easterly point into Robinson's Hole, we drop anchor in front of the Pasque Island club-house. Some of the members of this club are old friends, and we avail ourselves of a long-standing invitation to drop in upon them and see what they are doing with the bass.

Pasque Island does not differ in its general features from Cuttyhunk. Here there are the same bleak-looking hills, bare of trees, with the exception of a little clump of locusts, named, after the aboriginal owner of the island, "Wamsutta's Grove." Early accounts, which represent these islands as

covered with a growth of beech and cedars, would be incredible, in view of their present cheerless aspect, were it not that stumps of those trees are occasionally unearthed at the present day. Besides the club-houses, there is but one building on the island, and this dates so far back in the dim past that the accounts of its origin are but legendary. We should like to pin our faith to the story that it was erected by some straggler from Gosnold's band, which would make it the oldest building in New England; but we fear that this claim rests on the same airy basis, and must be placed in the same category, as that which carries the windmill at Newport back to the time of the Norsemen. The club owns the whole island, consisting of about one thousand acres, and has in its possession the original deed, dated 1667, from the Indian sachem Tsowoarum, better known as Wamsutta, conveying Pascamentioned, and it seems at times to have formed the main food-supply of the forefathers when other sources had failed them.

"Thomas Morton, of Clifford's Inn, gent.," gives a glowing description of their abundance in "New English Canaan, or New Canaan; an abstract of New England, composed in three bookes. The Natural Indowments of the Countrie, and What Staple Commodities it Yeeldeth. Printed by Charles Green, 1632." He writes:

"The Basse is an excellent Fish, both fresh & salt, one hundred whereof, salted at market, have yielded five p. They are so large the head of one will give a good eater a dinner, and for daintinesse of diet they excell the Marybones of Beefe. There are such multitudes that I have seene stopped into the river close adjoining to my howse, with a sand at one tide, so many as will loade a ship of one hundred tonnes."

A pretty good fish-story; it reads like

THE LIGHT-HOUSE AT GAY HEAD.

chanest, and another island whose name is illegible—probably a little one thrown into the bargain as a make-weight—islands were cheap in those days—"to Daniell Wilcocks, of the town of Dartmouth, in the jurisdiction of New Plymouth," for the sum of twelve pounds.

Before bidding our friends adieu and continuing our journey, we gather the following statistics from the club records:

	High-hook.	Largest fish.	
1876....	Peter Balen*.....	50	lbs.
1877....	A. F. Higgins.....	47	"
1878....	F. O. Herring.....	60½	"
1879....	J. D. Barrett.....	51	"
1880....	W. Dunning.....	49	"

In the early accounts of the settlement of New England, the striped bass is frequently

* Clarum et venerabile nomen.

the prospectus of a land association—as it probably was. Here is another, antedating it by two years, from "New England's Plantation; or, A Short and True Description of the Commodities and Discommodities of that Countrey. Written by a Reuerend Divine (Mr. Higginson), now there resident. London, 1630":

"Of these fish (the basse) our fishers take many hundreds together, which I have seen lying on the shore to my admiration; yea, their nets ordinarily take more than they are able to hale to land, and for want of Boats and men they are constrained to let a many goe after they have taken them, and yet sometimes they fill two boates at a time with them."

Captain John Smith, the most famous of his name, "sometime Governor of Virginia & Admiral of New England," writes as follows in a little book entitled "Advertise-

ments for the Inexperienced Planters of New England, or Anywhere; or, The Pathway to Experience to Erect a Plantation. London, 1631":

"The seven and thirty passengers, miscarrying twice upon the coast of England, came so ill-provided they only relyed upon the poore company they found, that had lived two yeares by their naked industry and what the country naturally afforded. It is true, at first there hath beene taken a thousand Bayses at a draught, and more than twelve hogsheads of Herrings in a night."

Sturdy John Josselyn, gent., who never hesitated to use a word because of its strength, writes, in his "Account of Two Voyages to New England in 1675":

"The Basse is a salt-water fish, too, but most an end *(sic)* taken in Rivers, where they spawn; there hath been three thousand Basse taken at a set. One writes that the fat in the bone of a Basse's head is his brains, which is a lye."

In a curious poetical description of the colony, entitled "Good News from Nevv England, with an exact relation of the First Planting that Countrey," printed in London, 1648, these lines occur:

"At end of March begins the Spring by Sol's new elivation,
Stealing away the Earth's white robe dropping with sweat's vexation,
The Codfish, Holybut, and Basse do sport the rivers in,
And Allewifes with their crowding sholes in every creek do swim."

Truly, our ancestors must have had glorious opportunities for sport, though it may be considered doubtful whether those stern-visaged men, whose features had grown grim in facing the hard realities of their pioneer-life,—sickness, starvation, and an ever-present and treacherous foe,—found time to "go a-angling," except as a means of warding off famine from their wives and little ones.

There is something very pathetic in the accounts of their fishing trips, as given in Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation." It presents the reverse of the rose-colored pictures of Morton and Higginson:

"They haveing but one boat left, and she not well fitted, they were divided into severall small companies, six or seven to a gangg or company, and so wente out with a nett they had bought to take bass & such like fish, by course, every company knowing their turne. No sooner was ye boate discharged of what she brought, but ye next company tooke her and wente out with her. Neither did they returne till they had caught something, though it were five or six days before, for they knew there was nothing at home, and to goe home emptie would be a great discouragemente to ye rest."

From these varying accounts, it appears that there were good seasons and bad in the old days, over two centuries ago, as well as at the present time.

At New Bedford, we take the steamer for Oak Bluffs, and sail down across Buzzard's Bay and through the narrow strait called Wood's Hole, whose troubled waters bear a close resemblance to those of Hell Gate. Rare bass-fishing there must be in these circling eddies, and we half mature a plan to stop on the way home and have a day at them. Emerging from the Hole into the Vineyard Sound, we steam away for the headlands of Martha's Vineyard, visible in the distance, and in due time haul up at the wharf of that marvelous city of cottages, and take the stage to commence a tedious journey the full length of the island, some twenty-two miles.

As the stage route does not extend beyond Chilmark, we are transferred at Tisbury to a buggy, with a bright school-boy of some thirteen summers as a driver, whom we ply with questions as to the names of localities passed on the route, and when he gives some particularly uncouth Indian name, we drop down on him suddenly and drive him to the verge of despair by asking him to spell it.

"That," says our young Jehu, pointing with his whip, "is Quabsquie Cliff."

We gravely take out pencil and notebook and ask him to repeat the name.

"Quabsquie Cliff."

We hold the pencil suspended for a moment, as though in doubt as to a letter.

"How do you spell it?"

"Q-u," he starts off bravely, but breaks down at the third letter. "I don't know—I never saw it in print."

"Well, spell it as it is pronounced."

"Q-u-o—no, a-b-s-k—no, q-u-i-e."

And so we go on to the next, when the same process is repeated.

We cross some noble trout-streams on the way; on one of them notices are posted against trespassers, the fishing privilege being hired by two or three gentlemen from Boston. These streams look enticing, being full of deep holes overshadowed by scrubby alders—the lurking-place of many a large trout, if we may believe our young guide. The trout should be full of game and fine-flavored in these streams—pink-fleshed, vig-

orous fellows, such as we find in the tide-water creeks of Long Island and Cape Cod, who take the fly with a rush that sends the heart jumping into the throat.

It is dark when we reach Gay Head, and as we drive up to the door of the keeper's house, which adjoins the light-house, a voice from some unknown region cheerily invites us to enter. We look around for the owner, but see no one to whom the voice could belong. Overhead, long, slanting bars of white-and-red light flash through the powerful Fresnel lenses in every direction, looking like bands of bright ribbon, cut bias against the darkness of the sky beyond, while millions of insects dance in the broad rays, holding high carnival in the almost midday glare. The mysterious voice repeats the invitation, and without more ado we gather our baggage together and enter a cozy sitting-room, where we proceed to make ourselves very much at home. Here we find Mr. Pease, the keeper of the light, who has descended from his lantern since he accosted us outside, and a gentleman from New Bedford, who gives but poor encouragement in regard to the fishing. He has been here for a week past, and has not caught a solitary bass in all that time; but he tells us such soul-stirring yarns of fish caught on previous visits, and all told with a modesty which attests their truth, that our spirits are restored at once.

The inhabitants of the town of Gay Head, with the exception of the light-keeper's family, are of somewhat mixed blood. They are called Gay Head Indians, but their features betoken a liberal intercourse with a darker complexioned race; there is a flatness of the nose and an inclination to curliness in the hair, which denote anything but an uninterrupted descent from the warlike tribe that Bartholomew Gosnold found in possession of these islands. The last one among them who could build a wigwam died some years ago, and with him died this invaluable secret.

Here there is room for the moralist to make some wise reflections on the vanity and evanescence of all human greatness, and to draw the parallel between this people's present peaceful occupations of farming and berry-picking (we even saw a young squaw who was engaged in a family as seamstress), and the Puritan-roasting, scalp-raising, and other cheerful and innocent diversions which obtained among their ancestors. But we confess we would rather go fishing than point morals, any day, and our acquaintance with this people is confined to the young brave of some twelve summers whom we engaged in the morning as our henchman, to procure and cut up bait and do other like chores.

The cliffs at Gay Head are interesting alike to the artist and the geologist, and possess still another interest for the angler, who has to carry fifty pounds of striped bass up their steep and slippery incline. They are of clay formation, broken and striated by the washings of centuries, and when lighted up by the sun present a brilliantly variegated appearance, which undoubtedly gave the promontory its name. Black, red, yellow, blue, and white are the

THE STRIPED BASS OR ROCK-FISH.

FISHING FROM THE STAND.

colors represented, all strongly defined, and on a clear day discernible at a great distance. Down their steep sides, our feet sticking and sliding in the clay, moist with the tricklings of hidden springs, we pick our way slowly, bearing our rod and gaff-hook, while our little Indian staggers under a basket load of chicken-lobsters, purchased of the neighboring fishermen at the extravagant rate of one dollar and fifty cents per hundred.

At the bottom of the cliffs we skirt along the beach, stopping now and then to pick up bunches of Irish moss, with which the shore is plentifully lined, until we come to three or four large granite bowlders lying at the edge of the water, and offering such attractions as a resting-place, that we stop and survey the field to select our fishing-ground.

Across the Vineyard Sound, about eight miles away, and stretching out far to the eastward, are Cuttyhunk, Nashawena, and Pasque Islands, and about the same distance to the south-westward the little island of No Man's Land is plainly visible in the clear atmosphere—even to the fishermen's huts with which it is studded. It is a notable place for large bass, and wonderful stories are told of the catches made there—how, on one occasion, when the fish were in a particularly good humor, three rods caught twelve hundred and seventy-five pounds of striped bass in a day and a half. Only a short time since, Mr. Butler, who lives on the island, caught and sent to New Bedford a striped bass weighing sixty-four pounds.

Looking out seaward some thirty or forty yards, we see three rocks heavily fringed with sea-weed, which rises and spreads out like tentacles with the swell of the incoming tide, and clings to the parent rocks like a wet bathing-dress as the water recedes and leaves them bare. We like the appearance of this spot—it looks as though it might be the prowling-ground of large fish; and we adjust our tackle rapidly and commence the assault.

Into the triangle formed by these rocks we cast our bait again and again, while our attendant crushes the bodies and claws of the lobsters into a pulp beneath his heel, and throws handfuls of the mess out as far as his strength will allow. He appears to have inherited some of the taciturnity of his red ancestors, for not a superfluous word do we get out of him all day long; all efforts to lead him into conversation are met by monosyllabic answers, so that after many discouraging attempts we imitate his reticence and are surprised to find with how few words we can get along. A nod of the head toward the sea brings him into immediate action, and he commences to throw out chum vigorously, like a skillfully made automaton; a nod of another significance, and he brings three or four fresh baits and deposits them silently on the rock at our feet.

Thus we fish faithfully all the morning, buoyed up by the hope which "springs eternal" in the breast of the angler, but

without other encouragement of any kind. Many nibblers visit our bait and pick it into shreds, requiring constant attention to keep the hook covered, while rock-crabs cling to it viciously as we reel in, and drop off just as we are about to lay violent hands on them.

The flood-tide, which had commenced to make when we arrived, is now running fast, and has risen so as to cover the rocks on our fishing-ground, leaving nothing visible but dark masses of sea-weed floated to the surface by its air-cells, and waving mysteriously to and fro. The surf has risen with the tide, the water is somewhat turbid and filled with small floating particles of kelp or sea-salad, which attach themselves to the line and cause it to look, when straightened out, like a miniature clothes-line. Occasionally a wave will dash up against the shelving rock on which we stand and, breaking into fine spray, sprinkle us liberally, and as salt water dries but slowly, we are gradually but none the less surely drenched to the skin.

GOSNOLD'S ISLAND, BASS ROCK, AND DOWN THE CLIFFS, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Suddenly, without the slightest indication of the presence of game-fish, our line straightens out, we strike quick and hard to fix the hook well in, the reel revolves with fearful rapidity and the taut line cuts through the waves like a knife, as a large bass dashes away in his first mad run, fear and rage lending him a strength apparently much beyond his weight. Of course, under the circumstances, the strain on the fish is graduated, but the weight of line alone which he has to draw through the water would be sufficient to exhaust even a fifty-pounder, and he soon tires sufficiently to enable us to turn his head toward land. As we pilot him nearer to the shore, he acts like a wayward child, making for every rock which happens in the way, and as there are many of them it requires no little care to guide him past the danger; presently, however, the steady strain tells on him, his struggles grow weaker, his efforts to escape become convulsive and aimless, and we lead him into the undertow, where he rests for a moment, until a wave catches him and rolls him up, apparently dead, on the shelving sand. As he lies stranded by the receding water, the hook, which has worked loose in his lip, springs back to our feet. Our little Indian sees the danger and rushes forward to gaff him, with a whoop suggestive of war-paint and feathers; but we push him aside hurriedly—no steel shall mar the round and perfect beauty of the glittering sides—and, rushing down upon him, regardless of the wetting, we thrust a hand into the fish's mouth and thus bear him safely from the returning waves; then we sit down on the rock for a minute, breathless with the exertion, our prize lying gasping at our feet, our nerves still quivering with excitement, but filled with such a glow of exulting pride as we verily believe no one but the successful angler ever experiences, and he only in the first flush of his hard-won victory.

But there is no time to gloat over our

prey—bass must be taken while they are in the humor, and our chummer is already in the field, throwing out large handfuls of the uninviting-looking mixture; so we adjust a fresh bait and commence casting again, as though nothing had happened to disturb our serenity, only once in a while allowing our eyes to wander to the little hillock of sea-weed and moss under which our twenty-five pound beauty lies sheltered from the sun and wind.

Another strike, another game struggle, and we land a mere minnow of fifteen pounds. And this is all that we catch; the succeeding two hours fail to bring us any encouragement, so we reel in, and painfully make our way up the cliffs, bearing our prizes with us.

We are eager for another day at the bass, but a difficulty presents itself: fish are perishable in warm weather, the bass in a less degree than many others, but still perishable, and we have no ice, nor is any to be purchased nearer than Vineyard Haven—which for our purpose might as well be in the Arctic regions. But we bethink us that we have friends at the Squibnocket Club, some five or six miles away, on the south-west corner of the island, and in the afternoon we persuade Mr. Pease to drive us over there.

The comfortable little club-house is built facing and adjacent to the water, and after supper, as we sit chatting over a cigar on the piazza, we look out upon the wildest water we have as yet seen. The shore is exposed to the direct action of the ocean, without any intervening land to break the force of the sea, and the white breakers follow each other in rapid succession, lashing themselves against the rocks into a foamy suds, which looks as though it might be the chosen home of large bass—as, indeed, they say it is. Over this broken water some half-dozen of the club-stands are erected, in full view of the house. And although the sun has gone down, two or three enthusiastic anglers are still at their posts, trying to add to their score for the day.

The following day is almost a repetition of the first—a long, profitless morning spent in fruitless casting, a sudden strike when we least expect it, and then the catching of three fish within an hour and a half. This capricious habit of the bass is very striking at times. Sometimes, day after day, they will bite at a certain hour and at no other time. Whether it is that they have set times to visit different localities, and only arrive at the fishing-ground at the appointed hour, or, whether they are there all the time and only come to their appetites as the sun indicates lunch-time, we cannot say.

"68¼ LBS., SIR!"

Our trip is over, and we pack our things to return home. Stored in a box, carefully packed with broken ice, are five bass,—we take no account of two blue-fish of eight and ten pounds,—which weigh respectively twenty-five, fifteen, twenty-eight, twenty-one, ten pounds. This constitutes our score for two days' fishing at Gay Head.

If the reader should wish to enjoy this noble sport, the better plan by far is to purchase a share in one of the great bassing clubs, as at their comfortable quarters you can always be certain of bait, skillful chummers, and ice to preserve the fish when caught; and, moreover, a good meal and a comfortable bed after a hard day's work, or play, as you choose to call it, are desiderata not always to be obtained at the country

FISHING, A. D. 1496. (FROM WALTON'S "COMPLETE ANGLER.")

tavern where your lines may be cast. But should the intention be to fish only occasionally, then equally good sport may be had in the summer and early autumn months at Montauk Point, Point Judith, Newport, Cohasset Narrows, and many places along shore, where other anglers will be found, many of them bearing names familiar in the artistic, literary, and financial worlds, intent on the same pursuit, and eager to measure their trained skill against any amount of avoirdupois which their striped antagonists may bring against them.

Forty-seven pounds is the heaviest bass that has fallen to the lot of the writer, and it has been the subject of the most poignant regret, not to say remorse, that he was allowed to weigh so little, when a few old sinkers thrust into his gullet would have brought his record up to the even half-hundred. A seventy-two-pounder, caught by a gentleman of New York, is probably the heaviest bass that has yet been landed with rod and reel, and when it is considered that the line used would not sustain much more than one-third that amount of dead weight, and that every ounce of that seventy-two pounds was "fighting weight," some conception may be formed of the skill and patience required in its capture.

Verily there is nothing new under the sun. As I pen these lines regarding the capture of large fish with light tackle, there comes to mind the memory of a screed written in the long, long ago, and I step to the bookshelf, take down the volume, and transcribe for your delectation, O reader, the quaint advice given by that sainted patroness of the angle, Dame Juliana Berners, nearly four hundred years ago. There is a flavor of mold about the fine old English, but it contains the sum and essence of all scientific angling. Here it is, crisp and fresh as when it was first written, though the hand that penned it has long since crumbled into dust, and the generation for whose "dysporte" it was "empryntyd" by Wynkyn de Worde have been casting their flies from the further bank of the Styx this many a long year:

"And yf it fortune you to smyt a gret fysh with a small harnays, thenne ye must lede hym in the water and labour hym there tyll he be drounyd and overcome; thenne take hym as well as ye can or maye, and euer be waar that ye holde not ouer the strengthe of your lyne, and as moche as ye may lete hym not come out of your lyne's ende streyghte from you; but kepe him euer vnder the rodde, and euermore hold hym streyghte, so that your lyne may be susteyne and beere his leppys and his plungys wyth the helpe of your cropp and of your honde."

SIMPLICITY.

(WRITTEN ON A FLY-LEAF OF THEOCRITUS.)

THOSE were good times, in olden days,
Of which the poet has his dreams,
When gods beset the woodland ways,
And lay in wait by all the streams.

One could be sure of something then
Severely simple, simply grand,
Or keenly, subtly sweet, as when
Venus and Love went hand in hand.

Now I would give (such is my need)
All the world's store of rhythm and rhyme,
To see Pan fluting on a reed,
And with his goat-hoof keeping time!

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* V.

1. Kazan Cathedral. 2. Admiralty. 3. Hay-Market. 4. Statue of Peter the Great. 5. The Winter Palace. 6. Column of Alexander. 7. German Reform Church. 8. Grand Palace of Peterhof.

VIEWS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FOUNDING OF ST. PETERSBURG.

IMMEDIATELY after the capture of Nyenskanz, a council of war was convened to consider the question of defending and utilizing the mouth of the Neva, and whether it would be better to strengthen the little fort which had just been taken, or to seek a fit site for a commercial town nearer the sea. The latter course was decided upon.

Near its mouth the Neva takes a sharp

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turn and divides into three or four branches, which by subsequent redivision form a number of islands, large and small. These marshy islands, overgrown with forests and thickets, and liable to be covered with water during the westerly winds, were inhabited by a few Finnish fishermen, who were accustomed to abandon their mud huts at the approach of high water, and seek a refuge on the higher ground beyond.

It was on the first of these islands, called by the Finns Yanni-Saari, or Hare Island, where the river was still broad and deep, that Peter laid the foundation of a fortress and a city, named after his patron St. Petersburg. Of the six bastions of the fortress, one was built under the personal superintendence of the Tsar himself, and the other five were given into the charge of Menshikóf, Golovín, Zotof, Trubetskóy, and Cyril Naryshkin. These bastions were at first built of wood; three years afterward they were reconstructed in stone. For this work many carpenters and masons were sent from the district of Nóvgorod, who were aided by the soldiers. Wheelbarrows were unknown (they are still little used in Russia), and in default of better implements the men scraped up the earth with their hands, and carried it to the ramparts on pieces of matting or in their shirts. Peter wrote to Ramodanófsky, asking him to send the next summer at least two thousand thieves and criminals destined for Siberia, to do the heavy work under the direction of the Nóvgorod carpenters. At the same time with the construction of the bastions, a church was built in the fortress and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. It was finished by the next spring, and although small was said by foreigners to be rather pretty, being covered inside with yellow stucco in imitation of marble. It contained a chime of bells tuned to play a piece. The cathedral, with its lofty, slender spire, which now occupies its site was begun in 1714, ten years later,

AUGUSTUS II., KING OF POLAND.

CHARLES XII. AT CRACOW. [SEE PAGE 718.]

by the Italian architect Tressini. By the side of the orthodox church arose the Lutheran church of St. Anne. Just outside of the fortress Peter built for himself a small hut, which he called his palace. It was about fifty-five feet long by twenty wide, built of logs roofed with shingles, and contained only three rooms, lighted by little windows set in leaden frames. In respect for this, his earliest residence in St. Petersburg, Peter subsequently had another building erected outside of it to preserve it from the weather, and in this state it still remains, an object of pilgrimage to the curious and devout. Numerous relics of Peter are kept here, and his bedroom is now turned into a chapel, in which prayers are frequently recited before the miraculous image which

PETER'S FORMER BEDROOM, NOW USED AS AN ORATORY.

accompanied the Tsar through his campaigns, and was present at the battle of Poltáva. Near this stood the larger cabin of Menshikóf, the governor-general, where foreign envoys were received and entertainments given; then the residences of the court; and beyond them, on the banks of the river, the huts of the workmen. Close by the bridge leading to the fortress was a drinking-house, for many years a place of general resort, where wine, beer, tobacco, and cards were sold. Its name, The Osteria, and subsequently The Triumphal Osteria of the Four Frigates, shows an Italian influence on some who surrounded Peter.

In spite of disease and mortality among the men, in spite of the floods, which even in the first year covered nearly the whole place and drowned some who were too ill to move, the work went on. But in its infancy St. Petersburg was constantly in danger from the Swedes, both by sea and land. During 1703, it was threatened from the side of Finland by General Kronhjort, who

was encamped with a large force on the banks of the river Sestra, and Vice-Admiral Nummers, with nine ships, lay at anchor all the summer off the mouth of the Neva. Kronhjort was repulsed, and Peter then devoted all his attention to getting down some ships which he was building on the river Svir, between Lake Ládoga and Lake Onéga. He went there himself, and for a long time personally superintended their construction. Finally, after great difficulty from the dangerous navigation on Lake Ládoga, he succeeded in getting the frigate *Standard* and a few transports into the Neva. When the cold weather came, Nummers withdrew with his fleet to a Finnish port, and Peter, on his yacht, attended by a galliot, went out into the gulf to explore. In spite of the floating ice, he went as far as Retu-Saari, or Kotlin Island, as it was called by the Russians, and himself measured the depth of the channel. North of this island, which was about eighteen miles from the mouth of the Neva, the water was so shallow and the navigation so difficult that there was no danger. But to protect the southern passage he resolved to fortify the island in the place now occupied by the city and fort of Cronstadt, and at a cannon-shot from the shore began a fort in the water. With much hard work in sinking stone for the submarine foundation, the fort was completed during that winter, and received the name of Kronslot. Golovín wrote to Matvéief, at London, of the foundation of Kronslot, and, greatly exaggerating the Russian naval force, said that the Tsar could in a very short time bring into the Baltic Sea twenty ships and frigates, together with seventy-eight full galleys, and one hundred brigantines. This was to entice merchant ships to come to St. Petersburg.

The first ship arrived—almost by accident—in November, 1703. On the news of its approach, Peter went to meet it at the bar, and himself piloted it to port. The astonishment of the skipper, Auke Wybes, at being afterward presented to his illustrious pilot, was equaled by that of Peter on learning that the ship had been freighted by his old friend Cornelis Calf, of Zaandam. The cargo of salt and wine was welcome. The skipper was feasted by Menshikóf and given a reward of five hundred ducats; each sailor received thirty thalers, and the ship, which was henceforth named the *St. Petersburg*, was given exemption forever from all tolls and dues. A second Dutch ship and an English ship arriving that year received similar rewards.

The work of ship-building went on during the whole of 1704, but it was not until late in the autumn that additional ships could reach the Neva. The north winds and storms on Lake Ládoga rendered the crossing of the lake very difficult, and placed the ships in constant danger of going ashore on the southern coast. These difficulties, of which Peter had several times personal experience, led him to lay the foundations of the Admiralty in St. Petersburg, and also subsequently to begin the construction of the canal around the southern end of Lake Ládoga, which is now one of the links connecting the waters of the Volga and the Neva. The attacks of de Prou against Kronslot, and of Maidel against St. Petersburg, in 1704, were easily repulsed, as was also an attempt of Maidel to surprise Kronslot in the winter by marching over the ice. But in 1705 the Swedish fleet, under Admiral Anckarstjerna, made a far more serious attempt. The Russians tried to protect their small fleet by planting stakes in the channel, between Kronslot and the Kotlin Island, and binding them together. These tall stakes and poles the Swedes took to be the masts of a numerous fleet, and became more cautious. They held off at such a distance that their bombardment was ineffectual, and two landings on the island were repulsed after a sharp contest. After another vain attempt, the Swedish fleet withdrew. Maidel, who had taken up a position on the north bank of the Neva,* and at times held some of the further islands, was unsuccessful both in an attempt against St. Petersburg, and in another against Schlüsselburg. After this, the Swedes did not again disquiet St. Petersburg until 1708. Nevertheless, in May, 1706, Peter himself had an opportunity of seeing the enemy's squadron, which sailed up toward Kronslot, but soon withdrew. He had gone a long distance down the gulf on an exploring expedition, and when he saw the Swedish squadron he immediately returned and signaled by cannon-shot to Vice-Admiral Cruys, who refused to believe the news, even when Peter reported in person, and was only convinced when the Swedes appeared within sight. Peter's own words on this

* It is from this period, when the Swedes occasionally appeared on the Neva, that the northern or right bank became known as the "Viborgside," an appellation it bears to-day, in distinction from the St. Petersburg side.

subject are amusing. Some months afterward, Cruys, in making a report on other matters, spoke of the general insubordination and ignorance of the naval officers, and added, "His Majesty, with his skill, knows the importance of perfect subordination." The Tsar wrote on the back of the report: "The vice-admiral is himself to blame for the want of skill of the naval officers, as he himself engaged nearly all of them; there is no one then for him to reproach. * * * As concerns my skill, mentioned here, this compliment is not on a very firm footing. Here I am called skilled, but not long ago, when I went to sea and saw the enemy's ships from my yacht, and signaled according to custom the number of ships, it was thought only to be amusement or the salute for a toast, and even when I myself came on board to the vice-admiral, he was unwilling to believe until his sailors had seen them from the mast-head. I must, therefore, beg him either to omit my name from the list of those whom he judges skilled, or in future cease from such raillery."

The foundation of St. Petersburg called out various expressions of feeling in Sweden. Some members of the Council of State prophesied that the growth of St. Petersburg would bring the loss of Finland. Others thought that storm and sea would soon destroy the fortifications of Kronslot and the new town. Jests were made on the name of the island—Yanni-Saari, Hare Island—on which the town was begun, and a Swedish poet proposed in Latin verse that the new city should be called, not Petropolis but Leporopolis, which would suit quite as well whether the island were peopled with hares or with Russians. This was a reminiscence of the first battle of Narva. When the news of the foundation of the town was brought to Charles, he said: "Let the Tsar tire himself with founding new towns; we will keep for ourselves the honor of taking them later."

St. Petersburg was the apple of Peter's eye. It was his "paradise," as he often calls it in his letters. It was always an obstacle, and sometimes the sole obstacle, to the conclusion of peace. Peter was willing to give up all he had conquered of Livonia and Esthonia, and even Narva, but he would not yield the mouth of the Neva. Nevertheless, until the war with Sweden had been practically decided by the battle of Poltáva, and the position of St. Petersburg had been thus secured, although it had a certain importance as a commercial port, and as the fortress which commanded the mouth of the Neva, it remained but a village. The walls of the fortress were finally laid with stone, but the houses were built of logs at the best, and for many years, in spite of the marshy soil, the streets remained unpaved. If fate had compelled the surrender of the city, there would not have been much to regret. Gradually the idea came to Peter to make it his capital. In 1704 the Senate was transported thither from Moscow, but wars and foreign enterprises occupied the Tsar's attention, and it was not until 1718 that the colleges or ministries were fully installed there, and St. Petersburg became in fact the capital of the Empire.

Vockerodt, who lived for many years in Russia at this epoch, and was subsequently for a long time Prussian Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, says that Peter was actuated partly by his love for the sea, partly by the great desire of perpetuating his memory by the foundation of a new capital, in imitation of Alexander and Constantine, and partly by the hatred he had to the city of Moscow, which he would willingly have seen ruined. As proof of the last, he mentions that in 1715, under the pretext that all the masons were necessary in St. Petersburg, an edict was issued forbidding, under heavy penalty, the least repairs to any stone buildings in Moscow.

It would have been comparatively easy to make St. Petersburg into a beautiful and regular town, but the present arrangement of the city—leaving out of view the embellishments made by succeeding monarchs—is owing partly to chance and partly to Peter's constant changes of plan. At first the main-land was destined for the Admiralty only and the uses of the marine. All the nobility, and even the commercial classes were obliged to build their residences in the neighborhood of the fortress, near the small house which Peter first erected for himself. Here, also, up to 1720, were placed all the government buildings. Then the idea came to Peter that trade would flourish better if all the commercial establishments were placed in Cronstadt; each province was therefore ordered to put up large stone buildings on that island for the reception of merchandise,—building many of which were never used, and some of which fell rapidly into decay, for immediately after this there was a project of placing the city higher up the river, where the more elevated ground would protect

against inundations. At last Peter decided on the island now, and for a century before that time, called Vassíly Óstrof. Here a regular town was laid out in the Dutch fashion, with canals through all the streets. The danger of inundation on this low ground, the difficulties during the autumn and spring, when the floating ice in the river cut off this island from all communication with the main-land, had not the slightest weight with the Tsar, and again the nobility were compelled to build on this island large and expensive houses, proportionate to the size of their estates. Since Peter's time the fashionable quarter and the governmental offices have been transferred to the main-land, but Vassíly Óstrof still remains the center of commerce. The canals on the island, and many of those on the main-land, have been filled up; but their places can be recognized by the curious designation of the sides of the streets as "lines."

The city of Peter, except in plan, bears little resemblance to the capital we see today. The splendid granite quays, with their rows of palaces, the monumental buildings, the churches, the statues and columns which now adorn the town, are all the work of Peter's successors. Few date farther back than the reign of Catherine II.

The only prominent buildings of Peter's time still left are parts of the University and the neighboring palace of Menshikóf, now converted into a school of cadets. Peter's taste in architecture was not good. He loved small and low rooms. A roomy and high apartment embarrassed him, and when, building his winter palace, in order to equal the other houses in the row, he found it necessary to make the stories a little higher than he was accustomed to, he had a double ceiling put in the rooms he expected to inhabit, so as to make them lower. Neither his winter nor his summer palaces were fine buildings. The Winter Palace, which was built of brick, was only about two hundred and fifty feet wide, joined on one side to a private house, with nothing to distinguish it from the other houses on the quay except a portal ornamented with pilasters and surmounted by a small crown, and two wings which had not the least relation to the principal façade. The Summer Palace, in St. Petersburg, consisted of three separate and unsymmetrical buildings, erected at different times, which had no proportion whatever to one another, and were placed at irregular angles. The country palaces were no better.

The nobility hated St. Petersburg. Even Prince Gregory Dolgorúky, one of the active men of the time, could not help writing in 1717 to Shafírof: "Although the governors have a hard time (and where now can one be without trouble?), yet I think not one of them would leave his province and be willing to come and live in Petersburg." Probably all were of the same opinion, and the Princess Mary, the half-sister of the Tsar, went even further, and in conversation with her intimate friends said: "Petersburg will not endure after our time. May it remain a desert!" The reasons of this dislike were very simple. The nobility were accustomed to an easy life in Moscow, where they had large houses, where they had plenty of servants and good horses, and where nearly all their provisions were brought from their own estates or else bought very cheaply in the Moscow market. In St. Petersburg they were obliged to build new houses at great expense; they no longer could easily send to their estates for provisions and additional servants; everything had to come an immense distance; the cost of living was very great, and more than that, the climate was very unhealthy. They had none of the comforts, none of the amusements of Moscow. They did not care for boats or for sailing, and they could not even leave town for a country place, because St. Petersburg was surrounded by nothing but woods and bogs.

The frequent inundations, the bad climate, and the marshy soil all produced disease, and the mortality among the workmen employed in building the town was frightful. At the same time, even with the cold, the damp, and the dysentery, it is impossible to trust the statement current abroad soon afterward, that as many as two hundred thousand men lost their lives in building the city, which would be at the rate of ten thousand a year for twenty years. At the same time, we must remember that even now St. Petersburg is a deadly city, and one of the few in the world where the death rate always exceeds the birth rate. It is only kept in existence by immigrations from the country.

The building of St. Petersburg seems almost like a freak. Its construction became a passion with Peter, and no obstacles could be found great enough to prevent his carrying out his design, and yet it was nothing but a very costly and an almost useless toy. The fortress on which so much money and so much life were spent, then, as now, pro-

tected nothing. Its guns could never reach the enemy, unless the town had been previously taken. It now protects nothing but the Mint, and the cathedral containing the imperial tombs. During the reign of Peter's successors, its walls were used as a suitable background for fire-works and illuminations, and its casemates have always been found convenient for the reception of political prisoners. Strategically it was necessary to protect the mouth of the Neva, but this was done by Cronstadt. Commercially, St. Petersburg was of importance as being a sea-port, but the conquest, soon after, of Reval and Riga gave to Russia new and better ports, and the high price of living at St. Petersburg added burdens to the commerce there which nearly equalized the advantages. Even then, Riga was almost as near Moscow as was St. Petersburg, and had a good straight road been constructed, commerce would have quickly taken that channel. This was not done, and the great *détour* necessary sent commerce to St. Petersburg. At the present time, with the railways to Riga, Reval, and other points on the Baltic, the commerce of St. Petersburg, proportionally with other places, is declining. The receipts from duties on foreign goods are fully as great at Moscow as at St. Petersburg. The commerce of Riga, Reval, Libau, and Baltic Port is constantly increasing, while Königsberg and other Prussian ports receive a great quantity of Russian trade.

St. Petersburg may once have been what Count Algarotti called it in 1769—a great window for Russia to look out at Europe, but it is so no longer. The traveler from London or Paris can go as easily and as quickly to Moscow as to St. Petersburg. The European ideas, and customs, and fashions which came to St. Petersburg turned it, even in Peter's time, into a thoroughly European town, and such it has always remained; but the ideas of Europe took a long time to pass over the four hundred miles of desolate country stretching between the capital and Moscow, and, in the same way, the provinces found great difficulty in making their complaints, their wants, and their situation known at St. Petersburg. Until most recent times, there was only one road leading from the interior to St. Petersburg, and communication was difficult and easily interrupted. The government of the country was, indeed, always carried on, but, as far as regarded its sympathy with the population, its knowledge of their needs and wants, it might as well have been on a distant island. This was felt even in the last century, and Vockerodt, writing in 1737, says: "As concerns the common weal, the residence of the court at St. Petersburg seems likewise to be more harmful than advantageous, and it is still the great question whether the sovereign of Russia does not in this way stand in his own light, and prejudice his own power. All affairs relating to justice and the internal government of the country can be much more promptly cared for at Moscow, in the middle of the country; and the Russian commandants, who are so very much inclined to stealing, will be much better held in check from Moscow than from St. Petersburg, which lies quite at one end of the Empire." He adds that "no advantage has been obtained by the country from St. Petersburg which would not have been had in far greater measure at Moscow, had the government been left there. What sort of a difference this makes was shown by the experience of the government of Peter II., and in the first years of the present Empress [Anne]. When the court went to Moscow, in 1728, not only were all the public chests empty, but also money was so rare among private persons that interest rose to twelve and fifteen per cent. Two years afterward, about the time when Peter II. died, interest fell to eight and six per cent. All the public chests were again filled, so that the astonishing expenses which the court made at the beginning of the present reign caused no lack of money. But after the court had come back for a few years to St. Petersburg, the whole country (although no new imposts had been placed on it except the recruiting of men and horses for the army) came to a very wretched condition, and a lack of ready money is only too plainly shown."

Even now, with all the pleasures, the comforts, and the luxuries of St. Petersburg, with its agreeable society, its intellectual culture, and its political interest, the foreigner living there for a time feels as if he were out of the world. It is not so much the great distance which separates him from Berlin and Vienna, or even Warsaw and Moscow, as the fact that, except the small collection of villas along the gulf and near Tsárskoe Seló, the country is flat, desolate, marshy and almost entirely uninhabited for many miles around. The railways which leave the capital pass, for much of their length over a desolate-looking plain or through cheerless forests. The true Russia is far away

St. Petersburg derives its whole importance from the fact of its being the capital. It is curious to look at a large place and see how very many of the buildings are owned by the government. Take away the court and the army of government officials, and St. Petersburg would soon sink to a third-rate town.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARLES XII. IN POLAND.

1702–1705.

We left King Charles, after his defeat of the Poles on the Düna, determined to inflict a severe chastisement on King Augustus, even although in so doing he gave the Russians a clear field. The petitions of the inhabitants of Riga, the representations of the Swedish Diet, the advice of the foreign embassadors, were all rejected with scorn. Charles refused to listen to any propositions of treating with King Augustus, and would be satisfied with nothing less than his dethronement. To the Diet he replied that he considered it "derogatory to himself and to his honor to have the slightest dealings with a man who had acted in such a dishonorable and shameful way"; and to the King of France he wrote that "the conduct of King Augustus was so shameful and base that it deserved the vengeance of God and the contempt of all right-thinking men." General Spens said of the king: "He believes that he is an agent of God on earth, sent to punish every act of faithlessness."

Whether a Swedish invasion of Russia would have been successful or not, whether Charles could have captured Moscow or not, at all events he could have prevented the Russians from establishing themselves on the Neva, and from taking Dorpat and Narva. But he was then too much occupied with his vengeance on King Augustus, and was far away on the banks of the Vistula. It might be that the Russian check would have been temporary and not permanent, but it certainly would have been many years before the Swedes would have been driven from the south of the Baltic. It has been often said that an inevitable necessity led Russia to the shore of the Finnish gulf, and that Sweden must sooner or later have yielded to the pressure. Oscar II., the present king of Sweden, who is the ablest and the most careful critic of his great predecessor, says in reply to this:

"There is a certain degree of truth in this view. The stream of emigration has always been from the East to the West, and it is doubtful whether even to-day it has entirely ceased. The discovery of the New World and the beginning of the colonization of the North American continent occurred during the next period after the emigration from Asia to Europe, just spoken of, seemed to have reached its end. In that way its continuation was favored. Can one not say, with good reason, that the Slavonic race, with its fresh, youthful elasticity, visible in so many of the phenomena of its life, like a gigantic air-pump continually sucking, always prepares the necessary vacuum for the steam? Much that has happened and is still happening can be explained in such wise. But although man cannot succeed in stopping the path of the history of the world, and the general development of the fate of nations, yet every one who claims to be called a statesman must not only not favor, but even must work with all his power against, what is evidently harmful to his country. This is a duty to which he can, perhaps, fall a victim, but the right understanding and fulfillment of it separate him from the common herd which listens to the enticing siren voice of the instant, and follows the many-colored standard of fortune wherever it may be raised. The application to Charles XII., and his manner of action, is easily made. His want of perception in treating the northern seat of war as a side issue is so much the more to be deplored, as it was probably then still possible to stop for a long time the conquests of Russia at our cost."

After the victory on the Düna, Charles took up his winter quarters in Kurland, which he wished to punish as being a fief of Poland. He refused to make any distinction between the Polish Republic, which had not declared war, and King Augustus, who had been in the field against him. A feud which had existed for generations between the two great Lithuanian families of Sapieha and Oginski, gave him an excellent pretext for interference. One of the Sapieha family had supported the claims of the Prince de Conti to the Polish throne in opposition to Augustus, and that monarch had, therefore, espoused the cause of Oginski. Charles, under pretext of assisting the Sapieha and putting down the Oginski party, found means of making incursions into Lithuania, and supporting his troops on the country. Meanwhile, the Cardinal Primate, Radziejowski, who, we remember, was one of the parties taken into the confidence of Patkul, Augustus, and the Russians, and who, for a considerable bribe, had promised to secure the consent of the Polish Diet to the war, was intriguing against Augustus. He sent word to Charles that the Polish Republic had nothing whatever to do with the war against him, which the King had made without their consent. Charles replied that the only way for Poland to secure peace was to call a Diet, declare

that Augustus had forfeited the crown by making war without the consent of Poland, and elect a new king. In vain did Augustus sue for peace. He even sent his mistress, the beautiful Countess Aurora von Königsmark, to Charles's winter quarters, but she returned without even having seen the King, except in the street, and her misadventure was made the pretext for a satirical medal, with subject and legend taken from the story of Samson and Delilah. The chamberlain, Von Vitzthum, fared still worse, for his dispatches were taken from him. The Swedes took pains to spread the story that King Augustus had proposed a division of Poland between himself and the King of Sweden, so as to destroy the Republic and create an absolute monarchy in its stead. To the Polish deputations coming to sue for peace, and demand that their rights should be respected, Charles replied, after long delays, that he would answer them when he arrived at Warsaw, at the same time saying that he had come to restore the ancient liberties of Poland, and to protect them from the attempts of Augustus to establish the absolute rule of his own dynasty. These words certainly sounded strange in the mouth of the absolute Charles XII., and there were many Poles who saw through the thin veil which covered his warlike intentions. In some of the published replies there were sharp criticisms on his conduct, and one of them said: "These Swedes, who, in their own home, are slaves to the whims of an absolute lord, now come hither, as they say, to defend our liberties, although they have not been able to keep their own."

Leaving 8000 men to protect Lithuania, Charles set out in April, 1702, with 16,000 men, for Warsaw, in spite of the advice of Rehnskjöld, Liewen, and Stenbock, the last of whom even questioned the legality of the invasion. Warsaw was occupied without opposition, and a heavy contribution was laid on the inhabitants, for, as Charles said, "The Swedes cannot live on air and water, and the Poles must care for them, as they themselves have invited them."

Augustus had summoned the nobility of the kingdom to his aid. Some responded, but many hesitated, and others flatly refused, believing the rumor so carefully spread by the Swedes of negotiations begun by the King for the partition of the country. He finally got together a force of 20,000 men. Charles could not at this time oppose more than 12,000 troops, and it was necessary to leave part behind in Warsaw to keep down that city. He therefore waited two months with great impatience for reënforcements, rode out himself to meet them when he heard of their approach, and immediately began to march toward Cracow. At Klissow, on the anniversary of the battle on the Düna, the army of King Augustus was totally defeated, although the Saxon troops stood their ground well. The walls of Cracow were in bad condition, but the citadel was strong. Stenbock, with three hundred men, arrived in the suburb and found the gate closed. He demanded entrance, but the answer was that the keys were not there. He then asked to see Wielopolski, the commandant, who immediately appeared, but refused to allow the Swedes to enter. During the parley, Charles suddenly appeared, and shouted in a loud voice, "*Ouvrez la porte!*" Wielopolski, hearing this commanding tone, had the curiosity to open the gate a little to see who had spoken. Charles immediately gave him a violent cut in the face with his riding-whip, the Swedes forced the gate open, and reached the citadel even before the commandant. For the delay in yielding, a heavy contribution was exacted from Cracow under the direction of Stenbock, who was made governor, or, as he himself expresses it in a letter to his wife: "I am now commissary, and governor, and the devil of the town." In three weeks he got from Cracow 130,000 thalers, 10,000 pairs of shoes, 10,000 lbs. of tobacco, 160,000 lbs. of meat, 60,000 lbs. of bread, 12,000 lbs. of ham, etc.

Augustus retired to Sandomir, where he convoked the Diet. The attendance was small, but the disputes were violent, and Lipski, the Voievode of Kalisz, was cut to pieces in one of the quarrels, having been accused of bringing about the Swedish invasion. The King could not prevail upon the Diet to declare war. The Poles preferred still to use all their efforts at negotiation, in order to persuade the Swedes to withdraw and to leave the Republic in peace. Charles refused to receive the deputation, on the ground that the whole of Poland was not represented, and declared his unalterable resolution to dethrone Augustus. Propositions of mediation from Austria and France were likewise rejected. Nothing would satisfy him but the deposition of Augustus in Poland, and he even demanded his abdication in Saxony. Even still more than the Poles and the partisans of Augustus, did the Swedes themselves beg their king to

come to terms with Augustus, and continue the war against Russia. The Duchess Hedwiga Sophia, Charles's favorite sister, herself intervened, but could make no change in her brother's plans. Just at this time came the news of Schlippenbach's defeats, and of the terrible devastation of Livonia. The army was excited by this news, and at a council of war the generals unanimously made a representation to the King, expressing their desire to leave Poland and rescue the Livonian provinces from the Tsar. Charles replied shortly: "My honor, my conscience, and the security of my kingdom do not allow me to fulfill your wishes"; and it is said that he added: "Even if I should have to remain here fifty years, I would not leave the country until Augustus is dethroned."

In hastening out one day to see the exercise of some Polish troops who had been collected by Stenbock, the horse of the King stumbled over a tent-rope, and Charles broke his left leg above the knee. His physicians feared grave consequences if he remained in the tent, and he was taken to a house in the suburbs of Cracow, where he lay for many weeks. The news of his accident was kept as secret as possible, but his sudden disappearance excited much comment, and rumors of his death were, for a long time, current. As soon as he was able to mount his horse again, he took up his winter quarters in the neighborhood of Sandomir.

The promises which Charles had made on entering Poland—that he should demand only the contributions necessary for the subsistence of his army, that churches should not be plundered, and that the property of the nobility should be respected—were kept for only three months. Such complaints reached him from Sweden of the want of money, and the scarcity of every kind prevailing there, that, after the battle of Klissow, everything was changed. Charles resolved that his army should be supported by the Poles. Contributions of all kinds were levied, and the money demands were, in many cases, doubled. If objections were made to payment, estates, villages, and towns were burnt to the ground. During the winter, Stenbock, with 2500 men, was sent into Galicia and Volynia to obtain money, forage, and provisions, and with orders to destroy the estates of all who refused to join the Swedes.

Although the ravages committed by Stenbock's troops and the contributions levied were very great, the general did not carry out to their full extent the instructions of the King, who says in one of his letters that "the Poles must either be annihilated or forced to join us"; and in another: "All the Poles that you get hold of you must force to follow us, *nolens volens*, or ruin them so that they will long remember the visit of Master He-goat. Use your best endeavors to squeeze out, pick out, and get together the most you can."

In the spring of 1703, Charles defeated another army, which Augustus had got together from Lithuania, at Pultusk on the Nareva, to the north of Warsaw, and then advanced to Thorn, which he besieged for five months.

Meanwhile, in June, Augustus assembled a Diet at Lublin. To the general astonishment, Cardinal Radziejowski appeared, and asked private audience of the King. A private audience was not granted, but the cardinal was received publicly, when the accusations against him of introducing the Swedish troops were so strong that he was allowed to say nothing in his defense, but was compelled to kneel down and swear publicly before all that he had not introduced the Swedes, or supported them, or intrigued against the King, and to promise, on his honor, faithful service to his country. Although the Diet still wished to employ negotiations and peaceful measures, yet it resolved to increase the crown army to 36,000 men, and the Lithuanian army to 12,000, and gave the King permission to make whatever treaties with foreign powers might seem desirable. The deputies of the provinces of Kalisz and Posen were not admitted to this Diet, as those provinces were occupied by the Swedes, and it was said their votes would not be free. They, therefore, formed a confederation at Schrod, which was joined by the nobility of several provinces; declared their dissatisfaction with the results of the Diet of Lublin, and took the side of Sweden. Prince Lubomirski, who commanded the Polish crown army, was jealous of the young Prince Wiecnowiecki, who commanded the Lithuanians, sacrificed his patriotism to the feeling of revenge, wasted time in petty disputes, and remained an inactive spectator. Nor even could the rest of the army work together. Steinau, who commanded the Saxons, refused to coöperate with Wiecnowiecki; Oginski, angry at losing some place he had desired, sowed rebellion among the Lithuanians, and before anything could be done,

the Swedish reënforcements arrived from Danzig, and Thorn was taken.

During the siege of Thorn, requests were again made to Charles to conclude peace. England, Austria, and Holland all intervened. They had, it is true, a selfish interest, for they desired the assistance of the Swedish troops against the French. The war of the Spanish succession had broken out in 1702. Robinson, one of the last English ecclesiastical diplomates, later Bishop of Bristol, but then Dean of Windsor, and Minister at Stockholm, went to Charles's head-quarters in order to impress upon him the discontent and want prevailing in Sweden, and to urge him to peace. An audience was for a long time denied him, but he finally, half through surprise, succeeded in having a conversation with Charles in the open road. His efforts were without success, and his colleagues of Austria and Holland were unable to express their advice. Piper, too, made another attempt, and added, as a new and pressing reason for peace, that the Russians had now occupied Ingria, and had got a harbor on the Baltic. "These events have for Sweden a much more important significance than who occupies the Pôlish throne." Charles remained obstinate, and the minister could only say: "*Dixi et levavi animam meam.*" During the course of the summer a treaty was made with Holland, by which Charles promised auxiliary troops against France after the conclusion of peace. This made Holland so desirous that peace should be concluded, that, together with Austria and England, the States-General made a new representation to Charles, this time in writing. A brief answer was returned, that nothing could be done until the Polish Republic showed in what manner it was ready to restore peace. By the advice of Raphael Leczynski, Charles now no longer stated openly his intention of dethroning Augustus, but referred simply to his previous conditions, so as not to excite too much the pride and obstinacy of the Polish nobles, who, much as they disliked Augustus, felt themselves bound in honor to retain him on the throne. While so many powers were desirous of peace, two, at least, were glad of the war—Denmark and France;—the latter because it preferred that the King of Sweden should be occupied in Poland rather than turn his arms against her,* while Denmark saw with pleasure the great military strength of Sweden wasted in such adventures. Prussia hoped to get something for herself out of the troubles of others, and King Frederick offered Charles 20,000 men to assist him in putting down Poland, provided he could annex West Prussia, while the Swedes should take Polish Livonia and part of Lithuania. In that way he thought the Poles could always be kept down, and that there would be no necessity for dethroning Augustus. This, however, did not fall in with Charles's views, and the negotiations were discontinued.

Charles took the confederation of Schrod, or Great Poland, under his protection, and the sum of 200,000 thalers which Stenbock used in bribes gave him hopes of soon being able to accomplish his idea, so that in December, 1703, he addressed an open letter to the Republic, in which he proposed Prince Jacob Sobieski for the future King of Poland, and promised, if he were elected, to support him until he should obtain quiet possession of the throne. This excited Austria, England, and Holland, and not only did Queen Anne send an autograph letter to Charles, but Robinson again did his best to dissuade him from compelling the Polish nation to depose the king whom they had themselves freely chosen, and urged him not to set such a bad example to the world. Charles replied: "I wonder greatly to hear such remarks from the minister of a state which carried its boldness so far as to cut off the head of its king." The powers desisted from further action, fearing greatly lest Charles should get so angry as openly to support the cause of France.

In January, 1704, the Primate Radziejowski called a Diet at Warsaw, under the pretext of making peace with the King of Sweden, who had declared that he wished to treat with the Republic, and not with King Augustus. In spite of the efforts of Radziejowski and of Horn, who with a large Swedish force protected and influenced the Diet, and at the same time prevented undecided members from running away, the feeling was so strong against foreign interference in the concerns of the country that there was much hesitation and delay; and it was not until April, after the Swedes had brought up proofs of the intention of Augustus to make peace with Charles by dividing Poland, that the Diet

* Colonel Lenk, a secret agent of France, wrote to the French Cabinet: "As far as I am able to see through the King of Sweden, I am sure that he will not cease this war till he has ruined his own country. For, if he does not entirely change his character, he will continue to wage war as long as he lives."

declared the throne vacant. Meantime, Augustus had succeeded in seizing Jacob Sobieski and his brother in Silesia, although in so doing he had invaded Austrian territory. He himself was weary of the contest, and ready to make peace by resigning the Polish crown; but the French and Danes still counseled him to resistance. It was necessary now to find another candidate, and when Alexander Sobieski refused to allow his name to be used, Charles, passing over the ambitious Lubomirski and Radziewill, selected Stanislas Leczynski. There was still another period of hesitation; and finally, when Horn's patience was entirely exhausted, a small meeting of electors was held in the field of Wola, near Warsaw, surrounded by Swedish troops, in the absence of the magnates of the kingdom, and in a manner so contrary to all the prescriptions of the laws that even some of his own supporters drew back, Leczynski was proclaimed Stanislas I., King of Poland. This was in July, 1704.

Now that Augustus had been deposed—regularly or irregularly—and a new king elected, many supposed and hoped that Charles would at last leave Poland, and turn his arms against Russia, in order to free those provinces which had already been occupied by the Tsar. The Swedish King, however, had promised to stand by his candidate until his crown was secure, and the manner of the election of Stanislas diminished the number of his supporters and increased again the party of Augustus. There was enough to do in Poland for a long time.

So long as Augustus could make some opposition to the Swede, Peter could go on with his aims in Russia without doing more in Poland than simply fulfilling his obligations in furnishing money and troops. But now it was necessary to aid Augustus more actively in order to prevent a Swedish invasion. Patkul was therefore sent with one hundred thousand thalers to Denmark, in order to bring that kingdom to acts of open hostility toward Sweden, and had succeeded in winning over the Countess Viereck, the King's mistress, when her death prevented the success of his plan. The Saxon ministers, too, needed presents and promises to render them more vigorous in carrying on the war. Meantime, envoys from Augustus himself, from the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, and even one of the Oginski family, had gone to Russia asking for active assistance. In July, 1703, a treaty was concluded with the envoys of Lithuania, to take effect as soon as the Republic of Poland had espoused the Russian side. The next year Thomas Dzialynski, the Voievode of Chelm, went to Russia on the part of the Polish Republic, and found the Tsar in front of Narva. Two months afterward, and ten days after the storming of Narva, the 30th of August, 1704, an offensive and defensive alliance against Sweden was concluded between Russia and Poland. Both powers bound themselves to carry on the war actively, and to make no separate treaties. Russia promised to compel the Cossack Paléi to restore the towns which he had taken from Poland in the Ukraine, to give up to Poland at the end of the war all his conquests in Livonia, to furnish a contingent of twelve thousand men, well armed, with sufficient ammunition and supplies, and for the next year, 1705, to give the King two hundred thousand rubles for the support of his army, and to make similar annual payments for every year the war lasted.

Immediately after this, Prince Repnin, with twelve regiments of infantry and cavalry, was sent toward Polótsk to act under the Polish orders, but with strict instructions not to assist in any general engagement. Peter felt sure that the Poles would be beaten in a general battle, and wished to harass the enemy by small attacks. Field-Marshal Sheremétief was also ordered to Polótsk, in order to make an attack on the troops of Lewenhaupt in Kurland, during the winter, when the rivers were frozen. By means of Mazeppa, the Cossack Paléi was enticed to Moscow and exiled to Siberia. His private property was confiscated, and the towns which he had seized were restored to the Poles.

The war in Poland had been going on with varying success. While Charles had marched upon Lemberg in Galicia, which he had captured with great booty, Augustus had plucked up courage, and with an accession of troops had surprised Warsaw, nearly capturing his rival, Stanislas. General Arvid Horn, the Swedish commander, was not so lucky, and after a two days' siege in the Warsaw citadel was obliged to surrender. Some of Stanislas's family were captured, as well as the Bishop of Posen, who had declared him king. The latter was sent to Rome for judgment. The Primate Radziejowski succeeded in escaping to Thorn, where he died within a year.

Augustus was joined in Warsaw by eleven Russian regiments, as well as by the Saxon troops under Field-Marshal Schulenburg;

but although he had now forty thousand troops, he did not feel strong enough to attack Charles, and, finding that the Swedes were proceeding toward Warsaw by forced marches, he abandoned his capital, took refuge first in Cracow and then in Dresden, while his army dispersed. Patkul was ordered to abandon the siege of Posen some hours before the time he had fixed for storming it. Charles, after occupying Warsaw, rapidly followed up Schulenburg, who had joined Patkul, and defeated him near Punitz. Four Russian regiments defended themselves with great vigor against Wellingk. They refused the capitulation which the Swedes offered them; they resolved to defend themselves to the last man in the village which they occupied; and the most of them either were killed or perished in the flames. The Swedish soldiers had an opportunity of seeing the difference between the Russian soldiers of Narva, in 1700, and those of 1704.

After having thoroughly cleared Poland of Russians and Saxons, the Swedish army took up their winter quarters along the boundary of Silesia, where, in the town of Rawicz, Charles passed the whole winter and the greater part of the summer of 1705.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CAMPAIGN IN KURLAND.

THE five years between the capture of Narva and Dorpat and the battle of Poltáva were for Peter years of anxiety and distress. The burden of the war came upon Russia; its issue was always uncertain. Rebellions in Astrakhan, among the Bashkirs, and among the Cossacks of the Don, added to the dangers and difficulties arising from the universally prevailing discontent. At intervals Peter suffered greatly in health, and even his domestic happiness, as we have already seen, was alloyed with regrets and presentiments.

At the end of December, 1705, Peter went from Narva to Moscow, which he entered with a triumphal procession, in which the Swedish prisoners took part, and many of the guns of Narva were shown. On the 1st of March he went to Vorónezh, where he staid two months, occupying himself still with building new ships and planning new dock-yards. While there he was alarmed by a report that the Swedes were contemplating an invasion of Lithuania. Fortunately it turned out to be false, as Charles, with all his troops, was then in winter quarters at Rawicz. Nevertheless, Peter wished to join the army, but, as we know, was detained for more than a month by a fever at the country-house of Theodore Golovín. Menshikóf, we remember, came to Moscow, full of anxiety, to see him, but Peter had already recovered, and, after passing his birthday at Preobrazhénsky, was able, about the middle of June, to start for the front by the way of Smolénsk and Vitébsk. We learn from the Austrian agent that, on his departure, orders were given that during the whole time of his absence prayers should be said in the churches on every Wednesday and Friday, and that business on those days should absolutely cease. This may have fallen in with the feelings of the pious Russians of that time, but it must have been disastrous to the commercial interests of the country.*

At Polótsk he found waiting for him a numerous and well-disciplined army, composed of 40,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry, "all in such good order that no German troops are better mounted, exercised, and armed." This Peter owed to the experienced General Ogilvy, who, on the recommendation of Patkul, had left the Austrian to enter the Russian service. Although Peter had generally followed Ogilvy's advice as to re-organizing the army, and had given him the rank of field-marshal, yet he refused to make him the general-in-chief, preferring to reserve this post for a Russian. Ogilvy was liked by the soldiers, but found it difficult to get on with the Russian officers. Although he may have known some other Slav language, he was ignorant of Russian; was compelled to treat with the other generals through an interpreter, and, as a foreigner, was disliked and suspected by them. It had been arranged in the contract with Ogilvy that he was always to have a separate command, and we have seen that he was actually the commander-in-chief during the siege of Narva. Ogilvy had difficulty in acting in harmony, not only with Repnin, who was his subordinate, but also with Sheremétief, who was his equal in point of rank, and the only other field-marshal in the Russian service. Peter, while at Vorónezh, thought to solve the difficulty by putting all the cavalry under the command of Sheremétief, and the infantry under that of Ogilvy. This arrangement was equally displeasing to both, and

* No official decree of this kind is on record.

if Peter had had any real military experience, he would have immediately seen its impracticability. The problem was finally solved by sending Sheremétief, with a separate command, into Kurland to operate against Lewenhaupt.

After issuing a proclamation to the Poles, stating that the Russian troops entered Poland in consequence of his alliance with the King and the Republic, Peter started with all his army for Wilna.

The evening before the march there had been a regrettable occurrence, owing to Peter's hasty temper. With some of his officers he had, out of curiosity, entered a monastery not far from Polótsk, belonging to the Uniates, or United Greeks, a sect which, originally Orthodox, and still keeping many Eastern rites, had been forced by the Polish kings to submit to the jurisdiction of the Roman Pope. The priests and monks of this sect were far more fanatical than genuine Catholics, and instead of satisfying the Tsar's curiosity, and politely answering his questions, as Catholics frequently had done before and did afterward, they were rude and impolite. On passing behind the altar-screen, Peter was told to retire, as adversaries of the faith like him were not allowed there. Seeing one picture more richly adorned than the others, he asked what scene it represented. They answered: "The martyr Josaphat." "And what does the ax in his hand mean?" asked the Tsar. "That is the instrument with which the heretical Russians martyred him," was the reply. Peter, indignant and angry, if the Roman account can be credited, struck the priest in the face, and then ordered his suite to arrest the priests and monks, and try them as traitors,—for some of them had been Russians, and they were accused of corresponding with the Swedes and of upholding the party of Stanislas. Seeing the small number of Peter's suite, the monks resisted, and the Russians drew their swords, and in a general *mêlée* four monks were killed, and a fifth—a Russian subject, a pervert from orthodoxy—was arrested, condemned to death, and hanged on the following day. Peter so regretted this affair that he felt it necessary, on arriving at Wilna, to publish a manifesto in exculpation of himself, giving a mild version of the whole matter—bad enough even in that form. It is probable that the wine drunk at the supper at Oginski's, just before, had much to do with it.

Two weeks after Peter's arrival at Wilna, he was greatly disturbed by a dispatch from Sheremétief, stating that he had been badly defeated by the Swedes under Lewenhaupt.

When Charles XII., in 1702, advanced into Lithuania, he left behind him in Kurland a tolerably strong force under the command of General Stuart; but, as that general was still suffering from the wound he had got at the landing on Zealand, the command usually devolved on Count Adam Lewenhaupt, a nephew of Count Gustavus Adolphus Lewenhaupt, the celebrated field-marshal in the time of Charles X. He had studied in the universities of Lund, Upsala, Wittenberg, and Rostock, where he had gained that fluency in speaking Latin which made him frequently useful as interpreter in the negotiations with the Poles, and which was at the same time so rare among soldiers that it gained him from his brother officers the nickname of "The Latin colonel." He had received his military education in Holland and Hungary. Though in the highest degree personally brave, he tried to leave nothing to the chance of war, but studied and weighed every movement, and looked after the lives of his soldiers, sparing them useless dangers and difficulties. He was the exact opposite of the school of officers which had been formed around King Charles, and was frequently an object of their jests. Charles himself respected Lewenhaupt's great qualities, and did him justice, but never entered into confidential relations with him. It was entirely owing to Lewenhaupt that the Swedes had been able to maintain themselves with honor in Kurland. With 10,000 men, which gradually became reduced to 7000, he had on several occasions beaten Poles, Saxons, and Russians, besides obtaining frequent successes in mere partisan and guerilla warfare. In 1703, with 1300 men, he had, at Schagarini, beaten Oginski, who commanded 6500 Russians, Lithuanians, and Poles, and this with a loss of only forty men. In 1704, he had again beaten the combined Russians and Poles at Jacobstadt, even after his Polish allies, commanded by the young Sapieha, had taken precipitate flight, and had occupied Birzhi. In his manner of carrying on the war, he formed an exception to the generals of either side. While the whole of this Polish war was a continued course of murders, slaughters, massacres, devastations, and conflagrations, Lewenhaupt distinguished himself by respecting the lives and properties of the peaceful

inhabitants of the country through which he marched. In 1704, he had indeed burnt a number of villages in Lithuania, but only on the express orders of Charles, in order to put down the adherents of Augustus. Through his unusual mildness, he had so gained the hearts of the inhabitants of Riga and Kurland that they were accustomed to say: "Good Swedes we are not, but we are good Lewenhaupters."

The object of the Russian campaign in Kurland was to annihilate the army of Lewenhaupt, drive him out of Kurland, and attack Riga. Reval would thus be cut off from all communication with the Swedes, except by sea, and the Russian army, in its further operations against the Swedes, would not have to fear any attack in the rear. For this purpose, Sheremétief, with eight regiments of dragoons and three of infantry, amounting altogether to about 10,000 men, set out in the direction of Mitau. General Bauer made a dash on Mitau, penetrated the outside defenses, and produced such a general panic that the commandant had barely time to escape into the citadel. He returned with many prisoners and trophies. Lewenhaupt immediately came to the assistance of Mitau, but it was too late. The Russians had gone. He advanced and took up a position at Gemauerthof, a few miles south-west of Mitau. Here, on the 26th of July, Sheremétief attacked him, and was completely defeated. The Russian loss was great. The Russians themselves admitted 1000 men killed, while the Swedes claimed that 6000 corpses strewed the ground. The Swedes lost about 2000 in killed and wounded. Charles, on hearing of the victory, said: "Our Latin colonel does it very cleverly," and at once promoted him to be lieutenant-general, and named him governor-general of Riga.

Peter, on hearing of this catastrophe, wrote to Sheremétief, saying that the fault lay in the bad discipline of the dragoons, of which he had often spoken, and ordered him to concentrate at Birzhi, to get all the information he could about the enemy's movements, and to punish severely the men who had been disobedient. Three days after, he wrote again: "Do not be sad about the misfortune you have had, for constant success has brought many people to ruin. Forget it, and try to encourage your men." After ordering Sheremétief to endeavor to cut off Lewenhaupt from Riga, he himself immediately set out with the Preobrazhénsky regiment and the division of Prince Repnin, in order to meet him and cut off any movement toward Poland. After his troops had arrived at Birzhi, he received intelligence, which at first he did not wish to believe, but of which he was subsequently convinced, that Lewenhaupt had crossed the Düna, after leaving a small garrison at Mitau, and was safe in Riga. "We have here a great misfortune," Peter wrote to Golovín, "for Lewenhaupt disappears from us as Narcissus did from Echo." Directing Sheremétief to encamp on the left bank of the Düna, opposite to Riga, Peter attacked Mitau, which, after a short siege and a ten-hours' bombardment, capitulated. The fortress of Bauske followed suit.

It was impossible to begin the siege of Riga. News had come of what at first appeared to be a formidable rebellion in Astrakhan, and Sheremétief with part of his force was sent to put it down. It was of far more importance to resist the advance of King Charles, who had now subjected Poland, than it was to take the fortresses of Riga and Reval. Giving up, therefore, any attempt to hold Kurland, Peter went to Grodno, which had been fixed upon for the winter quarters of the Russian army. Ogilvy, as the only field-marshal, now had the sole command. But the question of the proper site for winter quarters had caused a dispute between him and Menshikóf, which, although settled for the moment, subsequently broke out in a more violent form. Ogilvy preferred, for military considerations, Meretch, a strong position on the Nieman, about half-way between Grodno and Kovno. Menshikóf preferred Grodno. Menshikóf was nominally subordinate to Ogilvy, but on the basis of his confidential relations with the Tsar, and the knowledge he had of his plans and wishes, he sometimes took upon himself to interfere, in a way prejudicial to all good discipline, and only to be pardoned by the fact that he so frequently acted as the Tsar would in reality have done himself. Among other things, he compelled the correspondence of Ogilvy with the Tsar to pass through his hands, fearing, as he says, "lest by his pointless and impractical letters, like the present, he would bring you into doubt."

From Grodno Peter paid a visit to Tikóczin, about sixty miles to the south-west, where he inspected the Saxon troops under General Schulenburg,—not 6000 men,—and the Lithuanian regiments of Prince Wiecnowiecki, which were encamped near by.

Here he was cheered by a visit from King Augustus, who, under an assumed name, had made a long, circuitous journey through Hungary, and had passed a whole night in the midst of the Swedish troops of Rehnskjöld. Peter met his ally a few miles beyond Tikóczin, and spread on the road before him six banners of his rival, Stanislas, which had been captured in the immediate vicinity of Warsaw by a bold foray of Colonel Gorbof. Augustus, on his part, had brought the ensigns of his new Order of the White Eagle, which, in default of other honors and rewards, he had invented to encourage his partisans.*

Apprehending no danger that winter from the Swedes, Peter intrusted his army to King Augustus, and about the middle of December set out for Moscow.

CHAPTER XXI.

GRODNO.—1706.

CHARLES, with all his army, remained inactive in his winter quarters at Rawicz until July. He was still occupied with watching Saxony, and in preparations for the coronation of Stanislas. The new King and his partisans wished to put off the ceremony until the country was entirely free from the adherents of Augustus, and no further danger was to be apprehended. Charles was too impatient for this. Besides maintaining the court of his *protégé* at his own expense, he paid for the new crown, scepter, and regalia which were necessary for the coronation, for the old were in the possession of Augustus. Neither would he allow the ceremony to take place at Cracow, as had been customary. That city was too far from the Swedish cantonments. It was arranged, therefore, that Stanislas should be crowned at Warsaw, under the protection of a Swedish force. General Paikull, with 4000 Saxons and 600 Poles, advanced toward Warsaw, hoping to overpower the small Swedish force, but he was defeated, taken prisoner, and carried to Stockholm, where he was beheaded as a Livonian traitor. The Primate, Cardinal Radziejowski, by law and usage should have performed the ceremony of coronation, but he had been suspended by the Pope for the part which he had taken against Augustus, and Zielinski, the archbishop of Lemberg, was persuaded to officiate at the ceremony, which took place on the 4th of October, under Swedish management. The Swedish envoys occupied the places which had formerly been filled by Polish magnates. Even the medal struck to commemorate the coronation represented the Polish ship of state steered by the Gothic lion, and bearing on its banner the words, "Under so powerful a guidance." The opposite party also struck a medal,—on one side the effigy of the new King, with the inscription, "Stanislas, by God's grace King of Poland," and on the reverse an actor in crown and robes, with the inscription, "King as long as the comedy lasts." Peter, in one of his merry moods, had his court-fool crowned as King of Sweden, with all sorts of laughable ceremonies.

When the coronation was over, the long-desired peace was at last concluded between Sweden and Poland. Charles demanded the restoration of Sapieha to all his rights and dignities, and special favors for the Protestant religion and for Swedish trade. No indemnity, however, was asked for the expenses of the war. In this Charles carried out the promise which he had made on entering the country, and this measure was received with great satisfaction in Poland, but not with equal pleasure in Sweden, which was rapidly becoming exhausted by the demands made upon it for men, money, and stores.

Although peace was made, yet there was in reality no peace. The greater portion of the country neither recognized its conditions nor the right of Stanislas to make it. The state of Poland was such that even the wife of the newly crowned King did not dare to remain in Poland, but went for security into Pomerania.

In previous years, the Swedish troops had always gone into winter quarters during the autumn, and military operations had been practically suspended during the winter. This year, however, Charles had remained inactive during the whole of the summer, and he now, late in December, 1705, was still encamped in the open fields at Blonnie, just north of Warsaw. The soldiers were not allowed to go to the villages and lodge

* This Order, which had been originally founded by Ladislas IV. in 1325, and was thus, after a long interval, renewed under Russian auspices, was, after the partition of Poland, adopted by Russia, and is now one of the most esteemed Russian decorations. As established by Augustus, the ensigns consisted of a gold medal, with the Polish eagle on one side and the legend, *Pro fide, rege, et lege*, and on the reverse A. R., the King's initials. It was worn on a blue ribbon. After 1713, the ensigns were changed to their present form.

in the peasants' huts, and the King himself fared no better. When the cold was too severe, he resorted to the old method of warming his tent by red-hot cannon-shot. His kitchen was so far away that his food frequently became entirely cold, and the spoons and forks were covered with frost on reaching the table. Suddenly, the very end of December, Charles broke up his camp and marched eastward, no one knew whither, although all supposed that he had at last resolved on recovering the Baltic provinces. It was soon seen, however, that he was advancing toward Grodno.

The march of Charles was so rapid that in two weeks from leaving the Vistula he had arrived on the banks of the Nieman. The severe cold, which froze all the rivers, aided him. Charles arrived in sight of Grodno on the 24th of January, 1706, having his artillery with him, but having left his baggage to follow. The next morning he crossed the Nieman, two miles below Grodno. The dragoons of General Rönne, who had just arrived from Pultúsk, attempted to hinder the passage, but they were so startled by the King, with 600 grenadiers, crossing the river on the ice in advance of the other troops, that they mounted their horses, and after a brief exchange of shots retired to Grodno. The Swedes advanced to the very walls of Grodno, made a prolonged reconnaissance, and finally, seeing the impossibility of carrying the town by storm, and without a long siege, retired, and went into camp a few miles off. Difficulty of provisioning the army rendered a still further retreat necessary, and King Charles finally took up his quarters at Zhelúdok, on the Nieman, fifty miles above Grodno. Here he remained for two months.

The Russians were much surprised at the arrival of the Swedes. Although they knew that Charles had crossed the Vistula, they did not feel at all certain that Grodno was the object of his march, and Ogilvy had presented to King Augustus a plan for a campaign based on very different theories. Grodno stood in a strong position on the right bank of the Nieman, and the Russians had, during the autumn of 1705, surrounded it with a new line of earth-works. The Russian troops at that time in the town amounted to nearly 40,000 men, the best that the country had yet had under arms. A council of war was called, presided over by King Augustus, to discuss whether they should march out and attack the Swedes, whether they should remain in Grodno and endure a siege, or whether they should retreat. There was, indeed, danger that the Swedes might cut them off from Russia, and they knew that they were not provisioned for a long siege. Ogilvy was strongly in favor of remaining. He urged the sacrifice of the artillery which would be necessitated by the retreat, the loss of life which would be caused by a march in the extreme cold weather, the sacrifice of the garrison at Tikóczin, the certainty of pursuit by the Swedes, which would result in making Russia the theater of the war, and, above all, the ridicule and mockery to which he would be exposed for thus suddenly abandoning a strong place without what seemed to him sufficient reasons. It must be remembered that Ogilvy was not a Russian, that his service in the armies of various countries made him think more of war as an art than as a painful necessity. He would almost have preferred to be beaten according to the laws of war than to be victorious in spite of them. The majority of the council was strongly in favor of retreat, but King Augustus, fearing that he might be accused of causing, in this way, the invasion of Russia, resolved to take what he called a middle term, and presented the conclusions of the council to the Tsar, for his sole decision. Meanwhile, the army was to remain at Grodno; but Augustus himself, taking four regiments of dragoons, went hastily off to Warsaw, promising Ogilvy, however, that in three weeks' time he would return with a Saxon army, which was then advancing against the corps of Rehnskjöld, with the full expectation of beating it.

Peter had only just arrived at Moscow when he received news of the Swedish advance. He at first was disinclined to believe it, and wrote to Menshikóf to ask for certain intelligence. "From whom did you receive it?" he said. "And can it be believed? How many such reports there were in my time." Ordering Menshikóf to send out parties of soldiers to guard the road by which he would travel, he promised to start at once. Meantime both Menshikóf and Ogilvy sent re-assuring letters, first that the Swedes would probably not come to Grodno, and then that in any case they were entirely safe, and could resist all the winter, and that he need give himself no anxiety. On the 24th of January, the same day that Charles arrived in sight of Grodno, Peter set out from Moscow, in spite of what he called "the indescribable frost." The day

before, he had written that his right cheek was badly swollen, but that nevertheless he would set out, and hoped to be with the army in a week's time. "I am mightily sorry to leave here, because I am occupied with collecting taxes, and with other necessary things for the operations on the Volga. Therefore I beg you, if there is any change to send some one to me, so that I may not drag myself along without reason (alas! I can scarcely do it); and if affairs do not change, I should like you to send me news every day, so that I can, if possible, hasten my journey." The weather was such that Peter could not travel as fast as he had expected. It took him ten days to reach Smolénsk, and after staying there a day, and having no further news, he set out for Grodno. After proceeding sixty miles, he was met by Menshikóf, with the unwelcome intelligence that the Swedes had entirely surrounded Grodno, that it was impossible for him to go there, and that in all probability the place would be assaulted. Menshikóf had left there on the approach of the Swedes, in consequence of the orders he had received from Peter to come and meet him on the road. This was at Dubróvna. The Tsar wrote to Ogilvy that if he had sure news of the approach of the Saxon army, and if he had provisions and forage to last for three months, to stay in Grodno; but if there were no certain intelligence that the Saxons were coming, not to trust to mere rumor, but to retreat to the Russian frontier by the shortest and easiest way, lest the enemy might cut him off by a movement on Wilna, in which case his staying in Grodno would be of no service. "However, I leave all to your judgment, for it is impossible to give an order at the distance at which we are. While we write, your time is passing. What is best for safety and profit, that do with every caution. Do not forget the words of my comrade [Menshikóf], who on his departure urged you to look more to the safety of the troops than to anything else. Pay no regard to the heavy guns. If it is on account of them that retreat is difficult, burst them or throw them into the Nieman."

Ogilvy in reply said that he could not retreat because the rivers were frozen, and the Swedes would come up to him with their cavalry; that the artillery could not be withdrawn, as there were no horses, and even the dragoons had no horseshoes; that in general the army was badly disorganized, and that he did not wish to sacrifice the Saxon army, which was already on its march. He had therefore resolved to stay there till summer, hoping either that the Swedes would go away, or that he would be joined by the Saxons. He added at the same time complaints against Menshikóf for having gone away and left him in those straits, as well as for advising the commandant of Tikóczin to blow up that fort and retreat, and repeated all the objections to the retreat which he had previously urged in the council of war. Then, as before and after, he complained of the impossibility of working harmoniously with the Russian officers, who refused to obey him, but reported rather to Menshikóf than to him. He was particularly severe against Rönne and Prince Repnin. He even ventured a suspicion that the suite of Menshikóf was in relations with the enemy. In subsequent dispatches he made many demands for the exact payment of his salary, for reënforcements, especially recommending that 20,000 well-armed noblemen should be organized into troops on the Russian frontier, and asked for a train of several hundred *camels*.

Repnin had written that things were not so bad as they seemed, and that in all probability they could hold out successfully, but that they were very suspicious of their commander-in-chief, for he had been in constant correspondence with King Augustus, and the Russians did not know what it was all about. There were rumors that he intended to retreat toward Warsaw. To Repnin Peter replied that no movement toward Warsaw must be thought of; that it would be better, in any case, to retreat toward the Russian frontier, after throwing the heavy guns into the river; but that if they had provisions, and were certain that the Saxon army was approaching, they might hold out till spring. At the same time, he begged King Augustus to come with his troops to the assistance of Grodno, and to bring them a convoy of provisions. He replied also to the report of Ogilvy, saying that the dispersion of the cavalry was his own fault, as he had himself arranged the stations for their winter quarters. "As to camels, you yourself know how many there are of them in Moscow. We have sent down the Volga for them, but they cannot come quickly, and such a number as you want cannot be found. As to placing 20,000 good and well-armed noblemen on the frontier, it is very astonishing that you propose such an unheard-of affair. Where is that number of noblemen to be taken from? In very truth, it is easy

to write and to order, and to do nothing yourself." Promising to do what he could, he ordered Mazeppa and his Cossacks to advance through Volynia toward Minsk, with provisions and forage, and made arrangements for their reception at Breszcz. At the same time, Peter took up the idea of protecting the western frontier of Russia by means of walls and ditches, and cutting down trees through the forest region from Pskof to Briansk, and further into the steppe. Cyril Naryshkin, the commandant of Dorpat, and the engineer Kortchmin, now a captain of the guard, were intrusted with this, and after two months of hard work had gone far toward the fulfillment of his orders.

At Grodno there were two difficulties. Forage and provisions were rapidly getting out, and the letters and orders of Peter could not be read. They were all written in cipher, and Rönne had lost the key. Meanwhile the Saxon army, so impatiently expected at Grodno, had been defeated at Fraustadt, on the Silesian frontier, by Rehnskjöld. Prussian Jews first brought the intelligence, but no one wished to believe it.

Peter was angry and disappointed, and that made him unjust. He wrote to Golovín:

"HERR ADMIRAL: Before this I wrote to you of an unwished-for catastrophe, which I had heard from outsiders. Now, we have full information that all the Saxon army has been beaten by Rehnskjöld, and has lost all its artillery. The treachery and cowardice of the Saxons are now plain,—30,000 men beaten by 8000! The cavalry, without firing a single round, ran away; more than half of the infantry, throwing down their muskets, disappeared, leaving our men alone, not half of whom, I think, are now alive. God knows what grief this news has brought us, and by giving money we have only bought ourselves misfortune. In this occurrence the treachery of Patkul will be plain, for I really think that he was taken prisoner only that no one might know about his treacherous conduct. The above-mentioned calamity, as well as the betrayal of the King by his own subjects, you can tell everybody (but put it much more mildly), for it cannot remain a secret. Still, tell it in detail to very few."

As soon as he had full details of the defeat at Fraustadt, Peter wrote to Ogilvy, ordering him to begin his retreat at the earliest possible date, although he thought it would be better to take advantage of the breaking up of the ice on the river, which would hinder the Swedes from crossing and following him. He recommended him to take with him nothing except the three-pounders, and to throw all the rest of the artillery into the Nieman, and to conceal or destroy all munitions that he could not carry with him. He advised him to retreat toward Slutsk, which was a strong place, and where he would be met by the Cossacks, and could make good his march toward Kíef, for it was impossible to go either toward Wilna or Kovno. He bade him at the same time keep his preparations secret. Two days afterward, he repeated the same instructions. Ogilvy, in reply, said that he would obey the orders and retreat toward Breszcz. At the same time, he thought it would be better to remain there the whole summer. "Don't think of remaining in Grodno till summer," answered Peter, "for the enemy, after resting and getting growing forage, will not easily leave you, while, on the contrary, their numbers will be increased by the corps of Rehnskjöld." After thus giving Ogilvy orders too strict to be disobeyed, and sending Prince Basil Dolgorúky to King Augustus, at Cracow, to explain the reasons of the retreat, Peter left Minsk, where he had been for a month, for St. Petersburg, giving the command of the troops collected there to Menshikóf.

At Toropétz he celebrated the name's-day of his son, the Tsarevitch Alexis, and passed Easter at Narva. "To-day," he wrote to Menshikóf, "after morning service, we went first to your house and broke our fast, and at the end of the day finished our merriment there. In verity, praise be to God, we were merry, but our merriment without you, or away from you, is like food without salt." This letter was signed first by Menshikóf's sister, and then by the "Proto-Deacon" Peter, and all his companions, including even the servants.

On that very day, the 4th of April, the Russian troops began their retreat from Grodno. Three days afterward they were joined by Menshikóf. After taking up the garrison at Tikóczin, they reached Breszcz on the 15th of April, Kovel on the 24th, and Kíef on the 19th of May. Between Grodno and Kíef the country was entirely covered by forests and morasses, formed by the river Prípet and its tributaries. It was difficult, if not impossible, for the army to take the route recommended by Peter, toward Slutsk, for Charles and his troops barred the way. The only available road was that by the way of Breszcz, but it was going around half the circumference of a circle. Charles, who was attentively watching the movements of the Russians, and ready to attack them the moment they left their fortified camp, had occupied Wilna on

PETER STRIKING THE PRIEST IN THE MONASTERY. [SEE PAGE 723.]

the one side, and had prepared a bridge at Orle, five miles above Zhelúdok, in order to attack them if they retreated into Volynia. His calculations were disturbed by the breaking up of the ice on the Nieman, which carried away his bridge, and for a week he could not move. At last his bridge was repaired, and he started in pursuit, but too late, for the Russians were already at Breszcz. Thinking to cut off their retreat, he advanced directly southward on the diameter of the circle, and the first day marched quickly over twenty-five miles. "It is impossible to describe," says the eye-witness, Adlerfeld, "how men and horses suffered in this march. The country was covered with marshes, the spring had thawed out the ground, the cavalry could scarcely move, the wagon-train got so deep in the mud that it was impossible to advance, the King's carriage remained in the mire, while, as to provisions, we fared so badly that every one was happy who, in that desolate country, could pull a piece of dry bread out of his pocket." As the Swedes advanced into the forest region called Polésie, it was still worse. At last Charles saw the impossibility of catching up with the Russian army, and staid for two whole months in this swampy region, in the district of Pinsk, destroying the towns and villages, which were inhabited either by the partisans of Augustus or by the Little Russian Cossacks. Finally, after devastating the whole country, he turned into Volynia, gave his troops three weeks' rest, and, leaving Lutsk in the middle of July, returned to Saxony.

To one of his reports about the retreat, Menshikóf added the postscript: "I do not doubt that you will be very desirous to come to us; therefore, when you start, I beg you order our ladies to go to Smolénsk. Our route lies toward Kíef, whence, if the enemy does not follow us, we will advance to Býkhof, so as to take up our quarters between Kíef and Smolénsk."

"*Mein Bruder*," replied Peter to Menshikóf, from St. Petersburg, on the 10th of May, "it was with indescribable joy that I received Starik with letters when I was at Kronslot on the vice-admiral's ship *Elephant*, and immediately, in thanks to God, we had a triple salute from the ships and the fort. God grant in joy to see you and the whole army again. And how glad, and then how noisy we were on account of it, Starik himself will tell. * * * For the good news that he brought us we gave him the rank of ensign, and I beg you to confirm it to him. To tell the truth, we were all glad to hear of these things, for, although we live in paradise, still we always had a pain in our hearts. Here, praise be to God, all is well, and there is nothing new of any sort. We will start from here next month. Don't doubt about my coming. If God send no obstacle, I shall certainly start at the end of this month. Earlier than that it is impossible, alas! not because I am amusing myself, but the doctors have ordered me to keep still and take medicine for two weeks, after bleeding me, which they began yesterday. Immediately after that I will come, for you yourself have seen in what state I was when we were separated from the army."

Peter, however, did not start before the middle of June, and arrived at Kíef about the middle of July, having been met at Smolénsk by Menshikóf. Here he staid a month and a half, still expecting a Swedish invasion of Russia. As some protection against that, he set about building a new fortress around the great Petchérskaya Lávra of Kíef, as Menshikóf had suggested. The fortifications of what was called Old Kíef, standing on the low range above the still more modern town on the very bank of the Dnieper, were then abandoned, and left to fall in ruins. The fortified monastery still crowns the summit of the hill, commanding a distant and lovely view over the winding river and the broad plains to the east of it.

The difficulties between Menshikóf and Ogilvy had been of late constantly increasing. Menshikóf had not forwarded to the Tsar Ogilvy's reports written during the retreat, on the pretext that there was nothing in them that Peter could not learn from his own letters, and on several occasions Menshikóf had interfered with Ogilvy's orders; and in Kíef, without the field-marshal's knowledge, had had a salute fired for the victory over the rebels of Astrakhan. As Menshikóf himself wrote: "This caused us a little *contra* with the field-marshal. Still, after that he came to church where we were, stood a long time silent, but treated us in a very friendly and politic way, and said nothing about it." Both from Kovel and Lutsk, Ogilvy had written asking, on account of ill-health, to be relieved from service, and allowed to leave Russia. In numerous letters he had complained of the meddling of Menshikóf, and had asked for strict instructions as to who was to be the commander-in-chief, as he did not wish to be saddled with the responsibility for the acts of others. "The general of the cavalry, without my knowledge, in the name of Your Majesty, ordered the whole army to go to Býkhof, and took on himself the air of commander-in-chief. He has about him a guard of infantry and cavalry with waving banners, and makes no account of me. Since then I have learned that, by his orders, Major Holland robbed a merchant from Breslau whom I had intrusted with taking to my sister-in-law various things which I had bought at Kíef, as though they had been wrongly obtained. Loving my honor more than my life, I beg and demand satisfaction. As long as I have been at war, nowhere and never have people treated me so badly as here." King Augustus interfered in favor of Ogilvy, and wrote to Menshikóf: "Notwithstanding all his bad acts, we must let him go kindly and with politeness, and even with presents, so that he should not speak ill of the Tsar and of Your Highness. For presents he is very greedy, and is ready to sell his soul for them." There was probably wrong and misunderstanding on both sides. Ogilvy, while appreciating certain qualities of the Russians, neither understood them nor had confidence in them. The Russian officers found it difficult to obey a foreigner whose orders they did not understand, and of whom, from the simple fact of his being a foreigner, they were suspicious. Menshikóf, feeling himself to be the personal representative of the Tsar, certainly interfered in many ways with Ogilvy's plans and orders, and his conduct was always either condoned or approved by his master. The simplest

THE COURT JESTER CROWNED KING OF SWEDEN. [SEE PAGE 725.]

way, therefore, of settling the difficulty was to accept Ogilvy's resignation, and in October his formal papers were given to him, and his salary was paid in full. He seemed contented, and went away to Saxony, where he entered the service of King Augustus with the rank of field-marshal, and died four years later at Danzig. He was solemnly interred at Warsaw.

It now being ascertained that the Swedish troops had marched toward Saxony, Peter left Kief and returned to St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER XXII.

AUGUSTUS AT LAST RESIGNS THE POLISH CROWN.—1706.

EVEN in 1702 the French had suggested to Charles the possibility of compelling the abdication of Augustus by an invasion of Saxony, and there had been hints that even Saxony should bé taken away from him. There were many Swedes who wished this with all their hearts, as they thought that thus an end would be sooner put to the war. When Charles was encamped so long at Rawicz, on the Silesian frontier, there was much talk on the subject, and many hoped that what they wished would now be done.

But as England, Holland, and Austria all protested against a step so fraught with danger to them, Charles resolved to banish all thoughts of it from his mind, and carefully avoid any further entanglement in the general policy of Europe. But he saw that although Stanislas was crowned, he was only kept in place by Swedish arms. Wherever the Swedish soldiers were, the country was for Stanislas; the moment they were withdrawn, the country was against Stanislas. While in Volynia, Piper, who had up to that time been against an invasion of Saxony, communicated to the King the news of the French defeat at Ramillies, which made him very anxious, for he saw that the successes gained by the allies had encouraged the partisans of Augustus, and he feared lest the war of dethronement in Poland might last many years yet. He therefore suggested to the King that after all he might be compelled to invade Saxony, for otherwise it would be impossible to bring Augustus to an abdication. Charles at once became thoughtful, turned it over in his mind, called a council of war, and after listening patiently to the arguments of both sides, said that he had decided on the invasion. Leaving General Marderfelt, with 6000 Swedes and about double the number

STANISLAS I., KING OF POLAND.

of Poles, to keep order in Poland, Charles, with his main army, having taken a month and a half to traverse the kingdom, crossed the Silesian frontier near Herrnstadt at the end of August, 1706.

It was necessary to pass through Austrian dominions in order to reach Saxony, but Charles asked no consent of the Emperor. Augustus had several times broken the Austrian neutrality in a similar way, and why should Charles hesitate? Nevertheless he kept his troops in good order, marched as rapidly as possible, and reached the Saxon frontier five days after he had crossed the Oder. After swimming over the Oder at the head of his cavalry, he had indeed been received by deputations of Silesian Protestants, who complained to him of the persecution they endured at the hands of their sovereign, and he had been unwise enough to promise them redress.

The Swedish invasion produced great alarm in Saxony. Every one knew the tradition of the "Kuhstall," and had heard of the Swedish plunderings and devastations during the Thirty Years' War. The alarm bells were still called the Swedish bells, and naughty children were awed with the "Swede-song." The royal family made haste to leave Dresden. The wife of Augustus, Queen Christina Eberhardina, fled to her father, the Margrave of Baireuth. Her son,

the future Augustus III., then ten years old, took refuge with his uncle, the King of Denmark. The King's mother, the widowed Electress Anna Sophia, the own cousin of Charles, went to Hamburg. The jewels and state papers were sent to the fortress of Königstein, where the Sobieski princes were also confined, and many families took refuge in Brandenburg and the neighboring German towns. We have seen that two years before this Augustus had already had enough of the war, and had serious thoughts of giving it up. The sudden invasion of Saxony, the news of which he received while in camp at Novogrudka, made him still more desirous of peace, and ready to do almost anything to secure it. Several of his predecessors had resigned the thorny Polish crown. Could he not follow their example? Poland had done almost nothing for him, and Saxony, his hereditary state, had made heavy sacrifices in his interest, not its own. It had given over 36,000 troops, over 800 cannon, and over 8,000,000 livres to keep him on the Polish throne. Weary of the struggle, and compassionate toward his own Saxons, from whom he could neither ask nor expect more, Augustus readily yielded to the suggestion of his mistress, the Countess Kozelska, and secretly sent the Cameral President, Baron von Imhoff, and the Referendary Pfingsten to the Swedish army with proposals of peace. The plenipotentiaries at first tried to persuade Piper to abate somewhat the demands of his master. They promised that Stanislas should be declared the heir of the Polish throne, and meanwhile receive a considerable appanage. They then proposed to give Lithuania to Stanislas, and leave Poland to Augustus; but Charles was inexorable. To the suggestion that he should receive some extension to the Swedish possessions around Bremen, he answered, "*Memini me esse Alexandrum non mercatorem*," and dictated the following conditions: That Augustus should forever give up the Polish crown, recognize Stanislas as King of Poland, and never think of reigning again even in case of Stanislas's death; that he should refuse all alliances with other powers in this matter, and especially with Russia; that the two Princes Sobieski should be set at liberty; that all Swedish born subjects who were in the Saxon army, especially Patkul, should be delivered up, while an amnesty should be given to all Saxon subjects in the Swedish service. The Saxon plenipotentiaries thought these conditions too hard, but were told that if they yielded to them they could probably obtain some moderation afterward by appealing to the generosity of King Charles. They therefore finally consented to sign them, with some variations, for it was agreed that Augustus should retain the title of "King," though not "King of Poland"; that he should never make an offensive alliance against Sweden or Poland; that he should give up the Polish regalia and state papers; and that the Emperor, England, and Holland should be invited to become guarantees for the fulfillment of these conditions, if possible, within six months. During that time the Swedish army would have its winter quarters in Saxony, at the expense of the Saxon Government. Nothing was stipulated in favor of Sweden, at which the Swedes were naturally indignant, saying: "We are always winning battles, but we get nothing by them." These conditions were signed by the Saxon plenipotentiaries at the Château of Altranstädt, on the 24th of October, 1706, and the next day Charles declared a truce of ten weeks. Pfingsten and Imhoff returned to Poland, and met King Augustus at Piotrkow, where he was then staying in company with Menshikóf and the Russian army.

Augustus had met Menshikóf at Lublin. He reviewed the Russian troops, seemed well pleased with them, and was very merry. Privately, to Menshikóf, he complained of his great want of money, and said that he was so poor that he had nothing to eat. Menshikóf, seeing his straits, gave him 10,000 ducats of his own. In reporting this to Peter, Menshikóf urged that something should be done for the King, as there could be no hope from Saxony, where Charles was collecting 170,000 ducats a month. Peter, who, though ignorant of what was occurring in Saxony, was by this time somewhat disgusted with his ally, replied: "You know very well that one always hears from the King, 'Give, give! Money, money!' and you also know how little money we have; however, if the King is always to be in this evil plight, I think it would be best to give him strong hopes of being satisfied on my arrival, and I shall try to come by the quickest route."

Augustus, the Dissembler and the Unsteady, was very anxious, so long as he was with the Russian army, to keep the secret of his agreement with the Swedes, and was in a great quandary, for Menshikóf was advancing to crush Marderfelt, and he could devise no pretext for leaving him. He

therefore begged Pfingsten, on his way back to Saxony, to see Marderfelt, to tell him that arrangements of peace had been concluded, and to urge him to retreat and refuse a fight, in order to avoid bloodshed. Pfingsten, fearing either detention or suspicion of his mission, did not take that route, and sent Marderfelt the letter of Augustus, which did not reach him in time. Augustus, in addition, found the pretext of an exchange of prisoners to send word to Marderfelt and tell him the state of affairs. The Swedish general refused to believe such a statement, coming from his enemy, and a subsequent message of Augustus to the same purpose was likewise treated with contempt. Both Swedes and Poles desired a fight.

A battle finally took place at Kalisz, on the 29th of October, and after a three-hours' conflict the Swedes were thoroughly beaten, losing about 3000 men. The remainder surrendered the next day. This was the first great battle in which the Russians had met the Swedes in the open field and were victorious. Menshikóf had had his revenge on Ogilvy.

Augustus could repair what had been done in only one way. On the ground that he had been personally present in the battle, he demanded the disposition of the Swedish prisoners, promising to exchange them within three months for the Russian officers imprisoned at Stockholm, or to return them to the Russians. Menshikóf yielded to the threat of a rupture with Russia, and once Augustus had the prisoners in his hands, he sent them to Pomerania on their parole. He himself went to Warsaw, where he assisted at the solemn Te Deum for the victory of Kalisz, issued a universal decree forbidding the Poles, under pain of fire and sword, to assist the Swedes, and at the same time wrote Charles a letter of excuses and regrets for the battle. A week after his arrival at Warsaw, Augustus declared to Prince Basil Dolgorúky, the Tsar's commissary, that he could not leave Saxony to be ruined, and that he saw no other means of saving it than by concluding a peace with the King of Sweden and giving up Poland, but that this would be only a subterfuge, and as soon as he had got rid of the Swedes he would raise an army and act as before, in common with the Tsar. By doing this he had no intention of giving up the Polish crown, or of abandoning his alliance with Russia. Dolgorúky urged him not to take this course, but rather to wait until the Tsar arrived, and see what he could devise. Augustus said this was impossible; the Saxon troops were in such straits that he could not wait for that; but that if he could think of another plan he would adopt it. At the same time, the Vice-Chancellor, in the King's name, asked Prince Dolgorúky for an obligation that the Tsar would pay 150,000 ducats in the course of six weeks, which Dolgorúky promised to arrange. The next day, the 30th of November, after ordering his court to go to Cracow, Augustus left Warsaw secretly in the early dawn for Saxony, where he had a personal interview with Charles, and confirmed the treaty of Alranstädt. At the pressing request of Charles, he even wrote to Stanislas, congratulating him on his accession.

GLIMPSES OF PARISIAN ART. III.

AMERICAN, SPANISH, AND FRENCH PAINTERS IN PARIS.

FASHION, in changing the art of a period or a school, changes as well the direction of the travel of those painters who go abroad in search of subjects. A few years since, it was thought necessary to make long voyages to distant lands to find subjects of sufficient interest to engage the artist's attention. Accordingly, the East became the sketching-grounds of Parisian artists; but recently they have found that the fresh landscape of Europe is as beautiful for a background to a lovely modern figure as the sandy desert is to a Hagar in the wilderness.

Jourdain has deserted the East, and obtained success and a medal at the *Salon* by painting a canal-boat upon the Seine; while Detaille, De Neuville, Mlle. Abbema, and Poisson, instead of going south in the winter, go north in summer, as far as London, with which they declare themselves charmed. They do not speak of the fogs and smoke in the usual terms, but with admiration of their picturesque

STUDIO OF DUEZ ON THE SEA-SHORE. (DRAWING BY JOURDAIN.)

qualities; for they have visited London as artists, in company with a group of Parisian friends, rather than as forced exiles—a manner in which so many of the French have made the acquaintance of "gloomy London."

Detaille brought back sketches of the quays and the Tower; De Neuville sketches for a battle-scene in South Africa. Not that he studied English landscape for his backgrounds, but that he could get the documents for his work much more easily there than in Paris, and at the same time study the English type of soldier,—as he was present when some of the regiments returned from Zululand. Poisson has run up the English flag on the yachts he is so fond of painting, and in a late *Salon* picture he introduced a young lady of decided English type.

"Where is the artists' quarter?" is the question often asked by the stranger in Paris, who generally suspects its location to be in or near what is generally known as the Latin quarter. The Government art-schools and a few private art-schools are located there, but the artists live and have studios in every part of the city. Along the quays their large windows can be seen, and on every side of the Luxembourg Gardens can be found single studios and studio buildings. In all the eastern boulevards they are numerous, while on the Boulevard Clichy and in Les Batignolles almost every house contains one studio or more, while many buildings are arranged especially for them. But within a few years the Parc Monceau has become the fashionable quarter. Cabanel's studio, with the entrance from Rue de Vigny, looks out directly upon the park; Paul Vallois's, in Avenue Velasquez, is entirely inclosed by the park. Meissonier has built a large house and studio, of fine architecture, on the corner of Boulevard Malsherbes and the Rue Legendre. Adjoining him on the Malsherbes is the home and studio of his pupil Detaille, while on the other side, in Rue Legendre, is the hotel of De Neuville, and Berne-Bellecour has a studio but a few steps further on. At the junction of Avenue de Villiers with Malsherbes are the hotels and studios of Leloir, Poisson, Dubufe, Munkacsy, Jourdain, Miss Dobson, and others. Bastien Lepage has recently removed to Rue Legendre. The large windows in the fronts of many new buildings and others in process of erection, show that the artistic quarter of this part of the city is rapidly increasing. It is yet

AUTUMN. (ALFRED STEVENS.)

very new, but Jourdain has put up already three studios, and is now in a charming one, built by the architect Escalier.

During the Empire, Baron Haussman planned an artist quarter in the vicinity of Passy and the Bois de Boulogne. Land was offered to artists and sculptors on very favorable terms by the city, with proffers of assistance in building. Several hotels with studios were constructed, among them that of Madame Claude Vignon, the sculptress and writer. This enterprise of artistic colonization was terminated by the war, after which a few artists built in the vicinity of the Park Monceau, and the power of comradeship has been more potent in forming an artistic quarter than was the beneficence of municipal authorities.

The private *salons* or receptions of the Parisian artists have their importance in the politics of art exhibitions and recompenses. For years the receptions at Dubufe's, held weekly during the winter months, were the center for many art movements, and so powerful did they become, and so potent the influence they exerted, that the circle received the name of "The Church." From "The Church" several "chapels" sprang up, which are still in a flourishing condition. The principal one is at Vibert's on Sunday evening, where all the young painters of "the fashion" can be found during the winter. The company arrives late, engages in conversation, music, and art-gossip sometimes, and often singers of renown are heard there, and Coquelin recites one of his amusing monologues. There are beer and cigarettes through the evening, and just as the company breaks up, which it does at a late hour, chocolate and tea are served—or, as it frequently happens, all sit down to a bountiful supper.

At present, the influence of English art upon Parisian is scarcely perceptible, except indirectly. The good English pictures which are produced here are purchased at home, and do not remain in France. Individual English painters have, however, in former years, exerted a remarkable influence on French art, and have even revolutionized it, and thus it is indirectly an important factor in the present fashion. The English landscape-painter, Bonnington, was not only the fashion of the day in Paris, but his sketches are highly valued even now, not as curiosities or historical treasures, but for the same qualities that the modern landscapists seek after.

Daubigny, lately deceased, was in the front rank of modern landscape artists in France. He was a follower of Bonnington, while Constable was the inspirer of Troyon, who founded a school which still exists. A few years ago, a picture by Constable, which had been shut up in some private gallery, was willed to the Louvre. All lovers of art, art-students, and artists went to see the picture, talked of it, and praised it as though it were the last production of some notable painter of the present fashion. The French critics, who do not, by the way, change their opin-

IN VENICE. (RICO.)

ions as easily as those who have a practical knowledge of art, still are apt to oppose all that is English; but Parisian painters were loud in their praises and sincere in their admiration of the collection of English paintings displayed at the International Exposition of 1878.

To the young artist from America Paris presents the most attractive aspects, not because she is the cosmopolitan city, but because her art is cosmopolitan. Americans may be found in every art-school in Paris, and in many private schools established by reputable masters, both for men and women. No city opens her treasures more freely, no artists take greater pride in the success and triumph of their pupils. Americans are well represented in the annual exhibitions, and a number are recognized as holding rank amongst the Parisians. Edward May and W. P. W. Dana are amongst the oldest residents, and Miss Gardner, F. H. Bridgeman, John S. Sargent, and several others have received honors at the *Salons*. Of the two hundred or more American artists in Paris, about twenty can make an exhibition above the average.

The only American Meissonier has ever had for a pupil is D. Ridgway Knight, who has passed his student days, although professional men always remain in a certain sense students, and has settled down near his master in the town of Poissy, a few miles from Paris, and here paints pictures of peasant life; for, although a pupil of Meissonier, he is not a copyist of his subjects, but treats of the rural life amongst the French peasants of to-day.

Mr. Knight has built, in the garden attached to his house at Poissy, a studio entirely of glass, like an ordinary hot-house, with the exception that more attention has been paid to joining the glass together. Here the artist can work in all weathers, except the hottest, and in winter, with snow upon the ground, is able to sit comfortably and finish pictures commenced in the summer, posing the model in a diffused light, similar to that in which the painting had been begun by a country road-side. There cannot be a more perfect illustration of how the fashion of art, or the art of making pictures, has changed during the last few years than by comparing this studio, which is a good sample of modern studios, with the old, darkly tinted and heavily curtained ones that still exist; here we have only a work-room with white shades upon the south side, that can be drawn if the sun should be too powerful, and a stove for warmth in cold weather.

Vereschagin, a Russian artist, has a house at Maison Lafitte, and has added an improvement to the glass studio by making it revolve with the sun, so that a model or drapery will always have the same horizontal direction of the sun's rays upon it, by

turning the house by a windlass beside which the painter's easel is placed.

Among the "*petits salons*," that of Stevens is, perhaps, the most rich and harmonious. It is upon the first floor, and entered by folding doors, which close upon you, and give you the impression that you are in a large Japanese cabinet. The walls are old dull gold, with decorations. In three corners of the room are exquisite pieces of furniture, of Japanese work, lacquered in black and gold; on the left of the fire-place a buffet in brown-and-black lacquer. The window-shades are white silk with rich designs, while the curtains are brocade silk in old gold. Numerous small cabinets occupy places upon the walls, and a shrine in the form of a crescent is the throne of a household deity. A Japanese picture made of rich raised stuff, in a black inlaid frame, hangs upon the wall.

The doors through which you enter having closed upon you, a magnificent picture appears occupying the entire inner surface. A background of black lacquer throws into strong lines the brilliant gold landscape and figures in relief which form the picture. You sit upon elegant divans, cushions, and puffs, and for the time imagine yourself transported to the gorgeous and fragrant furnishings of Japanese nobility; but glancing out of the window you see one of those large, beautifully kept gardens, with tall trees and shady walks, found occasionally in the heart of Paris, and you realize you are in France instead, but surrounded with those treasures which she so freely draws from all climes.

Egusquiza, a Spanish Parisian, is one of the group of painters who never exhibit at the *Salon*, and whose works are better known in London and New York than in Paris, except to the profession. His pictures possess the brilliant qualities of the modern Spanish school.

The decorations of Egusquiza's studio are, like his paintings, in the new movement of Parisian fashions. The walls, instead of being tinted with some sober or neutral color, are hung with old white brocade silk, the doors having light, delicate-tinted hangings. Two grand pianos—for the artist is a fine musician, and fond of having a friend come in to play duets—stand back to back in the corner. The floor is waxed, and the furniture richly carved.

Juan Antonio Gonzalez is a native of Spain, who, being brought up in the French school of art, shows hardly a trace of its influence. A pupil of the "École des Beaux Arts" and of Pils, he manifests through all the force of his early associations and of his Spanish blood. The old saying, that blood will tell, finds few more decided verifications

KNIGHT'S GLASS STUDIO. (FROM A PAINTING BY THE ARTIST.)

THE WALTZERS. (EGUSQUIZA.)

than in this man. The national love for bright colors, characteristic handling, and gorgeous costumes could hardly be more pronounced had the painter received his art education at home. He might be called an imitator of Fortuny in treatment, but in thought and expression he is a very important factor in the sum total of Parisian art.

M. Rico is another painter of the Spanish group of Parisians. His pictures of the squares and canals of Venice are not handled in the conventional manner, but more after the realistic school. A small panel of the "Bridge of Sighs" is made under a cool, silvery sunlight which illuminates the old mossy walls, darkened cornices, and deep carvings, like a gleam of pleasure touching a face which had long ceased to smile. A bit of color in a gondola underneath and in the shadow of the bridge warms the scene into life. These pictures, while in more sober tones than those of other Venetian painters, are full of color—not gaudily brilliant, but full of rich and mellow tones.

While in the Academy at Madrid, between his regular class-exercises he executed engravings on wood for an illustrated paper, gaining a little money, which he economized *sou* by *sou* until the fine season came, when the young artist mysteriously disap-

ON THE BEACH. (OLIVIÉ.)

peared until September, giving no news of himself even to his best friends.

A remarkable feature in the life of Rico, which, we think, helps to explain the talent of the artist, is his great love of truth and his indomitable will. Finding it impossible to develop under the Academy teaching the landscape gift which he possessed, "he armed himself with a chocolate-pot and chocolate and a well-filled box of colors, and commenced to climb the steeps of the sierras of Granada. Upon the first plateau he met some shepherds, installed there with their flocks. He quickly made acquaintance with them, and, night coming on, he slept beside them in the open air upon the mountain. At day-break the next morning he undid his package, and made for himself as best he could a cup of chocolate, and then went to work. The shepherds looked on, and, little by little, they enlisted themselves in the labors of the young vagabond."

We quote freely from a sketch of Rico: In this life in the open air which he lived, during several years, Rico became lithe and sinewy. In the fine, clear nights his companions explained to him the march of the constellations and the light of the stars,—for the Spanish shepherds, like those of Provence, are all astrologers. Without choice, without prejudice, without preconceived ideas, Rico copied all that came before his eyes—the profound valleys, the savage rocks, the wild goats, the flowers, the flocks of sheep, the clouds that passed, the eagles. Here he lived with his friends, the shepherds, until the return of the cold season, ascending with them plateau after plateau as summer advanced, and descending as cold weather approached.

Rico exceeds even the Spaniards in frugality. With a few cigarettes and his guitar, Master Rico might start this evening for a tour of the world. From thus sojourning in the mountains, the artist has contracted the habit of working only in the summer. The sun alone attracts him to produce, and in winter the painter in him sleeps like a marmot. When the spring-time awakens the woods he disappears into the country, where he gathers his spoils for a year.

Ribera is a Spanish Parisian who seldom

STUDY FROM LIFE, BY RICARDO DE MADRAZO.

exhibits publicly in Paris. He is yet a young man, but already occupies a prominent position in Parisian art. His studio is a curiosity shop, at the same time admirably adapted for work. Evidently the artist is at home only to his friends, preferring that the public should see his work after it is out of the manufacturer's hands. The place strikes you curiously as you enter. A bit of carved oak, an old Spanish coat-of-arms, a collection of costumes from all countries, equipments for traveling, great-coats, valises, fire-arms, swords, and foils. Out of this armory the artist is able to select at once the paraphernalia with which to dress his models, and need not go beyond the limits of his

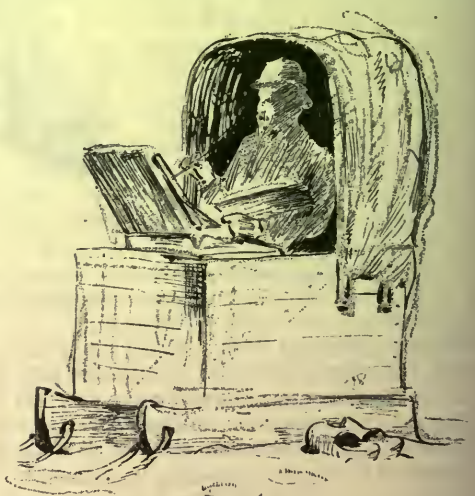
OAKS. (RENIÉ.)

own collection for the settings and accessories of his pictures.

Renié goes to Étretat for the bathing, where, during the season, he may be seen every morning, accompanied by his numerous small family, enjoying the exhilarating pleasure. His pictures have been generally of Fontainebleau Forest, its ferns and oaks; but of late he seems to have deserted them for smiling Venice.

M. Jules Bastien Lepage is a young man whose work has received the warmest encomiums of praise on the part of the public, critics, and his fellow artists. His course has been a triumphal march from the beginning. Competing for the prize of Rome, he was unsuccessful, the jury having awarded the prize to a man of less originality in treatment and in composition, but who confined himself to the time-honored traditions of the schools. When the prize was declared and the doors of the exposition room at the École des Beaux Arts were thrown open, Bastien Lepage's picture was seen to bear mark No. Two. The prize had been given over him. This was the signal for a revolution among the pupils of the school, who proclaimed their indignation at the action of the professors and other dignitaries by covering the frame of Lepage's picture with laurels and bouquets. These were carried away by the officers in charge, only to be renewed the next day, and during the entire exhibition there was an ovation around the unsuccessful (?) work.

A critic writes in "Le Siécle": "Since the *début* of M. Lepage at the *Salon* of 1874,



FRÈRE IN SKETCHING-SLEDGE. (DRAWING BY HENRY BACON.)

STUDY FROM LIFE. (GONZALEZ.)

with his picture 'Mon Grand-père,' he has seemed to be searching for something. He has now found what he sought. A path opens before him, large and fruitful, while he resolutely advances. With sentiments so individual, with simplicity which touches like that of the grand early painters, with a sure observation and a freeness of hand, nothing to him is impossible; and although not yet thirty years of age, he has already produced a masterpiece." In speaking of another picture, "Les Foins," he says: "What a picture! All the art of Jules Butin pales before it, and since Courbet no one has sounded a note so true or so brilliant."

Paul Mantz, in "Le Temps," speaks of this picture as follows: "An initiation seems almost indispensable to appreciate the full value of the merits of M. Bastien Lepage, the author of 'Les Foins,' which does not seem to fully satisfy certain idealists. What a strange and powerful manner of painting is his! They have mowed all the morning upon the sloping ground ascending toward the horizon. A peasant woman is seated in the meadow; her companion in work is stretched out behind her. He sleeps, and she dreams vaguely. Here and there on the green grass a few accessories, and in the distance, under a clear sky, the country and the village smiling under the gay light of a June sky. The landscape horizon, deluged with the brightness of a clear, fine day, is truly admirable. * * *"

M. Bastien Lepage has since produced a Jeanne d'Arc. The subject is handled in his intense and realistic manner. It is taken from the peasant life of to-day, which is "the lineal descendant" of that from which the warrior-maiden sprung, and while it disturbed, perhaps, the conventional idea of this celebrated woman, it was certainly the point of greatest attraction in the *Salon* of 1880. It has since been bought by an American and taken to New York.

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS.

"My mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With a red, red mouth, to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!"

Alack for all your mother's care!
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low,
The very thing you should not know!

A DANGEROUS VIRTUE.

I.

THERE was a great commotion down on the beach. Eight large boats, heavily freighted with boxes and chests, were lying at the point of the pier. The oarsmen were already in their places, lifting their dripping oars, and waiting for the last emigrants to embark. Out in the middle of the fjord the steam-boat was puffing and rumbling and shrieking, and now and then sending clouds and rings of steam up against the spotless blue sky. The mountains, black and solid at the base, rose through a hundred wondrous gradations of color and lightness to a height where their granite outlines seemed to dissolve into the pale-green, sun-steeped ether. Precipitate brooklets plunged down their sides, and traced their white paths of foam against the dark stone; but they seemed so infinitely remote, and their voices were lost in the vast calm which rested upon earth and sky. God's hand was invisibly outstretched in benediction over the pure and perfect day. The fjord, reflecting in its placid mirror the cool depths of the heavens, shut in on all sides by the gigantic mountain peaks, shivered now and then into trembling undulations whenever a sea-bird grazed its surface, and broke in pleasant, rhythmic ripples over the white sand.

At last all the boats were filled with emigrants. Only one belated straggler was still standing on the steps leading down to the water, gazing with tear-filled eyes into the face of a young woman, whose hands were tightly clasped in his own. He was a tall, blonde man of athletic build, with a frank, sun-burned face, and a pair of deep-set, serious blue eyes. There was an expression of determination, perhaps of obstinacy, in his roughly hewn features, and yet there was something sweet and tender lurking somewhere under the rugged surface, softening the harsh effect of nature's hasty workmanship.

The young woman, too, was tall and fair, and of fine proportions; her face was round and dimpled, and had that kind of rudimentary beauty which is so frequent among the Norse peasantry. She had a baby of about three months old strapped over her back, and gazed every now and then over her shoulder, whenever the pudgy little hands in their aimless gesticulations touched her ears or cheeks.

"You will be sure to come for me next year, Anders," she said, bursting into a fresh fit of weeping. "It will be so hard for me to be left here all alone, and you wandering through the world without me. You know you never were a good hand at taking care of yourself, Anders. And your clothes will need mending, too. Oh, dear me, what will you do, Anders, without me?"

"It will be hard for me to get along without you, Gunhild," he answered, sadly. "But what should I do with you and our baby, as long as I have no house and home? The first year in America is uncommonly hard, they tell me, and I would rather spare you, Gunhild, and take you into a warm, snug home, where you and the baby will find peace and comfort. In the meanwhile, Thorkel has promised to take care of you for a year, and if I do not come myself for you, there will be many friends going who will protect you from harm during the voyage."

"And your fifteen hundred dollars, Anders—don't you tell anybody that you have got it on your person. They might kill you, and then I should never see you again, and the baby would have no father any more. And don't you forget that I put your clean linen on the top in your chest, and your Sunday clothes in the right corner, directly under the hymn-book and the fine shirts."

"No, no, I shall forget nothing. And now, God bless you, wife. Let me kiss the baby. Take good care of him, and be sure you teach him to say 'father'."

The blonde emigrant here stooped and rubbed his cheek against that of the diminutive mummy which was fighting in the air and cooing contentedly on its mother's back. "The little rascal!" said the father, with a faint smile. "He doesn't know that his father is to leave him for so long a time. Give me your hand, baby dear," he continued, addressing himself to the infant, "and kiss me good-bye. And take good care of your mother while I am gone."

He turned resolutely about and descended the stairs; but, on the last step, he lingered, turned his head once more, and leaped up on the pier. They made a fine group, those two, standing clasped in each other's embrace, with the sunlit air about

them, the glittering fjord beneath them, and the white sea-gulls circling above them.

The steamer gave three long shrieks, the oarsmen shouted, and the sea-birds, as if to increase the general commotion, screamed wildly as they rose from the water and drifted in snowy masses through the clear air. The belated emigrant stumbled down the steps and flung himself into the stern of the last boat.

II.

Anders Gudmundson Rustad was the youngest son of a well-to-do peasant in Hardanger, on the western coast of Norway. His father, who, during his life-time, had been a magnate in the parish, had left a large farm to be divided among his three sons, and the sons had scrupulously carried out his last instructions regarding the property, and had striven bravely to maintain themselves and their families on their divided patrimony; but it was a hard struggle, and experience taught them daily that without any capital to invest in houses and improvements, their lives would be a continual hand-to-hand battle with poverty. What was worse, they could no longer hope to assert the traditional influence of their family in municipal affairs, and they foresaw the time when their name would no longer be as weighty and as honored as it had been in ages past. The three brothers therefore held a family council in order to determine what measures should be taken to uphold the honor and authority of their ancient name. They were all three rigidly honest, upright, and law-abiding men, and one was as well qualified as another to wield the influence which had belonged to each generation of their race as by ancient right. They were, moreover, men of a strongly moral bias—grave, thoughtful, and tenacious of their purpose when once they had shaped their course of action. When the day for the family council arrived, each had, therefore, pondered out his own solution of the all-important problem, which he clung to with unwavering energy; and it was only after a long and hard-fought competition in generosity that Anders's plan prevailed, and his eldest brother, Thorkel, as the legitimate representative of the family, determined to accept his self-sacrifice in the name of his race. It was only just and fair, Anders argued, that when a younger brother, by his mere existence, interfered with the best interests of the family, he should seek for himself a new sphere of activity and remove to fresh fields of labor. By a continual subdivision of the land between the descendants of each new generation, the mightiest race would gradually degenerate into mere tenants and day-laborers, and the influence built up by prudent and laborious ancestors would be squandered and uselessly dissipated by short-sighted and improvident descendants. In order not to cripple his eldest brother in his efforts to assert his influence and independence, Anders volunteered to accept a mere nominal sum—one thousand dollars—as a compensation for his share in the landed inheritance, and, with this, and the five hundred more which belonged to his wife, he hoped to found a new home in America, and to establish for himself an honored and influential name in the great western hemisphere. This was no hasty conclusion which he uttered on the spur of the moment. For two years past he had studied the English language, the pronunciation of which he had learned from the English lord whose guide he had been on his hunting and fishing expeditions for several summers.

The second son, Björn, not wishing to be outdone in generosity by his younger brother, accepted a similar compromise, and, having a turn for trade, resolved to settle in one of the cities on the sea-coast as a lumber-dealer. It was agreed, however, that Anders's wife and child should remain at the old homestead until he should have succeeded in making the proper arrangements for their reception in his new home beyond the sea.

It was the middle of April, 186–, when Anders landed at Castle Garden. His fifteen hundred dollars he had sewed up securely in a leathern belt, which he wore about his waist, next to the skin; nevertheless, the purser on the steam-boat divined that he carried a large sum of money on his person, and, beckoning him aside, warned him, in a friendly whisper, against the dangers to which an immigrant exposed himself by being his own banker. He begged him to hasten to deposit his money in a safe bank, where he could draw it at will, and where, moreover, he would get interest on that part of it which he might not immediately use. The Norseman, who had not let the least hint fall concerning his wealth, was not a little alarmed at the purser's power of divination, and, although saying nothing, resolved on the spot

to follow his advice. He dared consult no one, having a natural distrust of foreigners, and believing, as most Norsemen do, that the principal occupation of Americans consists in outwitting the more innocent and unsophisticated nations of the earth. Having intrusted his luggage to the agent of the steam-ship company, he launched forth boldly, with the intention of taking a promenade through the city, and obtaining a preliminary survey of it before selecting a temporary place of lodgings; but hardly had he emerged from the gate of Castle Garden before he was hailed by a dozen frantic men, some of whom recommended obscure hotels, with much feverish eloquence, while others greeted him as an old, long-lost friend, and insisted upon overwhelming him with affectionate attentions. To our Norseman, who had always looked upon himself and been looked upon by others as a man of shrewdness and authority, it was very humiliating to be selected as an easy prey by these importunate rogues. He had always felt himself firm and free, with his foot planted on his native rock, and it gave him, in this moment, an unpleasant shock to be placed at a disadvantage by creatures of an inferior species. To them, he reflected hurriedly, his ancient name was but an unmeaning, barbaric sound, and it was folly to attempt to assert an authority which no one recognized; he therefore extricated himself as best he could from the crowd, being conscious of a vague uneasiness and annoyance, and dreading to use his superior strength lest he might offend against the unknown laws of this enigmatical country. The noise about him grew more and more deafening. To his ears, accustomed only to the murmur of the sea and the scream of the eagle in the vast solitudes, this incessant tramp of feet, the harsh rattle of wheels upon stone pavements, and the shouts of men in strange tongues were so utterly bewildering that he had frequently to pause to collect his senses, and his reason seemed to be wandering beyond his control. His firm confidence in himself as a normal and well-regulated human being began, for the first time in his life, to desert him. His Norse costume, which he had worn since the days of his childhood, and the propriety of which he had never thought of questioning, now suddenly appeared queer and outlandish; and the half-curious, half-contemptuous glances which he received from the men and women who hurried past him, made him alternately burn and shiver, until he only longed to hide himself in some dark and quiet place where no human eye could reach him. He trembled at the thought that perhaps these strange people, with their keen, unsympathetic eyes, had, like the purser on the ship, discovered that he carried a large sum of money in his belt, and were only watching their opportunity to take it away from him. The weight of the gold eagles seemed to be dragging him down; his knees shook under him, and his blood throbbed in his ears and temples until he feared to take another step, lest he should fall to the ground and be trampled down by the unfeeling multitude that were pressing about him on all sides. At this moment, just as his strength was on the point of failing him, his eyes fell, as if by chance, upon a huge stone building, upon the front of which was written, in large, gilt letters, "Immigrants' Savings Bank and Trust Company." The word "immigrant" first caught his glance, and by means of the pocket-dictionary which he carried with him he easily made out the meaning of the rest. This was evidently a hint of Providence. An Immigrant's Savings Bank and Trust Company! The latter half of the title, especially, appealed to him; it had such an assuring sound—a Trust Company! The very name inspired confidence. It was exactly the kind of institution which he wanted.

The weary and bewildered Norseman straightened himself up; he took off his cap and ran his hand through his blonde hair. The cool air blew against his throbbing forehead, and he drew a full, long breath, and reflected that, after all, the God of the Norseman could see him even in this remote and tumultuous world, and would not desert him. So he whispered a snatch of an old hymn, and hastened across the street toward the huge granite edifice, which he stopped once more to admire. Surely here was something solid and tangible; no flimsy ornaments, no whimsical striving for originality in design; everywhere square blocks of stone, with an air of stability and grave decorum about them which left no room for doubt as to the civic weight and responsibility of the men who had erected them. And, as if to dispel the last shadow of a misgiving that might still be lingering in the depositor's mind, they had had their names engraved in neat gilt letters upon the granite bases of the pillars which supported the lofty, round-arched portico of the entrance to the bank. The simple

Norseman took his cap clean off, and held it respectfully in his hand, while he contemplated the ponderous respectability of these euphonious syllables. "Hon. Randolph Melville, sr., President"! Who would deny that there was something fine and alluring in the very sound of that name? Mr. Randolph Melville was Honorable—that was a matter of course to the immigrant's mind; for he knew not the cheapness of that frequently so ironical title in the United States, nor did he know the processes by which it is acquired. It seemed more significant to him that Mr. Randolph Melville was the senior of that name, and he immediately pictured to himself the honorable bank president as a white-haired patriarch, surrounded by an admiring and affectionate family, who looked to him for counsel and guidance. With this pleasing picture hovering before his mind, he resolutely entered the bank and placed his cap upon the snow-white marble counter. Behind the little windows half a dozen clerks, with rigidly neutral countenances, were scribbling away busily, and hardly deigned to notice the rustic, who, with the air of a humble petitioner, was wandering from one window to another, and endeavoring to attract their distinguished attention. Finally, a very elegantly attired little man, with an exquisite black mustache, inclined his head slightly toward an opening which bore the inscription, "Receiving Teller," and without responding to the Norseman's respectful greeting, asked him, in a gruff voice, what he wanted.

"I have fifteen hundred dollars," faltered Anders, in indifferent English, "and I should like to deposit it here for some months, until I shall need it."

The teller, instead of answering, bent once more over his books, as if he had heard nothing.

"I have fifteen hundred dollars ——" began the immigrant once more; but the teller scribbled away for dear life, and only stopped occasionally to wipe his forehead with a white handkerchief.

At this moment a tall, majestic-looking man, with iron-gray hair and a handsome, clean-shaven face, entered from an inner room and approached the counter.

"What does this man want?" he said, confronting the clerk with a gaze of withering severity.

"He wants to make a deposit, sir," answered the clerk.

"What is your name, my good man?" asked the majestic man, in a tone of benign condescension.

"Anders Gudmundson Rustad," replied the Norseman, cheerfully. He felt sure that this was the Hon. Randolph Melville, sr., and he reflected with satisfaction that his actual appearance differed but slightly from the imaginary portrait of him which he had constructed at the sight of his name.

"And what is the amount you wish to deposit?" inquired Mr. Melville, seizing a small pasteboard book from a pile which was neatly stacked under the counter.

"Fifteen hundred dollars. It is all I possess in this world—my own inheritance and that of my wife."

"Yes, yes, I understand," said the banker, impatiently. "Hand it here, please."

The immigrant unbuttoned his red waistcoat, unbuckled the heavy leathern belt, and cut the seam open at one end with his knife. He then counted out the large, shining gold pieces upon the counter, whereupon Hon. Randolph Melville pushed them with an indifferent, business-like air into an open drawer, and handed the depositor the little book through the window.

"We pay five per cent.," he said, "and you can draw at pleasure."

"But," stammered the Norseman, who was gazing with a bewildered expression into his book, "I have only given you fifteen hundred, and here you have put down twenty-one hundred."

"Yes, gold is at a premium of forty per cent."

And Mr. Melville, with the same severe and majestic air, turned his back on his rustic interlocutor, and reëntered his private office. There were a dozen questions which Anders would have liked to ask regarding the best manner of drawing his money, etc., but he feared to trouble further the great man or his unresponsive clerks, and therefore betook himself away with a helpless mien and slow, reluctant steps. This world was a very puzzling affair after all, he reflected, and as for asserting the influence of the Rustad family and its Norse traditions in this chaotic whirlpool of conflicting interests, why, that was a hopeless undertaking.

III.

ANDERS RUSTAD, fearing to trust himself to the guidance of the hotel runners, returned that night to Castle Garden, where he slept on the floor of one of the galleries, with his

jacket rolled up under his head for a pillow. Round about him, men and women in all sorts of curious costumes lay stretched out in sleep on boxes and trunks, and their heavy, regular breathing rose in a doleful chorus under the wide rotunda, and attuned his mind to melancholy reflection. He was half inclined to repent of the generous resolve by which he had voluntarily exiled himself from the ancient home of his race, and plunged rashly into a complex foreign world which he was ill qualified to cope with. And yet, he argued to himself, it was but an act of justice, and not of generosity; if his brother had been in his place, would he not have done likewise? Surely he would have acted in the same spirit. Then the thought came to him of his beautiful fair-haired wife, who was longing to share his fate in this new land, and of his little boy, who would grow up, perhaps, to be a powerful man, and would conquer wealth and influence here where there was yet elbow-room for every free and energetic spirit. He built in imagination, first, a snug little cabin, then a stately, spacious mansion upon the western prairie, and he saw his wife entering it for the first time, her fair face beaming with gratitude and pleased surprise. Happy visions floated before his closed eyes, and pursued him into that delightful state of semi-consciousness which precedes the dreamless slumber.

The next morning, Anders resolved to buy his railroad ticket and to start on his westward journey. He felt hopeful and strong, and was half ashamed of the weakness which he had shown the day before. The noise was now positively exhilarating; he had a sensation of being part of it, and it buoyed him up with joyous excitement. The pulse of the world was beating vigorously, and its strong life-currents were beginning to circulate through his own being. The tall, blank-looking edifices from which men kept running out and in, like bees at the mouth of a hive, looked far less forbidding than the day before; their unindividualized severity had, at all events, acquired the dignity of a useful purpose. The sunlight was pouring in a mild, steady stream into the broad thoroughfare; the chimes of Trinity were ringing merrily through the clear air; and the men who were every moment alighting from the crowded omnibuses, with the morning papers in their hands, had an air of self-confidence and success which was almost inspiring. All that a sensible and industrious Norseman required, in order to conquer a place for himself in this bright and busy land, was a little spiritual acclimatization, and that the years would imperceptibly supply without much conscious effort. I am not sure that Anders's meditations on this subject were clearly formulated in the above phrases, but he had a cheerful sense that his foreignness was gradually wearing away, and that within a short time he would be able to engage in the struggle for existence on equal terms with his fellow-competitors.

While pursuing these pleasant fancies, Anders had reached the corner of the street where the bank reared its stately façade against the blue sky. A dense crowd of excited people, mostly laborers in fustian and shabbily attired women, were gathered about its closed doors, and four policemen were striving in vain to clear the sidewalk and to open a passage for the constantly growing throng of pedestrians. Half a dozen horses, harnessed to enormous drays, were plunging and rearing in the middle of the street, and the drivers were swearing and cracking their whips, while freshly arriving vehicles, with difficulty detained by the policemen, every moment increased the tumult and confusion. Our Norseman, to whom this was a novel, and, on the whole, an entertaining spectacle, rushed forward to assist in disengaging the interlocked wheels, and by two vigorous pulls succeeded in setting one of the drays at liberty. The driver, without stopping to thank him, whipped up his horses and drove off at a rapid trot; the other teams followed, and within a minute the traffic of the street had resumed its usual noisy regularity. Anders, who had hardly had time to wonder at the presence of the crowd, and still less at its fierce excitement, supposing both to be normal phenomena of American life, now respectfully approached a policeman and asked him, in his broken English, if any calamity had happened, and why the people appeared so agitated.

"The bank is busted," replied the officer, laconically.

"Busted?" asked the Norseman, with a vague sense of alarm; for the word "busted" did not exist in his vocabulary.

"Yes; gone up the spout," explained the officer, with a gruff laugh. "Gone where the woodbine twineth."

The immigrant was utterly mystified; by a violent effort he repelled the one rational explanation of the scene, and, clinging to a futile hope, hauled out his friend, the dic-

tionary. But neither the definition of "spout" nor of "woodbine" suggested the remotest clew to the enigma. Looking up, he saw a lean, middle-aged woman shaking her clenched fist in helpless rage against the broad stone façade of the building, which in its granite security seemed to smile defiance down upon her. Angry men were rushing up the front steps and hammering with their heels and elbows against the solid oak doors, while others were threatening the policemen, who were making a faint show of restraining them from further violence. Anders stood and gazed and gazed in numb, shivering silence. He was dimly aware that a great calamity had happened, and that it had happened to him; but the shock had paralyzed his thoughts, and his mind seemed a cold vacuum. He felt a dull throbbing in his head and a strange numbness in his limbs. He heard the screams and curses around him as one hears voices in a dream; the sunlight poured down upon him, but it was no longer the same sunlight he had rejoiced in but a few moments ago; it was rather like something white and heavy—a bright and dense veil, which fell with a positive weight upon his eyes. The crowd now filled the whole street; two or three stones were flung against the windows of the bank; then some one climbed up on the front steps and gesticulated wildly, while appearing to speak, though no one appeared to hear what he said. Suddenly, in the midst of all this tumult, Anders felt himself hurried away by an impulse which he was powerless to resist. He heard a rhythmic tramp of feet, the report of one or two pistols, and saw the multitude scattering in precipitate haste through the neighboring streets.

When he had regained control of his senses, he found himself sitting on a bench in the square in front of the City Hall. A brooding calm had come over him, and he saw with painful vividness the consequences of the calamity which had overtaken him. Where were now the home on the prairie, his son's future, and his wife's joyous surprise? A sense of injury, mingled as yet with sorrow for those that were dear to him, kept burrowing more and more deeply into his soul; and as he recalled the scenes of yesterday—the majestic indifference of the thief and his own humility—keener pangs awoke within him, and he sprang up and shook his clenched fists against the heavens. If there was a righteous God sitting there above, how, then, could such a monstrous wrong be possible? And, if he was deaf to the cries of the oppressed, was it not then the duty of the wronged man to take the judgment into his own hands, and to help himself to justice? The justice of this world was for the great, not for the small. How could he now, without money or influence, without friends or connections, obtain the means to prosecute before a court of law the robber who had stolen his happiness, his future, and his very faith in God away from him? He remembered well that the venerable preacher at home promised the righting of all wrongs in the hereafter, and that arrangement had always, up to the present moment, seemed in a general way quite satisfactory. He had never seen any reason why the injured man should not be content to bide his time, and then, in the blessed security of Abraham's bosom, rejoice in the torments of Dives in the bottomless pit. But now, in that sudden clearance of vision which often follows in the wake of a great disaster, when the mightily aroused passion flings its fierce light into every corner of the soul, he saw how vague and also how unworthy of a just man was the hope of such a retribution. With every passing instant his horizon seemed to widen; the world re-adjusted itself in his mind according to new and hitherto unsuspected laws, and he saw and felt things which he had never seen and felt before. A burning unrest possessed him, and he hungered for action of some mighty sort. The mere personal wrong had suddenly assumed relations to the world at large, with its hoary abuses, and he yearned to seize hold of its hidden levers and cog-wheels, and to set the universe right.

While these defiant thoughts were rushing through his brain, Anders was moving rapidly across the square, talking aloud to himself, and stopping every now and then to shake his fist at some invisible antagonist. Though at first bewildered by the newness and the noisy commotion of the great city, he was at heart no milksop, and now that the slumbering strength of his Norse nature had been aroused, the tempest within him was not easily stilled. He saw all that went on around him, but only in a remote and misty way, and he felt a sort of fierce satisfaction amid all his misery that now at last he saw things as they actually were. He pitied his old simple self, and thought of his old contented life with affectionate contempt.

The sun rose higher in the heavens, the

day advanced; and still he kept marching up one street and down another, feeling no weariness, but only a feverish need of moving. It was a little after noon that he paused by accident before a sooty-looking building, over the door of which the coat-of-arms of the United Scandinavian kingdoms was displayed. He read the name of the Norwegian consul on a sign attached to one of the steps of the stairs, and yielding to a momentary impulse he entered the office. It might be well not to leave any stone unturned in his efforts to obtain justice. The consul was a tall, well-built man, of stately presence, and with a kindly and refined face. He rose from his seat and received the immigrant with courtesy, as if he had been a high functionary of state. There was something in the peasant's bearing and manner which instantly commanded respect.

"Take a seat," said the consul, inviting Anders to step within the railing which divided the inner sanctuary of the office from the part accessible to the public. "I see by your face that you have something important to say to me."

"So I have, Mr. Consul," said Anders, "though I hardly expect you can do much for me."

And he told simply and straightforwardly what had befallen him, since he landed, up to the present moment.

"Hm, hm; that is a bad story," said the consul; "but whatever I can do for you shall certainly be done. It is unfortunately not an international affair in which your Government can interfere."

"And what would you advise me to do, Mr. Consul?" asked the immigrant, laying both his hands weightily on his knees.

"I would advise you to write to the corporation ——"

"The corporation—what is that?"

"A corporation," responded the consul, with a hesitating smile,—"well, a corporation is a sort of composite creature, 'which has no body to be whipped, and no soul to be damned.'"

"Then I am afraid there would be no use in my writing to it."

"Well, then, I would write to the Hon. Randolph Melville, sr., personally, and state my grievance plainly. He is a charitable person, and would, perhaps, be induced to make an exception in your favor."

Anders jumped up as if something had stung him.

"Grievance! Charity!" he cried, indignantly. "I do not ask charity, Mr. Consul—I demand justice! Mr. Randolph Melville stole my money, knowing that it was all I possessed in this world, and knowing, too, that he would fail on the following day. Now, if there is justice to be had in this land, I want to have him punished."

"Aha! That is what you want!" exclaimed the consul. "Well, then, I am afraid I cannot help you. You must remember that Mr. Melville is not the bank; he is only its president, and he does not act without the knowledge and consent of the directors, who, naturally, are no more and no less guilty than he is himself. Perhaps you would like to see the whole company in jail in suits of striped garments?"

"I would; and it is no more than just that, if they are all guilty, they should all be punished."

"My dear fellow, I fear your sense of justice will be the ruin of you."

"I am willing to be ruined in so good a cause—that is, if I accomplish my end by my ruin."

"Heavenly powers!" cried the official. "What a fierce and unchristian temperament! If you had lived as long in this country, or, in fact, in this world, as I have, you would have learned that insisting so obstinately upon one's right is the surest road to destruction, temporal and eternal. Have we not all daily to accept compromises where, for some reason or other, it is impossible to obtain absolute justice? In fact, isn't our whole political life and our whole civilized society made up of compromises between right and wrong? Prudence dictates it; religion recommends and sanctions it. You know the parable of the unjust steward, and Christ's counsel to his disciples to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness. Now, in your case, your duty is very simple. Probably within a few weeks a percentage of ten or fifteen cents on the dollar will be declared, and you will get your share. Put that in your pocket and start West, and do as well as you can with it."

Anders stood with his hand on the railing, listening in rebellious silence to what the consul said. To him such a compromise with evil was mean and cowardly, and utterly repugnant. No; he wanted justice, and the last drop of his blood he would stake in his efforts to obtain it.

"One thing more, Mr. Consul," he said, looking up into the latter's kindly face with

his large, serious eyes. "You know Mr. Randolph Melville?"

"I know him very well. I have known him for years."

"Where does he live?"

"Fifth Avenue. No. —."

"Thank you. And will he give up his fine house and have his furniture sold?"

"Good gracious, no! I am pretty sure he will not do that. The house, moreover, belongs to his wife."

"Then he married a rich wife?"

"No, not that exactly. She was quite poor when he married her, but she is very rich now."

"She has inherited money since she was married?"

"No; as far as I know, she has inherited nothing."

"How, then, has she gained her wealth?"

The consul shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"You should not inquire too curiously into family mysteries," he said, with a sardonic smile. "It isn't right nor delicate."

There was a long pause, during which the consul sat tapping the corner of his desk meditatively with his gold pencil.

"If I accept nothing less than a hundred cents on the dollar," said Anders, at last, "what will happen then?"

"You will get nothing."

"Yes, something I shall get."

"And what is that?"

"Justice."

"That is a poor exchange for two hundred dollars."

The door opened and closed, and the heavy, determined steps of the immigrant sounded defiantly in the consul's ears.

"Poor fellow!" he sighed; "he will be sure to come to grief. But for all that, one can't help admiring the fine stuff he is made of."

IV.

Society appears very different when looked at through one eye-glass from its topmost stratum, from what it does when looked at from its nether side through a haze of tears. To a man who can afford French cookery and champagne with his dinner, and who can arrange his comforts regardless of their expense, the ways of Providence are apt to seem just and good; while he who, since he committed the mistake of being born, has been tripped up at every step by fatal mischances, to whom the prospect of a dinner is always more or less problematic, and to whom physical comfort is an unknown quantity, is not to be wondered at if he regards the existing order of things as being not entirely above criticism. I have heard people, who have been unacquainted with any severer hardship than dyspepsia after a too hearty meal, moralize blandly concerning the labor problem and the unwarrantable rebelliousness of the lower classes, and devise, in the abstract, delightfully inadequate remedies for the cure of the great social evils; but I have always suspected that a little concrete experience of actual misery would shake the basis of their reasoning, and, perhaps, bring about a radical reconstruction of their social philosophy.

Six weeks had passed since the failure of the "Immigrants' Savings Bank and Trust Company." During this time Anders Rustad had called almost daily at the house of Hon. Randolph Melville, sr., on Fifth Avenue, but he had never been admitted. The colored servant had at last rudely slammed the door in his face as soon as he saw him, and told him that if he dared to come back his master would have him arrested. But Anders was nothing daunted; he had made up his mind to have an interview with Mr. Melville, and was resolved, if necessary, to persevere in his efforts to gain admission until the sounding of the last trump. He had, in the meanwhile, managed to subsist, after a fashion, on the little money he had obtained by the sale of his railroad ticket to Minnesota.

He had offered his case to a score of lawyers, all of whom he had bewildered by his inability to comprehend, or his unwillingness to abide by, that system of half-measures and compromises which is embodied in our criminal and civil legislation, and in our political institutions.

"A thing is either right," this poor benighted immigrant reasoned, "and then it ought to be upheld, defended, and protected, or it is wrong, and should be condemned, prosecuted, and punished. Right and wrong can never shake hands and march along through life, arm in arm. If Melville cheated me and robbed me of my money, which his clerk would not take, why then he should be locked up in jail, so that other poor immigrants may be protected against him, and not fall into the hidden trap which again he may dig at their feet."

Anders had grown strangely keen-sighted during these miserable six weeks; all the powers of his hitherto dormant soul had been awakened, and he felt himself growing in mental stature with every passing day. But the feverish current of his thought had dried up his blood and made his cheeks pale and hollow, and his eyes large and brilliant. His disordered hair hung in tangled locks down over his forehead, his beard grew in long tufts over his cheeks and chin, and his intense yet absent-minded expression had so completely changed the look of his face that his own brother would probably have passed him without recognition, had chance led their paths together.

On the evening of May 25th, Anders trudged as usual up the avenue, revolving in his mind some plan for capturing an interview with his slippery opponent. He instinctively tightened his grip on his stout cane whenever an ingenious thought occurred to him, and now and then he stopped to pound the pavement in fierce satisfaction. He did not ring at the front door this time, but he climbed the fence to the back yard, and thence swung himself up on the roof of a vine-entwined arbor, from which, without difficulty, he could reach the dining-room window. It was seven o'clock. The evening was warm, and a great blaze of light streamed out from within through the half-opened window. He saw through the slats of the inside blinds a large company assembled at dinner, and Mr. Melville's massive neck and broad, majestic back almost within reach of his outstretched arm. Next to him sat a beautiful young lady in a cream-colored silk dress, and with a large bunch of pale yellow roses high up on her left shoulder. There was a delicately insinuating flattery in her smile as she turned her fair face toward Mr. Melville, and submitted her airy opinions to his weighty and substantial judgments.

"Really, I can't see why the laboring classes should always be so horrid and discontented," Anders heard her saying. "They have not our fine sensibilities, and they never have been accustomed to anything better than what they have; why, then, should they not accept their lot in a Christian spirit of submission, instead of continually grumbling against Providence, and raising the prices of dresses and everything by their stupid strikes?"

"You are entirely right, Miss Van Pelt," said Mr. Melville, while his lofty smile perceptibly relaxed. "It is what I have always maintained—that the rebelliousness of the laboring classes is the direct result of the wide-spread religious unbelief of our age. That is what these scientific disorganizers have accomplished by their wicked speculations. I have always been an adherent of the good, strong, old-fashioned religions, with sharply defined doctrines and tangible hells. I have myself built a mission chapel at Five Points, and I always subscribe liberally to such objects. What we especially want is preachers of unquestioned orthodoxy,—men who will lay down plainly the doctrine of punishments and rewards, who will maintain strict discipline in their flocks, and teach absolute submission to the inscrutable ways of Providence."

Mr. Melville had delivered this little speech in a clear and emphatic voice, and as he ceased speaking and lifted a glass of sparkling champagne to his lips, an audible murmur of applause ran around the table.

Anders heard and understood nearly every word. He trembled and clung convulsively to the window-sill. There sat the thief, prosperous and honored, and upon his splendid board were heaped up the toil of a thousand crushed and miserable creatures, the hope and faith and happiness of the hungry, the needy, and the oppressed,—all to be devoured in a leisure hour by a company of idle triflers. It even seemed to Anders, as Mr. Melville raised his tall champagne-glass to his lips, that he was drinking down his wife's and his little son's future, and all that was dear and precious to him in this world. He clutched his cane more tightly, but still strove to restrain his fury.

At that moment a tall and corpulent man, who sat a few seats from the host, rose, with some slight difficulty, and demanded the privilege of expressing the sentiments which, he felt assured, animated every one present in this distinguished company. The waiters then began to skip around the table; the corks popped in spite of the efforts of the gentlemen from Delmonico's to restrain their overflowing vitality, and the sparkling liquid sissed and foamed and bubbled, and threatened to overflow the finely ornamented rims of the Venetian glasses.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the corpulent guest, "it is to-day the sixtieth birthday of our honored host, Mr. Randolph Melville. In proposing the health of my esteemed friend, I shall take the liberty

to call your attention to some of those eminent qualities by which he has gained a well-merited distinction during his long career of public and private usefulness. First, Mr. Melville was, from his very cradle, set apart for a business man. He is in that respect a typical American, and embodies in his talents and in his character the genius of our great and glorious republic. His fellow-citizens have always reposed the utmost confidence in him, and have honored him with a multitude of public trusts; and he has, by his uprightness and unfailing rectitude, amply justified their confidence. His has been a life shining brightly in the broad daylight of publicity," etc.

In this strain Mr. Melville's corpulent friend continued for more than fifteen minutes; neither he himself nor any one else seemed to suspect the faintest shade of irony in his sonorous periods. When he had finished, Mr. Melville rose to respond. His massive head, his clear, handsome features, the expanse of immaculate shirt-bosom which covered his broad chest,—all looked wonderfully impressive. The clatter of knives and forks, and the hum of vapid small-talk ceased; the gentlemen threw themselves back in their chairs, and the ladies, with much rustling of silk and satin, settled themselves into becoming attitudes of expectation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Mr. Melville, "it is with deep gratification, and yet with a vivid sense of my own unworthiness, that I have listened to the remarks of my esteemed friend, Mr. Gauntlet. I should, however, do myself an injustice were I to deny that I have always lived and acted in accordance with the light that has been vouchsafed me; and I have been fully convinced that the misfortunes with which I have so recently been visited have been the chastening discipline of a just Providence. And in this faith ——"

At that moment something heavy shook the floor, and made the glasses on the table jingle; before Mr. Melville had time to face more than half about, two strong hands seized him by the throat, and a hoarse voice shouted in his ear, "You lie!" He saw a haggard face, covered with a disorderly blonde beard, thrust close up to his own, and he met the gaze of two fierce blue eyes which burned with an unsteady fire. The grip of the iron fingers tightened over his throat; the air grew black before his eyes; and in his struggle to free himself he ground under his feet the broken fragments of the wine-glass which had fallen from his hand. The male guests, who had been half stunned by the suddenness of the attack, now sprang to their feet and rushed to Mr. Melville's assistance. One or two of the ladies fainted, and others fled screaming to the remotest corner of the room, where they gathered in a promiscuous embrace, and stared with fascinated fright at the struggle of the men. Miss Van Pelt only had the presence of mind to skip across the hall to Mr. Melville's private library, and to touch the electric knob which communicated with the nearest police station.

The floor was shaking; the great chandeliers under the ceiling trembled; for a few moments a dozen men were intertangled in an inextricable knot, which swayed to and fro, now toward the window, now toward the table, until at last it fell in a heap at the foot of the marble mantel-piece. One after another rose panting, surveyed his disordered toilet in the long mirrors, and muttered a half-suppressed oath between his teeth. Only the two original combatants remained motionless; the Norseman lay glaring about him in vague amazement; a shiver ran through his frame; his fury was expended, and seemed to have utterly exhausted him. Mr. Melville lay outstretched at his side, drawing now and then a long, shuddering breath, and closing his fingers with a convulsive clutch. Two or three of his guests were bending anxiously over him, unbuttoning his waistcoat, untying his neck-tie, and feeling his pulse. Presently three policemen entered; they lifted Anders up and hustled him roughly toward the door. He made no remonstrance; every impulse seemed dead within him; but suddenly, as they reached the threshold, he straightened himself up to his full height, shook his fist threateningly, and cried, hoarsely: "Give me my money back that you stole from me!"

V.

For several months the Norseman remained in the Tombs. No one offered to go bail for him, nor did any one appear to bear witness against him. The monotonous routine of the prison and the degrading companionship with thieves and robbers wore out his hope and his courage, and left nothing but the indignation, burning with a dull but steady flame, within him. With his elbows propped on his knees, and his two hands clutching a tuft of hair on each

side of his head, he sat the livelong day, pondering the deep problems of existence. With eager impatience he looked forward to the day of his trial; for then, at last, he should have the chance of lifting up his voice loudly so as to pierce the deaf ears of justice. He planned in his own mother tongue a tremendous arraignment, and several days passed before it occurred to him that American justice spoke and understood only English. Then, with a miserable sense of his helplessness, he paced the floor of his narrow cell, knocking at times with his forehead against the wall, but hardly conscious of the pain. He felt as if his thoughts were wandering beyond his control, and only when the rage blazed up wildly did it light the dark chambers of his brain and enable him to collect his forces for action. It was at such a moment that a key was heard clicking in the lock, and the consul entered, followed by one of the wardens.

"I have good news for you, Mr. Rustad," said the consul cheerily, grasping Anders's listless hand. "You are at liberty to leave this place at once."

"But, but—the trial," remonstrated the prisoner in a husky whisper.

"There will be no trial," answered the consul, with the air of one giving a very satisfactory piece of intelligence. "There is no one to accuse you."

"Why, then, have I been imprisoned?"

"You know that as well as I do; and you ought to appreciate Mr. Melville's humane and merciful spirit in refusing to appear against you."

"I do not want mercy, but justice!" roared Anders, springing to his feet and shaking his huge fist in the consul's face. "I want a trial, and I want to shout my wrong in the ears of the whole world, and of God himself."

"Now, now, do be reasonable, Mr. Rustad," urged the consul. "Only think of the hundreds, if not thousands, of poor people who are in the same predicament as you are. And do they make such an ado about it? No; they pocket their ten per cent. which was declared yesterday, and thank God that anything is left to them."

"It is that very thought which maddens me," cried the Norseman, still in a frenzy of excitement. "Tell me where they are, these poor, deluded people. Let me find them, and I will shame them into a just and implacable indignation at their wrongs. I will make them blush at their paltry spirit in meekly accepting one dollar for every ten which was their due."

The consul's face betrayed his astonishment. Was this the language of a simple, untaught peasant, who but half a year ago had few thoughts beyond the common routine of agricultural toil?

"As your countryman, Mr. Rustad, and one who wishes you well," he said, in a voice of grave remonstrance, "allow me to implore you to do as they have done. Accept your two hundred dollars, which you can draw to-morrow, and go West."

Anders turned his back on the consul with disdain.

"You will not listen, then, to the voice of prudence," the latter continued, laying his hand persuasively on the peasant's shoulder.

"No, I will not!" thundered the Norseman. "I will not leave this place without a trial, and I will accept nothing but justice."

The consul shrugged his shoulders, and then, with a glance at the jailer, tapped his forehead significantly. The jailer nodded as if to say that he understood. Half an hour later, Anders was forcibly ejected from the Tombs.

VI.

He stood for a moment, bewildered, in the glare of the daylight. A crowd of bootblacks and ragged *gamins* surrounded him, pulled at his clothes, and jeered at him; but he hardly saw them. The intensity of his thought dulled the outer sense. Twice or thrice he shook his fist at the heavens, then suddenly started with a rapid, feverish stride toward Broadway, and then up toward the fashionable avenue. People who saw him turned to look after him; his gigantic size, his pale face, covered with a disorderly beard, and his lustrous eyes inclined every one to change his course rather than risk a collision. It was early in the afternoon when Anders, without having paused for one instant in his march, reached Mr. Melville's brown-stone palace on the avenue. A beautiful carriage was standing before the door, and the two coachmen, themselves as shiny and well-groomed as their horses, were seated with an air of severe propriety on the box. Casting them a glance, full of hate and contempt, Anders leaped up the front steps, just as Mr. Melville himself, with a whip in his hand, and in the jauntiest of English driving costumes, opened the door from within. Seeing the terrible

Norseman before him, he raised his whip threateningly; an expression of anger or of terror, or of both, passed over his face, and he seemed on the point of beating a retreat. But suddenly his wrath overmastered his fear, and swiftly reversing his whip he brought down the butt-end with a vigorous blow on his opponent's head. Anders reeled, but instantly recovering his equilibrium, he darted forward and planted his huge fist in the banker's forehead. It grew black before Mr. Melville's eyes; he tottered, and, in his effort to keep his footing, wheeled around toward the edge of the stone steps, and fell backward. It was all the work of one brief moment. The grooms scrambled down from their seats, but they came just a second too late to catch their master in his fall. The blood flowed from an ugly gash in his head; a convulsive movement ran through his frame; then his features stiffened. He was dead. Anders stood with folded arms at the top of the stairs, and looked steadfastly down upon the prostrate form. He was conscious of no joy or exultation, but rather of a fierce contentment that justice at last had been satisfied. The world seemed for one moment right.

He had no thought of himself or of his own fate; it was the world's fate, and the fate of the millions who suffered, mutely and without thought of revenge—it was this which concerned him. He could have marched to the stake unquailingly while this mood lasted. When the policemen arrived, he followed them without resistance, and his simple dignity even commanded some degree of respect. The fever in his blood had cooled, and a great calm reigned in its place. But it was not of long duration. As soon as the heavy iron doors had closed upon him, and the daylight fell sparingly through the thick bars of the window-gratings, his mind resumed its former intense activity, and all the problems of the universe seemed to rush in upon him, crying for a solution. Strange to say, the memory of his dear ones at home was well-nigh obliterated in his soul. It was the love of wife and child which had driven him away from his snug hearth and out into the merciless world, and it was the thought of them which had made his misfortune tenfold more cruel and appalling. Now they seemed like a dim memory, which had no longer the power to arouse him. But the wrong, the brutal, fiendish wrong!—this had become wife and child to him, and he nursed it tenderly in his bosom.

The winter passed, and the day for the trial was appointed. In the midst of his gloom he looked forward to that day with triumphant anticipation. He had spent the winter in diligent study of English, and had drawn up a document in that tongue, which was to be read in the presence of the jury, It seemed to him that its charges were unanswerable and its logic irresistible; he even prided himself a little on the eloquence of certain passages from which, especially, he promised himself a startling effect. He was yet confident that the abuses which he pointed out needed only to be generally known to be instantly rectified; and it hardly occurred to him that it was he himself, and not the dead man, who was to be tried. The consul had engaged a skillful lawyer to defend him, and even volunteered to bear part of the expense. They had agreed to set up the plea of insanity, and had appointed an interview with Anders at the prison, in order to ask some questions and to give him the necessary instructions. He was conducted into their presence by the jailer, who remained at the door while the conversation lasted.

"You have changed much during these months, Mr. Rustad," said the consul, after having introduced Mr. Runyon, the lawyer, "and not for the better; you should sleep more and think less. We are going to get you out of this scrape all right; you need have no fear."

"I have no fear, Mr. Consul," answered Anders, firmly.

"But you must follow our instructions implicitly," put in the lawyer, "or you may spoil everything. You know this is a matter of life and death."

"And what are your instructions?"

"In the first place, we have agreed that we have the best chance of success with the plea of insanity."

"Insanity?"

"Yes, insanity."

"And do you mean to say that I am insane?"

Anders took two long strides toward the lawyer, who lifted his arms, as if in defense and retreated toward the wall. The guard rushed forward, seized the Norseman by the shoulder, and pulled him back.

"Now, now, my dear Mr. Rustad," cried the consul, "you must keep your temper under control, or we shall never get along."

The lawyer again, though with an uneasy

air, resumed his seat at the consul's side at the table.

"As I was saying," he began, playing nervously with his pencil, "it is not the question whether the consul and I believe you insane. Of course, between us, we do not. But the important point is to persuade the jury that you are insane."

The consul, who was anxiously watching the prisoner, observed again a threatening look in his eyes, and made haste to interpose:

"You understand, Mr. Rustad," he said, in his pleasant, soothing voice, "that the laws of this country require peculiar means to be resorted to, and I solemnly assure you that the plea of insanity (which, in your case, can very easily be defended) is your only escape from the gallows."

"If it is just that I die, then let me die," answered the peasant, calmly. "But I will not owe my life to a lie."

The lawyer, still playing with his pencil, leaned over toward the consul and whispered in his ear. The consul nodded, then said aloud:

"Well, Mr. Rustad, we have done the best we can for you. If you wish to stand friendless and take your life into your own hands, then, of course, you are at liberty to do so."

The consul and the lawyer rose to go.

"One moment, Mr. Consul," Anders called after him. "Here I have drawn up my own defense, which I wish you and the gentleman there to read. It is in this way I wish to be defended."

He placed a large roll of paper on the table, and the two others hastened up to examine it. The lawyer, who was gazing at the opening page over the consul's shoulders, suddenly wheeled around upon his heel and burst into a ringing laugh. The consul, too, was obliged to smile at the curious English, while at the same time the primitive force and tremendous sincerity of the argument, not to speak of the entire absence of legal form, moved him to mingled admiration and pity.

"My dear Mr. Rustad," he said, "it will never do to present this document."

"Yes, yes, it will," cried Mr. Runyon, gayly, snatching up the paper and putting it into his pocket. "By means of this document I shall establish, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the fact of my client's insanity, before judge and jury, and I will bet against heavy odds, if any one has a mind to take me up."

And the lawyer, still greatly amused, dragged the consul with him through the open door, leaving the Norseman alone with the jailer.

VII.

THE day for the trial arrived; Anders's arraignment of society in the person of Mr. Melville was read by his counsel, and excited much merriment among the lawyers and astonishment among the jurymen. The quaint phraseology and occasional misapplication of English words called forth peals of laughter, and in spite of the judge's endeavor to maintain order, he was sometimes obliged to relax his stern judicial mien into something resembling a smile. Thus, when the defendant spoke of "the beards of adversity" for "the barbs of adversity," and described the deceased bank president as having been "perforated with moral rottenness," while walking in "the slimy paths of perfidy," the court must have been more than human to conquer its disposition to laugh.

Anders sat pale and defiant in the prisoner's box, but gradually, as the laughter became more frequent, a look of helpless perplexity settled upon his features. He was passionately convinced of being in the right, and if the world was out of gear, it was the world that was ridiculous, and not he. His gaze was fixed with anxious intensity on the faces of the twelve jurymen, to whom, as representatives of the American people, a peculiar sanctity attached. He had a dim notion that they had been elected for the purpose of trying him by the suffrage of the whole nation, very much as are the President and the Vice-President. They, he hoped, would be superior to this undignified merry-making; they would see clearly the justice of his cause, and the dishonesty and insolence of the lawyer who was trying to prove him insane. He saw them retire in order to deliberate; but hardly five minutes had elapsed before they all re-appeared, and one of them, who seemed to be stouter and redder than the rest, addressed the judge in a pompous voice, declaring the prisoner to be "not guilty."

"Not guilty"—no, to be sure he was not guilty. It was Mr. Melville who was guilty, and it was a pity he was not here to be tried. Then, after all, there was a spark of right and justice remaining in the world. At that moment the consul and Mr.

Runyon came rushing up to him with extended hands.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Rustad," said the consul. "You ought to thank this gentleman heartily for his able efforts in your behalf."

"You see, after all we managed to prove you insane," whispered the lawyer, facetiously,—"or rather, as I expected, you proved yourself to be insane without much assistance on my part."

Anders suddenly saw the logic of the situation. In pronouncing him "not guilty," the jury had merely excused his deed by declaring that he was not responsible for it; they had accepted Mr. Runyon's plea that he was insane. Heart-sick and miserable, he turned away, and under the escort of two policemen walked out of the court-room. It was too late in the day to make out his papers of discharge, and he was therefore conducted to a much roomier and more comfortable cell, where he was only to spend the night. He flung himself on the bed, and motioned to the policeman to leave him alone. He felt as if something had snapped within him like the spring in a watch, and left the vital machinery hopelessly out of gear. He got up merely to try if he could hold himself erect, but his motions were those of an old man. All his confidence in his strength had deserted him. Presently his head began to swim, and a vapor gathered before his eyes. He let himself sink down again upon the couch.

Ten days later,—it was one of those early days in May when earth and sky seem to be united in one joyous harmony,—a peasant woman, in Norse costume, called at the Tombs, and inquired for Anders Rustad. She was carrying a chubby little boy, about eighteen months old, on her arm. She smoothed the child's hair carefully with her hand, while waiting for the reply of the door-keeper.

"Anders Rustad," she said, with anxious inquiry in her voice and eyes. "Anders Rustad."

"Anders Rustad is pretty low to-day," said a man who had been summoned by the door-keeper. "He can't see nobody."

The young woman shook her head with a puzzled air. She did not understand. For three days she kept returning, and at last seated herself patiently on the curb-stone, waiting to be admitted. Whenever the gate was opened, she rushed forward and cried:

"Anders Rustad! Anders Rustad!"

But she received no reply.

It was toward evening on the fourth day that the consul, accompanied by a physician, stepped from his *coupé* in front of the prison. Seeing the peasant woman, whose Norse costume caught his eye, he addressed her and asked her who she was.

"Anders Rustad," she said; "Anders Rustad. He is my husband. This is my child and his."

The consul beckoned to her to follow him, and she kept close to his heels while they mounted the stairs and walked through the long and gloomy galleries.

They stopped before the door of a cell, which was promptly opened. A dim lamp burned on a dirty-looking table, and there was a strong odor of kerosene in the room. Anders lay outstretched, pale and calm, on the iron bed. There was a pained resignation visible in his features, across which flickered now and then a fleeting gleam of a thought.

"Here is your wife, Mr. Rustad," said the consul, leading the woman up to the bedside. "And here is your little son."

The sick man turned his eyes in a tired, spiritless fashion, and fixed them upon his wife and child. The same puzzled look which, except in his moments of defiance, had of late become habitual with him, slowly contracted his brow, and he seemed to be struggling with some remote memory. The woman, too, seemed half frightened, as if doubtful whether this haggard man, with the terrible eyes and unkempt beard and hair, could really be the strong and cheerful husband who, but a year ago, had gone out into the world to prepare a home for her. She stood for a while anxiously scrutinizing his features, then retired step by step toward the door, holding the child firmly clasped in her embrace.

"This is not my husband," she said to the consul, struggling with her tears, which were in her voice rather than in her eyes. "But I am going out to seek him."

"This is Anders Rustad," said the consul, "and if you are his wife, this is your last chance to bid him farewell in this world."

The woman once more drew near to the bed, gazed once more, and shuddered. The child began to cry piteously, and, hushing it at her bosom, she hastened out of the room.

"That was his wife," said the consul to the physician.

"Poor thing!" sighed the latter; "she did not know him."

He stooped down to feel the sick man's pulse. "He is sinking rapidly," he whispered. "It will be over soon."

"Do you know what caused his death, Doctor?" asked the consul, after a long pause, just as the last spark of life seemed to be flickering in the stiffening features.

"No," said the doctor.

"It was the over-development of a virtue. His sense of justice killed him."

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, R. A.

BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER.

COAT OF ARMS OF THE COPLEY FAMILY.

A CENTURY and a half ago a humble boy, of quiet habits and untiring industry, was born in the little town of Boston, Mass., with a rare love of art. Without instruction or master, he drew and painted and "saw visions" of beautiful forms and faces, which he transferred to his canvas till his name and portraits began to be known in the staid Puritan society of the place. Gradually, as it was seen that he succeeded well in likenesses,—the most popular form of art,—he became very generally known and employed. Thus it was that John Singleton Copley commenced his artistic career.

A deep and general interest having, of late years, manifested itself in the life and works of this eminent portrait and historical painter,—"the American Vandyke," as he is called,—I propose to give such a sketch of both as can be drawn from the scanty materials which public and private sources furnish. A quiet and busy pursuit of art, in the retirement of the family circle, furnishes few incidents which are interesting to the world at large, and on applying for such to a relative in England, I received the very judicious answer that "Copley's life afforded little or no material for the biographer, and that whoever desired to know anything of the master had better visit the National Picture-Gallery and study his works in that institution." Still, the little that can be obtained may have some interest for those who admire his pictures, and the influence of his example—a rare one of industry and perseverance in the face of great obstacles—may be an incitement in the future to many in the beginning of an arduous and engrossing pursuit.

From a letter from John Singleton, Esq., of Quinville Abbey, County Clare, Ireland, high sheriff of that county, written to Lord Lyndhurst, son of our subject, in 1825, in answer to inquiries concerning his family, we learn that the father of the artist was Richard Copley, who married Mary Singleton, daughter of that gentleman's great-grandfather, and that Richard and Mary came to Boston in 1736, and that the former died in the West Indies, where he went for his health, about the time of the birth of the artist, in 1737. The first mention of the name in history is in the reign of Charles I., during the session of the Long Parliament, when Hume mentions "one Copley" as taking part in the stormy discussions of that period. According to another authority, one branch of the family was in possession of a baronetcy, and is believed to be still extant. By the decree of the herald's office, it was entitled to a cross in its coat of arms, which, according to heraldry, proves that some distant progenitor served in the ranks of the Crusaders. This cross had an especial value in their eyes.*

After the death of Richard Copley, his widow married Peter Pelham, by whom she had one son, Harry. Though engaged in trade, like almost all the inhabitants of the colony at that time, Copley's stepfather had considerable knowledge of art,

* Almost all the armed pilgrims who attempted or who made the conquest of the Holy Land, took for their arms the cross,—sign of the mission to which they were consecrated; or birds of passage,—symbol of the long voyage they were undertaking and which they hoped to accomplish upon the wings of faith. —*Alexandre Dumas.*

QUINVILLE ABBEY, IRELAND, SEAT OF THE SINGLETON FAMILY.

and some engravings and drawings of tolerable execution by his hand, still remain. Copley's half-brother, Henry Pelham, had also success with his brush, and was, moreover, an engraver,—in proof of which a fine miniature and some early sketches might be cited, as well as a fine copper-plate map of Boston, published in London in 1777. Indeed, after the family had removed to England, his name appears as a contributor on the catalogues of the Royal Academy, principally in miniature-painting and in enamel. According to the information acquired on the subject from Mrs. Pelham's letters, as late as 1780, as well as from those written by Mr. Copley after he left America, he intended, in fact, to adopt painting as his career. Mrs. Pelham says: "I raise a thousand fears concerning your and Harry's close application to your art, lest it should injure your health. Excuse a mother's anxiety, and let me caution you to exercise enough to balance your studies."

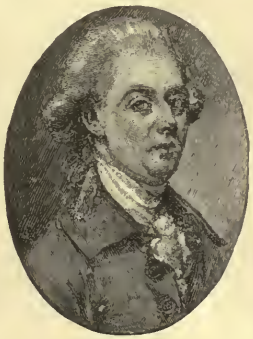
Both brothers must have had a strong natural predilection for art to have manifested it in such an uncongenial atmosphere as that of New England in those old Puritan days, and this predilection undoubtedly had its influence on the home life of our artist even at that early age. His career began under every disadvantage. Slowly and anxiously groping his way, without teacher or model, the very colors on his palette, and the brush he handled, were his own work. Nature had gifted him with a rare appreciation of the beauty and effect of color; to his latest day, the discovery of the "Venetian" was the fond dream of his life. Chemistry, it must be remembered, had not as yet opened its vast resources to aid in the analysis and combination of new tints, whose durability and excellence could be tested with the certainty of scientific experiment. To his eye for color must be added his love of texture of the richest quality—all that was brilliant and dazzling in female attire, everything gay and graceful in the accessories. It seemed as if his eye delighted to dwell on the rich draperies and soft laces he so well knew how to bring out on his canvas, and which he thoroughly studied in all their combinations and arrangements. He had theories and principles about female attire, which were carried out with a careful elaboration whose effect heightened the charm of the picture; the rose, the jewel in the hair, the string of pearls around the throat, were not accidental, but were arranged according to the principles of taste, which he well understood. The hair, ornamented in harmony with the full dress of the period, the fall of lace shading the roundness and curve of the arm, were in themselves, perhaps, unimportant details, but conduced, by their nice adjustment, to the harmonious effect of the composition. To add to this effect, he delighted to place his subject among kindred scenes. Sometimes we catch a glimpse in the distance of garden or stately mansion, or, at others, of the fountain and the grove; the squirrel, that favorite of his brush, the bird and the spaniel—all treated with grace and facility. His male portraits have a severer dignity, such as beseemed the sex. Happily for his taste, rich and brilliant velvets, satins, and embroidery, point-lace cuffs and frills, had not in his day been forced to yield to broadcloth and beaver,

THE BOY [HENRY PELHAM] AND THE FLYING SQUIRREL. (FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY COPLEY, NOW IN POSSESSION OF MRS. JAMES S. AMORY.)

The art of the *coiffeur* and the dignity of powder and wig,—even rouge, it is whispered,—left their traces on some of the stately forms of the colonial court. At that epoch, the love of dress was not considered a weakness, and, as such, confined to the female sex. We have only to consult the pages of the gossiping Boswell to learn, among other instances, the emotions of pride and pleasure with which the heart of Goldsmith swelled beneath the folds of his peach-bloom velvets. Copley himself tells his wife, with evident satisfaction, in a letter from Genoa, October 6th, 1774: "I judged it best to take advantage of so good an opportunity, and purchased a suit of clothes for the winter. Perhaps it will amuse you if I should inform you what I bought. I will tell you. I have as much black velvet as will make a suit of clothes, * * * and as much crimson satin as will line it; this is the taste throughout Tuscany. To-day I bought lace ruffles, frills, and silk stockings."

Copley's critics complain, perhaps with justice, that with all his skill and finish there is a certain hardness and coldness, especially in the flesh tints of some of his portraits, as well as in the expression; but we must remember the uncongenial atmosphere

in which he worked, and, in many cases, the hard Puritan models before him; the primitive habits and the rigidity of social and religious life, so uncongenial to the



HENRY PELHAM. (FROM A MINIATURE BY COPLEY.)

temperament of the artist,—besides the uncompromising strictness of the ecclesiastical discipline which was in full force in his time.

One fine Sunday morning, having walked into the country, he was accosted by one of the "selectmen," as they were called, who insisted upon taking him into custody for the violation of the Sabbath; and he was only allowed to return in freedom to his house on the plea that his avocations confined him so closely during the week that, on account of his health, he was obliged to take a greater amount of air and exercise on the seventh day.* According to his own account of his artistic life, he received no instruction and never saw a good picture till after he left America; he dwelt so often on these facts that his words made a deep impression on the memory of his family.

The following extract from a letter from his son, the late Lord Lyndhurst, dated London, 1827, in answer to a gentleman asking for information concerning Copley's career, proves conclusively how completely his success in his art depended upon his own unaided genius and perseverance. It is still in existence, and is as follows: "Considering that he [Copley] was entirely self-taught, and never saw a decent picture, with the exception of his own, until he was nearly thirty years of age, the circumstance is, I think, worthy of admiration, and affords a striking instance of what natural genius, aided by determined perseverance, can accomplish." Again, in a passage from one of Mrs. Copley's letters, she says, in confirmation of this statement: "It was his [her husband's] own inclination and persevering industry that brought him forward in the art of painting, for he had no instructor." We have cited these passages, considering them conclusive on the subject, because many artists have been mentioned as his early teachers—among others, Smibert. But as he died in March, 1751, when Copley was only thirteen or fourteen years of age, it appears impossible that the latter could have profited to any extent by the instructions of that eminent portrait-painter, who, though in his youth only a house-painter in Edinburgh, became so distinguished as to attract the attention of Horace Walpole, by whom he is honorably mentioned.*

We have, unfortunately, but little record of Copley's youth or early manhood. The usual story is told of his beginning to paint at a very early age, with the first materials he could lay his hand upon, when other boys were engaged in sport or learning to read and write. It appears, however, to be literally true, from family tradition, that he commenced in the nursery, and that the coarse drawings on its walls and the rough sketches in his school-books, for which he was often reproved, were the dawning of his native genius. Quiet and shy by nature, he liked to retire unheeded to muse over his own fancies, and to pursue, by stealth, his favorite employment during the confinement of school hours.

Thus his uneventful youth, even his early, simple manhood, slipped noiselessly away, until we find the mature man and artist, ready for the career which he had deliberately chosen at the age of seventeen. His step-father, Peter Pelham, died in 1751, leaving his widow in her humble abode in Lindall Row, near the upper end of King street, as State street was then called, under the care of her sons. How tenderly and carefully Copley fulfilled his share of the trust is shown by passages in his letters, in which he mentions his unwillingness to leave her as an objection to his going to Europe, and again in his thoughtfulness of her comfort when circumstances finally induced him to do so.

In 1760, Copley sent, without name or address, an exquisite portrait of his half-brother, Henry Pelham, known as "The

* Only a few years ago, a gentleman near Boston was arrested for trimming vines in his back yard on Sunday morning.

* Smibert came to this country in 1728.

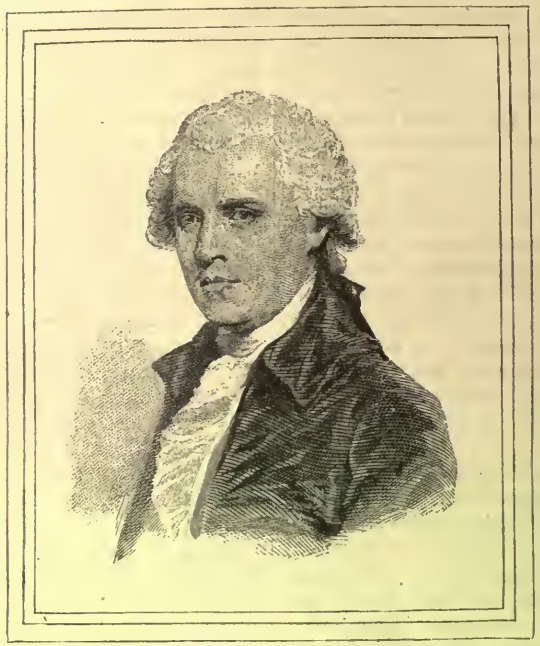
Boy and the Flying-squirrel," to Benjamin West, a member of the Royal Academy, with the request to have it placed in the exhibition rooms. On its reception, West, then high in royal favor, exclaimed, with a warmth and enthusiasm of which those who knew him best could scarcely believe him capable: "What delicious coloring! It is worthy of Titian himself!" Being puzzled about the unknown painter, he could only say that the picture must be the production of an American, as the wood on which the canvas was stretched was American pine, and the squirrel such as is indigenous in our Western forests. Though it was contrary to the rules of the Academy to place any picture on its walls by an unknown artist, it was admitted through its merits and West's influence.

We know well what West said, but we can but faintly imagine what the younger man felt, while awaiting the verdict of public opinion on the picture. The general recognition of its beauty and excellence as a work of art influenced the course of his whole future life. The attention and admiration excited by it were such that his friends wrote most warmly to persuade him to go to England for the pursuit of his vocation, and West extended to him an invitation to his own house. Copley deliberated long and anxiously upon the step,—one of much greater difficulty than in our day of rapid travel,—involving the danger of giving up full and lucrative employment for the chance of neglect and want of appreciation, together with the necessity of separation from his aged mother, to whom the voyage across the Atlantic was too serious an undertaking to be thought of. Accordingly the project was postponed—but not abandoned.

As the excellence of this picture established Copley's European reputation more than a century ago, and confirmed it at the International Exhibition at Manchester, in 1862, we must describe it in a few words. The boy holds the squirrel by a chain on the table before him, and has a dreamy, abstracted gaze; the handsome face and graceful form, in the dress of the last century, so much more picturesque than that of the present day, are treated with the happy blending of the familiar and the imaginative that belongs to the highest order of portraiture; the richness of the coloring and the beauty of the execution are alike remarkable.

According to Copley's own estimate, his

THE FAMILY PICTURE. (FROM THE PAINTING BY COPLEY, NOW IN POSSESSION OF MRS. JAMES S. AMORY.)



John Singleton Copley

(FROM A PICTURE BY GILBERT STUART.)

best portraits were executed in America; and so highly did he value them that he endeavored to purchase such as could be obtained after his fame was established in England. It was his rule to keep a list of the pictures he painted. This was preserved by his family for many years, but by some accident it fell into the hands of an old family servant, who, ignorant of its value, according to his own confession, committed it to the flames.

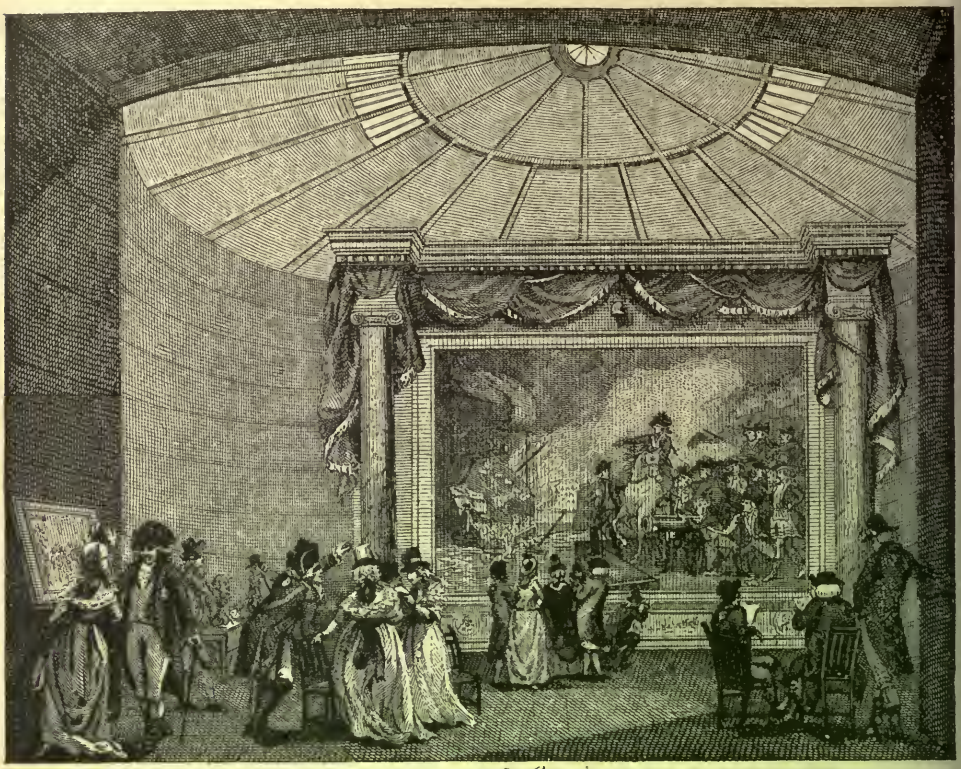
We have but scanty records of Copley's life until November 16th, 1769, when he married Susannah Farnum, daughter of Richard Clarke, Esq., a wealthy merchant of Boston, and agent for the East India Company. With this union Copley's career of prosperity and success in his art was confirmed, and so much influence did this lady exercise, most unconsciously, over the future life of the artist, that any record of him without some account of her would be very incomplete. The mother, the wife of Richard Clarke, was Elizabeth Winslow, whom he married May 3d, 1732, and who died September 3d, 1765. Mrs. Copley inherited what every native of New England would esteem the fairest birthright—a lineal descent from Mary Chilton, who came from Portsmouth, England, in the *Mayflower*, and, according to tradition, was the first woman who set foot on our shores, having jumped from the boat and waded to the rock. She married John Winslow, brother of Edward, the first governor of the colony—the most respectable family, according to Hutchinson, of all that came from England at that time, and through which she was connected with the celebrated Anne Hutchinson, so often mentioned in the early history of Massachusetts,—a family which not only furnished two governors, but was illustrious through a century and a half of colonial history, and has transmitted an unblemished name to the present time. John Winslow's "seat" or "farm," according to the Puritanical fashion of the times, was called "Plain

A BOY RESCUED FROM A SHARK IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA. (FROM THE PAINTING BY COPLEY.)

Dealing," and was situated in Plymouth, Massachusetts. Governor Winslow obtained a grant of land, in 1637, at Green's Harbor, now Marshfield, to which he gave the name of "Caresrull." *

To Mrs. Copley was confided the whole supervision of the domestic economy,—the fulfillment of social duties, and the entire management of the youthful members of the family. How well she fulfilled her trust can be best learned from the testimony of her children, who cherished her in life with singular tenderness, and revered her memory to the end of their own wonderfully protracted lives. From a crayon sketch, by no means one of his best, taken by Copley early in their married life, and more particularly in "The Family Picture," painted at a much later date, it appears that she possessed much personal loveliness, especially the high forehead and finely arched brow so dear to the painter. Her character was in harmony with her person; she appears to have been one of those rare women in whom moral and mental qualities, joined to deep sensibility, are so nicely balanced that they exert the happiest influence over the home circle, cheering and enlivening without dazzling it. The tie between the artist and such a wife was necessarily close. We constantly meet her familiar lineaments through the whole course of Mr. Copley's works: now as Mary in the stable, with the Divine Infant at her breast, in the picture of "The Nativity"; again in "The Family Picture," Mr. Copley's *capo d'opéra* in portraiture, and in the scene of "Venus and Cupid," with the pale golden hair bound with a blue fillet; once more in the female group in "The Death of Major Pierson," as the figure which escapes from the scene of carnage and death in an agony of grief and fear. Copley is not alone in catching inspiration from the woman of his choice, but few, indeed, can have so completely fulfilled the conditions that fit a woman for that enviable lot. This estimate of her character is strengthened and deepened by

* This estate, some years since, passed into the possession of Daniel Webster, who lived there in the intervals of his public life, interested in agricultural pursuits and exercising a generous hospitality; unhappily the house, with his fine library, was burned to the ground a few years since.



M^r. Copley's Picture of the SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR *as Exhibited in the Green Park near S^t. James's Palace.*

FAC-SIMILE OF TICKET OF ADMISSION TO COPLEY'S "SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR." (FROM ENGRAVING BY BARTOLOZZI.)

the perusal of a long series of her family letters, still extant, commencing in 1800, to a dear and absent daughter in America, and continued in uninterrupted succession to the death of the writer, in 1836, more than twenty years after that of her husband.

The locality associated with the married life of the artist was a solitary house on Beacon Hill, as it was then termed, chosen with his keen perception of picturesque beauty. His prophecy that the time would come when that situation would be the favorite site of the houses of the wealthy has been fully verified. Here he followed the practice of the art he so dearly loved and for which nature had so generously endowed him; here his best portraits, scarcely inferior in stately grace, and exquisite finish of drapery, and in the introduction of those accessories that make a picture of a portrait, to the masterly productions of Vandyck, were painted when he had scarcely heard the name of the old Flemish master. In after years, his thoughts fondly reverted to this early home—his "farm," as he called it, which extended over seven acres of what is now the most densely populated portion of his native town. Here he dwelt and toiled, with what result we have only to ask the innumerable portraits that hang in New England homes or adorn the luxurious mansions of our cities. Colonial dignitaries of church and state, graceful women and lovely children, left their forms and features on his canvas—now the reality, the originals less than shadows.

Excepting a visit to New York in 1771, there are but few events to relate of Copley's early married life, and of that visit we only know that he painted miniatures of Washington and of some other persons of distinction, which are still in existence. At length the time arrived when the artist could no longer resist the desire to visit Europe and to behold the works of the great masters of his art. Leaving his aged mother, his

favorite brother, his wife and children, he embarked for England before the conflict with the mother-country began—not because of his royalist tendencies, as some of his biographers have asserted, but simply to perfect himself in his art. In point of fact, Copley's sympathies and judgment were enlisted on the side of liberty and independence during his whole life, as passages in his own and his friends' correspondence conclusively prove. His father-in-law, Mr. Clarke, a man of eminence in the community and agent for the India Company, of strict integrity and honorable character, was, on the contrary, a royalist in the fullest sense of the term, and, in politics, father and son-in-law "agreed to disagree." Even when party discussions ran high, the harmony of the family circle was never disturbed. How much this was owing to the influence of Mrs. Copley, those who knew her can best imagine. The tea upon which the obnoxious tax was levied which so enraged the colonists was consigned to Mr. Clarke, and it was because he refused to send it back in the vessel which brought it to Boston, that it was thrown overboard by the angry mob, in the disguise of Mohawks. He, and later his son, escaped into Canada and subsequently proceeded to England, some members of his family remaining in the former country to the present day. The rest of his life was passed in London, with his daughter and son-in-law. He embarked for England June, 1774, and, after a very short and pleasant voyage of twenty-nine days, landed at Dover. The best account of his visit to Italy, and of his own feelings, is preserved in his letters to his wife. Primitive in expression and full of sensibility, they give a deeper insight into the heart of the writer than the most lengthened analysis. From time to time we detect the satisfaction of conscious genius, which breaks forth while contemplating the miracles of art for the first time.

On the 21st of July, he writes:

"I have just returned from Mr. West's house, where I took tea. He accompanied me to the Queen's palace, where I beheld the finest collection of paintings, I believe, in England. I also went to Greenwich Hospital and to the Park, which has all the beauty the most lively imagination can conceive of. The ladies made such a show [this to his wife!] that it was almost enough to warm a statue and to endue it with life. * * * I have had a visit from Sir Joshua Reynolds, and from Mr. Strange, the celebrated engraver. Lord Gage is out of town; I have not, therefore, seen him or Lord Dartmouth, but shall be introduced to the latter next week by Governor Hutchinson. * * * I dine out every day."

After passing a few weeks in London, Copley proceeded with a companion, Mr. Carter, whose acquaintance he made there, to Genoa, passing through Lyons and Marseilles, the route so familiar to his country-

MASTER COPLEY [AFTERWARD LORD LYNDHURST] AND HIS ELDEST SISTER. (AFTER A DRAWING IN SEPIA BY BENJAMIN WEST.)

LADY WENTWORTH. (FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY COPLEY, NOW IN THE LENOX LIBRARY, NEW YORK. SEE P. 775.)

men a century later. The higher civilization and more refined manners of the people made a delightful impression on his mind, contrasted with those of his own new country.

His eye was keenly awake to the beauty of the scenery. He dwells with enthusiasm on the situation of Lyons. "Such a prospect," he writes, "my eye never before beheld—such an extended country, so rich and beautiful!" But the whole enthusiasm of the artist breaks out at Genoa—as whose does not, on entering it for the first time? "I am impatient," he exclaims, "to get to work and to try if my hand and my head cannot do something like what others have done, by which they have astonished the world and immortalized themselves. Genoa is a lovely city; the streets are paved with flat stones and very clean, the buildings extremely high, and enriched with painting, sculpture, gilding, etc. If I should be suddenly transported to Boston, I should think it only a collection of wren-

boxes, it is on so small a scale compared to the cities of Europe; and much greater remain to be seen. Rome, if I mistake not, will make Genoa even seem small!"

After a delightful journey from Genoa by post and by water, making short visits at the principal cities on the way, of all of which he writes with enthusiasm, as well as of his enjoyment of the lovely scenery, he arrived at Rome October 24th, 1774. On the 5th of November he writes to Mrs. Copley as follows:

"By your kind letter of September 5th I am relieved from much anxiety, as we were informed by the London papers that the ships had begun to fire on the town of Boston. Although this was contradicted, I could not but feel very uneasy. Your letter, being two days later, gave me no such account, and would make me very happy, except I fear you suffer great inconvenience. * * * I am very fearful that Boston will soon become a place of bloodshed and confusion. * * * It is truly astonishing to see the works of art in this city—painting, sculpture, and architecture in such quantity, beauty, and magnificence as exceed description.

"I shall always enjoy a satisfaction from this tour which I could not have had if I had not made it. I know the extent of the arts, to what length they have been carried, and I feel more confidence in what I do myself than I did before I came."

Later on, he writes:

"Everywhere I go I find some persons to whom I am known, or am introduced to, in some way. * * * When I arrived in Naples I waited on Sir William Hamilton, to deliver a letter from Mr. Palmer, of Boston. I was introduced into a room where there was a concert and company. I inquired of the servant which was Sir William, and delivered my letter. Mr. Izard stepped forward and presented me. Sir William read the letter, and politely said: 'Mr. Copley needs no introduction; his name is sufficient anywhere.' I cannot but say I have been surprised to find myself known in places so distant; I am happy, at the same time, in being less a stranger in the world than I thought, and have found in every place persons desirous of rendering such kind offices as a stranger stands in need of."

A letter to Mrs. Copley, dated Florence, June 9th, 1775, after his visit to Rome and Naples, with the exception of some domestic details, is as follows:

"General Gage's opinion that I should not leave Rome till next spring is judicious, but I shall find means to carry with me the most valuable specimens of art in casts of plaster-of-Paris, of the finest works in the world; and had I staid in Rome till next spring, my whole time would have been spent in the study of the statues, but by having some of the best models in my apartment, I shall always have the advantage of drawing from them, which will be much superior to spending one or two years in Rome. I mentioned in my last that I had purchased a cast of the Laocoon. This is not only the best work of art in the world now, but it was esteemed by the ancients the first in point of merit that the chisel had ever produced. Although I had seen fine casts, and read Pliny's description, when I saw the original I stood astonished, not that the copies are defective in form,—for the models have been made on the original,—but there is in marble that fine transparence that gives it both the softness and the transparence of real life. The Apollo is another wonderful production. After selecting a few of the finest casts—for even in Rome the number of the very excellent is not great—I shall possess all I would recommend an artist to study, for it is not the number, but thoroughly to understand the best, and the principles of art, which alone can make him great. It is said that Michael Angelo obtained the astonishing 'gusto' that we see in all his works from a fragment only of the body,—the 'torso,'—yet we see the great Angel in delicate as well as in the most robust figures; and the same genius appears in all that he does, as well in the folds of his drapery as in his 'Christ Sitting in Judgment.' I am convinced that a man who is incapable of producing a female figure, in an excellent style, because he has only seen the Farnese 'Hercules,' must, in his muscular figures of men, be but a copyist of the Hercules, however artfully he may disguise his theft,—the principle that gives beauty to the different characters, whether it is the beauty of a Hercules or of a Venus, being the same: a thorough knowledge of the human body, with a fine taste to give to all the particular forms that suit best with each, is absolutely necessary to the character of a great and original artist. All this, however, is best calculated for Harry [Pelham], and I leave it to you to communicate to him."

When Copley received the case containing the casts above referred to, they were found to be broken into a thousand pieces, from want of proper care in packing—"a disappointment which," in the words of his son, "he never ceased to regret during the whole course of his after life."

The day after writing the letter just quoted, Copley started on his journey to Parma, where he remained about two months, engaged in making a copy of the "St. Jerome," by Correggio, for which he had a commission from Lord Grosvenor, and "which," he wrote, "my anxiety almost renders me incapable of proceeding with"; for, he continues:

"I am informed by a letter from London that what I greatly feared has at last taken place, and the war has begun, and, if I am not mistaken, the country which was once the happiest on the globe will be deluged with blood for many years to come. It seems as if no plan of reconciliation can now be formed; as the sword is drawn, all must be finally settled by the sword. I cannot think that the power of Great Britain will subdue the country, if the people are united, as they appear to be at present. I

MAP OF THE COPLEY ESTATE, BOSTON.

know it may appear strange to some men of strong understanding that I should hold such an opinion, but it is very evident to me that America will have the power of resistance till grown strong to conquer, and that victory and independence will go hand in hand. I tremble for you, my dear, my children and friends."

Unalloyed pleasure was not Copley's privilege during his only visit to Italy; private letters and public information apprised him of the approaching conflict; to his anxiety concerning the political condition of America were added his increasing fears about the state of his family, and the uncertainty that hung over his future home and career. Notwithstanding his distress and perplexity, though scarcely able to use his brush, he persisted, with his usual perseverance, in finishing the copy from Correggio—according to high authority the best ever painted.

We are indebted to his letters for the account of the most eventful year of his life; from them we learn how deeply he was impressed by the new scenes that opened upon him,—the splendor of the great English metropolis, the rich cultivation of the country, and the refinement of the people. But when Copley reaches Italy, we find the self-taught artist, matured by silent study and the assiduous practice of his art, examining the contents of the famous galleries of Europe with all the discrimination and reliance on his own judgment which the most careful training could have imparted. So far from being disheartened or dazzled by the works of the great masters, he appears to have gained greater confidence in his own genius, and encouragement in his career.

It is, indeed, little short of miraculous that a man whose study of painting had been confined within the narrow limits of what was but a humble New England village, in those early days of our infant country, should have been capable of appreciating them and himself so justly as we know he did from his own words, and could exclaim, in something of the same spirit as his predecessor, whose magnificent picture he was engaged in copying, "*Anch' io son pittore!*"

Unfortunately, none of Mrs. Copley's letters, written under the perplexing circumstances in which she was placed, remain; but, however she may have felt, she decided to rejoin her husband without waiting for tidings of his arrival in England, dreading the long separation which war would occasion, and well knowing that for years to come there would be no employment for the most gifted artist in a land exposed to its horrors. Leaving an infant (which shortly after died) to the care of Mrs. Pelham, Copley's mother, and which Mrs. Copley feared exposing to the hardships of a sea-voyage.

she embarked, with her son, then two years of age, and two daughters, in the *Minerva*, Captain Callahan, the last ship which sailed out of Massachusetts Bay bearing the British flag. The vessel was crowded; among the cabin passengers were the ancestors of several of the most respectable American families of the present day, and great regret was expressed at having so many children added to the already heavily laden ship; but Mrs. Copley always delighted in relating that, on their arrival at Dover, England, June 24th, 1775, after an unusually short passage, for that time, of twenty-eight days, all united in saying that her young family had shown themselves as good sailors as any on board, and were the delight of the ship's company, who vied with one another in petting and indulging them. Mrs. Copley arrived several weeks before her husband left Parma, while he hurried his journey through Lombardy, along the Rhine, and through the Low Countries, carefully examining the rich galleries on his route.

Thus the transfer of the family of our artist was made, and henceforth London became their home. After a short residence in Leicester Square, where the house he occupied still remains, in that greatly improved locality, Copley removed to 25 George street, where his father-in-law, himself, and his son lived and died. The house was purchased of a wealthy Italian, who had built it for his own use a short time previous, and was somewhat different in its arrangements from most London houses; that very dissimilarity probably recommended it to the artist. In the center was a large, lofty saloon, lighted from the ceiling, which offered a most favorable position for his pictures, which, after being exhibited at the Academy, adorned its walls. On the back, adjoining this, was a smaller apartment, the painting-room, as it was called, which, on the death of the artist, became the study of the son.

Among Copley's companions on his voyage to England was Brook Watson, afterward Lord Mayor of London, a man in the prime of life, whose lost leg was replaced by a wooden one. Passengers in those days were few, and voyages long, and the time was beguiled by many a tale of truth and fiction; few among the latter could possess more thrilling interest than the account this gentleman gave of the loss of his leg, by the bite of a shark, while he was bathing in the harbor of Havana. Again and again Copley heard the scene described, and the agony of dread recounted, with all the vividness of experience: the awful pause; the swift return of the monster; the almost hopeless deliverance of the victim at the last moment,—till every circumstance of the case was stamped on the artist's imagination with the fidelity of truth. Sketches were taken, with a view to represent the frightful occurrence on canvas. The picture, represented in the engraving on page 765, was given by Lord Lyndhurst to a near relative in Boston, but is now the property of the late Mr. Charles Appleton's family. The monster, having taken off one leg, is represented as returning for another attack just as the youth is drawn into the boat. The coloring of the picture is extremely soft and rich—the Moro Castle, the water, and the expression of the terrified boatmen, are very fine. There is great animation in the whole group, and the picture always rivets the attention of the spectator, even the humblest. A housemaid, engaged in her employment in the room where it hung, said: "I cannot take my eyes off that picture." It was finished in 1778, and engraved by Valentine Green in mezzotinto.

Watson delighted to relate the anecdote connected with this picture—an anecdote, by the way, which has gone into currency with many errors. Being at a country inn, in a remote corner of England, and the servant coming to take off his boot, Watson warned him that if he pulled too hard he would bring the leg with it. To the inexpressible horror of the man, he found leg as well as boot in his hand! Recovering in a measure from the shock, and finding the leg could be replaced, he begged to know how the gentleman had lost it. Watson promised to tell him under one condition—that he would not ask a second question. Assenting to the condition, poor Boots heard that it was "bit off," at which, scratching his head, he exclaimed, "How I wish I could ask one more!"

Copley's reputation had preceded his arrival in London. As soon as his easel was mounted, he commenced a series of fine portraits of distinguished persons, many in their robes of office, with their orders and insignia of rank. But his advance in portraiture shows itself in the composition of large groups of family and domestic scenes, such as he had never attempted in America: "The Red-Cross Knight" from Spenser's "Faerie Queene"—his son, the future Lord Chancellor, under the guise of St. George, with his two sisters as "Faith"

and "Hope"; the "Izard" picture, already referred to; "The Knatchbull Family," "The Western Family," etc., which limited space obliges me to mention only by name.

Copley was indebted to West for the commission to paint "The Three Princesses," a picture of surpassing beauty, at Buckingham Palace. On being consulted by George III. as to a good person to paint his daughters' portraits, West warmly recommended his friend and fellow-countryman, and such untiring pains did Copley take to do justice to the group and to his own genius, that he is said to have thoroughly worn out the patience of the young princesses,—so much so that representations were made to the Queen, by the attendants, that Mr. Copley should be requested to shorten the time he exacted for his work. The Queen, however, wisely declined to interfere. The scene is a garden, with a vista through which are seen the towers of Windsor Castle, from which waves the British flag; fruit-trees and flowers, parrots of brilliant plumage, and pet dogs of singular beauty give life and animation to the group; the youngest girl, in a garden carriage, holds the little Sophia by the hand, while the eldest (Mary) is bearing aloft a tambourine, to which she is keeping step for the amusement of the little princess (Amelia), of some two or three summers, who, with her gay attire and little bare feet, forms the central figure of the group. One can almost feel the warm breath of summer through the garden landscape, and hear the merry voices of the children. This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1785, and called forth much ridicule on account of the variety of detail and fancy introduced into what is apt to be a prosaic subject—royal portraiture. Posterity has forgotten the strictures, and is content to admire and enjoy one of the gayest and most exquisite works of art, in its way,—and what lovelier than the fair, fresh faces of children at play, whether prince or peasant? It was painted at the request of the Queen, and engraved by the accomplished Bartolozzi. Prints of this engraving yet exist, colored by hand.

Among the variety of Copley's works, none is more interesting than the so-called "Family Picture," painted when he first established himself in his English home, about a century ago, and representing himself and his wife, his four children, and Mr. Clarke. There is a warmth and sentiment in the picture, especially in the mother and children, of which no mere description can give an adequate idea. The mother is seated on a crimson sofa, caressing her infant son, the future Lord Chancellor, who returns her look of tenderness with an ineffable expression of infantile affection, while, on the other side, his sister, scarce a year younger, is endeavoring to attract her share of the mother's attention. A window, richly draped, opening on a landscape scene, gives a strong relief to the massive head and person of Mr. Clarke, holding on his knee the young Jonathan of some twelve months,—particularly noted by artists for the admirable drawing,—while the painter, with his brushes and palette, appears to contemplate the scene with the deepest satisfaction. In the foreground stands a little girl in the quaint attire of the last century, with a comic expression of importance as the eldest of the band. This picture was placed by Copley in the position it occupied till the death of his son—for nearly a century—over the fire-place in the dining-room, drawing away the eye from the social party around the hospitable table to the beautiful group over the family hearth. All the varied memories of that home cluster around the delineation of that beloved circle, until the death of his only and highly gifted son, the Lord Chancellor, who survived to the remarkable age of ninety-two, and whose last lingering gaze dwelt fondly on that representation of his infant life, "drawn by the father's hand." Calling his daughter to his bed, which had been removed to the more spacious apartment, the expiring statesman exclaimed, pointing to the picture before him: "See, my dear, the difference between me here and there!" The picture was sent by Lord Lyndhurst to the International Exhibition at Manchester, by particular request, in 1862, and was pronounced by competent judges to be equal to any in the same style by Vandyck, whose picture of "The Children of Charles I.," in the cedar drawing-room of Warwick Castle, it recalls—especially the prim little figure in the foreground, which is much the same in position and dress as the central one in that celebrated work. "The Family Picture" was engraved by R. Thew, but the plate was never finished, the artist having died before its completion, and only a few copies being struck off, in an imperfect state.

After Copley's return from the Continent, we find a marked change in his choice of subjects, as well as in his manner of treat-

ing them. Stimulated by West's success and the taste of the day, as well as by his studies on the Continent, he threw himself with his usual perseverance into historical composition. He had especial felicity in seizing upon the incident of the day for the exercise of his pencil, and in none was he more fortunate than in the choice of "The Death of Lord Chatham,"—an event of universal interest at that time, both in England and in America, and one which addressed itself to his own political sympathies. The scene is impressive; the fainting statesman, the agitated group pressing about him, the disturbance of the attendant peers, are treated with dignity and as much passion, perhaps, as is consistent with the scene in which the catastrophe occurred. Great fame was awarded to the artist, whose reputation it permanently established, and in an incredibly short time two thousand five hundred large impressions from the fine engraving by Bartolozzi were sold, and the picture was exhibited and admired by thousands. In America, as well as in England, the news of Copley's success was received with enthusiasm, and by none was it more highly appreciated than by his aged mother, who, though feeble and suffering, enjoyed her son's success to the utmost, as the following extract from one of her letters proves:

"BOSTON, Feb. 6th, 1788.

"Your fame, my dear son, is sounded by all the lovers of the art you bid fair to excel in. May God prosper and cause you to succeed in all your undertakings, and enroll your name among the first in your profession."

Again, Mr. Scollay, a compatriot, writes thus to the artist:

"I trust, amid this blaze of prosperity, you do not forget your dear native country and the cause it is engaged in, which I know once lay very near your heart, and I hope does still."

This is good testimony to the side Copley took in the political questions of the day, as well as to the reputation he had gained in his art. Mrs. Jameson cites this picture as an example of what may be termed "historical painting." Copley presented an engraving of this picture to John Adams, whose letter, dated January 27th, 1793, acknowledging the gift, is before me, in which letter he mentions having transmitted another of the same subject to Washington, and returns the thanks of the President, mentioning his intention of writing himself as soon as he received it.

For "The Siege of Gibraltar," painted about 1789-90, for the City of London, and placed in the Council-chamber of Guildhall, Copley was sent to Hanover to take the portraits of four of the generals of that country who, with the English, had won their laurels on that sea-washed rock. A letter from the good-natured King George III., in his own handwriting, claiming for the artist and his family every aid, gave him not only perfect facility for the execution of his commission, but rare opportunities for pleasure in a land dear to the student of old German art.

Copley's wife and eldest daughter accompanied him on this delightful excursion. Fresh and quaint were the anecdotes they treasured up of that "golden time." Every gallery of art unlocked its treasures, and every mansion offered a generous hospitality to the master whom "the King delighted to honor." A tour through the old towns that lay on their route was not the hackneyed thing it has since become, and in after years they dearly loved to dwell upon all they had seen, and to recall the picturesque fashions of that old German land.

In 1790 Copley obtained the honors of an academician, after having been "associate," presenting a picture ("The Tribute Money") on his admission, according to the rules of the Academy. He enjoyed the advantage of having his works engraved by the talented Bartolozzi, Strange, Sharpe, Thew, Heath, Green, and other eminent artists, and most enviable was the position he had won by his talents and character in a country he had sought as a stranger, and whose social institutions at that time rendered its attainment so difficult.

A more congenial sphere for a man of genius can scarcely be imagined than Copley's London home. It was the favorite resort of his countrymen in England, of every shade of political opinion. Among these were the Olivers and Hutchinsons, connections of Mrs. Copley through her Winslow ancestors, and all that were distinguished in the aristocratic circles of the colonial court; the first minister to St James, in his diplomatic dignity, scantily paid and coldly received; besides these there were men of art and letters,—the refined and gifted Sir Joshua Reynolds; the eccentric Barry; Malone, the erudite annotator and student of Shakspere; the brilliant and self-indulgent Stewart; the cold but gentle West; Burney, Bareth, and a host of distin-

guished men. A sketch in pen and ink of "Master Copley and his Sister," thrown off in the carelessness of social intercourse, signed "B. West," hung on the walls of Lord Lyndhurst's bedroom till the last day of his life. (See page 767.)

Numberless anecdotes connected with that home, and many a trait of the remarkable men and women of the last century, to whom the family were indebted for acts of courtesy, and whose names have become historical, lingered in the memory of his children. By the kindness of one of Copley's "sitters," high in rank, when tickets had been sued for in vain by peers and commoners, a loud London knock disturbed the midnight stillness of the house with the welcome intelligence that two were at Mr. Copley's disposal, for the trial of Warren Hastings. He and his oldest daughter had thus the opportunity of being present at that memorable scene, and their descendants had the exceptional chance of hearing it described by an eye-witness, who, to a very advanced age, delighted to dwell on that gorgeous drama. In full dress, long before daylight, they sought, and with great difficulty gained, access to the seats destined for them in William Rufus's grand hall, where they remained for hours before the case began. There, in the presence of the most noble and beautiful in the land,—the peers in their robes of scarlet and ermine, with all the insignia of their order; the peeresses in full dress, blazing with diamonds, —they listened to that masterly burst of eloquence in which Burke arraigned the Eastern vicegerent, "in the name of human nature, for his high crimes and misdemeanors." Hastings sat unmoved, with every eye fixed upon him, amid a storm of invectives, which excited the indignation of the spectators to the highest pitch. The suit was dragged on for years, till public interest was lost in the case and in the man, who ended his life in peace,—a simple country gentleman, devoted to his flowers and kitchen-garden.

One of Copley's most important works, "Charles I. Demanding the Impeached Members," is in the Public Library, Boston. From its subject, this picture was never popular in England. It represents the moment when the speaker, Lenthall, falling on his knees, gives this memorable answer to the King's angry demand: "I have, sire, neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am, and I humbly ask pardon that I cannot give any other answer to what Your Majesty is pleased to demand of me!" When this picture was privately exhibited at Somerset House, for the convenience of their majesties, after an ominous silence, the Queen, turning to the artist, said: "You have chosen a most unfortunate subject, Mr. Copley, for your pencil." Time, however, must have softened political animosity, for, when the picture was exhibited at the Academy in 1819, it was much admired by George IV., and he expressed a desire to own it. The artist was indebted for such valuable historical assistance to Malone as to call forth public acknowledgment of the obligation; and on every side offers of valuable original portraits of the characters to be introduced, and invitations to visit the galleries where they hung, were eagerly pressed upon his acceptance. In after years, his daughter liked to describe the summer of 1785, when the picture was projected. She accompanied her father through the delightful environs of the great metropolis, stretching forth into the adjoining vales and hills, to visit one luxurious country-seat after another, in search of authentic portraits, cavalier or roundhead, to illustrate the unfortunate reign of the first Charles; above all, she dwelt on the delight of the artist, when, perhaps, some undoubted presentment of the gloomy Vane or of the long-drawn lineaments of the sanctimonious Pym was discovered.

"The Death of Major Pierson," the happiest effort of Copley's pencil in historical composition, was bought by Sir Charles Eastlake, in 1864, at the sale of Lord Lyndhurst's effects at Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods's, for the National Gallery, amid the cheers of the spectators. It is described as follows:

> "The French invaded the Isle of Jersey, stormed St. Helier, took the commander prisoner, and compelled him to resign the surrender of the island. Major Pierson, a young man of twenty-four, refused to yield, collected troops, charged the invaders with equal courage and skill, and defeated them with much effusion of blood, but fell himself in the moment of victory, not by a random shot, but by a ball aimed deliberately at him by a French officer, who fell in his turn, shot through the heart by the African servant of the dying victor. At the right of the picture is an admirable group of women, one with an infant in her arms and a young boy at her side, escaping with every sign of distress."

This picture was finely engraved by Heath, and is worthy of the highest praise as a noble subject nobly treated. The greatest

compliment ever paid to a picture of this class, perhaps, was the estimate expressed by the late Duke of Wellington, who, while highly admiring it, during a visit to Lord Lyndhurst, said it was the only painting of a battle that ever satisfied him or faithfully depicted the scene, inasmuch as the artist had only attempted to represent one incident, the rest necessarily being concealed by smoke and dust. The people of the island retain a vivid remembrance of the spirited deed, and, in commemoration, show with pride a copy of this picture.

Copley continued in pursuance of his art as vigorously as ever, though in another branch. "Abraham's Sacrifice," exhibited in 1776; "Hagar and Ishmael," a companion picture, in 1798; "Saul Reproved by Samuel," the same year, besides "The Nativity," "The Tribute Money," and "Samuel and Eli," all engraved, show that Scripture subjects were as familiar to his pencil as any other. The last-named, one of the finest of Copley's works, painted for the Macklin Bible and engraved by Valentine Green, is remarkable for the composition as well as for the beauty of the coloring.

The beautiful portrait of Lady Frances Wentworth, wife of John Wentworth, the last loyal governor of New Hampshire,—an engraving of which we give on page 768,—was probably painted in London, soon after Copley's return from Italy. When the Revolutionary troubles broke out in America, Wentworth went to England, where he was created baronet, and appointed governor of Nova Scotia. Lady Wentworth was one of the maids-of-honor to the Queen, wife of George III., and was greatly admired at court for her beauty. The portrait by Copley was thought an excellent likeness, and is certainly a picture of rare excellence. After many vicissitudes, it passed into the possession of the late James Lenox, Esq., and is now one of the ornaments of the library he so generously endowed in New York. A little romance attaches to Lady Wentworth's memory. She was engaged to John Wentworth, her cousin, who went away and loitered too long for the lady's patience, till she accepted another suitor. The first lover returned to find her married. The man she had taken in such haste died soon afterward, and in one single week after the funeral she married her first love. She never returned to America, and died in England in 1813.

Notwithstanding Copley's success in his art, as well as in the attainment of an honorable social position, and his complete satisfaction in his domestic relations, it appears as if his thoughts were constantly dwelling upon his early home across the Atlantic, and upon the possibility of returning to it. Accordingly, when his son's course at Cambridge was at an end and he had obtained a traveling "fellowship," he improved the occasion to visit the country of his birth, with the ulterior view of gaining his father's estate on Beacon Hill, which, without proper authority, had been sold by his agent. In this object the son failed, to the constant regret of the family. Thus the dream of Copley's life since he left America vanished; "the farm" on Beacon Hill, to which he was so warmly attached, slipped from his grasp, and his last aspiration of returning to close his days among the congenial scenes of his youth ended in disappointment.

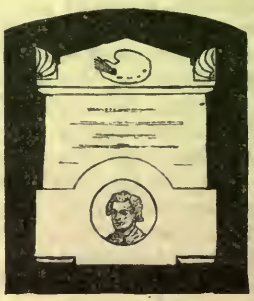
With the beginning of the present century the materials for something like a chronological account of Copley's later years and works are abundant, the history of the works being the real history of the man. Copley's eldest daughter, Eliza Clarke, born in Boston in 1770, married Gardiner Greene, a man of high social and business position, whom she accompanied to her new home in that town, August, 1800, when a very full and regular correspondence between the two branches of the family commenced. From this source we gain a complete account of its members and of Copley's closing career, while the details of his pictures, as they progress, are mentioned in every letter and furnish an unfailing topic of interest. Portrait after portrait rises to notice and gradually vanishes from the page. In 1800, the great picture of "Sir Edward Knatchbull's Family" was begun, and we find constant reference to the work until it was finished, many years later. "The canvas covered one end of the great rooms in the Baronet's house, and contained, at the beginning, a group of ten, to which the owner subsequently insisted upon having a second wife added, as well as a little stranger, on its arrival." This "superb" picture, as it was styled, unfortunately for the artist's reputation was very little known, in consequence of the unwillingness of the owner to permit it to be exhibited or engraved. "Monmouth before James II., Refusing to give the Names of his Accomplices," "The Offer of the Crown to Lady Jane Grey," exhibited in 1808,

CROYDON CHURCH, WHERE COPLEY IS BURIED.

and a large equestrian "Portrait of the Prince of Wales," exhibited in 1810, must close the list of Copley's works.

We learn from the authority above mentioned that many large pictures received the last loving touches from the hand of the master in the early years of this century, that he had as yet lost none of his native vigor and genius, and that he persevered as assiduously as ever in his vocation. Notwithstanding, the closing years of his career were embittered by pecuniary embarrassments. Picture after picture was finished, exhibited, and admired—but not sold, so that his self-love was wounded, and his spirits were depressed. The expensive contracts for the copper-plates, the engravings from which he expected to yield him large returns, had to be met, while the delay in publishing them in several cases occasioned a large pecuniary loss instead of gain. The portrait of the Prince Regent, for which the original sat frequently, and with which he expressed himself "highly delighted," was left on the hands of the artist, and probably never was unrolled, after its exhibition at the Academy, until it was brought to Boston, in 1874. The political condition of the country, and the depressing effects of the long-continued wars on the Continent, and the contest which England waged, almost single-handed, against the first Napoleon, crippled the resources of the country and depressed its commerce, and from this condition of affairs the arts were the first to suffer. Moreover, new artists and new rules of art were coming to the foreground, to which those of a former generation had to yield, according to the inexorable law of nature. But, while dwelling on the melancholy retrospect of his father's disappointments, Lord Lyndhurst always closed with the reflection that he so delighted in the practice of his art that, when engaged with his pencil, he became so deeply immersed that every other subject was forgotten.

Mrs. Copley writes, April 20th, 1815: "I have the happiness to say that we are in health, and this is much when I bring your recollection to the period of life to which your father has attained. In your absence of fifteen years you would contemplate a great change; he grows feeble in his limbs, and goes out very seldom, for walking fatigues him; but his health is good, and he pursues his profession with pleasure, and would be uncomfortable if he could not use his brush." This was the premonitory warning of the approaching blow, for on the 16th of August, Copley was attacked with a stroke of paralysis, from which his family supposed he was recovering, when another and fatal shock, on the 9th of September of the same year, terminated his life at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. He died, as he had lived, in full faith in the Christian religion, and "expressed his firm trust in God through the merits of our Redeemer." He was buried in the north aisle of Croydon Church, in the Hutchinsons' tomb, where a black marble slab, placed on the pavement, marks his last resting-place. The church having been partially destroyed by fire, by which the slab was defaced, a tablet on the wall was erected to his memory by his grandchildren in 1870.



TABLET IN CROYDON CHURCH, IN MEMORY OF COPLEY.

MUSICAL POSSIBILITIES IN AMERICA.

[The following paper by Mr. Theodore Thomas was written at our especial request. The only regret his many friends in America and Europe will have regarding it will be that it is not longer,—that in addition to the excellent and laborious work Mr. Thomas is doing for this country with his baton, he does not have leisure from time to time to give the public also the benefit of his pen.—Ed. S. M.]

The Americans are certainly a music-loving people. They are peculiarly susceptible to the sensuous charm of tone, they are enthusiastic and learn easily, and with the growth in general culture of recent years, there has sprung up a desire for something serious in its purpose in music, as in the other arts. The voices of the women, although inclined to be sharp and nasal in speaking, are good in singing. Their small volume reveals the lack of proper training, but they are good in quality, extended in compass, and brilliant in color. The larger number are sopranos, but there are many altos, and there would be more and they would be better were it not for ruinous attempts to make sopranos of them. The men's voices do not compare favorably with those of the women. They lack strength and character, and a well-balanced chorus is hardly possible as yet without a mixture of English or German voices to give body to the tone. Of late years, probably because of the growing attention to physical training, there has been a marked improvement, and many good and beautiful voices have been developed, chiefly baritones or high basses. The incessant pressure of work which every American feels, prevents the men from paying much attention to music, but as the country advances in age and begins to acquire some of the repose which age brings, there will come possibilities of development which cannot now be estimated.

In considering, therefore, the present condition of musical development in this country, I am led naturally to speak first of vocal music. Although the contrary has been asserted, I think that it is in the vocal direction, and not in the instrumental, that the present development of the art tends. We have no public instrumental performers of American birth who can rank with our singers in public estimation, nor is there at present more than a very limited demand for instrumentalists. New York is the only city in the country in which an orchestral player can make a living, and even here he must give lessons or play at balls and parties, thereby losing or injuring the finer qualities of an orchestral player. Boston, in spite of many efforts, cannot support a large, well-balanced orchestra. Philadelphia has no standing orchestra, and in Cincinnati and Chicago the orchestral musician must eke out a living by playing in beer-gardens and saloons. The only demand for piano-players, except of the highest order, is as teachers, and of those we have many and good ones, who do what may be called missionary work. Singing, on the other hand, appeals to almost every one, and there is a certain demand, even if limited, for singers in the churches.

When we consider that music is taught in the public schools throughout the country, we might expect some evidence or result of this teaching among the people. Much money is spent in our schools for instruction in this branch, and what does it amount to? Many of the children learn like parrots, and soon forget the little which they have learned. Those who retain this knowledge find it a drawback when wishing to go on in the study of music. The fault is not in them, but in the system taught. So faulty is that system that it would be better to abolish singing entirely from the schools than to retain it under the present method. It does more harm than good. I consider the system at present followed in this elementary instruction, called the "movable *do* system," fundamentally wrong, and experience has confirmed me in this opinion. It is a make-shift, invented by amateurs. Pupils should learn something about absolute pitch of tones, instead of merely their relative pitch. The "movable *do* system" shuts the door against this knowledge. The first tone of the scale in every key is *do*, and that term *do* never suggests to one who has thus studied music any fixed, absolute conception of pitch; for example, *do* is sometimes C and sometimes D, while to the musician C and D are as distinct sounds as the vowels a and e. The system will enable a pupil to sing a simple hymn-tune which has no accidental sharps or flats, but it is wrong thus to limit pupils to so restricted a capacity. In my experience, those who have learned to read music according to this method never free them-

selves altogether from it. It should be considered as necessary to be thorough in the study of music as in that of mathematics. I do not say that it should be carried to the same extent, but that, so far as it is carried, it should be taught understandingly and well,—taught so as to pave the way for future study, when desirable, and not so as to block it up. I attach a great deal of importance to this matter of correct musical instruction. If we start right in the schools, the public taste will soon advance to a higher standard. It is from the young that the church choirs and singing societies must be recruited, and if a correct foundation is laid when the rudiments are learned, the progress to a more advanced position is natural and easy.

While singing under proper direction is a healthy exercise, great injury can be done to the throat and vocal organs by allowing the children to sing, or rather scream, at the top of their voices. Most of the school-singing which I have heard in this country is screaming, not singing, while in England and Germany I heard nothing of the kind. On the principle that no person can teach another what he cannot do himself (a principle which I believe in to a great extent), I hold to the opinion that the teachers of singing should themselves be singers, with a good method. Singing ought also to be taught without the aid of an instrument, unless it be occasionally to support the pitch.

At present, the musical standard of the American public, taken as a whole, must be pronounced a low one. If we should judge of what has been done in music by the programmes of concerts given in the larger cities, we might rightly claim for this country a high rank in cultivation. Those concerts, however, appeal not to the general public, but to one class only, and that a limited one, as any one who observes the audiences can easily see. This class is growing in numbers as well as in cultivation, but it is still far too small to support more than a limited number of concerts, as at present those of the New York and Brooklyn Philharmonic societies. The general public does not advance in music, partly from want of opportunity, partly from the habits of the people. The average American is so entirely absorbed in his work that when he goes out in the evening he looks for relaxation in some kind of amusement which makes little or no demand upon his intellect, and he has no difficulty in finding it.

As regards general musical culture, the public may be divided into two classes —those who go to the theaters, and those for whom the church is the social center. In both church and theater, the standard of music is a low one. In the church, where first of all sincerity should prevail, and where nothing but healthy food should be given, the music is looked upon as an attraction and given as an amusement. It is largely operatic, it appeals to the senses only, and is too often of the sickly sentimental order. In those churches only which have congregational singing is the sense of what is suitable and decorous not offended. In this criticism I do not include some of the Roman Catholic churches. The priest estimates at its full value the power of music over the masses, and coöperates with the organist to produce a good musical service. Why cannot this be done in the Protestant churches? Pleasing music need not be trifling or sentimental; there are many beautiful works, not suited for the concert-room, which are intended for devotional use. But the greater part of the church music is a sort of patch-work—a little piece from this composer and another piece from that, put together by an amateur. A higher aim ought to be set, if not in the first place because of the art itself (though why this is not a praiseworthy purpose I do not see), at least for the sake of truth and propriety. The most exalted and artistic church service is the most proper one. The music which will inspire those feelings which ought to fill the soul of every worshiper is noble, good music—not sentimental, not secular, but lofty and devotional. That this low standard of church music exists is not owing to the want of competent organists, for we have many of ability, but rather to the fact that they are hampered in their attempts to introduce better music by the solo singers, as well as by the want of interest on the part of the minister, and, in many cases, by the desire of the business committee to "draw" and please the congregation. Recent years have also given us composers of undoubted merit.

It can hardly be expected that the managers of our theaters will carry on their business solely on art principles, nor can they afford to make the theater an educational institution; but they ought to try to have the music in keeping with the general character of their houses, and, as far as possible, appropriate to the plays given. A small but well proportioned band of twenty pieces, for which the leader can adapt and arrange music, such as opera selections, overtures

dances, with solos for different instruments, is competent to furnish music which will give pleasure to the educated ear, and be at the same time an educator of the popular taste. If an orchestra of twenty is too expensive, it would be better to reduce the number to a half-dozen players, and have, in addition to a piano and a cabinet organ, a fair violinist, a violoncellist, or some other soloist. Instead of that, we have now a blatant cornet or trombone, drums, bells, wood and straw instruments, every one making the greatest possible noise, headed by an important conductor, with a baton in his hand instead of a violin bow. We had better music in the theaters twenty years ago than we have at present. Why appeal in music to a lower class, or allow in the orchestra a lower standard than is in keeping with what is presented on the stage?

I have mentioned thus hastily some of the defects of our methods of musical instruction, and pointed out some of the obstacles to our advancement to a higher musical standard. What are the remedies? I was once asked by a gentleman what he ought to do to make his children musical. He perhaps expected me to advise him to send the girls to Italy to study vocalization, and to set the boys to practicing the violin so many hours a day and studying harmony. I told him to form for them a singing class under the care of a good teacher, that they might learn to use their vocal organs, to form a good tone, and to read music; after they became old enough, to let them join a choral society, where, for two hours once a week, they could assist in singing good music; and, above all, to afford them every opportunity of hearing good music of every kind. This gentleman knew nothing of music, but thought the advice "sounded like common sense."

If we have arrived at that point where it is considered necessary to give music a place in the common-school education, it is time that something like organized work should be done for the general cultivation of taste. The formation of singing societies would reach the people, and the knowledge which the children are supposed to gain in the schools would be sufficient for participation in such societies. So far as the singers themselves are concerned, everybody who has ever sung in a chorus knows that nothing so awakens an interest in music as helping to make it. The sympathies of hundreds are enlisted through their personal relations with the singers, and gradually a correct taste is formed and developed. If the proper means be put in use, and those who are willing to do something for music will organize for work with a purpose in it, such is the power of music that the growth will be steady until the general state is one of worth and dignity. In European countries, while the highest mark attained by the advanced class is no higher than here, the love for and understanding of music is more widely diffused. The Philharmonic concerts do not appeal to the general public; they are for this advanced class, and are well supported. But this class does not grow in numbers as rapidly as it ought. The steps by which the people can be led up to the plane of these concerts are lacking. They were once partly supplied by the Central Park garden-concerts, which were managed in a way that gave no offense to the social ideas of the people, and hence had their support. It is of great importance at present to give the people the right kind of food. Their taste has been awakened and they are willing to be led. The way in which music is often taught is an insult to any person of common intellect. The intelligence is not appealed to, but the pupil is treated like a child, and often remains, musically speaking, a child his life long.

The value of a visit to Europe, at the proper time, is of course great for those studying music; but pupils should not be sent there for technical instruction, but for the knowledge of other schools and methods—in short, for the experience. A great many singers are sent to Italy; and what results have we? If they devote themselves to vocalization and really learn to vocalize,—and many do not,—they come back without a repertory of practical value. They display their acquirements in some show pieces of operatic airs to which they have given all their attention, and for which there is no demand. Many singers are excluded from opportunities of appearing in good concerts, because they have no pieces in keeping with the character of the programmes. Why send them so far to acquire that which is of no use to them? What a waste of money and, more serious still, what a dreadful ruin of moral character often results! No teacher in a foreign country can rightly understand how to prepare pupils for practical work here. Though the taste for singing was awakened by Italian opera, and though the Italian method of using the voice commends itself to us, the educated American is not

satisfied with the Italian repertory, and soon outgrows it. I am satisfied that we shall never have a standard opera, which will take hold of the people, until we educate our own singers for the stage, and choose our repertory from the best Italian, French, and German works.

We want home education and thorough home education, of a kind suited to the needs and demands of our people, and calculated to promote the new life which we hope is opening before us. We want an end of amateurism in teachers and other professionals. Those who present themselves to guide the people must have thoroughly studied music, not dabbled in it. We need some provision for the talent which is developing every day—we need institutions, well endowed, which will not be obliged to adopt a mere commercial standard for want of the means of support. We need the influences coming naturally from such institutions. We need them, not only to give instruction to pupils, but to keep up a high standard of excellence. We need them for our numerous earnest teachers to come to from time to time, to rub off the rust of teaching, and refresh themselves by contact with those who live in a musical atmosphere. The greatest enemy to fight is mediocrity, and an institution of standing is the only sure defense against it. Such an institution would afford an opportunity for public or semi-public performances, by which ability would be tested and experience gained. It would also give us—what we have not now—a suitable place for the performance of the works of young composers. A concert of a society like the Philharmonic is not the proper place for experimental music.

There are many ways in which such an institution would be of national advantage. It would not only develop our native talent and give us a true standard of excellence, but it would also give fresh impetus to the mechanical branch of the art, wherein this country already occupies an enviable position. It is generally acknowledged that we make the best pianos. Our organs are good, and our brass and reed instruments are of a superior quality. But the most noteworthy fact of all is that we are making the best violins. Some of the first living violinists claim that the violins made by George Gemünder are worthy to rank with those of the famous Italian makers, needing only age to prove their great excellence. Mr. Gemünder, who has shown himself a master in this most difficult art, says that we have an extraordinary variety of woods suitable for instrument-making, and that his experience, which he has dearly bought by indefatigable labor since 1847, shows our woods to be in no way inferior to the best used by the old Italian makers. We have, furthermore, an abundant supply, whereas in Europe there is a great scarcity. The rough tone of the violins of German manufacture is due largely to the inferior quality of the wood. A striking tribute to the superiority of Mr. Gemünder's work is furnished by the following authentic anecdote: At the Vienna Exhibition there was a collection of the best specimens of violin-making. It included not only the famous instruments of the Italian makers, but those of modern workmanship. Mr. Gemünder sent a remarkable violin, made by him after the pattern of Joseph Guarnerius. The judges, who had been selected from all parts of Europe to pronounce upon the merits of the various instruments, refused to admit this particular one to competition, declaring that the competitor was trying to deceive them with a genuine old instrument in an unusually good state of preservation.

It will be seen, therefore, that we have in this country the possibilities of a great musical future. We have the natural taste of the people for music, their strong desire to have only the best, and their readiness to recognize what is the best when it is presented to them. We have exceptional natural resources for the making of musical instruments. Nature has done her part of the work generously; it remains for us to do ours.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

PART II.

Colonel Thomas Handasyde Perkins is a name which should never be forgotten in Boston. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a dignified and elegant presence, courteous, benevolent, noble, and generous, bestowing favors as if they were kindnesses to himself. He was one of the chief movers for the Massachusetts General Hospital, to which an act of incorporation was granted, and a valuable donation was made by the commonwealth, I think in 1815,—on condition that $100,000 should be raised for the expenses. Colonel Perkins and Mr. James Perkins headed the subscription with $5000 each (a much larger sum then than now). To Colonel Perkins is due the success of the Institution for the Blind, and much of the prosperity of the Athenæum. Upon the condition that $50,000 should be subscribed, Colonel Perkins gave his large residence, with garden and grounds, to the Institution for the Blind. The sum was raised by subscription and by a fair, which was conducted with the usual excitement. Doctor Howe, with his never-failing enthusiasm, was placed at the head of this institution. Colonel Perkins had the great satisfaction of watching the full success of his munificent gift. When I was in London, Mr. Rogers, the poet, showed me some writing of Laura Bridgman's, Dr. Howe's far-famed pupil, which he had preserved with great care.

In the last year of Colonel Perkins's life, a large building in Pearl street was obtained for the Athenæum by contribution. A fund was to be provided for annual expenses, and an effort was made to raise $100,000. Colonel Perkins had already done so much for the Athenæum that no application was made to him. He, however, sent for the subscription and contributed $3000. The subscription amounted to $80,000, the money to be paid provided the amount required was raised within the year. Colonel Perkins gave his assurance that the project should not fail, saying that he would be responsible for any deficiency. He was not called upon, however, for Mr. Samuel Appleton having left $200,000 for scientific, literary, and charitable purposes, his trustees applied $25,000 to the Athenæum.

In 1828, my father, Colonel Perkins, and I went to Washington. We went by stage to Providence, thence by one of the two Long Island Sound boats, *Captain Bunker*, to New York. We staid at Bunker's, hardly a hotel, in the lower part of Broadway, below Trinity Church. How beautiful the Battery was, and all the lower part of the town, then the fashionable residence! The evening of our arrival, we were at a musical party at Mr. Philip Hone's,—the mayor of the city, and a prince of hospitality. We heard a great deal of music, some very good, and saw a degree of fashionable and extravagant dress far in excess of quiet Boston.

We left New York the next day, and had a most terrific stage journey from Amboy to Camden, on absolutely dangerous roads. It was on this road that Wallack had his leg broken, when he came first to the United States from England. Arriving in Washington, we drove immediately to "the House," where my father and Colonel Perkins alighted. I went on with Colonel Perkins's man-servant to "Gadsby's," where our rooms were engaged. The object in going to Washington was to hear the debates on the tariff, then a subject of immense importance. Our daily dinner-party usually consisted of Mr. Webster, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Everett, Mr. Ticknor, Colonel Perkins, and my father, with an occasional member of Congress, I being the only lady. I should have enjoyed it more had I been older. The morning after our arrival, I went to "the House" with the gentlemen, and saw John Randolph, and heard him speak on this issue. He was a tall, slight man, with long, thin legs in buckskin breeches, high-topped boots, blue coat with bright buttons, made in the fashion of the day, with the buttons half-way up the back, and with a high collar. He carried a short cane or whip-stock in his hand. His coming drew the attention of all. In speaking, he extended two fingers, and said, in a high, thin voice, as far as I remember: "The object is not a tariff on manufactures, but the manufacture of a president." I regret that I cannot remember more of "the House" and the debates, but I was much more occupied with the gay society.

We attended a great ball at the Russian embassador's the evening after our arrival. My father had forbidden my waltzing, and, as I did not care for the crowded quadrilles,

I amused myself with walking about with various escorts and looking at the people. Mr. Van Buren, then senator, afterward president, gave me more than an hour's amusement, telling me who the people were and for what they had come to Washington. I remember a great many people from Europe, from the West, from the South, and from the East, all new to my inexperience,—such an assemblage as could only be seen in Washington at that time. Miss Silsbee, afterward Mrs. Sparks, was then very prominent in Washington society.

The next morning, in the Senate Chamber, Mr. Van Buren came and sat by me in the balcony. Some one was speaking—I think Mr. Haines, of Ohio—and was attacking Mr. Van Buren. Our party was much amused by my telling him that he should not talk to me, but listen to what his opponent was saying. He laughed and said: "I hear enough."

John Quincy Adams was then president. The gentlemen who were with me belonged to the opposition, and party spirit ran so high that none of them called at the White House, so I did not see it.

We went to balls and assemblies evening after evening while in Washington. On our return I was left with my aunt, in Philadelphia, for six weeks. Philadelphia was the gayest of the Atlantic cities at that time, and I had gayety enough in those six weeks. There was a circle of young men who seemed to have nothing to do but to amuse themselves and others. With no apparent business or profession, and, as I have heard, no fortunes, they seemed to take life as if intended only for enjoyment. Among the prominent figures of Philadelphia at that time was old John Vaughan, brother of Charles Vaughan of London, who was one of the chief promoters of the London docks. John Vaughan was interested in everything that concerned Philadelphia; he took strangers whom he knew under his special care, and, being an old friend of my parents, he kept a special watch over me. He went about in a plaid cloak and carried a red-and-white striped umbrella, giving as a reason that no one would ever take it. His habits were so regular that one could almost tell the time of day by the appearance of Mr. Vaughan. He was a very early riser, and was in the habit of going to the boat to see any of his departing friends off. One day he was missed from his usual haunts, and there was a great commotion; but late in the afternoon he re-appeared. He had been carried off by the boat.

A few weeks later we went from Boston to Saratoga, by a tedious stage journey across country. We remained at Saratoga about ten days—and found it gay, amusing, and confusing—but a very different place from the Saratoga of to-day. I think Mr. Legaré, of South Carolina, was one of the most distinguished persons there. He was a man of great literary acquirement, almost deformed by the shortness of his legs, but capable of being very agreeable. Mr. Dominick Lynch delighted the assembly both by day and evening with his singing. Congress Hall was then the favorite hotel.

About 1830, De Tocqueville and his friend Mr. Beaumont came to Boston. De Tocqueville was dark in complexion, quiet, humorous, charming in manner, and impressive, though small. Mr. Beaumont, the author of his biography, was larger in frame and lighter in color. They were often at my father's, and I was old enough to appreciate and enjoy their earnest conversations with my father, and De Tocqueville's charming manner to me, though I could not realize the depth of his sound philosophy and learning.

From 1828 to 1832, I was much in the society of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Society was smaller, more simple, less extravagant than at present. The hours for dining were two and half-past two, and for dinner parties as late as four o'clock. There were, therefore, no elaborate lunch parties. The dishes—and often very substantial ones—were carved at the table by the host: there was no dining *à la Russe*. The dinners were luxurious, including expensive wines,—Madeira, sherry, and port, chiefly,—and elaborate desserts, with polished tables of handsome fruit and glass. At tea parties, the tea and cakes were handed on trays. Later in the evening, apples, nuts, figs, and grapes were considered an appropriate entertainment for a few friends, or blanc-mange, fruit-creams, custards, and preserves. When a dancing party was given, there was an appropriate supper in a supper-room. Balls began at eight, and rarely lasted after twelve o'clock, and were not, as now, of nightly occurrence. A ball was not a matter of course, but an occasion, and sometimes a great occasion, two houses being thrown into one. Waltzing was rather frowned upon, but there was a small set who faced the opprobrium for the pleasure of the waltz, and groups gathered around the

ring of dancers. It may be well called a "ring," for we spun round and round without any "reverse"; we must have had very steady heads. Cotillons and *contra-danses* were usual, and sometimes a Virginia reel, and a dance called the "Spanish dance," where the partners stood opposite, as in the *contra-danse*, and the men knelt from time to time while the women waltzed around them in figures. It gave rise to some amusement in making knee-cushions. The galop was introduced about this time. The polka came later.

Dancing meant dancing in those days. We "took steps," and prided ourselves upon the skill and grace of the performance, and had an admiring circle. The music was a very small affair. As I look back and remember the three or four musicians,—sometimes only one, and, when more than one, the leader standing on a foot-stool of some kind and often calling out the figures,—it seems very primitive. The music in New York was superior to that in Boston. In Philadelphia they had "Johnson's band"—colored men—who made themselves rather obtrusive by joining in the music with their voices. It seemed to me good dancing music, however. Assemblies (subscription balls) were introduced several years later, when we had a delightful band, and the musicians were much less prominent.

All these fashions were much the same in the three cities, but there was a difference. Boston was more simple, the society formed of people whose parents and grandparents had known one another, and with few strangers, the inhabitants calling one another by the Christian name, and having a general knowledge of one another's affairs. This peculiarity was strongly brought to mind by some English friends who dined with us, and with whom, after dinner, we drove out to a party at Cambridge. The gentleman—a colonel in the English army—was driven out by my brother, and they arrived before us. When our carriage drove up they came to the door, and the lady (the colonel's sister) said: "William, who is here?" To which he answered, amid general merriment: "Sarah, John, Jane, Susan. That's all I know." New York was much more metropolitan; more strangers congregated there; there was much more display, more extravagance of dress, more and finer equipages, and more private and public entertainments. Philadelphia was more given to amusement than either city, but there was not the same display or extravagance of dress as in New York. There was, however, a very "fast" set of both men and women.

At this time dresses were worn short and full, with stiff, short sleeves and low neck for the evening, and in the day-time low neck with collars of various forms—sometimes falling in long points upon the sleeves, which were large at the top, held out with whalebone or under-sleeves of down, and tight below the elbow. Fancy aprons of all kinds were used with morning dress. All wore slippers for walking, and I now wonder how any one so shod lived through those severe Boston winters. The first boots I remember were in 1828, and these laced at the side; gaiters usually had fringes around the top. The bonnets were enormous, and the hair was dressed in many fanciful ways. "*À la Giraffe*" was a favorite style: the hair drawn to the top of the head, and formed into three or more bows standing separate, either on a small frame, or, if the wearer had hair enough, *crêpéd*, and a piece of hair twisted around, making, as it were, a stem for the bow, and with flowers between the bows. I have seen ladies with this head-dress on top, one side of the hair curled, and on the other side a small bunch of flowers. The hair was also braided into a basket on the top, filled with curls, or "*à la Chinoise*,"—taken entirely back from the face and puffed on the top of the head. The gloves were short, trimmed with lace, ribbon-ruches, or swan's-down. Young married women wore turbans, or little hats with feathers, sometimes without a crown, so that the hair came through. The men had tight pantaloons, tied or buttoned at the ankle, silk stockings and pumps; very well for a good and graceful leg. They wore fancy waistcoats of all kinds—plaid, velvet, satin; and (with white or black) colored under-waistcoats, showing above the edge of pink, blue, and red, and a great deal of cuff.

During these years (from 1828 to '32), I often heard Doctor Channing preach. His attenuated figure and face, his large, luminous eyes, and his sweet but pervading voice, formed a peculiar presence not to be forgotten. His manner was calm and rarely aided by gesture, but earnest and deeply impressive, and he possessed the magnetism that carried the audience side by side with him, from point to point of his discourse. In social life he was not unamiable, but his grand views of humanity seemed to lift his attention above social surroundings.

About 1828, I became acquainted with

Charles Sumner. He was then a tall, bony, and not graceful youth, with a great deal of brown, waving hair. He was natural, ingenuous, enthusiastic, had a way of blushing frequently when interested in his subject. He was full of ideas, and fond of expressing them. In 1831, I think, during Judge Story's absence in Washington, he took charge of the law-school, and to save time and fatigue he used to go to Cambridge on a velocipede (then in their youth, and propelled by touching the feet to the ground). I had never seen one, and he came down Chestnut street one morning for my benefit. I recently spoke to Mr. Pierce (his biographer) about this, but he had never seen or heard of it. Mr. Sumner may have tried it for a few times, and found it a failure. Our friendship continued throughout his life.

In the autumn of 1831, Gilbert Stuart Newton, the artist, came to Boston, after a voyage (as he wrote to Leslie) of unmitigated misery. Mr. Newton was the youngest child of a large family. He was born in Halifax in 1793. His father held the position of collector of customs under the English government. His mother was the sister of Gilbert Stuart. After Mr. Newton's (the father's) death, Mrs. Newton removed with her family to Boston, and kept a school. In 1815 Mr. Newton went to Italy to study. He had painted some portraits and fancy pictures, before he left Boston, which had attracted a great deal of attention, among them a "Greek Girl," now in the Lenox Library, which contains also "The Dull Lecture." In Florence he painted a portrait of an official, which was so much admired that the young artist was quite elated, and his friend, the Countess of Albany, who had been the wife of the "Young Pretender," and at the time of which I write was the wife of Alfieri, advised Mr. Newton to go to England, which she thought the best school of the arts. We find Mr. Newton, in 1817, in Paris, on his way to London. Here he met Leslie, Wilkie, Allston, and, I think, Moore. Here I give Leslie's account:

"I met Newton for the first time in Paris, in the winter of 1817. He was then on his way to England from Italy. I was returning to England, and he agreed to accompany me, by the way of the Netherlands. We visited Brussels, and walked in the field of the recent battle of Waterloo, accompanied by De Costa, the peasant who had acted as Bonaparte's guide. I recollect Newton's being much amused by a ragged urchin who followed us, and who, from habit, had become very quick-sighted in distinguishing bullets among the clods of the plowed fields, which he handed to us as he picked them up. At one place he slunk toward a hedge, and soon returned running to us with a skull, which he pretended to have just found, hoping we would buy it; and on our declining to do so, he returned and carefully deposited it under the hedge, to find it again for the next traveler.

"We spent two days at Antwerp. The great works of Rubens were now restored from the Louvre and in their places in the cathedral and other churches, and afforded us a rich treat. We passed through Ghent in the night, but it was bright moonlight, and as we were detained there two or three hours, we spent the time in walking over the town and loitering about the magnificent cathedral, to the apparent discomposure of the ancient and quiet watchmen, who were armed with long spears, and were the only persons in the street besides ourselves.

"From Ostend we took passage in a small trading-vessel for London (steam-boats were not then established). The captain promised us every accommodation and comfort, but we found neither when we went on board. Though we had paid for our passage to London, we were glad to land at Dover, after a gale which, at one time, threatened to drive us back to Ostend.

"I found Newton on this, as upon all other occasions, a most pleasant traveling companion, making light of disagreeables that could not be avoided, and with a delightful flow of spirits, extracting amusement for us both from all that happened.

"Washington and Peter Irving came to London soon after Newton's arrival, and as long as they remained here were among his most intimate associates. Newton's pictures soon attracted notice in the exhibitions, and his agreeable qualities gained him valuable personal friends.

"Newton became a student of the Royal Academy, and there is a slight sketch he made of Fuseli* (who was then keeper) while sitting in the antique school—extremely like."

For a short time, Leslie, Washington and Peter Irving, and Mr. Newton had lodgings in Langham Place, where Irving began his "Sketch Book," and read aloud the first sketches to his companions. To resume Leslie's reminiscences:

"Newton's life, from this period to that of his embarking for America, was attended with brilliant professional success, which led him more and more into society, his wit, his humor, and his gentlemanly manners securing him a most welcome reception wherever he appeared.

"Wilkie mentions his visiting 'Woburn Abbey' in 1831, where he was most hospitably entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. He was sometimes taunted with being proud of the attentions shown him by persons of rank, but he never courted their attentions, and he surely might be proud of being well received by such men as the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Holland, Lord Dudley, and Lord Lyndhurst—men distinguished as much for talent as for rank. In this circle he constantly met Mr. Rogers, Moore, Mr. Kenny, Sydney Smith, and Sir Humphrey Davy, and most other men distinguished for genius who were to be met in London.

"That he appreciated the intellectual society he mingled in when in America, will appear from an

* Now in the possession of Mrs. Oakey.

answer he gave to Sydney Smith, upon his return to England, who asked him: 'What sort of people did you meet in America?' Newton said: 'I associated every day with such men as I am very glad to meet with here *occasionally*.'

"I recollect his telling me that when he was in Italy he frequently visited the Countess of Albany. A Polish gentleman, with whom Newton traveled through Switzerland, said to me: 'When I heard Mr. Newton talk of the Countess of Albany, I thought she was some beautiful young lady, but he has just told me she is eighty years of age, so I find he was in love with the ghost, and not the body.'

"Newton was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in November, 1828, and academician in February, 1832."

Mr. Newton was tall, and of elegant appearance, and graceful manners. He sang with a sweet tenor voice and much expression, and with a good method.

In the winter of 1831 we often saw Mr. Allston. He had peculiar habits; he secluded himself very much from society, and when he made visits, made them at a very late hour and remained until the early hours. He was very attractive, and his powers of story-telling—especially of telling ghost stories—were wonderful. It was said that he believed in ghosts, and one is inclined to believe so from his impressive relation. He was very quiet at dinner, and his voice at all times was low and sweet. He looked like a poet, and I think in wearing a green coat he showed his taste in the color most becoming to his clear, pale skin and white hair. He once asked me to come to his studio—a building at Cambridge standing apart, and looking very much like a small old "meeting-house" without a spire. I was very much pleased, and asked when I should come. He said I should be welcome whenever I came. One afternoon we rode out on horseback; we looked through the windows and saw Allston's head, we thought. We knocked at the door, but it was not opened. We knocked at the windows with our whips, but all in vain, and we rode away without gaining entrance. Whether Allston was there or not we never knew.

One day, when dining at my father's, he looked up at a picture hanging over the mantel-piece. My father, observing him, said:

"I do not think you could do better yourself," or something to that effect.

Mr. Allston bowed.

It was "Falstaff Summoning his Ragged Regiment." I never liked the picture, and did not know who was the artist, and was astonished at my father's remark. After our guests had departed, I said:

"How could you tell Allston he could not do better than that picture?"

My father replied:

"It is one of Allston's,—painted some years ago,—and it has been severely criticised."

In the summer of 1832, Washington Irving returned to America. The excitement produced by his coming and the enthusiastic reception he had were unexpected to him, and I think gave him extreme pleasure. The dinner given to him in New York, at which Mr. Duer spoke with so much eloquence, was an unequaled ovation. He passed some days at my father's, in Boston. He was a very different looking person from the one I had expected to see. He was short, stout, and dressed in a tight suit of black, with a wig; but his beautiful eyes and delightful smile and his expression of benevolence and sweetness gave a prevailing charm.

The meeting between him and Mr. Newton (Stuart Newton), who was with us, was pathetic. They embraced and kissed like Frenchmen, and almost shed tears. Mr. Irving was shy and quiet, as I believe he always was among strangers. He fell asleep after dinner. Many persons came in the evening. The next morning Mr. Irving, Mr. Newton, and I drove out to Fresh Pond. We sat upon the banks, and in this social intercourse he was delightful, as he ever was to me afterward. He and Mr. Newton talked and laughed over old scenes and events with wit, humor, and pathos; talked of Peter (Washington's older brother), Jekyll, Powell, and other old friends, and I am fortunate in being able to recall such a morning.

In 1849, when dining with us in New York, Mr. Irving told us he was on the dock when the first experiment was made with Fulton's steamer. The crowd looked on with breathless interest, but as the boat moved off a voice was heard saying:

"She may go very well for a time, but give me a good sloop."

Mr. Irving was a great lover of music—a tender, not a knowing, lover of it; he knew nothing of the technique. I have seen him shed tears at a ballad. He enjoyed hearing Gilles, the famous violoncello-player at that time; and once in speaking of him the color rose to his face and he exclaimed: "Ah, it was delightful! He is a fine fellow. He plunges down and seizes a fat semibreve by the tail, and brings it wriggling up."

Irving's love for children and patience

with them were very great, and once called forth from a woman, whose restless children he had amused while traveling, this grateful comment:

"Many thanks, sir, for your goodness; it is plain you are the father of a large family."

Washington Irving's career is so familiar to every American that it would be useless to say more of him; but the love, affection, and tender interest he inspired can only be known by those who have lived among his friends.

NOTES OF A WALKER. V.

SHAKSPERE'S NATURAL HISTORY.

It is surprising that so profuse and prodigal a poet as Shakspere should seldom or never make a mistake in his dealings with Nature, or take an unwarranted liberty with her. Nature herself makes mistakes sometimes—puts two yolks into one egg; says white in the albino when she means black or brown; brings a flower or bird out of season, or a child into the world before its time. But it would be difficult to point out analagous departures from the physical fact in the pages of Shakspere. True it is that his allusions to nature are always incidental, —never his main purpose or theme, as with many later poets; yet his accuracy and closeness to fact, and his wide and various knowledge of unbookish things, are seen in his light "touch and go" phrases and comparisons as clearly as in his more deliberate and central work.

In "Much Ado About Nothing," *Benedick* says to *Margaret:*

"Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth—it catches."

One marked difference between the greyhound and all other hounds and dogs, is that it can pick up its game while running at full speed, a feat that no other dog can do. The fox-hound, or farm-dog, will run over a fox or a rabbit many times without being able to seize it.

In "Twelfth Night," the clown tells *Viola* that

"Fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings—the husband's the bigger."

The pilchard closely resembles the herring, but is thicker and heavier, with larger scales.

In the same play, *Maria*, seeing *Malvolio* coming, says:

"Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling."

Shakspere, then, knew that fact so well known to poachers, and known also to many an American school-boy, namely, that a trout likes to be tickled, or behaves as if he did, and that by gently tickling his sides and belly you can so mesmerize him, as it were, that he will allow you to get your hands in position to clasp him firmly. The British poacher takes the jack by the same tactics; he tickles the jack on the belly; the fish slowly rises in the water till it comes near the surface, when the poacher having insinuated both hands under him, he is suddenly scooped out and thrown upon the land.

Indeed, Shakspere seems to have known intimately the ways and habits of most of the wild creatures of Britain. He had the kind of knowledge of them that only the countryman has. In "As You Like It," *Jaques* tells *Amiens:*

"I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs."

Every gamekeeper, and every farmer, for that matter, knows how destructive the weasel and its kind are to birds' eggs, and to the eggs of game birds and of domestic fowls.

In "Love's Labor's Lost," *Biron* says of *Boyet:*

"This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas."

Pigeons do not pick up peas in this country, but they do in England, and are often very damaging to the farmer on that account. Shakspere knew also the peculiar manner in which they fed their young—a manner that has given rise to the expression "sucking dove." In "As You Like It" is this passage:

"*Celia.* Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.
"*Rosalind.* With his mouth full of news.
"*Celia.* Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.
"*Rosalind.* Then shall we be news-crammed."

When the mother pigeon feeds her young she brings the food, not in her beak like

other birds, but in her crop; she places her beak between the open mandibles of her young, and fairly crams the food, which is delivered by a peculiar pumping movement, down its throat. She furnishes a capital illustration of the eager, persistent newsmonger.

Says *Bottom* to the fairy *Cobweb*, in "Midsummer Night's Dream":

> "Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag.

This command might be executed in this country, for we have the "red-hipped humble-bee," and we have the thistle, and there is no more likely place to look for the humble-bee in midsummer than on a thistle-blossom.

But the following picture of a "wet spell" is more English than American:

> "The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
> The plowman lost his sweat; and the green corn
> Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
> The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
> And crows are fatted with the murrain flock."

Shakspere knew the birds and wild fowl, and knew them perhaps as a hunter, as well as a poet. At least this passage would indicate as much:

> "As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
> Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
> Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
> Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky."

In calling the choughs "russet-pated," he makes the bill tinge the whole head, or perhaps gives the effect of the birds' markings when seen at a distance; the bill is red, the head is black. The chough is a species of crow.

A poet must know the birds well to make one of his characters say, when he had underestimated a man, "I took this lark for a bunting," as *Lafeu* says of *Parolles* in "All's Well That Ends Well." The English bunting *(Emberiza miliaria)* is a field bird like the lark, and much resembles the latter in form and color, but is far inferior as a songster. Indeed, Shakspere shows his familiarity with nearly all the British birds.

> "The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
> With orange-tawny bill,
> The throstle with his note so true,
> The wren with little quill."

> "The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
> The plain-song cuckoo gray,
> Whose note full many a man doth mark,
> And dares not answer nay."

In "Much Ado About Nothing" we get a glimpse of the lapwing:

> "For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
> Close by the ground, to hear our conference."

The lapwing is a kind of plover, and is very swift of foot. When trying to avoid being seen they run rapidly with depressed heads, or "close by the ground," as the poet puts it. In the same scene, *Hero* says of *Ursula:*

> "I know her spirits are as coy and wild
> As haggards of the rock,"

or as a wild, untamable hawk. Had Shakspere been an "amateur poacher" in his youth? He had a poacher's knowledge of the wild creatures. He knew how fresh the snake appeared after it had cast its skin; how the hedgehog makes himself up into a ball and leaves his "prickles" in whatever touches him; how the butterfly came from the grub; how the fox carries the goose; where the squirrel hid his store; where the martlet builds its nest, etc.

> "Now is the woodcock near the gin,"

says *Fabian* in "Twelfth Night," and

> "Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits,"

says *Claudio* to *Leonato* in "Much Ado."

> "Instruct thee how
> To snare the nimble marmozet,"

says *Caliban* in "The Tempest." Sings the fool in "Lear":

> "The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
> That it had its head bit off by its young."

The hedge-sparrow is one of the favorite birds upon which the European cuckoo imposes the rearing of its young. If Shakspere had made the house-sparrow, or the blackbird, or the bunting, or any of the granivorous, hard-billed birds, the foster-parent of the cuckoo, his natural history would have been at fault.

Shakspere knew the flowers, too, and knew their times and seasons:

> "When daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And lady smocks all silver-white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight."

They have, in England, the cuckoo-flower, which comes in April and is lilac in color, and the cuckoo-pint, which is much like our "Jack-in-the-pulpit"; but the poet does not refer to either of these (if he did we could catch him tripping), but to buttercups, which are called by rural folk in Britain "cuckoo-buds."

In England the daffodil blooms in February and March; the swallow comes in April usually; hence the truth of Shakspere's lines:

> —— "daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty."

The only flaw I notice in Shakspere's natural history is in his treatment of the honey-bee, but this was a flaw in the knowledge of the times as well. The history of this insect was not rightly read till long after Shakspere wrote. He pictures a colony of bees as a kingdom, with

> "A king and officers of sorts,"

(see "Henry V."), whereas a colony of bees is an absolute democracy; the rulers and governors and "officers of sorts" are the workers, the masses, the common people. A strict regard to fact also would spoil those fairy tapers in "Midsummer Night's Dream,"—

> "The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
> And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
> And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,"—

since it is not wax that bees bear upon their thighs, but pollen, the dust of the flowers, with which bees make their bread. Wax is made from honey.

The science or the meaning is also a little obscure in this phrase, which occurs in one of the plays:

> "One heat another heat expels"—

as one nail drives out another, or as one love cures another.

In a passage in "The Tempest," he speaks of the ivy as if it were parasitical, like the mistletoe:

> —— "now, he was
> The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
> And sucked my verdure out on't."

I believe it is not a fact that the ivy sucks the juice out of the trees it climbs upon. Its aërial rootlets are for support alone, as is the case with all climbers that are not twiners. But this may perhaps be regarded as only a poetic license on the part of Shakspere; the human ivy he was picturing no doubt fed upon the tree that supported it, whether the real ivy does or not.

It is also probably untrue that

> "The poor beetle that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies,"

though it has suited the purpose of other poets besides Shakspere to say so. The higher and more complex the organization the more acute the pleasure and the pain. A toad has been known to live for days with the upper part of its head cut away by a scythe, and a beetle will survive for hours upon the fisherman's hook. It, perhaps, causes a grasshopper less pain to detach one of its legs than it does a man to remove a single hair from his beard. Nerves alone feel pain, and the nervous system of a beetle is a very rudimentary affair.

In "Coriolanus" there is a comparison which implies that a man can tread upon his own shadow—an impossible feat at all times except at midday; Shakspere is particular to mention the time of day:

> "Such a nature,
> Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
> Which he treads on at noon."

THE FEELING OF FALL.

With me the feeling of fall is sometimes borne in upon the mind very suddenly. The first gradual changes are not noted, or if noted are not felt. But there comes a day, in the latter part of September or early in October, when the signs have accumulated. Cold, grayish-blue clouds cover the sky, the trees are shaken by a rude, raw wind, the rarer birds are gone, and the more hardy ones are flocking ready to go; and as you walk or ride along the road, a whiff of smoke from some burning in the open air, or from some neighboring hearth, is brought to you, when suddenly, and as if some secret spring in the heart had been touched, there comes a vision of a fire in the grate, of the warm interior with books and papers, and the privacy and coziness of one's own chimney-corner. This sudden and strong attraction for in-doors is a part of the compensation of a climate like ours; what we lose without we gain within; the domestic and home instincts thrive under an inclement sky. With the chill November rains beating against the pane, and the newly fallen leaves blowing about, one can sit down in-doors with a feeling of content-

ment and satisfaction, yea, a deep sense of the security and deliciousness of four walls, that a dweller in a more favored clime can never know.

A GOOD SEASON FOR THE BIRDS.

THE season of 1880 seems to have been exceptionally favorable to the birds. The warm early spring, the absence of April snows and of long, cold rains in May and June,—indeed, the exceptional heat and dryness of these months, and the freedom from violent storms and tempests throughout the summer,—all worked together for the good of the birds. Their nests were not broken up or torn from the trees, nor their young chilled and destroyed by the wet and the cold. The drenching, protracted rains that make the farmer's seed rot or lie dormant in the ground in May or June, and the summer tempests that uproot the trees or cause them to lash and bruise their foliage, always bring disaster to the birds. As a result of our immunity from these things the past season, the small birds in the fall were perhaps never more abundant. Indeed, I never remember to have seen so many of certain kinds, notably the social and the bush sparrows. The latter literally swarmed in the fields and vineyards, and as it happened that for the first time a large number of grapes were destroyed by birds, the little sparrow, in some localities, was accused of being the depredator. But he is innocent. He never touches fruit of any kind, but lives upon seeds and insects. What attracted this sparrow to the vineyards in such numbers was mainly the covert they afforded from small hawks, and probably also the seeds of various weeds that had been allowed to ripen there. The grape-destroyer was a bird of another color, namely, the oriole, and if he goes on as he has begun, his tribe will not be likely to increase in the future, even though the season is favorable as it was the past year. One fruit-grower on the Hudson told me he lost at least a ton of grapes by the birds, and in the western part of New York State I hear the vineyards suffered severely. The oriole has a sharp, dagger-like bill, and he seems to be learning rapidly how easily he can puncture fruit with it. He has come to be about the worst cherry bird we have. He takes the worm first, and then he takes the cherry the worm was after, or rather he bleeds it; as with the grapes, he carries none away with him, but wounds them all. He is welcome to all the fruit he can eat, but why should he murder every cherry on the tree, or every grape in the cluster? He is as wanton as a sheep-killing dog, that will not stop with enough, but slaughters every ewe in the flock. The oriole is peculiarly exempt from the dangers that beset most of our birds; its nest is all but impervious to the rain, and the squirrel or the jay or the crow cannot rob it without great difficulty. It is a pocket which it would not be prudent for either jay or squirrel to attempt to explore, when the owner, with his dagger-like beak, was about; and the crow cannot alight upon the slender, swaying branch from which it is usually pendent. Hence the orioles are doubtless greatly on the increase, and they may have to be checked by fruit-growers.

There has been an unusual number of shrikes the past fall and winter; like the hawks, they follow in the wake of the little birds and prey upon them. Some seasons pass and I never see a shrike. This year I have seen at least a dozen while passing along the road. One day I saw one carrying its prey in its feet—a performance which I supposed it incapable of, as it is not equipped for this business like a rapacious bird, but has feet like a robin. One wintry evening, near sunset, I saw one alight on the top of a tree by the road-side, with some small object in its beak. I paused to observe it. Presently it flew down into a scrubby old apple-tree, and attempted to impale the object upon a thorn or twig. It was occupied in this way some moments, no twig or knob proving quite satisfactory. A little screech-owl was evidently watching the proceedings from his door-way, in the trunk of a decayed apple-tree ten or a dozen rods distant. Twilight was just falling, and the owl had come up from his snug retreat in the hollow trunk and was waiting for the darkness to deepen before venturing forth. I was first advised of his presence by seeing him approaching swiftly on silent, level wing. The shrike did not see him till the owl was almost within the branches. He then dropped his game, which proved to be a part of a shrew-mouse, and darted back into the thick cover, uttering a loud, discordant squawk, as one would say, "Scat! scat! scat!" The owl alighted, and was, perhaps, looking about him for the shrike's impaled game, when I drew near. On seeing me he reversed his movement precipitately, flew straight back to the old tree, and alighted in the entrance to the cavity. As I approached, he did not so much seem to move as to diminish in

size, like an object dwindling in the distance; he depressed his plumage, and, with his eye fixed upon me, began slowly to back and sidle into his retreat till he faded from my sight. The shrike wiped his beak upon the branches, cast an eye down at me and at his lost mouse, and then flew away. He was a remarkably fine specimen,—his breast and under parts as white as snow, and his coat of black and ashen gray appearing very bright and fresh. A few nights afterward, as I passed that way, I saw the little owl again sitting in his door-way, waiting for the twilight to deepen, and undisturbed by the passers-by; but when I paused to observe him, he saw that he was discovered and he slunk back into his den as on the former occasion.

TWO HOMES.

I HASTEN homeward, through the gathering night,
Tow'rd the dear ones who in expectance sweet
Await the coming of my weary feet,
With faces in the hearth-fire glowing bright,
And please my heart with many a lovely sight
Of way-worn neighbors, stepping from the street
Through doors thrown wide, and bursts of light that greet
Their entrance, painting all their paths with white;
And then I think, with a great thrill of bliss,
That all the world, and all of life it brings,
Tell me true tales of other realms than this,
As faithful types of spiritual things;
And so I know that home's rewarding kiss
Insures the hope of heaven that in me springs.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

George Eliot.

ONE after another, in these late years, the great English lights in the field of eminent fiction have gone out—Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, George Eliot. To have lived during the active, productive life of these brilliant people is something to be grateful for. With what intense interest we all watched for the appearance of a new novel by Dickens! His prolific pen was the wand of an enchanter, summoning new types of character, and fresh, amusing, and interesting forms of life into existence; and we reread the books, now that they are growing old, and find them clothed with a perennial charm. We can but feel that there never was but one Dickens, and that there will never be another. We doubt whether, in the history of literature, a writer has ever lived who drew to himself such wide and enthusiastic love and admiration as Dickens. The whole English-reading world delighted in him, and it was with great pain that it contemplated his personal deviation from the path of sobriety, and his separation from the wife of his youth. The idol's feet were of clay, and the master of his art and of the world was not the master of himself. There was a great deal of twaddle over him, when men spoke of his personal and domestic career, in extenuation of his wrong or wayward doing, but every Christian reader of literature felt that he owed a spotless example to the millions of admiring eyes fixed upon him, and that he failed to recognize or pay the debt.

George Eliot, the last great English novelist who has left the world, was easily the most eminent woman of the century. She was different from nearly all other women, in the fact that she could be named with eminent men without any sense of incongruity. She had the mental grasp, steadiness, and cool intellectuality which are supposed to characterize great men, and she suffered in no way by being brought into comparison with them. Mrs. Browning, the most remarkable female writer of English verse who has lived in this century, was a woman in her mind as well as body; and while we do not intend to deny to George Eliot a true type of womanhood, she was intellectually a man, and challenged the attention and commanded the admiration of the best and highest men. As much as Mrs. Browning was admired, both by men and by her own sex, it is beginning to be apprehended that her work has few lasting qualities. It was intense, nervous, almost hysterical, and seems very girlish beside the work of George Eliot in the field of prose. One

was a brook; the other was a river. One sported amid the crests of fancy and feeling; the other took deep-sea soundings. No novelist of the century, man or woman, was so subtle, so keen of insight, and, on the whole, so philosophical as George Eliot. She was at home among motives, and she analyzed a character with all the skill and precision with which a chemist analyzes a compound. Nor did she lack wit of a very trenchant character. She was never trivial, and one could but feel that in all her work she was thoroughly in earnest.

There was a time in her life when she seemed to have been possessed by religious convictions. There was certainly a time when she had an intellectual comprehension of the power and beauty of Christianity. The sermon which she put into the mouth of Dinah, in "Adam Bede," was one of the sweetest that was ever written, and betrayed an intimate acquaintance with the genius of Christianity; the application of the gospel to the poor never had a better expression. But in her later life, and in her maturer work, she seemed to have left all her Christian convictions behind, and to have become as hopeless as modern philosophy could make her. From none of her later novels did any reader ever rise with his faith or hope or courage inspired by the words he had read. We remember a thoughtful and sensitive young man, who rose from the perusal of "Middlemarch" with his eyes suffused with tears, exclaiming: "My God! and is that all?" Now, to write a book that deals exclusively with human life in such a way as to leave a doubt on the reader's mind as to whether life is really worth living, is to write unworthily. To write a book that deals exclusively with human life in such a way that no uplift, no inspiration, no accretion of strength, comes of it, is to fail to improve one's opportunities; and we fear that it must be said that George Eliot wrote several of these, especially among the last that issued from her pen.

It is not pleasant to recall the one blot upon George Eliot's life; and if she had been a giddy girl, led away by a youthful burst of passion, we could well forbear to speak of it. But in the cool maturity of her powers,—understanding perfectly what she was doing, how she was braving public opinion, trampling upon the public sense of propriety, and defying law,—she consented to live unmarried with Mr. Lewes. We have not much sympathy with a community that could taboo her for this, and then throng the *salon* of an actress notoriously at fault in social purity without a sense of degradation; yet we are bound to say, in the interest of good morals and pure society, that this step was one most heartily to be condemned. Not that we believe that Marian Evans was a gross woman, or that she was led to this step by low motives. On the contrary, we believe she acted in loyalty to an honest love, and that, in her heart of hearts, she believed she did what she had a right to do. The disposition among her admirers has been to excuse her misstep upon this ground. It was believed, on this side of the Atlantic, at least, that she yielded herself to this false step in obedience to an overmastering passion, and with the feeling that before God—if she believed in God at all—she had a natural right to do what she did. A great revulsion of feeling took place among her admirers in this country when, after Mr. Lewes's death, she was married to Mr. Cross. It was felt that the old theory—so full of charity and consideration—did not fit the case. However this may be, it is a comfort to know that she bowed at last to the legal sanctions of marriage; and we believe that Mr. Cross mourns the loss of as pure and true a woman as lives in England.

It was all a mistake. It was an infringement of the rules of social order; it was an offense against the law; it was one of those deeds that will not bear repeating. Its quality can easily be determined by imagining it universal, and by the power of a great example in helping to make it so. Society would go to wreck under this policy, and that must be its condemnation, even if we look to no higher source for it. George Eliot raised the intellectual status of her sex. She caused an enormous amount of intellectual interest in her creations, and illustrated the power of a consummate genius; but we fear that she has helped few in the path of moral and religious progress, either by her writings or her life. She furnishes another illustration of the prevalent feeling among literary people, that they owe no special debt to society or the world, and that it is none of the world's business how they write or what they do.

The Metropolitan Museum.

EVERY man has legally a right to do what he will with his own. It is possible that the New York Historical Society thought this when Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted suggested that the art treasures in its possession should, for the benefit of the public, be placed on exhibition in the halls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Yet there are other aspects of the matter than the legal one. The fact that comparatively few people in the city, and fewer still in the country, know anything of the treasures in archæology and art in the possession of the Historical Society, shows how very feebly they serve the purposes of such collections. We have before us the catalogue of the society's Museum and Gallery of Art, published in 1877, and it is really an astonishing document. It shows that in many respects the society holds the most remarkable collections in the country. It owns the well-remembered Abbott collection of Egyptian antiquities, consisting of one thousand one hundred and twenty-seven most interesting objects, a gallery of six hundred and twenty-four pictures, fifty-seven examples in modern sculpture, the Lenox collection of Nineveh sculptures, and other minor treasures. The picture-gallery is richer in examples of the old masters than any other in America. Cimabue, Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Fra Bartolommeo, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, Annibal Caracci, Domenichino, Guido, Salvator Rosa, Cuyp, Gérard Douw, Ostade, Paul Potter, Rembrandt, Rubens, Teniers, Wouvermans, Holbein, Velasquez, Murillo, Nicholas Poussin,

Greuze, Horace Vernet, Copley, Sully, Hogarth, Reynolds—all these names, a number of them well authenticated, and a hundred more, only less famous, find themselves in this catalogue, and many of them associated with important, characteristic works. There is not such another mine of art-wealth in this country, yet how few know anything about it, and how many will be surprised by this announcement!

Now we are not going to say that the Historical Society ought to give the public free access to its collections, or that they ought to be placed immediately where they will accomplish their appropriate work in the art education of the country—now in its most promising beginnings; but we are free to say that it is a great pity that such a source of culture and of pleasure cannot be freely opened to the popular desire and the popular convenience. They are now, so far as we know, only approachable by the same forms that stand between the public and the various important private collections of the city. There is nothing like freedom of access to them for artists or people. We say it is a great pity that treasures like these, which serve no purpose whatever when they are shut away from sight, should not be where the people go, and go freely, and be permitted to exercise the educating and refining influence which gives them all their practical value. Our people are young in all matters pertaining to art, and we have not in the aggregate enough of art-treasure yet to be able to afford to multiply collections in separate buildings, or to be in any way exclusive or stingy in their exhibition. It is undoubtedly true that one of the greatest favors that any society has ever had it within its power to show a city is in the hands and awaiting the enlightened will of the Historical Society. It is undoubtedly true that if their collections were in the rooms of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, either as a gift, or a loan for a limited number of years, they would be of incalculably more value to the city and the country than they will ever be where they are. Of course the Museum has no claim upon the society, and the society has a perfect right to do what it will with its own. We appeal to its members—gentlemen who are numbered among the best and wisest men we have in the community—to say whether they think their collections are accomplishing, as they are now managed, what they ought to accomplish, considering their value and the circumstances of the time. Is the management of the society a liberal one, heartily devoted to the public service? It certainly ought to be that. Has it not a good deal of red tape and conventionality about it? That is the popular impression.

There is another matter in connection with the Metropolitan Museum which we take the opportunity to speak of here. We have not in this great city of New York anything like a complete collection on public exhibition or even for study, of casts of antique statuary. Washington, in the Corcoran Gallery, has a fine and quite complete collection. Baltimore has a fine collection also, and we believe Philadelphia possesses a fairly good one. Now the most complete collection costs only about $15,000. Such a treasure as this for exhibition at the Museum, to which artists and the public can have the same free access that they have to the other collections, is most desirable. We have men of money and women of money in plenty here, who, if the matter were strongly brought to their attention, would be glad to bestow such a gift as this upon the people of the city. The people are comparatively few who can ever see the great originals of these casts, as they are comparatively few who can ever see, on foreign soil, examples of the old masters such as the Historical Society has in its possession, and to bring both into one building for free exhibition, would be to bring Europe to our doors, and to import the early ages of art into the nineteenth century for American use.

All great associations have a tendency after a time to consider themselves the arbiters and masters of their field, and to forget what they were made for. A museum, or a collection of the works of art, is never instituted for the glory of a board of trustees, or the exploitures of a director in the realm of authority. Their office of usefulness lies in the education of the people and the ministering to their innocent pleasures. The managers of the Museum of Art itself are not beyond the danger of forgetting that the Museum was not established for them, and that their ambitions and prerogatives and differences are not of the slightest consequence when compared with the relations of the people to the treasures over which they are placed in charge.

A Correction from Bishop Coxe.

It was stated, in Rev. Dr. Robinson's recent very interesting and valuable article on "The Bible Society and the New Revision," that Bishop Coxe's pamphlet, published in 1857, criticising the corrected version of the Bible previously issued by the American Bible Society, "went on to state, more than once, that the Society had *made* twenty-four thousand changes in the version of 1816." This statement Bishop Coxe denies, and Dr. Robinson accepts the correction, saying that he should not have used the word "state," but should have used the word "intimate," instead. We admit so much of Bishop Coxe's correction of facts, but when it comes to a "correction" of Dr. Robinson himself, we object to furnishing the medium for its administration. It would open an acrimonious controversy, which could lead to no good to any man or any cause.

We are free to say that we have no sympathy with those who are willing to perpetuate, for any reason, known errors in the sacred text, and have the keenest sympathy with all men and all bodies of men who devote their scholarship to the purification of the Bible in the vernacular from all errors introduced by translators and printers; and we welcomed to our pages what seemed to us to be a well-considered and timely defense of that committee of scholars who, so many years before, anticipated the work of this later day, whose results all English readers are anticipating with the keenest interest.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Mother's Duty to her Girls.

MODERN education, so far as girls are concerned, busies itself with teaching them a little—a very little—of everything under the sun, except that which it most behooves them to know. In spite of the utter denial of nature in much of the modern philosophy—in spite of the efforts of the strong-minded to eliminate the womanhood from our women, every true woman will continue to find her fullest development and her serenest happiness as wife and mother.

And yet, who does not know that, with all her learnings, no hint concerning the things which shall constitute the chief interest in her probable future is ever given her, either at home or in school? In fact, the subject is as sedulously avoided as if it were prohibited by the laws of God and man.

The difficulty lies mainly in a false notion of what purity is. The old-fashioned idea, that women should be guarded from all knowledge of evil, is hardly practicable in these days of newspapers, French novels, and free-and-easy manners. A knowledge of the utter corruption of human nature must in some degree reach the most sheltered women of the present day, and it lies with every mother to accept the responsibility of seeing that it comes in the right way. If the alternative were between the knowing and not knowing of certain things on the part of young girls, a mother might feel a natural pang at the thought of disturbing the vestal purity of the girlish imagination; but it is usually a very different alternative from this. The choice lies too often between knowing the right things and knowing the wrong—between looking at the most solemn realities of life in an earnest and reverent spirit, or in making them the subject of mysterious and giggling confidences and *double entente*, though mothers may fondly dream otherwise.

It is quite time that we—women and mothers—should face this question square, and that we should come to a true idea of what constitutes purity. Purity means spotlessness, not mere ignorance. It is a mental poise—that attitude toward evil which can only be taken and maintained where a knowledge of evil exists. It is not what one knows that constitutes impurity, but what one loves.

A mind waking up to the life around it feels naturally a profound interest and curiosity in regard to all unexplained phenomena which are rare enough to attract attention. This curiosity is not ignoble; it is as healthy and normal as physical hunger. It is one of nature's demands, which has a perfectly natural means of supply. A wise mother will watch the development of this wonder, and, as the time seems ripe for it, will gently appease it, not by silly fables, but by facts. No mother has a right to permit her daughter to grow up ignorant of the laws which she must obey if she would be healthy, and strong, and useful. Still less has a mother a right to permit her daughter to marry without the fullest notion of the responsibilities she is about to assume.

It is an immense advantage to a woman, in every way, to have made her children her companions. The habit of talking with them and explaining difficulties of various kinds will open the way for such teaching as this, and if, in addition, she has informed herself in scientific matters, so that she can lead the way from physiological botany to human physiology, she will find the familiarity with scientific terms and the habit of dealing with the subject impersonally a great aid.

If the task be too difficult, there is still another resource. For the younger daughters, there are admirable books, containing all necessary information and without a suggestion of indelicacy, which may be substituted for personal counsel. For those who have left the family circle and upon whom the sweet dream of maternity is dawning, I know no better book than "The Mother and her Offspring," published by Harper and Brothers.

When a natural and healthful curiosity is met by a frank and simple statement of facts, the greatest danger is avoided. All temptation to discussion of these matters among girls is removed. Knowledge, instead of weakening and corrupting the character, really strengthens and purifies it, if it be the right kind of knowledge, rightly given. There must be a pure and a right way of looking into whatever God has ordained. Let us seek until we find it, and then gently guide our daughters till they find it too.

S. B. H.

A New Cooking-Stove.

IN "The World's Work" department of the present number may be found a full description of a new cooking-stove invented by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Amelia Lewis. Of the myriad new inventions which find their way to the American market, very few are addressed to the most urgent domestic needs of women. This is one of the few, and for that reason a notice of its advantages finds a place in this department.

No question in domestic economy needs closer study than the economy of heat. In our ordinary ranges and cooking-stoves, certainly not less than ninety per cent. of the energy generated by combustion is lost; it simply passes up the chimney, and we do not even have the comfort of knowing that somebody or something gets the benefit of it, as is the case with the waste from our tables. This little stove, with its tiny fire-box, its broad, heavy upper plate, and the course which the heated air is made to pursue before passing off, concentrates an amount of heat, just where it is needed, that is remarkable, when we consider the amount of fuel necessary to do the same work in an ordinary range. The height of the stove from the floor, and the ease with which the ashes and cinders are removed, its cleanliness, and its heating qualities, make it an

admirable help to housekeepers. The class who will best appreciate its merits is not the one to which the ignorant Biddies or prejudiced Dinahs belong, but the intelligent and thrifty housewives, who are obliged to do their own work in limited quarters and with narrow resources: for an intelligent use of the stove and its various utensils will best bring out its real merits.

A set of admirable cooking-utensils belongs to the stove, though (with the exception of the ovens) they are not necessary to it. Mrs. Lewis's stove may be used with ordinary gridirons, frying-pans, griddles, etc., or her utensils may be used with an ordinary stove, though they work best together. The ovens are peculiar, and are placed like a frying-pan upon the upper plate of the stove, just above the fire-box. They are simply two tin baking-pans, hinged together at the back like box and lid, with long handles, like those of a double wire gridiron. The beef, mutton, or fowl is placed in the oven, and allowed to cook without basting. The advantage of this is that the direct heat from below, and the reflected heat from the uppermost pan above, cook the meat through and through, thoroughly and equally, without reducing the fat to an indigestible oil, or the lean to tasteless and innutritious fibers, as is too often the case in an ordinary oven. Space on the top of the stove is economized by the use of three-storied steamers, in which the most highly seasoned and most delicate dishes may be prepared at once, without (it is claimed) in the slightest degree injuring one another,—a meat-stew, a vegetable, and a pudding, for instance. This idea of a combination steamer is already in practical use in many parts of the country.

Every good housekeeper knows that, with very few exceptions, whatever is good boiled is far better steamed. The vessels for steaming have one excellent feature—the lids are all double, so that no heat is lost by radiation from above, and there is no condensation of moisture on their under surface.

The main point in the construction of this stove and its utensils is economy,—economy of fuel, of which the saving is about fifty per cent.; economy of food, in preserving the nutritious qualities by the method of preparation, and economy of labor, from the simplicity of its arrangements.

S. B. H.

Servants' Rooms and Quarters.

SERVANTS' rooms should be papered, painted, kalsomined, curtained, and fitted up with nicety in every detail, with harmony in color, with womanly regard for womanly needs. Each maid should have a bed to herself; the blankets, spreads, and sheets passing from time to time under the eye of the mistress. The floor should be stained or oiled, and beside each cot should be laid a neat strip of carpet, or of the English "Napier" matting, in stripes of maroon and écru hemp,—than which one can find nothing more neat and durable. A dressing-glass in a good light, a chest of drawers for clothes, a pin-cushion, a picture or two, low splint-bottom chairs, and ample washing apparatus, are little enough to bestow on the comfort of your maids, upon whom so much of your own comfort daily and hourly depends. Let them hang up their palms, and their photographs of cousins in Sunday clothes. Instead of a neck-ribbon, bestow upon them from time to time a little vase, a gay Japanese box, a "Holy Family," or a work-basket. Give them a helping hand, and you will be astonished at the steady growth of just appreciation.

Below-stairs, so much depends upon the temper and tendencies of the queen of the kitchen—the cook—it is almost impossible to make any general rule for the ordering of our servants' home life. That the kitchen may be made an abode of pleasantness, every one can attest who has invaded that "haunt of ancient peace" in a New England country dwelling. There unite all things sweet-smelling, appetizing, wholesome (barring the pies!), heart-cheering. The tins shine like the finest silverware; the very boards are fragrant. This is not common in New York kitchens; but a great deal may be done to render those under-ground prisons less gloomy. The servants' sitting-room, generally found in houses where a number of maids are kept, can be made inviting at very small cost. One is apt to underrate the influence of a pot of scarlet geraniums in a basement window, behind clear white muslin curtains, open to catch every wandering shaft of sunshine. Let your cook even keep her parrot, if his voice do not penetrate too sharply to the regions above. Compliment her neat shelves of blue china, choose her kitchen oil-cloth with a view to brightening her domain, buy for her pretty striped Algerian cotton table-cloths, leave a chair or two below that are not as hard as the nether mill-stone, when tired bones seek a moment of repose. Depend upon it, these little acts of thoughtfulness will come back to you in your roasts, in your gravies, and your puddings, even if there were no higher motive for displaying them.

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

Prizes for Decorative Art and Needle-work.

THE Society of Decorative Art of New York has issued a circular, offering the following prizes for a competition to close April 27, 1881:

$500 for the best, $100 for the second best, design for a portière or window-hanging.

$200 for the best, $50 for the second best, design for screens, of not less than three panels.

$125 for the best, $25 for the second best, design for frieze or band, applicable to table-cover, lambrequin, or other decorative purposes.

Seven additional special prizes, netting $300, are offered for the best table-cover; for the best and most artistic example of needle-work not included in the above competition; for the best design in outline work on silk; for the best design in outline work on linen; for the best example of drawn work; for the best figure design suitable for a panel, and for the best color treatment in the above designs.

The competition is subject to conditions and rules which may be learned upon addressing "Prize Design Competition, Society of Decorative Art, 34 East 19th street, New York City."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The New Edition of Dr. Schliemann's "Mycenæ and Tiryns."*

THE principal facts of Dr. Schliemann's wonderful discoveries at Mycenæ have now been before the public of Europe and America for several years; and the splendid volume describing them, which was published in 1877, has been earnestly studied and minutely discussed by multitudes of critics, in the light of history, philology, archæology, and whatever other science might hope to solve any of the strange problems it presents. But the result has still been to excite curiosity rather than to allay it. The discoverer's own theory of the origin of the treasures disclosed has not, indeed, been generally received, but no other has been framed which can claim to have supplanted it; and the author makes this fact somewhat defiantly conspicuous by reprinting, in his new edition, the entire matter of the earlier one, while he adds to it an account of the most important contributions which recent scholarship has made to the question of the true place of Mycenæ in history, and its relations to ancient civilization.

These additions consist mainly of inquiries, by Professor A. H. Sayce, of the University of Oxford, and Professor J. P. Mahaffy, the historian of Greek literature, into the date of the destruction of Mycenæ. These high authorities agree in the conclusion that the date in question cannot have been so late as the Persian war; nor, indeed, later than the second Messenian war, which began 685 B. C.; while the state of the arts, as shown by the articles rescued, seems to be most closely connected with that attained in Babylon in the sixteenth century B. C. Such authoritative judgments as these, while they do not determine the questions suggested by these discoveries, are yet a complete answer to all criticism which has denied or doubted either their extreme antiquity or their vast importance. As a whole, they are unique as a collection of works of prehistoric art found in Greek soil; the best and substantially the only key we have to the earliest period of that magnificent civilization which, in later ages, suddenly enriched the world, and became the wonder and envy of all time. Whatever shall be determined hereafter concerning Dr. Schliemann's Homeric fancies and historical dreams, his heroic devotion to the pursuit of truth, his candor and generosity in serving knowledge rather than self-interest, entitle him to gratitude, which is sure to be felt more deeply by posterity than by ourselves. And his book, the fresh and authentic description, not only of his discoveries, but of the romantic course of struggle and inquiry of which they were the reward, will grow in value and interest, whether the mystery of their origin be solved, or they remain forever a fascinating riddle.

Readers of this new edition will be especially interested in the discovery, described in appendix D, that the blade of a two-edged bronze sword, formerly pictured covered with rust, as it was found, is one of the most significant works of art in the collection. The rust has been removed, disclosing gold plating on both sides, with engraved figures of men and animals drawn and grouped with effect. We are assured that no inscriptions of any kind have been found at Mycenæ, and it seems certain that the Greeks of that period had no alphabet. But no reader whose eye falls on the plates representing the sides of this sword can fail to read in them, with a plainness no alphabet could increase, the legend, "The lion is king of beasts, but man is lord of creation."

It is gratifying to observe that the new edition is published at a greatly reduced price, though it includes all the beautiful illustrations and maps; for it seems to indicate that the demand for the work is already very large, and that it will now reach a much wider public, carrying with it an intelligent interest in a branch of study which, in its present comprehensive form, is the peculiar pursuit of our own times—that of the origin of civilization.

James's "Washington Square."

UNLESS it be Mr. Thomas Hardy, there is no one now writing novels in English who brings to the task so complete a training and so fine a hand as Mr. Henry James, Jr. The English writer has elements of superiority which it may be never in the life of Mr. James to equal; he has an imaginative side that the American lacks. But merely as an artist in the management of a novel, Mr. James can readily afford to give him odds. The comparison between the two comes to be instituted all the more easily and naturally, since they have been publishing novels side by side in the same great popular magazine, "Harper's." Mr. James is especially remarkable for the patient care which he bestows upon his style, and the elaboration of his notes on modern society. More cool-headed than Hawthorne, and quite as industrious, he stores away the most minute observations on the daily conduct of people of all kinds. It is not the exceptional person who interests him particularly; he is rather occupied with cataloguing his impressions of commonplace characters such as one meets every day. In that respect he is eminently an observer such as the present quarter of the century has to show in other paths of research; men who are not rebuffed by the dryness of a task, or the amount of time involved in an ex-

* Mycenæ; a narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns. By Dr. Henry Schliemann, citizen of the United States of America; author of "Troy and its Remains," "Ithaque, le Péloponnèse et Troie," and "Le Chine et le Japon." The preface by the Right-Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Maps, plans, and more than seven hundred other illustrations. A new edition, with important additions and new plates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

* Washington Square. By Henry James, Jr., author of "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," etc., etc. Illustrated by George du Maurier. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881.

amination of facts, so long as the result is some small gain to science. "Washington Square" is a tale that seven novel-readers out of ten vote dull; but to us it seems one of the best and cleverest Mr. James has produced. In the first place, he has shifted his old ground completely, and writes of people upon American soil, for the trip the heroine takes to Europe is too slightly sketched to make any appreciable mark on the book. Some weakness, it is true, results from the removal of his scenes to a country which either is not as suggestive to Mr. James, or else is not so thoroughly examined. The view of New York City, between 1820 and 1840, is more like that of a foreigner, who has lived a good portion of his life in America, than that of a person American-born. And every now and then, one comes upon a touch which is distinctly French, not American, nor even English in its origin. An exact analogy to this curious fact in Mr. James's novels may be seen in the kindred touch on the canvases of our young painters who have studios in France. With a writer it shows in modes of expression foreign to Americans, in turns of thought, and, less often, views of the relative positions of people toward each other in society, which are not usual here. Particularly liable to misconstruction are the delicate adjustments of the relations between young girls and young men. In the United States it requires a great deal of patient study to reach the truth on this matter, for no one rule, indeed, no ten rules, govern it. In Europe the matter is, or is conventionally supposed to be, simple, and practically invariable. It cannot fairly be said that "Washington Square," with all its realism, shows a thorough understanding of this relationship of the unmarried sexes. Yet, with such modification, the picture offered is exceedingly good. The society physician, who is disappointed that his daughter, the child of a brilliant man and his brilliant wife, should be a dull, plain, timid creature, is an admirable study; his unusual hardness being easily explainable as gradually growing upon him, and leading him in the end to a relentless cruelty to the unhappy girl, which he could not have entertained at first. He watches her "case" intellectually and morally, as he had learned to watch the symptoms of his patients. In all of Mr. James's novels there is some such cool observer, who is "watching the case." It is Mr. James himself, who stands in his own novels with note-book and pencil in hand, conning the foregone facts, jotting down the new, and trying to make up his mind as to the probable course of the coming situation.

The character of Catherine Sloper is a true triumph for Mr. James; it is one of the best outcomes of his generalizing realism. Some women may readily be exasperated at such a picture as she presents intellectually; but she is true to the life; are there not Catherine Slopers all around us—good, amiable girls, who have hosts of friends who admire them from a distance, but at close quarters find them unutterably dull? This is the kind of women Mr. James, who is a biting cynic under the calm flow of his novels, chooses for his heroines. It is no wonder that people ask, why does Mr. James select the dullest of a dull class for a Catherine Sloper, the worst educated of a badly brought-up class, for a Daisy Miller. From a nation celebrated for brilliant and beautiful women, why does he select the most faulty, those that represent the bad minority, instead of painting types of the better majority? To such impatient questionings the answer is: Mr. James prefers to—and one must not quarrel with an artist's choice. It is sufficient if he carries out what he attempts.

Notwithstanding his realism, Mr. James does not dare to make these commonplace types truly real. They talk and act after a superior fashion, and in fact, if they are to be located in any one town of the United States, belong to Boston rather than to New York. The atmosphere in which they move is not exactly that of New York, even in 1820; they are a trifle too precise, and a trifle too provincial. There is a grimace of intellectual superiority in Dr. Sloper which is hard to fit into the surroundings. His sister is a character who must be found everywhere—from remote New England villages to the bayous of Louisiana. Without any sort of doubt, the aunt who enjoys twice as much as Catherine the love affair of the latter, and in trying to be a clever match-maker only contributes to her niece's confusion, is the best character in the novel. She forms a pendant to the little old lady in "Middlemarch," who is guilty of "little beaver-like noises." To consider the novel from the close, we must again admire the workmanship, and notice again a recurring trait in the books of this able writer. This is the want of force in the *dénouement*. Like most, and perhaps all of his novels, "Washington Square" seems to have been worked up with extraordinary care and skill—and come to nothing. We do not care two straws for the fate of the actors; we are merely concerned with the evident cleverness of the author.

Disraeli's "Endymion."*

THE merit of Mr. Disraeli's novels is the critical knowledge they display of human nature and society. He has little power of invention, or of making his characters appear to be real. But his keen knowledge of the world enables him to make good sketches of persons who are under the influence of passions or qualities which he has closely studied. There are at least three good sketches of this kind in "Endymion," viz.: Zenobia, Mr. Bertie Tremaine and St. Barbe.

Zenobia is a kind of woman very common in British novels of fashionable life, who talks on political subjects, if not profoundly, continually, glibly, and with great confidence, and who fancies that revolutions and party changes are matters which she and a few other persons of good social standing have under their thumbs. The novels of Disraeli and Bulwer, both of whom were well acquainted with British political society, no doubt do not exaggerate the power of women in British politics. That power is

* Endymion. By Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

of a personal kind. Changes of government mean that certain great offices are to be vacated by one set of men, and occupied by another; that this or that family is to have for months, or for, perhaps, a term of years, a large income, and a big official house in which to give parties; that there are to be pleasant berths going into which to put nice young men. It is of course natural that women should have a keen interest in the personal part of politics, and should have influence in it. Mr. Disraeli has always taught his young readers who are ambitious that they should not neglect women. He says of his Vivian Grey, for instance, that he was a young man who knew too much of the world to make this mistake. Women undoubtedly do get private-secretaryships for relations, and there are times when they may help an ally to a cabinet position; whether many of them are serious critics of such matters as war and peace abroad and popular progress at home, we do not know. One cannot help thinking that Mr. Disraeli, while professing to admire, is slyly making fun of his Zenobia.

In Myra and Lady Monfort we have women of somewhat the same character as Zenobia. But they have little consistency or life. They are, of course, worldly women, and in his description of Myra the author is at his old trick of imparting a fine dress to what are, after all, very commonplace incidents. Myra is a young woman who takes the first offer she has from a man of fortune and position, and marries a person twice her age. She is no better nor worse than other equally prudent and sensible young women who do the same thing. But Mr. Disraeli throws about his adjectives in such a way as to make it seem something different.

Mr. Bertie Tremaine is a discerning, if somewhat thin and loose, sketch of a certain class of persons. Any one familiar with English society will know a half-dozen people like him. They are of a kind which does not exist in this country. They can only be found in an old society, which contains a great assemblage of people who are idle, and are bent upon amusing themselves, some in a frivolous and some in a solemn way. People who have to work may be dull and have few thoughts, but they are apt to be genuine and unaffected. But we like Mr. Bertie Tremaine and his class. We like those mild-mannered young men one meets at English dinner-tables, with their amiable generalities and their pleasant devotion to the abstract.

Mr. Bertie Tremaine becomes a member of the House of Commons at the same time with Endymion. The following reference to Mr. Tremaine's career in the House, we have no doubt, is a leaf from the recollections of the author. One can see Mr. Disraeli sitting with his chin on his chest, and listening to a real Mr. Bertie Tremaine, the humor of the sure-sighted man of genius stirred by his observation of that gentleman. Notice of a question, we are told, was sometimes publicly given by Mr. Bertie Tremaine, "so abstruse in its nature and so quaint in its expression, that the House never comprehended it, and the unfortunate minister who had to answer, even with twenty-four hours' study, was obliged to commence his reply by a conjectural interpretation of the query formally addressed to him." Mr. Bertie Tremaine is a gentleman who considers himself already as good as a prime minister, is much vexed with the subject of his cabinet, and says of Mr. Vigo (evidently Poole, the tailor), "I think I will offer him India." In his manner of regarding himself as a serious personage, there are people in this country who resemble Mr. Bertie Tremaine. We wonder how many citizens there are of this republic who have seriously considered the exigency of their election to the Presidency, have been much puzzled by the question of the policy they should pursue in that event, and of the men they should call to their aid.

In his character of St. Barbe (apparently meant for Thackeray), Mr. Disraeli does not present himself to advantage. We are not about to write an essay on the duty of forgiveness. All good people are agreed that it is not right to cherish a revengeful spirit, and we suppose one ought not to do so. But still, people will be revengeful. A disposition to remember injuries and to get even with enemies, is a quality which a man may have, and yet hold a good place in society, and retain the respect and regard of friends. But though men will not cease to be revengeful because the Bible says they should forgive their enemies, there are still circumstances which, with most men, have the effect of subduing the fierce recollection of injuries. Among these are success and the lapse of time. It is now nearly twenty years since Thackeray died, and in the meantime Mr. Disraeli has become one of the greatest men in Europe; has been made a Knight of the Garter, and has obtained a variety of distinctions which even he, lavish as he is with his pen, would have been chary of giving to the hero of one of his novels. Under these circumstances, most men would have forgotten, or half forgotten, an animosity which was a generation old. And we are not prepared to say that it is a spirit of revenge which has dictated the character of St. Barbe. Mr. Disraeli may have merely been satisfying the proper critical instinct to describe a character which he has keenly apprehended. If that is the case, however, the description should have been complete. It is, of course, evident that St. Barbe is a description of Thackeray, or of what the author believes Thackeray to have been. That it is an incomplete and unjust character of the man, no one can doubt. The blame is very likely true, as far as it goes. It is very evident that Thackeray was a man upon whom social distinctions had a great influence, and whose nature it was to feel most intensely the relation in which he stood to individuals and the world. That he was morbidly egotistical, the reader of his works may see with half an eye. He may have had his share, or more than his share, of envy. It is a general human failing; and one of the world's mistakes is to suppose that people who produce great books, and who, from fear of its opinion, talk a little too much like saints, are destitute of those evil temptations of which all are conscious. But Mr. Disraeli fails entirely to credit Thackeray with that poetry, that power of pathos and sympathy, and that generosity of feeling, which he possessed. The character as it stands is a

substantial injury to the memory of Thackeray. From Mr. Disraeli's reputation, and the wide popularity of his work, he has been able to throw into the mind of the world a picture of Thackeray which has done and will continue to do him harm. Mr. Disraeli must have been perfectly aware, in preparing the sketch, that such would be the effect of it. What he has done in this case is so marked and so unusual that most people will think it an effort to get even with a man from whom he had suffered some punishment in the past, and will look into "Codlingsby" to find some justification for such a state of feeling. That sketch is very amusing, but very innocent. The allusion to the "Duke of B——, a dashing young sizar of St. John's College, Cambridge," might have made Mr. Disraeli wince, but we cannot understand that a man of his cast of temperament should mind this very much.

The main attraction of this work, however, is that it is written by one of the most singular and famous characters of the time. The reader will be always trying to spell out something of the nature of the mind from which the work proceeds. Mr. Disraeli is a good deal like the sphinx. He has the sure perceptions, the quiet, the unconsciousness or carelessness of thoughts other than his own, the absorbed will, of the sphinx. A mind such as his invariably attracts the curiosity of mankind, even when it belongs to a merely literary man—to one who does nothing but think and write. But we are greatly more curious about a man whose thoughts result in transactions which affect empires. The trait of Mr. Disraeli's character most visible in "Endymion" is his frank admiration of success, his faith in getting on and up in the world. We do not mean to blame him for this. There are two quite permissible ways of looking at the world. One man wants love, the domestic affections, the pleasures of an enlightened and refined mind; another wishes to be great, rich, and well placed in society. The copy-books and moralists are usually on the side of the first of these persons. We, for our part, are of the opinion that men should follow the law of their natures, and should seek, as they no doubt will, those things which they really wish, providing there be no harm in them. To us, the frankness and unaffectedness of Mr. Disraeli's admiration of worldly success are interesting.

But we may venture a reflection or two upon the ambition of Endymion and Myra. This ambition is in part English, and in part Jewish. It is English in its intense sense of the misery of social inferiority. Myra devotes her efforts from a girl to raising the Ferrars family from the position of squalor and humiliation in which it found itself. Now, had Ferrars and his sister lived in some village in this country, they would not have felt themselves in a position of squalor and humiliation; that is the advantage of democracy and of living in a vast republic like ours. In their manner of getting on in the world, these young people are Jewish. We think we observe something Hebraic in the way in which Endymion is put upon English society. It reminds one of that sense cherished by a dealer of Oxford street of his just right to sell you a garment for £1 15*s.* for which he has paid 10*s.* Throughout the work, from his coming to London to his marriage, Endymion conforms to the duty of the chosen people to spoil the Egyptians. The truth is, Endymion is a sponge. All his kind friends, both grand and humble, give him something. One sends him £20,000; another asks him to tea; another mends his gloves. He is in a capital line of business, from the beginning to the end of the story.

Quite distinct from his admiration of wealth and success, we should note Mr. Disraeli's curious passion for celebrity, pure and simple. He values rather the renown of things than their intrinsic nature. He says, for instance, of one of his characters, that her hair was the most celebrated in Europe. What a number of fine heads of hair there must be on that continent! All of his characters are celebrated. We have in this volume Lord and Lady Palmerston, Queen Hortense, the Empress Eugénie, and other famous men and women. Barnum himself has not a greater zest in the mere fact of renown than Mr. Disraeli. He puts one in mind of the mediums at the spiritualistic seances, who will produce a communication from no less a person than Cavour or the late Emperor Nicholas.

Lord Beaconsfield's worldliness is very frank, but the most worldly people are not entirely worldly, and the most worldly philosophy of life must take into account the fact that men have affections, pains and pleasures, opinions and principles. The author of "Endymion" knows all this. He even goes so far as to admit that love is better than fame and fortune. He says of Myra that "it was not in the nature of things that she could experience those feelings which still echo in the heights of Meilleraie, and compared with which all the glittering accidents of fortune sink into insignificance." His sketch of Mrs. Ferrars, Endymion's mother, shows the place which, in his mind, the finer human qualities may hold by the side of ambition. It is very interesting to study the combination of human traits in such a character as Mr. Disraeli's. We are sure that the extremists who have been in the habit of speaking of him as a purely selfish and cynical politician are not correct, as they are certainly not true to nature. Mundane ambition is, no doubt, his controlling characteristic, but, like the rest of us, he is a mixture, and it would be interesting to find out the degrees and proportions in which the elements are made up.

George Fleming's "Head of Medusa."*

GEORGE FLEMING is doubtless a clever and cultivated lady, and after reading "The Head of Medusa," one can hardly escape the conclusion that she has also clever and brilliant friends. The conversations in this novel make the impression of a piece of mosaic, consisting of highly polished, glittering bits,

*The Head of Medusa. By George Fleming, author of "Kismet" and "Mirage." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

but lacking all organic coherence. In Roman society, epigrams and profound observations keep constantly buzzing about one's ears, until they become positively oppressive, and a comfortably dull and commonplace friend, who has no opinions regarding the date of the catacombs and the precise direction of the Via Sacra, is hailed as a godsend. When we venture to conjecture that George Fleming has absorbed some of the unclaimed brilliancy with which the Roman atmosphere is charged, we are really paying her a compliment; for that kind of absorption requires sensitive intellectual antennæ and a considerable degree of æsthetic culture. If she only had succeeded in incorporating her really striking remarks on archæology, history, art, etc., into the organism of her story, we should not have advanced any hypothesis as to their probable origin. Nevertheless, there are at least a hundred passages in the present book which prove that George Fleming prefers being somebody else to being herself. If she has any confidence in her own style and her own thought, it is a pity that she should on every page remind us that she has chosen George Eliot as her model. In the first place, the very division of the novel into "books," with separate titles and quotations from poets and political economists on the fly-leaf of each "book," seems to have been suggested by "Middlemarch" or "Daniel Deronda"; then, again, the titles of these divisions, "A Girl's Choice" and "In Deep Water," recall the exactly parallel titles of Books II. and III. in "Daniel Deronda,"—"Meeting Streams" and "Maidens Choosing." But in order to convince the reader who is familiar with George Eliot's elaborate, and sometimes a little cumbrous style, as well as the spirit of her writings, we quote the following passages, which almost read like parodies on the philosophical reflections of the great Englishwoman:

"In the twilight, the bitter, immutable mouth of the dead poet seemed to smile with implacable negation from its forgotten corner among the clustering leaves of a new spring." (Page 27.)

"For those earliest impressions of hers were all inextricably interwoven with enthusiastic recollections of a larger ideal of life, and devotion, and duty, than commonly falls to a girl's share." (Page 74.)

"He was frowning, and this unchecked evidence of bad temper seemed to give the last affirmative touch to the assurance of liking and sympathetic understanding which had sprung up between them." (Page 78.)

We are told that Hardinge's bright presence was like a change in the weather; very nearly the same observation is made by George Eliot about Lydgate, whose coming was "like a change of light." Octave's throat and chin were "flower-like"; so were Rosamond's in "Middlemarch." George Fleming's peculiar mannerism in the use of her adverbs may possibly also be ascribed to the influence of her model: thus, the rivers "run broadly," the heath "glimmers palely," processions "defile blackly," etc.

On page 226, the admirable apothegm: "But two happy people always imply the misery of a shadowy third," recalls a little too distinctly Browning's verse in the poem "By the Fireside":

> "If you join two lives, there is oft a scar,
> They are one and one, with a shadowy third;" etc.

Such resemblances can hardly be accidental, especially as the author takes occasion to quote Browning on the fly-leaf of her "Book II." We do not desire, however, to convey the impression that all George Fleming's brilliancy is reflected or borrowed, although we confess that where so much is imitation it is puzzling to decide what is really original. Thus, for instance, the following observations, for which we should like to give the author full credit, have, nevertheless, an indefinable flavor of George Eliot:

"We all have our ideals. It is possible that even our least worthy actions may arouse some admiring and imitative echo in some subordinate mind." (Page 82).

"Let us not fall into the common error of estimating suffering by its apparent intensity; I think it highly probable that there have been martyrs who would have found it impossible to submit to chronic rheumatism."

In conclusion, let us confess that we are quite at a loss to account for the singular transformation which this author has undergone since writing "Kismet." It is a very common phenomenon, that a young writer begins by echoing the great masters of song and romance, and then gradually discovers his own individuality, and learns to express it. But for an author who made her *début* with a striking and interesting romance to end as an imitator is, we believe, a very unusual occurrence. And still, when this is said, we have a feeling that we have not done full justice to George Fleming. A woman who can write such a charming bit of characterization as that of Madame Raimondi (pages 208 and 209), or such a strong and vivid piece of description as that of the sheep passing outside the windows where Regina is dying (pages 328 and 329), must certainly have something in her which is worth expressing. But, the next time, let her discard all models, and speak with the simplicity and force which, we trust, are still at her command.

Eggleston's Famous American Indians.*

UNTIL very recently, Americans have unwisely underrated the dramatic dignity and interest of their early history, discovering in it few of those elements of picturesque heroism which attract every schoolboy to the story of Alfred and the Danes, John and his obstinate barons. As a matter of fact, no such interest ever gathered around the birth of any other nation. The imagination of Europe, already stimulated by the splendid intellectual impulse of the Renaissance, was captivated by the possibilities of the new continent miraculously opened for the realization of those dreams of wealth, progress, and a new

*1. Red Eagle. By George Cary Eggleston. 2. Tecumseh and the Shawnee Prophet. 3. Brant and Red Jacket. 4. Montezuma and the Conquest of Mexico. 5. Pocahontas. By Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

social state which hung, half luminous and half misty, over the mind of the Old World. No voyagers returning in Greek galleys, no Norsemen bringing home strange tales of the Mediterranean, were ever welcomed with such eager curiosity as were the early explorers of America, laden with Indian trophies and with gold. And when spasmodic exploration gives place to permanent colonization, the interest deepens, and the drama unfolds in act after act of struggle, and bloodshed, and conquest, until the growing sense of a great historical tragedy becomes almost painful. No other tragedy on so vast a scale and stage has been enacted in historic times. The inexorable operation of the law of the survival of the fittest is felt from the beginning, like the consciousness of doom in which a Greek tragedy darkens to its close. There are, too, elements of interest in this story which one misses entirely in those histories which are rich mainly in the heroisms and achievements of individual actors.

He who would glean wisely in a field so wide as this must possess in marked degree the sense of historic proportion, so as not to waste on episodes space which ought to be given to significant characters and events. The writers of these volumes have evidently made careful study of the ground, and have chosen points of view from which the movement of events is seen in orderly and dramatic sequence. Thus, in accordance with this plan, in "Montezuma" they describe the rash but splendid conquest of Mexico by Cortez; in "Pocahontas" they tell the story of early voyages and explorations in search of gold, the strange adventures of that redoubtable warrior, Captain John Smith, the charming episode of Pocahontas, and the settlement of Virginia; in "Brant and Red Jacket" they outline effectively the incessant warfare between civilization and barbarism which desolated central and northern New York, enriching them with historic and legendary associations in exchange for despoiled homes and ravaged fields; in "Tecumseh" the current of story flows on uninterrupted, but the points of interest, the centers of struggle, are moved westward from New York to the Ohio and the chain of forts which joined the great lakes with the Mississippi—the bold scheme of Tecumseh to knit into confederacy the scattered strands of Indian power being strongly sketched against the background of the Shawnee prophet's trickery; while in "Red Eagle" the same momentous struggle is described as it rolled southward, and involved the Creek nation in irretrievable ruin. This volume was prepared by Mr. George Cary Eggleston, and is written with uncommon vigor and clearness of style; the other volumes are from the hand of Mrs. Lillie Eggleston Seelye, Dr. Eggleston having confined himself to a careful examination of the authorities and revision of the pages. The enterprise is a genuine literary partnership, for although Dr. Eggleston is a silent partner, the capital of taste and skill which he has acquired by years of successful literary work has plainly been drawn upon by Mrs. Seelye, whose accurate perception of significant points, and power of clear and picturesque narration, readily disclose the secret of their parentage.

Mrs. Seelye tells a story with admirable vivacity and sense of proportion. The men and events which she describes are imaginatively real to her, and she reports them from the life instead of from the old chronicles. She describes with quick movement and graphic power, for instance, the stratagem by which the Jesuits escaped out of the hands of the Onondagas, having first feasted them to excess:

"One of the Frenchmen played softly on the violin, and the stuffed Indians were soon engaged in sleeping off the excesses of the feast. Now the Frenchmen slipped away from the sleeping assembly, and stole down to the lake shore, where they found the rest of their companions already in the boats. It was a March night, and the snow was falling. The winter's ice was broken up, but the lake was covered with a thin coating. Men in the foremost boat broke a road through this crust with clubs, and the boats rowed swiftly for the outlet. When the Indians waked in the morning from their heavy slumbers, they wondered that they were not summoned to prayers, and were amazed at the stillness which reigned about the mission-house and within the palisades of the little fort. Those who had lived here for nearly two years had now left Onondaga Lake far behind. After a time, the Indians broke into the Frenchmen's buildings, but found them deserted. They searched for footsteps, but the falling snow had obliterated the tracks of the night before. They knew that the Frenchmen had no boats, and they concluded that the Jesuits had by magic flown away through the air with their followers."

The style in which these stories of border warfare and intrigue are told is clear, simple, and natural, and produces in the mind of the reader that impression of entire integrity and straightforwardness on the part of the writer, which holds the attention after it has been won. The groundwork of fact has evidently been thoroughly and intelligently gone over, and beyond the interest which these histories possess in their literary form, they have the supreme quality of trustworthiness. About a few heroic and commanding figures they gather the greater part of the Indian wars, and if at some future time the authors will add a volume on King Philip and another on Pontiac, they will complete a series of histories which ought to be placed in our libraries beside the new editions of Froissart and Sir Thomas Malory. Like these, they are addressed primarily to young readers.

The Memorial History of Boston.*

MR. RUSKIN, in laying out the education of the unborn children in the undiscovered country of his New Atlantis, instances five cities, the history of which is to be studied: Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London. New York he elsewhere

* The Memorial History of Boston, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts. 1630-1880. Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. In four volumes. Vol. I. The Early and Colonial Periods. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

dooms to perdition, along with the new town of Edinburgh, and his writings give no evidence that he ever heard of Boston. When the children are born and the country is discovered, some one should send over a set of "The Memorial History of Boston," which will doubtless then be completed, as the first volume has already appeared, nine months only after the projection of the work. The history of the venture is given briefly in the preface, and a moment's consideration will show that this generous volume could not have been brought together so promptly except for two facts—that there was a competent editor and a ready corps of authoritative contributors. There was, indeed, a precedent condition that Boston should have a history, but this condition was precedent also to the existence of a trained body of historical experts, and the volume really justifies itself.

It does not take one long to reflect that the marked personality of the town, especially down to the period of the great Irish immigration and the development of huge cities in America, renders it a singularly good subject for historical treatment. It was not accidental or fortuitous in its origin. The deliberateness of the settlement, and the political and religious considerations which led to it, the magnitude and enduring character of the colonization scheme, which surpassed any single flitting of that generation,—these gave a solidity to the beginnings of Boston, and invested the town with a structural dignity which were immensely valuable as capital stock for historic growth. Then, as the chief town, the capital of a virile commonwealth, it absorbed in its life larger currents than belong to a mere trading town. To the world outside, it was the colony, and even as late as the War for Independence, the rebellious people of the country were Bostonese and Bostonians. As the exponent, therefore, of a political and religious movement, it had an individuality which has not only made it a subject for history, but for dignified history. There is opportunity for the widest range of treatment in such a subject, since a really great theme carries with it a justification of what otherwise would be an ignoble curiosity, and thus one may fairly include in the same volume consideration of charters and shoe-strings.

The projectors of this work were not the first to discover the propriety of a history of Boston. The existence in the community of a class of acute and learned writers, who had diligently explored all the recesses of local history, cannot be accounted for on any ground of petty local self-esteem or absurd exaggeration of the value of the work to which they had been devoting patient toil, and the results brought together within this volume are not from the impetus given by the work itself, but the latest product of studies which have scarcely been intermitted since the beginning of the colony. Whether or not the original settlers builded better than they knew, they builded, at any rate, with deliberate intention, accompanying every important act with full record, and explanation, and comment, so that the material on most points is abundant and well attested, and there has been no serious revolution or fire to destroy irretrievably important documents. Monuments indeed have perished, and in some cases have left the faintest possible trace of their appearance. In the illustration of a portion of the Townhouse, occurring with Mr. Whittier's poem, the editor and artist have had to rely on the imagination, aided only by the scantiest record. No hint whatever remains of the appearance of Governor Winthrop's house, which was destroyed in the siege of Boston, and in a few other instances one has to borrow suggestions from other forms preserved elsewhere; but it should be said that both editor and contributors appear to have exercised great caution in reconstructing, and to have had little recourse to fancy. Perhaps they all stood in wholesome awe of one another, since, in the assignment of parts, it might easily have happened more than once that writers could have exchanged subjects.

In the arrangement of this volume, which brings the history down to the Andros government, the editor has followed a scientific order. He has plainly regarded Boston as the result of two forces, that of nature and that of humanity. History followed, not merely because a company of God-fearing English gentlemen sailed across the seas, but because they landed just where they did, and Boston became the chief town, not because it was first formed, for it was not, but because the position, conformation, and adaptability of the peninsula gave it advantages over Dorchester, Charlestown, Cambridge, or Roxbury. Accordingly, the approach to the formal settlement is made with deliberation, and a proper prevision of controlling and modifying circumstances. Under Professor Shaler's guidance, Boston is seen peeping out from the ice in an unknown antiquity, and the structure of the whole basin is explained, by which one may discover how it was fore-ordained to its use. Then Mr. J. A. Allen, the ornithologist, follows with a description of the inhabitants that originally possessed the soil, and remained in part to be cooked by the new-comers. Professor Asa Gray describes the flora of Boston, and we are invited to a private view of the great elm on Boston Common, before there was a Boston, and before there was a common. By this means the way is cleared for this virgin peninsula to be discovered and settled. Mr. George Dexter then gives an outline of the early European voyages in Massachusetts Bay, bringing all the ships that crossed the Atlantic before 1630 as near to the future Outer Light as he dared; and, as a result of these and later voyages, Mr. Winsor describes the earliest maps of the region. With these maps, and their own maritime enterprise, bolder ships are now seen, with small parties aboard, approaching the sacred spot, and settling about the shores of Boston harbor. Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., who has made special study of this subject, is here the contributor. So closes the Prehistoric Period and Early History. The Colonial Period occupies the rest, which is the main part of the volume. The Massachusetts Company, from which the colony proceeded, is set forth by Dr. Haven, of the American Antiquarian Society, and the

story of Boston Founded is by Robert C. Winthrop, a descendant of the great governor. The next eight chapters are occupied with the intermingled history of the town and the colony, under the several political and religious phases, and in reference to the connection and conflict with neighboring jurisdictions and Indian tribes. Dr. Ellis, Mr. Foote, Mr. C. C. Smith, Colonel Higginson, Dr. Hale and Dr. Deane, each in his section and method, recount this history, occasionally covering one another's tracks, but always independently engaged and writing from full minds. Five more chapters are devoted to those neighboring towns which, originally of separate jurisdiction, are now a component part of Boston. These chapters are in the hands of specialists. The remainder of the volume, five chapters more, is given up to the literary and social history of the town. Mr. Winsor writes of the Literature of the Colonial Period; Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of the Indian Tongue and its Literature; Mr. Scudder, of Life in Boston in the Colonial Period; Mr. E. L. Bynner, of the Topography and Landmarks,—a chapter which we should have placed earlier in order,—and Mr. Whitmore of Boston Families, prior to 1700.

This hasty summary will indicate the range taken by the volume, the thoroughness of plan, the general ability of the collaborators, and the attempt made to treat Boston not merely as a civic corporation, but as an exponent of a distinct historic movement. We suspect that future volumes will draw the lines a little more closely about the town of Boston itself; that, as the commonwealth increases in power, the town will have its more separate life, and will furnish sufficient material, without involving so much attention to general history. The illustrations are to the point and carefully studied. More might easily have been added, but they would have been imaginative and easily misleading. Those which are given are as much contributions to history as the text is, which throughout is kept free from caprice and conjecture. The whole subject has been conceived in a serious spirit, and the volume is not light reading. But it is a large subject, and by the great variety of treatment a degree of light and shade is secured which saves the work from dullness and monotony. It was an excellent idea to introduce the work with a bit of representative verse like Mr. Whittier's "The King's Missive," which was written for the work, and typifies the spiritual Boston of the Colonial Period.

The New Edition of Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York."*

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER opens the first volume of the "Geoffrey Crayon" edition of Irving's works with an appreciative and interesting essay on that author. This edition is to contain, besides the works of Irving, the life of him by his nephew, Mr. Pierre M. Irving. The first volume, which has just been issued, contains "Knickerbocker's History of New York." There are a number of illustrations scattered through the book. But this work of Irving's is one which the reader who has been familiar with it from boyhood will have illustrated with his own mental pictures.

The charm of the work are its innocence, its broad caricature, the gentle spirit of poetry which runs through it, and especially a youthful zest and eagerness of feeling. As one turns over these leaves, scene after scene, conned a score of times, presents itself to the memory. One sees Wouter Van Twiller, disturbed at his dinner by a pair of imprudent litigators, weighing their accounts with a pair of scales, declaring them to be of equal avoirdupois, and deciding that each is to give the other a receipt, and that the constable must pay the cost. One remembers Governor William the Testy, in his inaugural harangue asserting that he knows himself to be unworthy of the position to which he has been advanced, thereby causing much astonishment to the simple Dutch burghers, who wonder why in that case he should have accepted it. One follows in his sloop down the Hudson the trumpeter, Anthony Van Corlear, practicing that cabalistic manual sign which had been the only reply of the Yankees to the demand of William the Testy for the surrender of the fort of Rensselaerstien. The reader is never weary of the comic warfare between the honest Dutchman and the unscrupulous Yankee, of the later stages of which Irving was himself a witness. There is, by the way, still standing at Albany a Congregational church, built by the New-Englanders nearly a hundred years ago, at the time of their coming to Albany, upon the steeple of which, as a menace and a defiance to the Dutch, they put representations of a pumpkin and a cod-fish; there, we are told, they remain to this day.

The book exhibits also a charming feeling of delight in our virgin scenery. We read of Anthony Van Corlear, when sent by Stuyvesant on an errand to New England, that he went "twanging his trumpet like a very devil, so that the sweet valleys and banks of the Connecticut resounded with the warlike melody." In the description of Stuyvesant's voyage upon the Hudson, that is a pretty passage in which we are told that the "whip-poor-will wearied the ear of night with his incessant moanings." The reader will not have forgotten the pretty chapter descriptive of the shores of New York as they appeared to the companions of Hendrik Hudson.

Mr. Warner says, in his introductory essay, that the high position which Irving secured in this country cannot be explained without remembering the goodness of his character. This is true, but Irving's success was also due in large part to the fact of his being a peaceable man. He was one who in his right hand carried gentle peace to silence envious tongues. He was not critical, nor had he much intellectual originality; but the absence of these qualities in men otherwise distinguished is agreeable to the world at large. Irving was one of that fortunate few whom all the world like to see successful and preferred.

* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Art Suggestions from the Masters."*

How much good a work like the present is likely to do, we do not know. It is hard to say what may help and what may hurt an artist. One becomes rather discouraged at times when contemplating the gigantic modern machinery for the making of artists and the promoting of taste,—the books, lectures, schools, galleries, verbal discussions, and printed information—the latter gossiping through columns upon columns in the daily press, with full details as to the present whereabouts and doings of A. B. and of C. D.; recordings of the fact that E. F. has gone to the Maine woods, and that G. H. is still in his studio in 120th street; "of academies of Florence, of Bologna, of Parma and Pisa; of honorary members and foreign correspondents; of pupils and teachers, professors and patrons, and the whole buzzing tribe of critics and connoisseurs"†—it is discouraging, we say, to look upon all this machinery, and then to find the outcome so small of artists of genius and persons of real taste. But reformers and ecclesiastics must have the same misgivings. "This is a pretty kettle of fish," said a famous preacher (to himself) when, after a season of revival meetings, in his early ministry, one solitary old woman "came forward for prayers." The only thing to do is to keep on, throw the nets and sow the seed: without the seed, how can the good ground bring forth? The Woman's Art School of the Cooper Institute, New York, has some good fruit to show, and under Mrs. Carter, who has thought fit to compile the present work, it is doubtless one of the best schools of art in America.

There are some remarks in this volume which it would be unfortunate to have the youthful reader take to heart, as, for instance, where Reynolds recommends the young artist, when he first attempts invention, to select every figure, if favorable, from the inventions of Michael Angelo. But the four writers quoted seldom say anything quite so startling as that, and are often amusing, suggestive, and even instructive; and, in some cases, the opinion or practice of one is corrected by the criticism of the other. Hazlitt is altogether the most entertaining, because he alone of the four is a literary artist (one of the critics who failed as painters). Reynolds was in some matters ahead of his time in opinion, but in others he reflects the current thought; for instance, when he says that Guido's "idea of beauty" "is acknowledged superior to that of any other painter." It is curious to note that while the general critical opinion in England is now, so far as a contemporary can judge, probably truer with regard to certain principles and views of the old masters than in Reynolds's day, the arts of painting and sculpture have come near extinguishment altogether. There is, certainly, some good painting done there; and there is plenty of intellectual industry expended in the arts; but it seems to be possible for an artist to get the highest reputation in London without any sort of mastery in the handling of pigments. Sir Joshua is nowadays considered, in his own country, as a second-rate man, as compared with the early Italians, for instance,—and most justly, too,—but there is hardly an English painter to-day whose canvases could be looked at on the same wall with his.

* Art Suggestions from the Masters; selected from the Works of Artists and other Writers on Art; compiled by Susan N. Carter, Principal of the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union. First Series: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Charles Bell, William Hazlitt, Benjamin R. Haydon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Hazlitt.

Dame Juliana Berners's "Fysshynge wyth an Angle."*

THIS thin quarto, doleful in its dress of black-letter, and somewhat forbidding by reason of quaint types and old-style spelling, is the reproduction in truthful fac-simile (letter-press, not lithography) of a book printed by Wynkyn de Worde at Westminster, in 1496. The editor, Rev. M. G. Watkins, introduces the book as the first English treatise on fishing, and as the "literary quarry" for succeeding writers on angling, from Izaak Walton downward. That the author understood the subject is plain. Who dares dispute this assertion?—"Ye can not brynge an hoke into a fyssh mouth wythout a bayte"; or this?—that "yonge bees, hornettes, gresshopps, and redde wormes" are seductive baits.

Curiously enough, the book was not written by a man, but by a woman—Dame Juliana Berners, a lady of high station, who had shown her love for field sports by writing a treatise on hawking, hunting, and coat armor, which had been printed by the unknown schoolmaster-printer of St. Albans in 1486. The eccentric lady is supposed to have been the daughter of a Sir James Berners (who was beheaded), and the prioress of a nunnery at Sopwell. But our interest is more in the manner than the matter of the book; more in its wood-cuts and typography than in the writer or her knowledge of angling. To read it is to put oneself in the mysterious twilight of early printing, and to get new ideas of the literature and mechanical arts of England at the close of the fifteenth century. The dame did her work thoroughly, and began at the beginning. She told her reader how to make rods, lines, hooks, leads, and floats. This "harnays" of the angler, as she calls fishing equipments, and the tools by which the harness is made, are illustrated by a few wood-cuts of charming simplicity. It is a discouragement to those who believe in the superior mechanical workmanship of that period to learn that every angler must make his own rod and fish-hook. It is amusement to a modern mechanic to see the cuts of the rude tools, and to read the directions concerning the making of these rods and fish-hooks. Of the types and wood-cuts, not much need be said. A magazine man may look on this early attempt at illustration and description in much the same spirit that he looks on the primers and picture-books of his childhood. "The best exer-

* A Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle. By Dame Juliana Berners: Being a fac-simile reproduction of the first book on the subject of fishing printed in England. By Wynkyn de Worde at Westminster, in 1496. With an introduction by Rev. M. G. Watkins, M. A. London: Elliot Stock & Co. 1880.

cise for a school-boy people is that of school-boys," says Hallam, in writing about the books printed by Caxton during this period. There can be no doubt of the childishness of the literary taste to which Berners and Caxton catered. How pettish and exclusive the authoress was may be read in her explanation of the reason why she had this little treatise on fishing printed and bound up in a larger book, containing her writings on other field sports, viz., "by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it yf it were enprynted allone by itself, & put in a lytyll plaunflet, therfore I have compylyd it in a greter volume of dyverse bokys concernynge to gentyll & noble men to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones whyche sholde have but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshing sholde not by this meane utterly dystroye it." Most honest Juliana, you are not alone! There are writers of our day who have your desire to confine the teachings of wisdom to the elect of "gentyll and noble men," but not your courage in saying so.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Cooking-Stove and Utensils.

A NEW system of cooking, having for its aim economy of both fuel and material, and a more healthful manner of preparing food, has been recently introduced in this country. From careful examination the system seems to obtain excellent results, by the use of entirely new forms of apparatus. The heat required is obtained from small hard or soft coal, burned in a stove of novel design. The aim of the stove is fourfold: economy of fuel, a moderate and evenly distributed heat, ventilation, and cheapness of first cost. To secure economy of heat and fuel, the fire-box (in the smallest pattern of stove, designed for a family of seven) is of cast iron, 15 by 20 centimeters (about 6 by 8 inches), and 7.5 centimeters (3 inches) deep, and has openings on three sides, while the bottom is closed by a sliding grate. No fire-bricks are used, the coal resting wholly on iron, but so free is the admission of air on all sides, except the back, that there is no burning of the stove. Under the fire-box is suspended an iron tray, or ash-holder, designed to slide like a drawer. This hangs below the box, so that there is a free admission of the air over it on every side. Above the fire-box is a heat-chamber, also of iron, 36 by 46 centimeters, and 10 centimeters deep (14 by 18 by 4 inches), and closed at the top by a separate but tight-fitting cover 2.6 centimeters (1 inch) thick. Extending around the fire-box on all sides but the front, is a raised screen, or guard, that serves as a guide for the products of combustion, causing them to circulate entirely around the heat-chamber before escaping into the chimney at the back of the stove. Behind the heat-chamber is a cast-iron drum, having a flat top and pot-hole to utilize the heat still further. The top of the stove has also two small pot-holes. Open-work brackets, or shelves, on each side of the stove, a bracket in front and a larger shelf below, serve to hold utensils and hot plates. The stove is supported on three legs, and is designed to be connected with the chimney by a horizontal pipe, so that the stove stands out in the room with a clear space on every side. The front of the heat-chamber has a movable grating, to give an open fire, and to increase the draft; this may be closed by a tight-fitting door. The stove, of which the accompanying cut gives a good idea, seems to be admirably designed, and gives a soft and equable heat with a remarkably small consumption of fuel. The stoves seen were at work using red-ash coal, and gave a good, free-burning fire, with entire freedom from gas or the smell of an ordinary cook-stove when driven by a hot fire. The excess of air supplied to the fuel seemed to act much as a fire at the bottom of an upcast shaft or an open wood-fire in ventilating a room, the air in the kitchen being remarkably pure and sweet, even while cooking was in progress. The day was cold and the room large, yet one stove while at work kept the room at about 68° Fahr. The stove is designed to be taken apart for removal, and is easily and quickly set up by any ordinary stove man, only four bolts being used to hold it together. The smallest size occupies a space 76 centimeters (2½ feet) square, and is of a convenient height to obviate stooping.

The apparatus intended to be used with this stove consists of a number of pieces, all of tin, and of original design. For making soups there is a round tin, having a presser or perforated dasher, arranged like the dasher of an upright churn, the handle of which passes through the cover. The object of this is to enable the cook to press the juices out of the meat in the soup and to stir it, without taking off the cover. The cover of this apparatus, as in all the others, is double, to prevent the condensation of the steam against a cold surface. The covers all fit steam-tight, in order to keep the steam in the vessels. At the same time they will all come off easily, so that there is no danger of explosion. The next utensil is a meat stewer—an oval tin vessel, having a second and smaller vessel supported on a perforated ribbon of tin and open at the top. There is also a ring of perforations around the top of the inner vessel. The design of this, as well as of the other steamers, is to place a small quantity of boiling water in the main vessel, and to put the smaller vessel containing the meat inside, and to place the whole, closed steam-tight, on the stove. For cooking fish, a longer tin of the same pattern is used, except that it has also a perforated tray with handles, for removing the fish when cooked. The next utensil is called a "combination steamer," and consists of several utensils placed one over the other. The first is a deep, round tin, in which is placed a smaller tin, having a tight

cover. This is also supported on a perforated ribbon, to raise it above the water in the larger tin. Above this is placed a flat, perforated tray with handles, on which a pudding may be placed in its tin or mold. Over this rests a second tin, having its double cover, and in which still another kind of food may be cooked,—all these processes being maintained by the same steam that circulates through the entire vessel. Smaller steamers, in two parts, are also made on the same pattern. For baking and roasting, the dough or meat is placed on a tin, slightly raised on bosses or wires, on the stove, and entirely covered by a hood of tin or sheet-iron, made double, with an air-space between the sides and top, and small openings to allow the excess of heated air to escape. Another utensil, called a "frizzler," consists of a flat pan, with a tight-fitting hinged cover. It would seem that this collection of domestic apparatus must prove of great value, for these reasons: The heat is moderate, and the amount of fuel burned is small; the steaming plan retains the full aroma and flavor of the food, and the first cost and the expense of using the apparatus are very low. Any system that tends to make cooking more easy and agreeable is a sanitary gain. Much of the value of foods cooked over quick and hot fires, and in uncovered vessels, is lost, and it is the design of these new utensils to save this to a greater degree than has ever been tried before. The idea of steaming food is not new, but the appliances here described are believed to attain this end in a novel and efficient manner. The smallest stove is said to cost about fifteen dollars, and all the utensils can be furnished for about twelve dollars more.

Artificial Ballast.

A NEW kind of artificial ballast or dressing for town and rail roads has been introduced, that promises to be of value in districts where gravel and natural road materials are not available. The material is a species of brick, that may be broken or crushed into the sizes needed on either wagon or rail roads. In making it, a level piece of ground is prepared near clay-pits, and a large, flat fire of cheap, soft coal is made in the open air. When this is well lighted, it is covered with a layer of partially dried and rather lumpy brick clay. On this is added more coal and clay in alternate layers, as fast as the fire extends through the fuel, till a huge heap is formed, or till as large a mass is built as can be conveniently handled, three meters being the usual height. It is found that as the pile increases, less and less coal is needed, so that when complete the coal and clay are in proportions of one of coal to fifteen of clay. The mass is suffered to burn till it is exhausted, and when cold is opened, and the burned clay is broken up into the sizes needed for ballast.

Power for Pleasure-Boats.

WITH our extensive sound and inland navigation has always existed a wide-spread interest in pleasure-boats of all kinds, and within the last few years there has been in this field a rapidly growing desire for steam power. A short time ago there sprang up a demand for small stationary engines for farming and light manufacturing, and a great number of admirable engines appeared, that met this want at very low prices. The demand for small marine engines has, in like manner, stimulated invention, and the later forms of engines and boilers for pleasure-boats show a decided gain in lightness, convenience, safety, speed, and price. Among boilers, the coil or tube type seems to gain in favor, on account of its lightness and safety. Among these is one, intended for open launches, consisting wholly of a tube coiled spirally over a circular fire. The fire-box consists of a circular box of fire-brick, with a grate surface and ash-box below, and entirely cov-

ered by a hood or casing of sheet-iron, having a short chimney on top. The fire-door and ash-door are in front, and only the natural draft of the chimney is employed in maintaining the fire. Resting on top of the circular fire-brick is a wrought-iron pipe wound spirally upward, each turn being slightly smaller for a number of turns, and then the coils are flatter, thus making a flattened dome over the fire. The pipe then continues in a second series of coils, extending horizontally outward, till the casing is reached. It will be seen that by this arrangement a continuous pipe completely incloses the fire, and all the products of combustion must pass over and around all parts of the pipe. The pipe itself, while in one piece, decreases in diameter as it extends upward, the lower end being perhaps twice the size of the upper end. The inlet for the feed-water is at the upper end, while the steam is designed to escape below. In using the boiler, the aim is to pump water continuously into the upper end of the pipe as soon as the fire is started. The water is forced downward, meeting more and more heat as it descends. The water supplied is always in excess of the steam-making capacity of the boiler, and the escape-pipe at the lower end of the coil discharges mingled steam and water. To separate them, they are taken into an upright cylinder placed outside the boiler. This is somewhat larger in diameter than the coil, and in it the water falls by gravity to the bottom, while the steam fills the upper part. This upright tube is called the separator, and makes the novel feature of this boiler, and without it such a tube boiler could not be used. A glass water-tube is attached to the separator, to show the amount of water it contains, and a small pump, operated either independently or by power taken from the engine, is used to take the water away as fast as it accumulates, and to pump it back into the boiler continuously. The engine designed to go with this boiler is an upright compound two-cylinder engine, having an outboard surface condenser (a pipe next the keel, outside the boat), and carries a pump for taking the water of condensation back into the boiler in a continuous stream. The chief interest, naturally, is in the boiler, and it may be observed that it presents several features of value to the steam-boatman. It is light, and saves weight in the boat; it is safe, as, in the event of a rupture of the pipe, the amount of steam that escapes will be very small. The steam is not retained in a large mass, but is continuously produced in small quantities, as fast as used, and when the boat is at rest temporarily the steam is condensed in the separator, and the water pumped back into the boiler by slowly turning the engine. The small amount of water in the boiler at any one time, and its distribution through so much piping, make it possible to raise steam more quickly from cold water than by any of the usual types of boilers. There is also a great saving of weight in dispensing with large water-tanks, as the water is used over many times, the waste being very small. There is also a decided economy of fuel, by the use of a large and rather slow fire, as there is no forced blast from exhaust steam. Another advantage is found in the silent working of boiler and engine. For very small steam pleasure-boats, where economy of space is of the first importance, it may be observed that the so-called disc-engine, described in this department some time ago, has been made the subject of long and exhaustive trials in this country, and is now manufactured here in a very superior form, and at low prices. This engine has six single-action horizontal cylinders arranged in a ring, and contains fewer parts than any of the ordinary kinds of boat-engines. The engine examined seemed to be easily managed, stopping, reversing, and starting quickly, and so simple is its management that any person of ordinary intelligence can be taught to use it in one trial. It appears to run with great steadiness and good speed, and its low position in the boat (placed endwise and in line with the propeller-shaft) makes it specially useful in small boats. There are also many other boilers and engines for boats made in this country, and all of those examined appear to have merits, but this coil-boiler and disc-engine exhibit, perhaps, the most original and novel features in the rapidly growing art of small steam-boat building.

Optical Tests for Milk.

Two new methods of testing milk by optical appliances have been brought out. In one, the aim is to find the amount of butter contained in a given quantity of milk, by diluting it with water till it displays a certain degree of transparency; in the other, the result is obtained by observing the transmission of light through a layer or film of milk of known thickness. A glass tube 23 centimeters (9⅛ inches) long, and closed at one end, contains near the bottom a small rod of porcelain (white glass) marked with black lines. A cubic centimeter of milk is measured in a pipette, and placed in the tube. The black lines on the white rod cannot be seen through the milk, but by gradually adding water to the milk, and mixing them by shaking the tube, the milk is rendered more and more transparent, till the black lines are visible. The surface of the milk in the tube then indicates, by a graduated scale on the tube, the quality of the milk, by showing the percentage of butter it contains. The apparatus (which is called a lactoscope) appears to be simple and convenient.

The second method, while based on the same principles, employs the direct transmission of light, and reaches the same end by more complicated means. A short tube of tin, blackened on the inside, and supported upright, has an opening on one side, and opposite this, inside the tube, is a mirror placed at an angle of forty-five degrees. By placing a lighted candle at a known distance opposite the opening, its light is reflected in the mirror and thrown upward through the tube. On top of the tube is placed a round vessel of glass or metal, closed at the bottom by a sheet of clear glass. The vessel is closed at the top by a cover having an opening in the center, in which slides up and down a small tube closed at the bottom with glass, and having an eye-piece at

the top. The milk to be tested is placed in this vessel, on top of the tin tube, so that the light of the candle reflected from the mirror passes upward through the milk. Then, by looking through the sliding tube and moving it up and down, a point may be found where the image of the candle in the mirror can be seen through the milk. This device depends, as will be seen, on observing the light transmitted through a film of milk, and the thickness of the film is the measure of the value of the milk. The movable tube contains a graduated scale, and by comparison of this with a printed table, the percentage of butter in the milk may be ascertained. Another form of this apparatus dispenses with the mirror, by placing the candle at the bottom of a much longer tube, directly under the milk. This plan would seem to be liable to the danger of smoking the glass over the candle and rendering the readings unreliable.

While both of these appliances are admirably designed, and are said to work well, they naturally suggest other and unpatented methods that may be used by any one moderately skillful in the use of tools. Two sheets of window-glass bound together by any convenient means, and having a semicircular strip of rubber between them, would make a vessel for holding a film of milk. By choosing milk of known value, placing it in such a vessel, and diluting it with water till the light of a candle, placed at a known distance, can be seen through it, would give a standard with which to compare other milk in the same manner. The amount of water added to the milk would show the proportion of butter it contained, the less water needed the thinner and poorer the milk, the more added the richer the milk. For the ordinary purposes of the dairy, it is not essential to know the exact value of the milk, but whether it is above or below a certain standard of excellence, and this such an apparatus would readily show.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE world would be more happy, and the mass of people in it just as wise, if they would whistle more and argue less.

Very amiable and good-natured are those people who can have their own way in everything.

The everlasting longing for something we have not, ought to satisfy us that there are great things in store for us.

There is no charity in helping a man who will not help himself.

A man may learn infidelity from books and from men, but never from nature.

Humility is the safest foundation to build any kind of superstructure on.

A man's heirs are sometimes his most impatient creditors.

Faith was given man to lengthen out his reason.

Most of the unhappiness in this life comes from not knowing the true value of things.

Money and fame are the two things that men work hardest for, and after death, one is worth to them just about as much as the other.

Mercy is sometimes an insult to justice.

Compliments are often nothing more than gilt-edged falsehoods.

What the moral army needs just now is more rank and file and fewer brigadier-generals.

It takes two to make a quarrel and two to keep it going; it only needs one to end it.

Jealousy is simply another name for self-love.

He who is ashamed of his poverty will surely be arrogant of his wealth.

There is hope for a man as long as he can blush.

The man who feels certain that he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

There is nothing that strengthens a man's honesty so much as trusting him; suspect him, and you weaken his faith in himself and in everybody else.

He who has filled the measure of his days has only learned how to begin to live.

Faults are the things that make us all brothers and sisters.

There is nothing that has so much authority, and is entitled to so little, as custom. It rules all the fools with a rod of iron, and threatens even the wise.

The difference between being perfect and constantly trying to be so, is the difference between an angel in heaven and a good man on earth.

How can we expect to know our neighbor's character, when he doesn't know it himself?

Talk is cheap, but a good example costs something.

The boy whose highest ambition it is to equal his father, seldom amounts to anything.

The King-cup's Test.

My lips seemed swift enough with words,
'Mid school-mates, song, and story,
That, ever as her sweet face came,
Lost all their wonted glory.
Some glamour in the deep blue eye—
Love's nameless, tender token—

Drew close the golden gates of speech,
And left the word unspoken.

Till one rare morning, when the year
Was gay with leafy banners,
And Nature's tuneful troubadours
Were singing blithe hosannas;
When every sound was in the air
The sweet-voiced Spring could utter,
She plucked a king-cup from the hedge,
To see if I liked butter.

A golden chalice, closed in snow;
The blue eyes peering under—
E'en now, in sober middle-age,
I find no room for wonder,
That, when youth's happy vintage bore
Its bubble-beaded wine,
The peerless vestal's pensive face
Seemed more than half divine.

Dear, guileless girl! She clearly meant
The golden fruit of dairy;
I heard alone a pronoun sweet,
That stood for winsome Mary.
And while the swift, impetuous tides
Set all life's valves a-flutter,
The cooler brain found strength to say,
My fond heart *did* "love but her."

"Your heart—your heart—I meant—I meant—"
The tell-tale blood came flushing,
Fair as above the morning hills
The rosy dawn lies blushing.
So erst the Teucrian shepherd-boy,
Some mountain path pursuing,
Plucked, lily-like, life's crowning joy,
His sweet Œnone wooing.

Adrift upon the tide of years,—
The mystic, murmuring river,—
Sometimes we see the sunlight play,
The cypress starlit ever.
And always up the singing stream
One fair dawn gleams afar,
Touched with the rose of early day
Beneath the morning star.

And if, at times, in sportive mood,
She holds the king-cup under,
Demure as when she broke the spell
That held our lives asunder,
Be very sure, a glad heart bids
The fond lips more than utter
How, through the lapse of happy years,
Her old-time love loves but her.

Desdemona.

I TOLD her of my three years' cruise,
Its haps and mishaps, and when I
Had finished, in her sweet, rapt muse,
She murmured breathlessly, "*Oh my!*"

And when I told my journeys o'er,
From torrid zone to lands of snow,
She paused in wonderment before
She softly cried, "*You don't say so!*"

And when I told of dangers, fears,—
Our shipwreck, when we suffered so,
Half frightened and almost in tears,
She faltered forth, "*I want to know!*"

The Telegraph Operator.

SHE sits within her narrow cell,
A jewel worth a fairer setting,
And I—I linger for a spell,
My urgent telegram forgetting.

I love the sounder's cheery call,
I love to watch the dimples playing
About her fingers, white and small,—
I wonder what that hand is saying.

I love to dream of other years,
Of blessings that perhaps await her,
Of sweet eyes never dimmed by tears;
I love—I love the operator!

Street Cries.

LAMENT OF A DISTRACTED CITIZEN.

THE Englishman's waked by the lark,
A-singing far up in the sky;
But a damsel with wheel-baritone,
Pitched fearfully high,
Like a lark in the sky,
Wakes me with a screech
Of "Horse Red-dee-ee-eech!"

The milkman, he crows in the morn,
And then the street cackle begins:
Junk-man with cow-bells, and fish-man with horn,
And venders of brushes and pins,
And menders of tubs and of tins.
"Wash-tubs to mend! Tin-ware to mend!"
Oh! who will deliverance send?
Hark! that girl is beginning her screech,—
"Horse—" "—tubs"—"Ripe Peach!"

Then there's "O-ranges," "Glass toputin,"
And bagpipes, and peddlers, and shams;
The hand-organizer is mixing his din
With "Strawber—" "Nice-sof' clams!"
"Wash-tubs to mend," "Tin-ware to mend!"
Oh! heaven deliverance send!
I'd swear, if it wasn't a sin,
By "—any woo-ood?" "Glass toputin!"

"Ice-cream!" I'm sure that you do!
And madly the whole town is screaming.
"Pie-apples!" "Shedders!" "Oysters!" and
"Blue-
"Berries!" with "Hot corn all steaming!"
"Umbrell's to mend!"—My head to mend!
How swiftly I'd like to send
To—somewhere—this rackety crew,
That keep such a cry and a hue
Of "Hot—" "Wash-tubs!" and "Pop-
Corn-balls!"—Oh! corn-bawler stop!

From morning till night the street's full of hawkers
Of "North River shad!" and "Ba-nan-i-yoes!"
Of men and women and little girl squawkers—
"Ole hats and boots! Ole clo'es!"
"Times, Tribune, and Worruld!"
"Here's yer Morning Hurrold!"
What a confounded din
Of "Horse red—" "—to put in!"
"Ripe—" "oysters,"—and "Potatoes"—"to
mend!"
Till the watchman's late whistle comes in at
the end.

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MARINE FORMS AS APPLICABLE TO DECORATION.

PARALLELISM IN FLIGHT OF BIRDS AND SWIMMING OF FISH.

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"Beauty doth truly inhabit everywhere; yet willeth she not to discover herself save to him who in his heart beareth her image; more especially doth she haunt her birthplace, the sea: thereof is every particular invested with her presence, and therein she is manifest in form, and in spirit incarnate, as well by the strangeness and wonder of contrast as by exceeding grace and loveliness."

WHAT can be more beautiful in its way than a wide beach of the fine gray quartz sand that lines our coasts from Maine to Florida!—it is so subtle and delicate in tone and texture, disposes itself in such graceful, tangential curves as it receives the kisses and, at the same time, the image of the incoming waves. The most delicate impulses record themselves upon its sensitive breast —currents of air, the small tracks of birds, insects, and crustacea, and the wonderful channels made by little rills of water that follow the retreating tide.

Who has noticed these? In the first place, the sand on the edge of a slight declivity has, by the action of the water flowing in masses over it, been channeled and worn until what remains, by the regularity of the forces affecting it, is formed into a series of beautifully rounded hillocks disposed in regular lines. The retiring waves, having accomplished so much, leave their work to be completed by the tiny rills that, flowing from the summit down the sides, engrave, in *intaglio*, beautiful and uniform ornament. Each little trickling thread of water tends toward some one point common to all, and assists in forming one channel which is the sum of the smaller. Such in turn seeks a center with others of its kind, and all this with a regularity which those who have not observed the like can scarcely credit. At intervals the resulting pattern is emphasized by the dead stalks and leaves, which, standing separately at tolerably uniform intervals, and sweeping the sand with the dried remains of their lower leaves, blown about by the wind, form circles as accurate as those struck with dividers.

Surely in such suggestions as these, which can be copied directly and almost literally from Nature, is to be found a corrective for the dangerous tendency of our time to remain content with copying past forms of beauty already used *ad nauseam*.

How exquisite, and how seldom studied, are the forms of water! The little wavelets that dash among the shells and pebbles at your feet will, if you care to learn, teach you more of the true principles of grace and beauty than the most erudite treatise you shall read. The apex of each wave culminates in a blossom of spray, and yet they so intermingle that one cannot be separated from another; they are edged, and yet flowing; they present a succession of conchoidal hollows: a spiral shell represents a vortex of water; a bivalve, the shallow depression between each wavelet: obedience to rigid mechanical conditions results in artistic freedom. As the spent wave retreats, what a gathering together and marshaling of the remnant of its forces as its waters, flowing in from different directions, unite to contend vainly but desperately with its successor! At this point occurs a beautiful effect, which any one in love with Nature can scarcely tire of watching, for, while the forms of the outgoing waters become confused, as images in a broken mirror, through the glitter, and dash, and silver spray gleams the spiritualized form of the incoming wave, like the cherubs' faces shining through the clouds in Murillo's picture of "The Immaculate Conception." A flock of small birds fly so closely to the waves they seem to brush the summits with their breasts. How utterly unlike, in their line of flight, in their action, in their contours, to the conventional representations to which we have been accustomed! Their wings are in some cases depressed below the body, and in others foreshortened toward the spectator. As they take short curves, they turn nearly upon their backs, presenting their upturned breasts to view. It is perfectly safe to affirm that no European or American artist has yet caught and portrayed the spirit and action of birds in flight—the opposition of lines formed by the relative position of their heads and wings, the different character of flight belonging to different species, and the buoyancy peculiar to Japanese designs. In the three or four carefully executed copies of Japanese designs given with this paper, let the reader not be misled by the apparent absence of elaboration and the boldness of the drawing. The Japanese artist reverses the method of his Chinese teacher. Instead of infinite but meaningless finish, he preserves only the absolutely essential. Not only is everything superfluous dispensed with, but much that, in our eyes, sophisticated by our often overwrought and over-elaborated art-work, might seem to enhance the general effect. What is aimed at is to obtain from each touch and line all the expression of which it is capable. Realizing the impossibility of reproducing nature in the entirety of its endless detail, these peo-

ple are content to use such elementary lines as comprehend and best indicate particulars too numerous and minute to be separately represented. This peculiarity of what was until lately considered barbarous art might, perhaps, be profitably dwelt upon in view of the too frequent tendency exhibited among us to small, close technique, unnecessary elaboration of superfluous accessories, and multiplicity and complexity of detail.

Short as is the time, however, since Japanese art, with all its wonderful suggestiveness and power of expression, has been known or noticed, it is already beginning to exercise a beneficial influence, as by an infusion of fresh blood, upon the decorative art of Europe and America. Indeed, its very abuse—and no phase of decorative art has been more universally and frightfully travestied—testifies to its popularity, as it also does to the fact that assimilation and not imitation tends to real improvement. It is in the use made of the diapered surfaces that the Japanese artist is most happy. No one has better hit the true mean between decoration and mere ornament or pattern-designing. Observe these words; decoration and ornament are not to be taken as synonymous. A piece of architecture, as I take it, decorates the edifice into which it is incorporated by its fitness, by its exhibition of the beauty inherent in the governing idea or motive of which the whole building is a complete embodiment; it is ornamented by moldings in projection which emphasize significant parts, and possibly it is further embellished with color. A man is said to receive a decoration, or to be decorated with an order or medal—not ornamented. In short, decoration is, like faith, "an outward sign of an inward grace," while ornament in this sense is fitly and necessarily used to give weight and character to parts of the decorative construction.

FOOT-TRACKS AND WATER-MARKS.

In the example on the next page of a Japanese vase from the collection of Momotaro, the material is clouded or variegated by a process of which no European manufacturer knows the secret, but by which the vase seems to be filled with moving currents of water. Swimming in this water appears an exquisitely drawn group of fish, as if seen through the sides of the vessel. The peculiar porcelain of which this vase is made is called "skaki" (pronounced skaisk).

It is noticeable what a parallelism exists between the flight of birds and the swim-

JAPANESE SKAKI VASE.

ming of fish. Our initial illustration—a sketch of sea-robins swimming through a piece of fan-coral, from a study at the Aquarium, and a copy from a Japanese design of a group of birds flying through the opening in a hollow pine-tree—represents this resemblance much better than I can describe it in words. It would seem likely, considering the frequency of the use of one, that this resemblance would have led decorators to utilize the other; but I have examined many pieces of decorative work, more especially the celebrated Austrian crackled glass-ware, but I have not met with a single attempt at grouping fish or representing them in action.

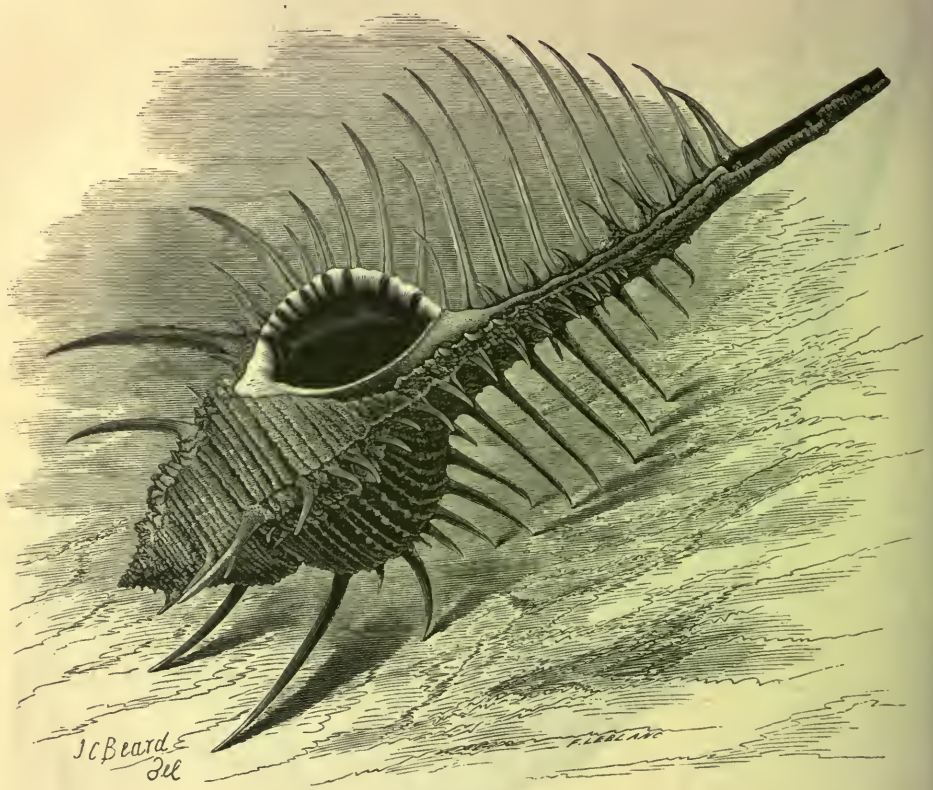
The distinction between the decorative and the ornamental or pattern work is very clearly illustrated in the vase of Japanese manufacture represented in the above engraving. The decorations—the fish—interpret and bring out the waved and variegated material of which the vase is composed, and are very properly treated in a naturalistic and not in a conventionalized manner, while the pattern work enriches, as a frame a painting, the top and bottom of the vase. Of course, when I speak of naturalistic treatment I do not mean realistic, for here again occurs a distinction that leads to error if not recognized. Naturalistic should, I imagine, be applied to forms not falsified, or even "formalized," by conventional treatment,—realistic, to attempted pictorial deception. If, for example, the effort of the Japanese artist had been to deceive the spectator into a belief that the fish represented upon the vase were really fish within it, the effort would fall into the second catagory and become a mere trick, which excludes all idea of the artistic. If, on the other hand, he merely wished to suggest the idea as truthfully as possible for the sake of carrying out a more or less poetic fancy, it is comprised in the first. If it is true, as a great critic remarks, that "*genre* is or should be more nearly allied to poetry than any other department of painting," surely the art of pure ornament is or should be more nearly allied to music, and like music should proceed upon principles and analogies, rather than any direct imitation of individual

ACTION OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT, FROM THE JAPANESE.

objects. Even in those parts of decoration in which pictorial effects are necessarily used, the analogy holds good in this respect, at least, that perfect harmony requires the elimination of every false note; so the perfect keeping equally indispensable to every real work of art requires the complete elimination of whatever is foreign to the purpose.

The study of the artist should be structure and not mere shape, which is, indeed, but the representative, the symbol, the result of form. The forces that mold the higher forms of natural life are many and diverse. The original impulse tends to make a perfect expression of a certain type, but the dynamics of accident and varying circumstance interrupting, divert the current, and the result is imperfection, distortion, or actual deformity. It is the province of the artist from each defaced and partial image to restore the true type of beauty which is its perfect self,—for every individual creation, be sure, is born in beauty, even that which to us, perhaps, through inherited and acquired bias, appears repulsive or terrible. The only real ugliness is that which is the result of the perversion of natural growth and structure. Squeamishness and a Miss Moffit-like antipathy to certain forms of life have dwarfed the expressiveness of our decorative art. The Japanese, to whom such a sentiment is unknown, employs quaint and curious reptiles and insects to decorate his choicest work, certainly with an effect the reverse of repulsive.

To the true artist, at least, is orthodox the sublime doctrine of Plato which ascribes the original pattern after which all things were fashioned to the eternal ideas of the divine mind. A human expression ends in inert material when once said or written, carved in stone or painted in a picture; but each thought of God lives, and on every plane of being finds infinite expression in giving birth to myriad creatures that help to people His fair worlds. A noble quality in man or woman finds its way to our apprehension in a pel-



THE COMB OF VENUS.

MUREX ENDIVIA.

lucid gem, in a lily, in a lamb, in a little babe: we call it innocence. The most advanced scientists can tell us nothing more than the very little we know of it. It is not at all in the line of their investigations, but it is the province of the artist to trace it through all its expressions, and to use its types when he has occasion.

I know a picturesque old house that has a many-shelved pantry devoted to the exhibition and sale of shells, collected in many a long voyage to the remotest parts of the five oceans. Apart from their scientific interest, their associations with alien races and far-off countries, how beautiful these shells are in themselves! and how readily might the prevailing vulgarities and absurdities in the decoration of glass and porcelain be corrected by studying the ceramics of nature! How, for instance, is our sense of cleanliness served and our appetite wooed by the extreme smoothness, hardness of surface, and pearly white of the oyster-shell! What decoration in the part that receives the viand, what metallizing the surface or changing it into artificial marble, or covering it up with pictures, would take the place of the pure, colorless shell? "Roughen or color the outside as you will," says the oyster to the decorator, "the inside of the platter, at least, must be kept pure and clean." The lesson of every shell on these shelves is: "Superficies should be so decorated as to show their intrinsic qualities to the best advantage."

Sometimes parts of a shell will be roughened to serve as a foil, and show the smooth and polished surface more smooth and polished by contrast, but the whole surface is never robbed of its brilliancy by grinding, surface-cutting, and picture-work. For instance, the polish of olive-shells (see page 821), far superior to that of the finest porcelain, is decorated by minute, delicate, clean lines, so indicative of a smooth and perfect surface, while, on the contrary, the ribbed and closely wrinkled *pteroceras* is mottled with vague markings that do not in the least interfere with or confuse the play of light and shadow of the corrugated surface.

Every species of these shells has a principle of growth, or law of form, peculiar to itself and yet based upon some more general law of form common to other species. This truth is allied to the scientific laws of organism, but is equally applicable to artistic laws, which have reference entirely to external appearances and the principle of form that generates them. In the comb of Venus, for instance, the initial impulse of structure tends to produce a series of spines of a peculiar curvature, and arranged after a certain order that involves the use of similar curves. It is interesting to study the development of this simple principle into the complex and singular form of beauty comprised in the shell itself, the idea being carried into the most minute particulars—even the dark markings at the mouth being shaped like spines, and every small projection on the surface evi-

SEA-COMET (APOLENNA CONTORTA), TWO-THIRDS NATURAL SIZE.

dently being an arrested development of spines. In the *Murex Haustellum*, on the contrary, nodules take the place of spines (see page 821). In the *M. Endivia* an entirely different idea is developed. Notice the cross striations; instead of prolonging themselves into cylindrical pointed spines, as in the case of the Venus comb, or bunching themselves into knobs, as in the *M. Haustellum*, they expand into wonderful foliated projections, the edges of which are beautifully fluted, like the leaves of the lettuce. Another fine effect is afforded by the different texture of the inside and outside surfaces, down to the smallest foliation, the inner parts exhibiting a polished pearly white and the outside a gray and wrinkled skin. Ob-

GROUP SHOWING USE IN NATURE OF OCELLI, OR EYED-SPOTS.

Peacock's Feather.
Chætodon.
Sea-Robin. (Prianotus Pilatus.)
Eyed Blenny.
John Dory.
Feathers of Argus Pheasant.
Owl Butterfly.
Butterfly Tulip.

serve, however rough or dull of hue the outside of a shell, its lips are always pure and often flushed with lovely color, for, as a rule (and here is another hint to decorators), Nature distinguishes by some adornment the most significant parts of her creatures, where life and use are centered.

In many of these shells there is an appearance of layers of a comparatively thin substance, wrapped and warped into shape like some of the wonderful habitations built of leaves by insects. For instance, in the *M. radix* (see page 821), the edges are pulled over and fastened in symmetrical fashion. There is a peculiar crisp finish given by this treatment which it would be well for our modelers to study; the modeling of our pottery appears blunted and ungraceful in comparison.

Another principle to be learned from these shells is that symmetry arises from a harmony of parts rather than their mere repetition. Nature, indeed, never has recourse to the cheap and shallow expedient of ornamenting by mere mechanical repetition. In this she is followed by the truest art. Find me, if you can, in any existing specimen of ancient architecture, two Greek capitals that are exactly alike, or even the two sides of a face that are identically the same in any statue of the best period of Grecian art. Great similarity exists, it is true, between parts, but there is just difference enough to raise the general effect from the mechanical to the artistic. In nature, the same pattern is beautifully varied in different parts of the same object. As the magnificent rosettes of velvety black on a tawny ground, marking the hide of a jaguar, grow small and are modified in shape to suit the smaller parts of the animal, so the countless varieties of cuneiform pattern with which Nature ornaments shells are cunningly varied to conform to the particular part so ornamented.

In the forms of the shells as well as in their ornamentation, though symmetry is universal, exact repetition does not exist. The spirals of the turbinated and discoid shells of molluscs are, however, the perfect expression of a mathematical law. The size of the whorls, and the distance between contiguous whorls in these shells, follow a geometrical progression; and the spiral-formed is the logarithmic, of which it is a property that it has everywhere the same geometrical curvature, and is the only curve, except the circle, which possesses this property. Following this law, the animal winds its dwelling in a uniform direction through the space around its axis. As an eminent man of science says, "There is traced in the shell the application of properties of a geometric curve to a mechanical and artistic purpose, by Him who metes the dimensions of space and stretches out the forms of matter according to the rules of a perfect geometry,"—which reminds us of the ancient Platonic doctrine that Deity proceeds by geometry.

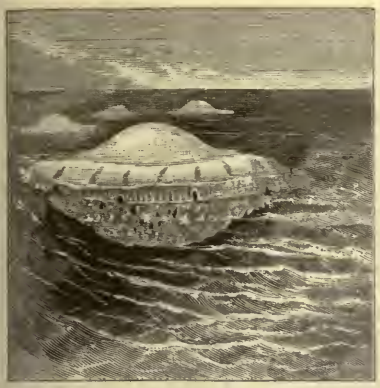
Varied quantity and a more perfect geometrical rhythm would certainly result from some knowledge of the numerical laws upon which all nature is developed. It will be found, for example, that those numbers prevail as well in marine forms as in terrestrial vegetation whose correspondent geometric forms give the greatest variety consistent with symmetry. Thus five, corresponding to the pentagon, is the law of growth of the *radiata*, star-fishes, sea-urchins, and the like. The question was long ago put by Sir Thomas Browne, "why, among sea-stars, Nature chiefly delighteth in five points;" and again, "By the same number, five, doth Nature divide the circle of the sea-star, and in that order and number disposeth those elegant gum circles or dental sockets and eggs in the sea-hedgehog." "Every plate of the sea-urchin," writes Professor Forbes, "is built up of pentagonal particles. The skeletons of the digestive, the aquiferous, and the tegumentary systems equally present the quinary arrangement, and even the hard frame-work of the disk of every sucker is regulated by this mystic number."

In the crustacea, three and seven seem to be the regnant numbers, and in the sea-anemones a most curious law of alternation occurs which is well illustrated in the full-grown *Actina senelis*. The four concentric series of tentacles alternate with each other, and, as regards the number in each, the formula is

$$10 + 10 + 20 + 40 = 80.$$

In some the typical number is six, or a multiple of six. In the *Actina equina* there are twelve tentacula in the first row; in *Actina penduncuta* six; and there are four rows in the first species and five in the second.

Thus it may be seen that a thorough examination, and not a mere superficial acquaintance with the works of the Divine Artist, is absolutely necessary if we would



JELLY-FISH (POLYCLONIA FRONDOSA).

find art itself in nature. As Shakspere writes:

> "Nature is made better by no mean,
> But Nature makes that mean; so o'er that art
> Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art
> That Nature makes."

The inorganic forms of creation—crystalline formation—alone assume mathematically regular forms bounded by right lines, triangles, polygons, cubes, etc., but let us be thankful that animals have not been created in shapes of such painful exactness.

There is, indeed, much truth in the idea of Oersted's, that "inorganic creation constitutes the elementary, and organic the higher geometry of Nature." Reference has been made to the wedge-shaped pattern with which, we may be sure for some good artistic reason, so many different shells are ornamented, as are mammals with spots and bands, and birds (where pattern-work occurs, as in most sorts of grouse) with varieties of crescent markings following the edges of overlapping feathers; but there is one beauty-spot that Nature confines to no one order of animals, but with which she embellishes fish, flower, insect, and bird. This is the eyed-spot, or *ocellus*, shown in its utmost perfection in a feather from the tail of a peacock. It is a sudden color burst on a comparatively plain and often dull ground, and tells with more effect than any other ornament that can be used. In the peacock's tail, and in the plumage of the argus pheasant, it is multiple, for each feather is a complete thing in itself; but it is most effective where it appears alone as the most conspicuous if not the only ornament upon its ground, as in the owl-butterfly, and others, the chætodon, the eyed blenny, the John Dory, etc.

These beautiful shells, however, to be seen in all their luster, should be looked at beneath the water, wet and washed, glistening in the fluent light, and tenanted by the mysterious forms of life to which they originally belonged: far otherwise they then appear than when they lie, dry and bleached and dusty, on the shelves of a cabinet. The ocean, indeed, beautifies all it touches. Give it any rough shard, and it will so roll it about, and lick it with its waves, and smooth it with their soft attrition, that it will return you a polished and shapely nodule, exhibiting all the beauty of color and surface of which the material is capable. If the worker in clay can learn much that is valuable, and can gather precious material for design from marine forms, what may be said of the boundless field of ideas opened to decorators of fabrics and lace-designers in the unapproached delicacy and elegance of form exhibited in the lovely sea-weeds so plenty on our coast, and the magnificent crinoids from the coral banks, the plumed sea-pen, and many more, of which want of space forbids the enumeration, much less the description. Lace being necessarily composed of ornament in delicate lines, different sea-plants, by their extreme fineness of texture, their graceful, flowing contours, and their susceptibility to flat treatment, lend themselves more readily to the lace-designer, and with greater elegance and variety, than terrestrial plants that have solid petals and leaves. Many a suggestion of beautiful net might be gathered from the reticulated fibers of the sponges, and particularly of the lovely flower-basket of Venus and its cognates. For embroideries, what more elegant forms could be found than those of the so-called basket-fish

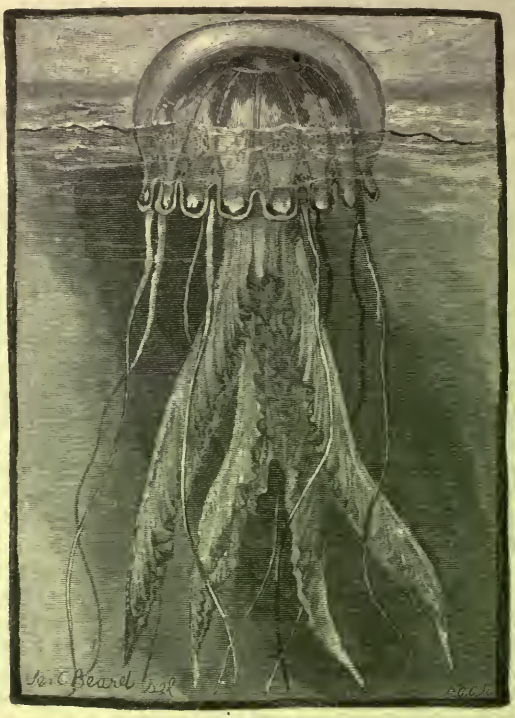
QUARTER SECTION OF UNDER PART OF POLYCLONIA FRONDOSA.

of the genus *Asterophyton*, and the *Ophiura*, and the dainty sea-lilies ?—

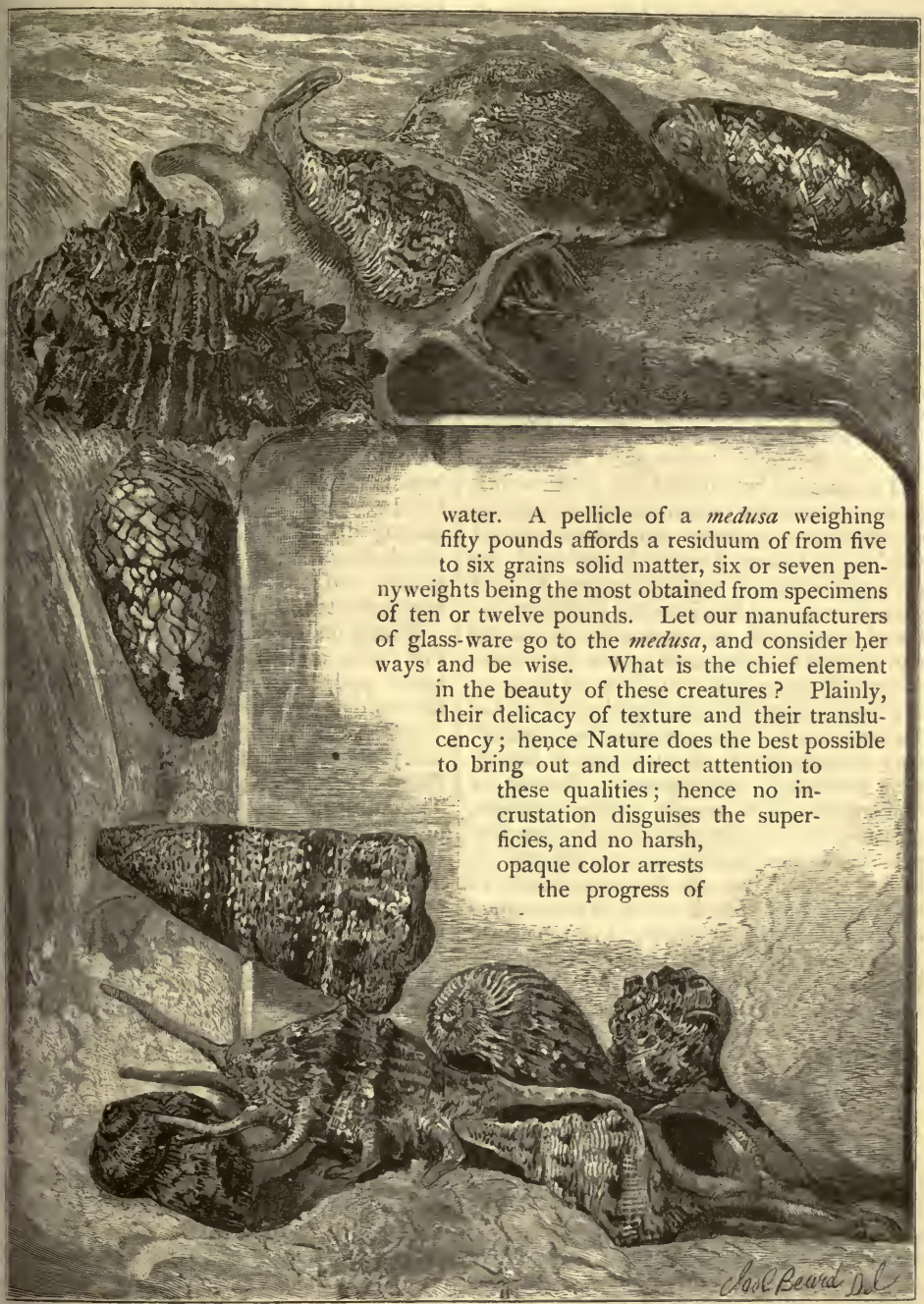
"living flowers
Their purple cups contracted
Like a rose-bud compacted,
And then in open blossoms spread,
Stretching like anthers many a seeking head
'Mid plants of fibers fine as silk-worm's thread,
Like mermaid's hair upon the waves dispread."

The ocean is inhabited by many living jewels, conveying, by their delicate tissues and translucent brilliancy, their wondrously vivid colors and singular forms, an idea of something spiritual rather than material; but though their capability for decorative purposes is really inexhaustible, it is very difficult to convey an adequate idea of their organisms to one who has not seen them. Imagine, if you can, a spiral axis of flexible crystals, about which is a garland of hundreds of diaphanous pearls of a vivid red color, and an infinity of pendants full of life, and light, and motion, glistening among the waves like some crowning triumph of the lapidary's art—a royal scepter endowed with vitality and consciousness, and you have at best a very slight and imperfect idea of the marvelous organism, *Apolemia contorta*, and this but one form among I know not how many.

One characteristic of all this weird and beautiful jewelry-work of Nature is, quite noticeably, that the greatest amount of skilled workmanship, so to speak, is given with the smallest possible amount of material. No one portion interferes with another, and there is always the wisest economy of the mere supporting structure. How often, on the contrary, among designers, do we not find that superfluous enamel, or vulgar weight of metal, has robbed the precious jewel of half its prominence and luster? Who that has ever seen a living *medusa*, or jelly-fish, can forget its beauty? The moonlight upon the water, silvering the edges of the waves, is scarcely less substantial than these creatures, which seem sometimes little more than prismatic hues imprisoned in living bubbles. To me, it is, I confess, perfectly incomprehensible how matter can be so attenuated and still retain sufficient consistency to move freely about, hold a persistent shape, and perform the functions of a living creature. If animals born on the land are formed of the dust of the earth, these are little else than



JELLY-FISH (PELAGIA CYANELLA).


water. A pellicle of a *medusa* weighing fifty pounds affords a residuum of from five to six grains solid matter, six or seven pennyweights being the most obtained from specimens of ten or twelve pounds. Let our manufacturers of glass-ware go to the *medusa*, and consider her ways and be wise. What is the chief element in the beauty of these creatures? Plainly, their delicacy of texture and their translucency; hence Nature does the best possible to bring out and direct attention to these qualities; hence no incrustation disguises the superficies, and no harsh, opaque color arrests the progress of
Lockwood Beard D.L

GROUP OF SHELLS.

Beginning at the top of this cut, the shells come in the following order: Sea-spider (Pteroceras Chiragra). Map-shell (Cypræa Mappa). Olive-shell (O. Porphyria). Murex Radix. Comus Textile. Comus Fuscatus. Harp-shell (Harpa ventricosa). Murex Haustellum. Cyclophorus Volvulus. Pteroceras Lamdis. Fasciolariades Filamentosa.

the light penetrating their substance. On the other hand, what lovely, transparent tints are exhibited! Opaline, like those of iridescent glass; lustrous and intense, like the depths of a glass of brown sherry held between the eye and the sun; deep, pellucid blue, pale

rose-color, or colorless and transparent as an optician's lens; lovely forms secure amid waves that wreck the strongest vessel, and yet so fragile as to break to pieces on contact with any solid substance, and to dissolve into water by the natural heat of the hand.

These delicious creatures, with their soft, pure play of color, their delicate umbels resting in the yielding water, could suggest new forms of loveliness to the decorative artist who chose to study them, that would repay him a hundred-fold for his pains. A few dead scientific diagrams and imperfect illustrations are all that they whose eyes have never feasted on the living charms of the *medusiæ* have yet known of these creatures; to all such persons a masterly artistic rendition in color would be a revelation of new and heretofore unimagined beauty.

To the scientist, indeed, all nature down to the most infinitesimal particle is capable of teaching something; why should it not also have lessons for the artist? If the geologist is able to read the record of past ages in every pebble, if to the biologist profound laws of life are announced by insects and still lowlier beings, why must the infinite variety of created nature have so little to say to the artist that he should need, as the Italians say, to "feed upon his own brain," and attempt to evolve truth and beauty from his inner consciousness? Rather let him submit to be taught by the humblest creature, "let him learn limitless suggestiveness upon the barren sea-shore," not allowing himself to attach consequence to objects because of their apparent importance or size alone, or to neglect them because of their seeming insignificance. Nor should he allow himself to imagine that any part or phase of nature has been, or can be, exhausted and worked out so that nothing is left to be accomplished but mere repetition. What is true in this respect of the physical is no less true of the mental world: the name of every real thought is legion; every idea is composed of innumerable others; every form of beauty is capable of indefinite development in many varying courses; every aspect of truth is limitless in the field it offers to the student and explorer.

I cannot help hoping that some, at least, who read these words may be induced to see and investigate such things for themselves. It is not needed that a student of the beautiful be an artist in the technical sense of the word—I have known many true artists among those who never painted or modeled; but it is necessary that he should use his eyes and brain upon natural objects. In the words of Harvey, as quoted by Huxley: "Those who read without acquiring distinct images of the things about which they read by the help of their senses, gather no real knowledge, but conceive mere phantoms and eidolons."

Sitting on the stoop of the old house of the shells, and imbued with the sense of music and beauty everywhere haunting us, the words of Jean Paul occur to me:

"O kind God, thou sowest pleasure everywhere, and givest to every object a charm, that it may present it to us again. Thou dost not invite us only to great, overpowering, and tumultuous joys; Thou attachest delight to the smallest object, and an aroma of pleasure to everything that surrounds us. To Thee it is not sufficient that we should only recollect happiness. Thou dost invest the re-awakened joy with a new charm, and through increased loveliness preventest the loathing of repetition."

FATHER HYACINTHE.

Charles Loyson was born at Orleans, in France, March 10, A. D. 1827—which is a statement of comparative unimportance, except as fixing his present age at fifty-three, and suggesting the surroundings of literary refinement and household religion among which he grew to manhood, amid the exquisite Pyrenean scenery of Pau. Poet and orator by nature, his earlier and maturing life were impressed, alike by the sublime surroundings of his mountain home, by the fervent and intelligent faith of his father, and by the intellectual and spiritual stirrings in France of such men as Cousin, Guizot, and, still more, of Montalembert and Lacordaire, whose successor and superior in oratorical and philosophical power he was destined to become. Educated at St. Sulpice, he was ordered priest in Notre Dame in 1846, and for six years was a teacher of theology at Avignon, Nantes, and Paris. In 1859 he became a Carmelite friar, entering the most austere of all the mendicant orders of the Roman Church, devoted pri-

marily to contemplation, and, secondarily, to preaching. After two years, Loyson emerged, and instantly arrested the attention of France, first in Lyons, then in Bordeaux, then in Paris, with a power which grew in influence and in extent till the series of Advent *conférences* in Notre Dame, in the years 1866, 1867, and 1868, made Père Hyacinthe the most famous modern preacher of the world. Those *conférences*, or religious lectures, originated by Lacordaire, Loyson has continued,—in 1864, dealing with the atheism of French society and French science; in the latter years attacking the irreligious morality of the philosopher and the immoral religion of the priest; in 1877 and 1878, under very different circumstances,—an excommunicated priest and an unfrocked friar,—delivering, in a secular building, sermons, full of the old force and fire, on "The Moral Crisis," "The Struggle between Theocracy and Democracy," "The Principles of Catholic Reform," and "The Harmony of Catholicity and Civilization." Since then he has delivered, in 1880, a course of four lectures, in England, under the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, on "Positive Christianity."*

It is altogether beyond the range and reach of this paper to set forth, in detail, the strange and stirring ecclesiastical events which, in the two last centuries, have startled France at regular intervals of one hundred years. 1670 is the period of Louis XIV., Bossuet, and Fénelon; 1770 is the period of Louis XV. and Clement XIV., and Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun; 1870 is the period of the Vatican Council, of Archbishop Darboy, of Montalembert's death; and these periods and names are suggestive and symbolical of struggles, wise and unwise—struggles of reform and of revolution against the temporal and spiritual and intellectual despotism of the Bishop of Rome.

Bossuet's defense of the four articles,† by which Louis XIV. strove to restrain the intrusiveness of the Papal power, asserted the temporal independence of kings, the jurisdiction of the Episcopate as derived from Christ, and the authority of Councils. Louis XV. suppressed the Society of Jesuits in France, and extorted from Clement a bull for the suppression of the order, which cost the Pope his life. The sweeping tide of revolution almost swept away the Church as a national institution, because the foundations of faith and love and holiness had decayed; and the goddess of reason in Notre Dame, the reign of terror, the proscription of worship, the abolition of the Lord's day, led on to Napoleon's Concordat and to the struggles of Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert. The life of this great layman abundantly realized his famous utterance, which has, what Bossuet lacked, the courage and the consistency of conviction:

"In the name of Catholic laymen like myself, Catholics of the nineteenth century, I say we will not be helots in the midst of a free people. We are the successors of the martyrs, and we do not tremble before the successors of Julian the Apostate. We are the sons of the crusaders, and we will never draw back before the sons of Voltaire."

It was through this inheritance of the spiritual independence of St. Hilary of Arles, and the secular independence of St. Martin of Tours, of the Gallican liberties vindicated by Bossuet, Gerson, and St. Louis, that Loyson was born into actual life, if one may so say, in the third of these eventful periods. At the close of the year 1869, although the Archbishop (Darboy) and the Emperor accepted, if they did not indorse, the rousing and intense invective of the great preacher against the Pharisaism of the Roman hierarchy, and the illiberalism of political liberals and pseudo Catholics, the general of the order of the barefooted Carmelites required him to refrain "from addressing secular assemblies, and in the pulpit to restrict himself to the points on which all Catholics are agreed." The answer to this summons ought to be given in full. It was the torch that fired the long-gathering fuel into a blaze:

"You demand that I shall make use of such language, or preserve such a silence, as would no longer be the entire and loyal expression of my conscience. I do not hesitate a moment. With speech falsified by an order from my superior, or mutilated by enforced reticences, I could not again enter the pulpit of Notre Dame. I express my regrets for this to the intelligent and courageous bishop who placed me and has maintained me in it, against the ill-will of the men of whom I have just been speaking. I express my regrets for it to the imposing audience which there surrounded me with its attention, its

* "The Bible and Science," "Original Sin," "Redemption," and "The Resurrection."

† These four articles were:

I. That the ecclesiastical power has no right over the temporalities of the kingdom.

II. That a General Council is superior to the Pope, as decided by the Council of Constance.

III. That the exercise of the Papal power should be controlled by laws and local customs.

IV. That the judgment of the Pope is not infallible, except when confirmed by the Church.

CHARLES LOYSON (FATHER HYACINTHE).

sympathies—I had almost said, with its friendship. I should be worthy neither of the audience, nor of the Bishop, nor of my conscience, nor of God, if I could consent to play such a part in their presence. I withdraw at the same time from the convent in which I dwell, and which, in the new circumstances which have befallen me, has become to me a prison of the soul. In acting thus I am not unfaithful to my vows. I have promised monastic obedience, but within the limits of an honest conscience, and of the dignity of my person and ministry. I have promised it under favor of that higher law of justice, the 'royal law of liberty,' which is, according to the apostle James, the proper law of the Christian. * * * This is a solemn hour. The Church is passing through one of the most violent crises—one of the darkest and most decisive of its earthly existence. For the first time in three hundred years, an Œcumenical Council is not only summoned, but declared necessary. These are the expressions of the Holy Father. It is not at such a moment that a preacher of the gospel, were he the least of all, can consent to hold his peace, like the 'dumb dogs' of Israel—treacherous guardians, whom the prophet reproached because they could not bark. 'The saints are never dumb.' I am not one of them, but I nevertheless know that I am come of that stock—*filii sanctorum sumus*—and it has ever been my ambition to place my steps, my tears, and, if need were, my blood, in the foot-prints where they have left theirs.

"I lift up, then, before the Holy Father and before the Council, my protest as a Christian and a priest, against those doctrines and practices which call themselves Roman, but are not Christian, and which, making encroachments ever bolder and more deadly, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the substance as well as the form of its teaching, and even the spirit of its piety. I protest against the divorce, not less impious than mad, which men are struggling to accomplish between the Church, which is our mother for eternity, and the society of the nineteenth century, whose sons we are for time, and toward which we have also both duties and affections. I protest against that opposition, more radical and frightful yet, which sets itself against human nature, attacked and revolted by these false teachers in its most indestructible and holiest aspirations. I protest, above all, against the sacrilegious perversion of the gospel of the Son of God himself, the spirit and the letter of which alike are trodden under foot by the Pharisaism of the new law. * * *

"I appeal to the Council now about to assemble, to seek remedies for our excessive evils, and to apply them alike with energy and gentleness. But if fears, which I am loath to share, should come to be realized—if that august assembly should have no more of liberty in its deliberations than it has already in its preparation—if, in one word, it should be robbed of the characteristics essential to an Œcumenical Council, I would cry to God and men to demand another, really assembled in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of party—really representing the Church universal, not the silence of some and the constraint of others. 'For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt. I am black. Astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead—is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?'

"Finally, I appeal to Thy tribunal, O Lord Jesus! *Ad Tuum, Domine Jesu, tribunal appello.* It is in Thy presence that I write these lines; it is at thy feet, after having prayed much, pondered much, suffered much, and waited long—it is at Thy feet that I subscribe them. I have this confidence concerning them that, however men may condemn them upon earth, Thou wilt approve them in heaven. Living or dying, this is enough for me."

The result was an order to Hyacinthe to withdraw to one of the convents in the south of France, under pain of excommunication "with the mark of infamy."

It is striking to find a commentary on this whole matter in the words of this great preacher, which made part of an impressive appeal to the priests of the Roman Church in France: *

"And among these priests how many are with us in their secret hearts? I am not ignorant about them, and though the question of conscience is less easy to solve for them than for you [laymen], though it is strangely and terribly complicated with a double question of misery and dishonor, I do not hesitate to cry loudly to them: Sacrifice everything to truth and justice! and, if it must be, serve God, as St. Paul did, in 'hunger and in thirst, in nakedness and cold, in evil report and good report.'

"A bishop, whom I shall not name, the more that he is still living,—a French bishop,—said to me on the eve of the Council: 'We have two languages in the Episcopate. We are obliged to say aloud the reverse of what we say under our breath.'

"Such confidences as these, coming as the sound of thunder, or rather as the flash of lightning, into the retirement of my monk's cell, roused me at last from my mystic sleep. They have *left* me—what do I say?—they have *made* me Catholic more than ever before; my faith has become more sacred, now that I separate it from the abuses added to it by men. I said to myself, as the nun of Port Royal: 'Since the bishops have women's hearts (though is it not injustice to women, so often heroic in their weakness, to ascribe such hearts to them?)—since the bishops have women's hearts, the simple priests must have bishops' hearts.' On that day, to become altogether faithful, I became altogether bold."

His letter rings with the courage of a martyr and the rhapsody of a saint.

We all know the story of the Council,† to which, in the yet unbroken faith of his heart in the Roman Church, Loyson appealed. The great majority of Italian bishops, overwhelming and bearing down

* *Conférences* of 1879.

† He describes the result of the Council himself: "Liberal Catholics have been crushed by the anathemas of the Vatican. The Council of 1870 has introduced into the code of beliefs a dogma absolutely new, an opinion without foundation in ecclesiastical antiquity, and always combated by the Church of France. All consciences are bowed down under the authority of a single man—the Pope." And he quotes as prophetic of this result Montalembert's description of the "lay theologians of absolutism," who sought "to immolate justice and truth, reason and history, as a holocaust to the idol which they have erected at the Vatican"; and the words of Archbishop Sibour of Paris, in 1853: "The new ultramontane school leads us to a double idolatry: the idolatry of the temporal, and the idolatry of the spiritual power."

all opposition, forced upon the Roman Catholic world the dogma which makes internal reform finally impossible—the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope.

Hyacinthe came at once to America. A student all his life of the philosophy of history, he had clear and just conceptions of this country. In one of the *Conférences* of 1867, speaking of sovereignty as from God, whether in the sovereignty of the prince or in the sovereignty of the people, he says of "the gigantic nation of the United States of America":

"Oh, how grand that nation was! how grand it continues still! O people, thou art like the lion's whelp that is gone up to seize the prey! Thy prey is the wealth of both the hemispheres, thy proud independence, thy vast and fertile continent. Thou hast couched between the two oceans, in the shadow of thy lofty mountains, on the banks of thy rivers, that are like seas! Thou hast roared like the lion, and like the lioness thou art slumbering in thy might. Who shall dare rouse thee up! *Quis suscitabit eum?** Well, then, who is it that holds the sovereignty in this nation? None but itself. The very day it was born in pangs of travail, it grasped the sovereignty in its own bloody and jealous hands, and to this day it has not let it go. There every man is at once citizen and king."

It is not too strong language to use of the condition of the Père's mind, at this time, to say that it was afloat. Coming from the severity and seclusion of the cloister; ignorant of the world; utterly unable to speak or to understand English; broken loose, by a convulsion, from all the traditions and landmarks of his life,—he was seeking for some haven of rest for his soul. Welcomed here as orator and protestant, he fell into various hands, and made various acquaintances. At the Evangelical Alliance, on platform or in lecture-hall, the guest of Churchman and of Congregationalist, he avoided committing himself to any particular phase of religious life or faith. It is a part of the beauty of the man's nature that, sudden as the revulsion was which sent him from his early religious home, he never felt or uttered the bitter hatred against Rome which mars too often the fresh enthusiasm of those who come out of that communion. As lately as 1878 he speaks thus of Rome:

"When one has received from the Church over which the Papacy presides that which I have received from it, for my intelligence and for my heart, it is impossible to share the illusion of those who only see in this great institution the power of Antichrist: it is impossible to speak of it without a sentiment of respect. I do not ignore its errors and its faults. Even now I openly proclaim them; but I repeat that it is impossible, at least for me, to speak of Rome without a feeling of respect, mingled with love and with grief."

And again, after urging that no one abandons his own country because it is badly governed, he says:

"When one has the honor to belong by his education, his baptism, and his faith to the great Catholic Church, one may resist its government. One must, whenever it puts itself in opposition to the faith of God and the conscience of man; but must one for that abandon the Church, shake off against it the dust of his feet, the gall of his lips, and the hatred of his heart? Never, gentlemen, never! On the contrary, one must become more ardently faithful to it in the time of its trials, and, in order to heal its unhappy present, neither forget its past nor despair of its future."

Nor had he yet made his way very far toward recognizing the lines of difference between the old faith and the new convictions. Probably, and apparently, he simply went back from 1870 to 1563, from the Italian Council of the Vatican to the as un-Catholic Council of Trent. And there were needed time and thought, the slow separation of truth from error in his ideas and feelings, before he could take the positive position, which is essential to complete the negation of a protest against untruth and error. Hyacinthe's life at Geneva was a time of stir and progress. He found himself in the midst of questions, political and ecclesiastical, of which, when he undertook his mission there, he had little thought. The radicals in politics claimed him, and the religious radicals, disposed to use against ultramontanism the weapons of its own warfare, pressed him hard. He resisted nobly, and with great cost to himself. His preaching was the preaching of the gospel of peace. The writer remembers the earnest urgency of his sermon on the parable of the Good Samaritan, in the hall in Geneva, in 1873, when, for the first time, Loyson said mass in the "vulgar tongue."* And it was about this time that, through the Latin copy of Bailey's "*Ordinum Sacrorum in*

* Genesis, xlix. 9.

* "To speak of 'vulgar tongues' is a manner of expression which constitutes a real outrage to the speech of our mothers and of our country. As if the dead languages of pagan antiquity were the only noble tongues; and as if French, the magnificent idiom of Christian civilization, were only a vulgar dialect! What! Our language has been the language of Bossuet and of Pascal. And shall it be only a profane tongue, unworthy and incapable to express religious things? Every language is consecrated when it has served as the organ of the gospel."—*Conférences* of 1878.

Eccl. Anglic. defensio," Loyson's mind was directed toward the English Church, whose orders, vindicated by Courayer, had been confounded by the Carmelite friar with the ministry of non-episcopal Protestants.

Of his intense feeling as to the grace of orders, no one can doubt who has seen him in the exercise of his ministry, or who remembers the thrilling passage on the Apostolical Succession, in his second *Conférence* of 1879:

"I believe that there exists in the Church, by divine right, a distinction between the clergy and the laity; that the priest possesses, in virtue of his ordination, a supernatural power, which comes from the apostles through the bishops, from Christ through the apostles, and from God through Christ. I believe that, because it is the teaching of the holy Scriptures, because it was the belief of the Church in the first centuries. Its most ancient witnesses make it a matter of faith. I will say more: I believe it because I feel it. It is the inner and mysterious experience of every one who has not lightly received 'the gift that is given to us by the laying on of hands.'* Yes, he who, with the profound convictions and the glowing spirit of self-sacrifice of youth, in spite of all personal interests, and laying aside all purely human reasons, has sacrificed himself for the cause of God and for the salvation of his brethren; he who has lain upon the pavement of the temple, in dust and ashes, and who is raised by the touch of the bishop, beneath the electric current which bridges the centuries, and comes from Jesus Christ,—such an one knows that he is priest, as he knows that he is man. He bears in himself the Catholic priesthood, as he bears his human nature, and it is no more possible to him to doubt the one than the other."

From this recognition of a valid ministry with catholic creeds outside the communion of Rome, dates the final shaping of the Père's effort in France. Slowly, and through difficult delays, he has obtained permission in his own land to open his lips to her own people on the subject of religion. In 1877 he writes: "Under a republican government I could not obtain authority to speak of religion to my fellow-citizens." And in 1878: "The three religions of the state that are free or protected are the Catholic religion—in spite of the dogmatic transformation which it underwent at the last Council; the Protestant religion, in its two branches of the Reformed Church, and the Church of the Confession of Augsburg; and the most ancient, that of Israel." And in a note referring to the stipulation in the Berlin treaty, he adds, with his own delicate power of satire: "*Nous demandons la liberté religieuse comme en Turquie.*" †

From the bare permission to speak on moral subjects, he emerged at length into a freedom from all government restrictions, and by a providential coincidence, there came at the same time the opportunity for renting and arranging a temporary place of worship, and an official recognition by the Church of England of his effort to form in France "a Christian Mission, Catholic and Gallican, placed provisionally" under the Primus of Scotland, and since then under the Bishop of Edinburgh.

This is not the place to discuss the ecclesiastical and theological bearings of a question so important. The bishops believed, and believe, that in their action they were governed by principles and precedents, alike ancient and sound. And no faintest idea is entertained on either side of anglicanizing, of reproducing English liturgies, English expressions, English habits of thought. Not as bishops of any particular nationality, but as bishops in the Church of God, for purposes of counsel, of administering orders, and confirmation of discipline, etc., the bishops of what Loyson himself calls "the Anglo-American Church" have agreed to give sympathy and assistance to the effort of a brave man, struggling, against tremendous odds, with ultramontanes and ultra-Protestants, and the whole body of unbelievers, to regain the purity of doctrine and worship, and the liberty of discipline and order of the national Church of France. In matters of doctrine, it is a significant fact that he not only speaks of a basis of belief "larger and more ancient than that of Trent," but that also, on the title-page of his last *Conférences*, he puts the Nicean words, "I believe in one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church"; while in the body of them, after an intense description of "the orthodoxy which does not

* I. Timothy IV. 14.

† "Under the government of the French Republic, it has taken seven years of patient, constant effort to obtain permission to speak to you of religion in this hall. If now I should propose, to those of you who are inclined to pray with me, that we should seek together, as did the early Christians, who were more free in Rome under the Cæsars than we are in Paris to-day, some obscure retreat, some attic chamber or some catacomb, there to kneel before God, with clear consciences, we should find, perhaps, some agent of the police force to forbid our entrance therein."

"Outside of the three official religions, Roman Catholicism, Calvinism or Lutheranism, and Judaism, religious liberty does not exist—or, rather, it exists only for the votaries of free thought. In this land, so prone to revolutions, so rebellious at reforms, it is permitted to deny all religious belief, or, if need be, to break it down, but it is absolutely forbidden to improve it."—*Conférences* 1878.

discuss, but affirms, which not only says, but sings," he bursts out into the profession of his own faith in the exact words of the Nicene Creed. He has gone back—that is to say, not only from the Council of 1870 to that of 1864—from that to the Council of 1563; but he has gone back, for the substance and the symbol of his belief, from the sixteenth to the fourth century—from mediævalism to primitive Christianity—from Trent to Nicæa.

Loyson's theological position is very likely to be misunderstood. "Neither a Protestant to Protestants, nor a (Roman) Catholic to (Roman) Catholics," one writes, "he is continually disappointing some people's expectations." And the writer by no means claims that in all points the Church of England, or its daughter in America, accepts or adopts the Père's views. But we are learning the larger lesson of intercommunion, that insists upon unity only in essentials. And it is true, on the one hand, that the Père only teaches, "as necessary to salvation," what we believe to be the ancient faith of the Creeds, as proved by holy Scripture; and on the other, that he repudiates not only the doctrines of modern Rome—Papal Infallibility, the Immaculate Conception, and the Tridentine additions to the ancient Creeds,—but that he insists upon disciplinary reform; in the unenforced rarity of private confession; the circulation of the holy Scriptures; the saying of the service in the tongue understood by the people; the liberty of the clergy to marry; communion in both kinds, etc., etc.

Loyson's marriage is a significant fact and feature of his life, the more so because its signification has been grossly and utterly misunderstood. Believing, as the writer does, that his power and prominence as a reformer would have been enormously enhanced had he remained unmarried, yet the insinuation that a desire for marriage controlled and shaped his separation from the Roman priesthood and from his conventual order, is the most gratuitous lie. The *jeu d'esprit* of the multitude of Frenchmen who "disbelieve in God, but do believe in the celibacy of the clergy," may be true; but Loyson does not represent the other extreme of belief in the marriage of the priesthood before his faith in God. It was years after he had been driven out of the Carmelite order that he married—years after his excommunication by Rome. Dissolved from all privileges or recognition as priest or monk by the act of the Church which expelled him, he felt himself discharged alike from the conventual and the priestly vow; and it was, beyond peradventure, in the judgment of all who knew Loyson, a deliberate and distinct decision of the man, that he could better illustrate his conviction of the danger and the injury of an unmarried priesthood, if he himself married. To him, apart from the historical fact of the accompanying and inevitable corruptions of enforced celibacy, a married priesthood is a necessity to a reunion and identification of the church with the state, and of the clergy with society—a necessity to do away with that separate caste which has undomesticated religion. And there are, perhaps, no finer passages of outbreaking fervor in his addresses than those in which he deals with this question.

And yet this is to be insisted on. Hyacinthe Loyson felt, most intensely of all, the corruption of the faith, and while, in matters of discipline, he has urged and argued and introduced reforms, a married priesthood is not the only one. The freedom and infrequency of private confession, the distribution of the holy Scriptures in the tongue of the people, the translation of public offices into the vernacular, the giving of the cup to the laity, the election of bishops by the clergy—these are among the disciplinary reforms. Behind them and beneath them lies the restoration of the ancient faith. As Loyson writes, in his programme of Catholic reform: "The Catholic religion is essentially beneficent because it is divinely true. The errors which have stolen into its teaching, the abuses which have marred its practice, have not altered its divine elements. We have nothing to add to nor to take away from the authentic symbols which express the faith—the Creed of the Apostles and the Creed of Nicæa."

Loyson's nature is a rare combination of affection and principle. His is "the charity that rejoices in the truth." The one-sided and small folk, who cannot hold much love with much truth, and if they have a little truth have no love, or if they have a little love have no truth, misunderstand such a man entirely. While he was still in the Roman communion, he held and advocated views about the separated bodies of Protestants which hardly found favor at court. The following passages from a sermon at the reception of a Protestant lady into the Roman Church attest this:

"There is a fundamental distinction, without which it is not possible to deal justly by the communions separated from the Catholic Church, and the members of those communions. Every relig-

ious system contains within itself two opposite elements: the negative element, which makes it a schism, and most commonly a heresy; and the positive element, which preserves for it a greater or less share in the ancient heritage of Christianity. Not only distinct but hostile, they are very near to each other, even in their conflicts; darkness and light, life and death, mingle without being confounded, and there results from it all what I would call the deep and intricate mystery of the life of error. For my part, I do not render to error the undeserved honor of supposing it able to live of its own life, breathe by its own breath, and nourish with its own substance souls which are not without virtues, and nations not without greatness! Protestantism, as such, is that negative element which you have renounced, and to which, with the Catholic Church, you have said, Anathema. But Protestantism has not been the only thing in your past religious life; by the side of its negations have been its affirmations, and, like a savory fruit inclosed in a bitter husk, you have been in possession of Christianity from your cradle. Before coming to us, you were a Christian by baptism, validly received, and when the hand of the minister sprinkled the water on your brow with those words of eternal life, 'I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' it was Jesus Christ himself who baptized you. 'The hand is nothing,' says Saint Augustine; 'be it Peter's or Paul's, the hand is nothing—it is Christ that baptizes.' It was Christ who betrothed you, who received your faith and pledged to you His own. The depth of your moral nature, that sacred part of noble souls which instinctively shrinks from error, the Word has consecrated to Himself, that He 'might present it to Himself as a chaste virgin,' reserving it for heaven. * * *

"The free exercise of private judgment, under the spirit of which you have grown up, is doubtless the source of numberless errors; but—thank God again for this—besides the Protestant principle, there is also the Christian principle among Protestants; besides private judgment there is the action of the supernatural grace received in baptism, and of that mysterious influence of which Saint Paul speaks when he says: 'We have the mind of Christ,' and of which Saint John said: 'Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things.'"

With all this, he held strongly to the distinction, even to the separating points and principles, of church order and authority. In his latest *Conférence*, he says:

"Whatever may be the ties which bind me to many Protestants,—and these ties are close,—whatever may be my esteem for that which truly evangelical Protestantism has of Christianity, of freedom, and of fruitfulness, I am not, I never shall be, Protestant. I think I may add, without being a prophet, that if our country has not become so within the last three hundred years, neither religious effort nor political calculations will ever bring back this possibility, vanished without hope of return. France will be Catholic—reformed Catholic, in the sense of the gospel and of liberty, but she will always be Catholic, or she will cease to be."

He shared and shares most strongly the conviction of the first Protestant minister in Paris, M. de Pressense, as to the necessity of the historic Church to reform and rule the religion of France.* Prelacy and the primacy are as clearly scriptural and primitive to Loyson, as the Papacy is modern, and false, and fatal.

What we have quoted from Loyson has the double disadvantage, first, that he speaks to eye and not to ear, with the loss of that rise and fall of power in his tones, like the west wind blowing over the strings of the responsive harp; and secondly, that even to the eye he speaks through the distorting medium of a translation. But even so he is great, for he is not merely an orator. In voice, in articulation, in choice of words in his own incomparable language, and in every natural grace, he has the gift of oratory; but his sermons and conferences are not born from the end of his tongue amid the stir of popular assemblies; they are not merely conceived of the fancy and begotten by the emotions; they pass through the wondrously fertile chambers of his imagination, and over the warm surface of his kindled heart, and out of the portal of a "golden mouth." But behind all this, they are mighty achievements of study and thought and toil. No man can read them and not realize that the fire of their burning and illuminating words, lighted almost by inspiration, is fed and furnished by an amount of material gathered from remote and various store-houses—as well the collected coal of burned-out systems of philosophy and the old heathen poets, as the fuel found in the still green and living forests of contemporaneous thought. Plato, Confucius, Socrates, Voltaire, and Kant; the Dictionary of Philosophy, and the decisions of the Lambeth Conference, find their place among the references of his lectures. I select from his latest publication a specimen of the line of the Père's thought and teaching, and of the power and purity of his style. In the first *Conférence* on Christianity and Natural Religion he says:

"These two so widely different states of natural religion, the French tongue expresses by two words, separated, the one from the other, in language by a consonant, in thought by an abyss—deism and the-

* He quotes as sustaining his own opinion the words of the pastor E. de Pressensé, whom he calls one of the most distinguished spirits of Protestantism: "I am convinced that France will not receive the gospel, under the form of mere Protestantism. Protestantism may help to hasten a reform, greater and more effective, but it will never accomplish it alone. At every cost that must be born and developed in the bosom of Catholicism, on condition that Catholicism transform itself, and break with idolatrous and unbridled ultramontanism."

ism. To avoid the possible confusion of these two words, so nearly alike in pronunciation, we shall speak of deism and monotheism. Deism and monotheism are both religions of the twilight, if I may so say, with the difference which there is between the two twilights. If the evening twilight has certain characteristics in common with the twilight of the coming dawn, it has others that mark the difference between them. The eye sees on the horizon, like a band of gold, or like draperies of purple, the light of a hearth-fire, not yet visible or just disappearing from sight; and yet what a difference! At dawn it is the trembling of all nature, with the unutterable *élan** of creation toward the visible source of life. A breeze passes over the earth, which carries to the east all its perfumes, all its songs. At sunset, on the contrary, a wearied wind touches the sun, and seems to fold its wings; the flowers droop upon their stems, the songs die out upon the nests. In the one case it is the sun which rises; it is the day which is coming; in the other it is the light which dies—it is the night that advances. * * *

"All idols are not cut out of stone, nor made of gold or of wood; there are others that are fashioned each day in the thoughts of men. These are spiritual idols—the most criminal, the most dangerous. The God of deism is of this class. "He has eyes and he sees not," as the Psalmist says. He wears, like a thick bandage over His reason, those general laws of the world to which He submits, thoughtless and inactive, and through which He distinguishes neither particular beings nor their individual acts. He is not like the God of the gospel, who feeds the birds of the air, who clothes with glory the lilies of the field, who knows the number of the hairs in our heads, and of the tears from our eyes, even as of the stars in the firmament; and who watches us with His clear-seeing justice to reward or to punish us. He has ears and heareth not. Voice of prayer and of love, joyous song of adoration, movement of the wings of ecstasy, tears falling one by one in night and silence, sound of choking sobs, piercing cry of remorse or of grief, you have not mounted, you can never mount, to His ear! The deists have defined prayer as 'a soliloquy of the soul with itself.'* The soul speaks and listens to itself, and in this illusory division of itself it finds at last the comfort and the strength which is wanting in its natural oneness, and which it would ask in vain of the grand deafness and dumbness of the Infinite. 'He has ears and hears not; He has a mouth and speaks not.'† No, He has never replied to man within himself by one of those inarticulate, yet living, words, which, when once heard, can never be forgotten. All these are mystical illusions. God does not interfere by His grace in the secret and tremendous drama of the conscience, nor by the writers of His revelation and His prophecy in the ordinary life of mankind. Above all, He has no bowels of compassion or of tenderness, by which we used to believe the 'morning star has visited us from above.' How should He love us since He knows us not? How should He be father, since He is the All-Powerful? * * * What we must have is a God easily found, a God very simple, and, above all, very loving,—a God who, without ceasing to be grand, and therefore mysterious, nevertheless humbled Himself even to us, and, having glorified poverty by being born in a stable, has made suffering divine by dying upon the cross."

Only God knows what shall be the issue of this man's life and work. But it cannot in the end be fruitless. His teaching, as his own striking figure has it, must be like the grain of wheat in the hand of the mummy: "When it has been sown in souls prepared to receive it, this grain of God will lift itself and grow, at once new and old; it will grow like the forest of Libanus; and the future shall sit, in joy and peace, under its shadow, and feed upon its fruit."

* Bound.

* Kant. † The God of deism.

A GEORGIA PLANTATION.

THAT in many parts of the South (and notably the State of Georgia) the labor-relations of the two races are adjusting themselves and working out a solution of the dreaded "negro problem" in a practical way, has been known to all observant residents or visitors. The confident prophecies of the croakers that Southern plantations would go to waste, and that nothing but ruin lay before us, have proved the merest bosh. The enormous increase in the cotton crop of the South alone shows that the colored people, as free laborers, have done well, for it is not to be disputed that they form very nearly the same proportion of the laborers in the cotton fields that they did when they were slaves. I do not wish to be understood as stating a proportion in which free labor is to slave labor as the cotton crop since the war is to the cotton crop before the war. This is not true; the yield of cotton has been increased by other causes. But I do say that under no circumstances could worthless labor have produced the enormous increase in this crop.

In Georgia, the negro has adapted himself to his new circumstances, and freedom fits him as if it had been cut out and made for him. It is not true that the negroes have formed a restless, troublesome population, nor is it true that they are like a lot of huddled sheep, frightened at the approach of strange white men, in dread of the terrible Ku-klux. As far as I know, our philosophers have presented them in one or the other of

these phases, according as the writer wished to show the dread which is felt by the country of the negro, or the terror which his surroundings inspire in him. Nothing can be further from either of these ideas than the facts of the case; and when we come to look at these, we find the solution to the whole difficulty at our very doors.

To make this plain, I shall endeavor to give some idea of the home life of our colored people as it really exists, and shall, for my purpose, take a Middle Georgia plantation, and tell what the negroes are doing on it, and how they live. I shall confine myself to the colored man as a farmer, for the reason that the mass of colored people of whom little is known are farmers.

In most cases there has been an entire change in the plan upon which our Georgia lands are worked, the change being entirely in favor of "local self-government as opposed to centralization of power." It is true that in some rare instances large plantations are still worked under the direction of overseers, with labor hired for yearly, monthly, and daily wages, but, generally speaking, a tenant system prevails.

One of the first planters in Middle Georgia to divide his plantations into farms was Mr. Barrow, of Oglethorpe. The plantation upon which he now lives is the one which I wish to present as a fair exponent of negro tenant life in Georgia. This place contains about two thousand acres of land, and with the exception of a single acre, which Mr. Barrow has given to his tenants for church and school purposes, is the same size it was before the war. Here, however, the similarity ceases. Before the war everything on the place was under the absolute rule of an overseer (Mr. Barrow living then on another place). He it was who directed the laborers each day as to their work, and to him the owner looked for the well-being of everything on the place. Under him, and subject to his direction, the most intelligent and authoritative negroes were selected, whose duty it was to see that the overseer's orders were carried into effect. These head men, with us, were called foremen, and not drivers; in fact, though I was raised here in Georgia, my first acquaintance with the word driver, and the character which it presents in this connection, was had from one of Mayne Reid's tales. As will be seen by looking at the plot of the plantation, "as it was," all the negro houses were close together, forming "the quarter." The house in which the overseer lived was close to the quarter, lying between the quarter and the stables. This was always distinguished as "the house," and I have so marked it on the plot. It will appear that this arrangement of the buildings was the best that could be made, giving, as it did, the overseer the best opportunity for overlooking the property under his control. This has all been so changed that the place would now hardly be recognized by one who had not seen it during the past sixteen years.

The transformation has been so gradual that almost imperceptibly a radical change has been effected. For several years after the war, the force on the plantation was divided into two squads, the arrangement and method of working of each being about the same as they had always been used to. Each of these squads was under the control of a foreman, who was in the nature of a general of volunteers. The plantation was divided into two equal parts, and by offering a reward for the most successful planting, and thus exciting a spirit of emulation, good work was done, and the yield was about as great as it had ever been. Then, too, the laborers were paid a portion of the crop as their wages, which did much toward making them feel interested in it. There was no overseer, in the old sense of the word, and in his place a young man lived on the plantation, who kept the accounts and exercised a protecting influence over his employer's property, but was not expected to direct the hands in their work. The negroes used to call him "supertender," in order to express their sense of the change.

This was the first change made, and for several years it produced good results. After a while, however, even the liberal control of the foremen grew irksome, each man feeling the very natural desire to be his own "boss," and to farm to himself. As a consequence of this feeling, the two squads split up into smaller and then still smaller squads, still working for part of the crop, and using the owner's teams, until this method of farming came to involve great trouble and loss. The mules were ill-treated, the crop was frequently badly worked, and in many cases was divided in a way that did not accord with the contract. I have been told an amusing incident which occurred on a neighboring plantation: A tenant worked a piece of land, for which he was to pay one-fourth of the corn produced. When he gathered his crop, he hauled three loads to his own house, thereby exhausting the sup-

A GEORGIA PLANTATION AS IT WAS IN 1860.

ply in the field. When, soon after, he came to return his landlord's wagon, which he had used in the hauling, the latter asked, suggestively:

"Well, William, where's my share of the corn?"

"You aint got none, sah," said William.

"Haven't got any! Why, wasn't I to have the fourth of all you made?"

"Yes, sah; but hit never made no fourth; dere wasn't but dess my three loads made."

Now, of course, this was an honest mistake, and while many equally honest and vexatious constantly occurred, I am constrained to say the tendency to divide on the same plan was frequent when there was no mistake. These and other troubles led to the present arrangement, which, while it had difficulties in the way of its inception, has been found to work thoroughly well. Under it our colored farmers are tenants, who are responsible only for damage to the farm they work and for the prompt payment of their rent. On the plantation about which I am writing, all of the tenants are colored men, who farm on a small scale, only two of them having more than one mule. Indeed, the first trouble in the way of dividing up the plantation into farms was to provide the new-made tenants with mules. Up to this time their contracts had been such that they plowed with mules belonging to Mr. Barrow, and very few had bought mules of their own. This trouble was met by selling them mules on credit, and though the experiment looked risky at the time, the mules were paid for in almost every case. After this, the location of the houses caused considerable inconvenience, and so it was determined to scatter them. When the hands all worked together, it was desirable to have all of the houses in a central location, but after the division into farms, some of them had to walk more than a mile to reach their work; then, too, they began to "want more elbow-room," and so, one by one, they moved their houses on to their farms. I have made a plot of the place "as it is," showing how the houses are distributed. Wherever there is a spring, there they settle, generally two or three near together, who have farms hard by. When no spring is convenient, they dig wells, though they greatly prefer the spring. A little bit of a darky, not much taller than the vessel he is carrying, will surprise you by the amount of water he can tote on his head. I have seen a mother and three or four children pulling along uphill from the spring, their vessels diminishing in size as the children do, until the last little fellow would carry hardly more than two or three cupfuls.

I suppose nothing like one of these settlements is to be found elsewhere than in Georgia. The dwelling-house is an ordinary log-cabin, twenty feet square, the chimney built of sticks and dabbed over with mud; then there is a separate kitchen, which, in architectural design, is a miniature of the house,—in size approaches a chicken-coop,—and is really ridiculous in its pretentiousness. Off to one side are the out-houses, consisting of a diminutive stable, barely large enough to pack a small mule in, and a corn-crib and fodder-house, equally imposing. Every tenant has a cow—most of them several; and there is one old man—Lem Bryant—who is quite a Job in this respect. There is no law requiring stock to be kept

up, and there is a large quantity of uncultivated land for pasture, so that the only cost connected with cattle is ten or fifteen dollars purchase money. An open pen, called the "cuppen," in this mild climate serves in place of cow-stables. On the opposite side from the lot, the house is flanked by the garden, surrounded by what is known as a "wattle" fence. This fence is made of split pine boards, "wattled" around three horizontal rails, fastened to posts, the first at the ground and the others respectively two and four feet above. Inseparable from this garden is a patch of "collord greens." The negroes think "collord greens, biled with plenty fat meat, hard to beat," when you are considering table delicacies. The only other noteworthy feature in connection with this home is the 'possum dog, who is the first to greet your approach. You will know him by the leanness of his body, the fierceness of his bark, and the rapidity of his retreat.

The labor of the farm is performed by the man, who usually does the plowing, and his wife and children, who do the hoeing, under his direction. Whenever they have heavy work to do they call on their neighbors, and receive willing aid. Their crops are principally corn and cotton, but they have patches of such things as potatoes, melons, and sorghum-cane, from which they make their sirup. They plant whatever they please, and their landlord interferes only far enough to see that sufficient cotton is made to pay the rent, which is seven hundred and fifty pounds of lint-cotton to each one-horse farm. The usual quantity of land planted is between twenty-five and thirty acres, about half of which is in cotton and the rest in corn and patches. An industrious man will raise three times the amount of his rent-cotton, besides making a full supply of corn, sirup, and other provisions, while really good farming would require about five times the rent to be raised in addition to the supply of provisions. Candor compels the admission that only a few tenants reach this standard of good farming; the others work sufficiently well to pay their rent, and make money enough to buy their clothes and spend at Christmas, and let the rainy days of the future take care of themselves. It is a point of honor with them to pay their rent, even if they find it necessary to mistake whose cotton they pay it with.

A GEORGIA PLANTATION AS IT IS IN 1881.
* Negroes who lived on this plantation when slaves.

There is one misfortune which, to our Georgia tenant, dwarfs all others, and this comes when his mule dies. Thanks to mulish endurance, this does not often happen, but when it does, the owner invariably expresses himself "broke up." He has to buy another on time, and work hard and live close the next year in order to pay for him, or else make his crop with a steer. An enterprising colored man will buy the mule, but I have frequently known tenants to resort to the steer. Whenever they get into trouble of this kind, they remind their landlord in pathetic terms that he is their old master, and generally get off with the payment of half the rent.

The slight supervision which is exercised over these tenants may surprise those ignorant of how completely the relations between the races at the South have changed. Mr. Barrow lives on his plantation, and yet there are some of his tenants' farms which he does not visit as often as once a month, and this, too, because they do not need over-

looking. Very many negro farmers are capable of directing the working of their own crops, and not a few object to directions. There are, on the other hand, many, in fact a large majority, who, while they know how their crops should be worked, are slow to think and act for themselves, and an occasional visit from the landlord does them much good.

One of the most intelligent colored men I know is Ben Thomas, the old foreman on this plantation, and the best farmer among the negroes on the place. I have secured Ben's contract for the past year, which reads as follows:

"By or before the 15th November, 1880, I promise to pay to David C. Barrow, 500 lbs. of white lint cotton, 40 bushels of cotton-seed, 25 bushels of corn and the shucks therefrom, and 500 lbs. of good fodder, as rent for land on Syll's Fork, during year 1880.

1st Jan., 1880. his BEN × THOMAS. mark.

Witness: O. C. WATSON.

It will be seen that this contract is nothing more than a memorandum of the amounts to be paid, expressed in the form of a promissory note. Very few of the negroes require any copy, or any written agreement; they have the land, they say. Ben's contract last year was exactly the same as this, and his crop, as near as I have been able to ascertain, was as follows:

5 bales	Cotton, 2500 lbs.	@ 11 cts.....	$275.00
	Corn, 160 bush.	@ 75 cts.....	120.00
	Fodder, 3000 lbs.	@ $1.00 per hun.	30.00
	Wheat, 30 bush.	@ $1.00.....	30.00
	Total.....		$455.00

This crop was raised by himself, his wife, a son and daughter.

As one of the class who work not so wisely as well, Beckton Barrow is a good specimen. When the mules were divided out, upon the inauguration of the tenant system, Beck bought a large, fine young mule, promising to pay two hundred dollars for him. This was a big debt for a man whose earthly possessions consisted of a wife, two daughters, and a limited supply of provisions, but he paid it all off in two years, and since then he has been "well off," not to say rich. As soon as his mule was paid for, Beck seemed to dismiss further thought of economy, and if he knew what it meant, I have no doubt his motto would be *dum vivimus vivamus*. His contract is the same as Ben Thomas's, except that he pays one-fourth of his corn and fodder, instead of a stated amount. Under that contract, his last year's crop was as follows:

3 bales	Cotton, 1500 lbs.	@ 11 cts.....	$165.00
	Corn, 200 bush.	@ 75 cts.....	150.00
	Fodder, 3500 lbs.	@ $1.00 per hun.	35.00
	Total.....		$350.00

At the risk of growing monotonous, I present one more crop, on account of some differences between it and the others. Handy Barrow pays as rent 750 pounds of cotton and sixty bushels cotton-seed, an increased amount of cotton, instead of corn. He is not so good a farmer as Ben Thomas, but his force is stronger, his father and mother assisting him. His crop was:

5 bales	Cotton, 2500 lbs.	@ 11 cts.....	$275.00
	Corn, 180 bush.	@ 75 cts.....	135.00
	Fodder, 3000 lbs.	@ $1.00 per hun.	30.00
	Wheat, 25 bush.	@ $1.00.....	25.00
	Sirup, 50 gals.	@ 40 cts.....	20.00
	Total.....		$485.00

The cane from which the sirup is made is very exhausting to land, and while landowners do not prohibit its cultivation, because it is such an important food crop, they discourage the negroes from raising it for sale, and for this reason Mr. Barrow charges one-fourth of the sirup extra, whenever it is made.

These estimates are as exact as can be had, for the reason that, as soon as the rent is paid, the tenant gives no further account of his crop; they are none of them very exact. The figures I have given are within the actual value of the crops, the prices being low, except for cotton, which is nearly correct, and several important items, cotton-seed for one, being omitted. The number of bales of cotton is correct, but the tenants frequently sell a part of their crop in the seed, and have what they call "remjents" left over, which are sold as loose cotton.

Handy and Ben are among the best farmers on the plantation, and Beck is an average specimen.

I have a letter from Mr. Barrow, in which he says: "They make per annum, on a farm plowed with one horse, from eighty to two hundred and twenty bushels of corn, two to six bales of cotton, some of them as much as forty bushels of wheat; with oats, peas, potatoes, and other smaller crops."

All of these negroes raise hogs, and these, with chickens, of which they raise great numbers, constitute a large portion of their

meat food. They generally have to buy some meat during the year, however, for which they pay in the fall.

The land of this plantation is rich, and the tenants are, perhaps, better off than in some other places, but an industrious negro will pay good rent for land and make money for himself almost anywhere in Middle Georgia.

The last census showed three white and one hundred and sixty-two colored people on this plantation. I mention this to show that there must be many children among our country negroes. The adage, "poor folks for children," finds no exception here. There is one woman on the place who has three babies, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and fine children they are, too, and well cared for in spite of the number. It was commonly thought that the negroes, when freed, would care very little for their children, and would let them die for want of attention, but experience has proved this surmise unfounded. On the contrary, I suppose they take as good care of them as do the same class of people anywhere.

It will be seen by reference to plot of the place "as it is," that one corner has been cut off, and a church and school-house built on it. This has been given to them so long as they use it for church and school purposes. The church building is forty by fifty feet, and is a frame house, the Lord's house being here, if not elsewhere, better than the people's. They have a membership of about two hundred, from the plantation and the country around, which is in charge of the Rev. Derry Merton, a colored man, who preaches there twice a month. He has had charge of this church nine or ten years, and has other churches under his care. For its support, the male members pay fifty cents and the females twenty-five cents per annum. In addition to their regular church services, they have a Sunday-school, with a membership of one hundred and fifty or more, which has a regular superintendent, one of the tenants on the place. They use regular lesson-papers and singing-books, and especially delight in singing. I believe, generally speaking, negroes in the country are Baptists; at any rate, those on this place are. To go under the water is far more necessary to salvation, in their eyes, than anything else. There is a great tendency among them to become preachers, which, I fear, is induced as much by the desire to display their oratorical powers as by excess of piety. Once a year, during August, there is a big meeting at Spring Hill church. From far and near friends come in, and all the houses of all the members are thrown open. They kill their pigs, kids, lambs, chickens, everything, by wholesale, and for three or four days they do little else but preach, sing, and eat. Fortunately their meeting comes at a time when very little work is to be done, so that the crops do not suffer. This August meeting, and the necessity of going under the water, are the bulwarks of their church.

Too great praise cannot be bestowed upon the earnestness which all negroes feel on the subject of education. Very soon after they were freed, these hands manifested a desire to establish a school, and Mr. Barrow gave them a site upon which they promptly built a school-house, and they have employed a teacher ever since. Free schools in Georgia last only about three months, but the negroes cheerfully pay their teacher the remainder of the year themselves. Quite a number who were grown when freed have since learned to read and write, and they all send their children. It is a strange fact that, even while they desire their children to be educated, many of them have a great prejudice against the profession of teaching.

An old colored woman said to one of my sisters: "I tell you what, Miss Sallie, of all the lazy, good-for-nothin' trades, this here sittin' down in a cheer all day, with a book in your hand, hearing chillen say lessons, is the laziest." The latest romance of the plantation was the elopement of the school-teacher and the daughter of one of the old foremen. "Mr. Map" (so-called, I suppose, on account of his knowledge of geography) won the heart of "Ben's Mary," and sued for her hand. Very much to his surprise, the father not only refused, but it is said declared his intention of giving them both a good whipping the first time he caught them together, adding his opinion of the laziness and worthlessness of the suitor. As the old man would most likely have carried his threat into execution, the young couple had nothing left but a separation or an elopement. I think there was nothing against Map, except his occupation, and as he supported his wife, the old man soon relented and allowed them to return to the neighborhood.

I have thus briefly given some facts connected with the farm life of the colored people in Georgia. If I have made my descriptions true to life, they fit any place in this portion of the State, *mutatis mutandis*. They all live nearly the same way. Occa-

sionally one is found who wishes to have more of this world's goods; such buy land and pay for it as they did for their mules, and work the same crops as these I have written about. As a people they are happy; they have become suited to their new estate, and it to them. I do not know of a single negro who has swelled the number of the "exodus." That they have improved, and continue to improve, seems beyond controversy. The one man on this plantation who, as a slave, gave most trouble, so much, in fact, that he was almost beyond control of the overseer, was Lem Bryant. Since he has been freed, he has grown honest, quiet, and industrious; he educates his children and pays his debts. Mr. Barrow asked him, one day, what had changed him so. "Ah, master!" he replied, "I'm free now; I *have* to do right."

NOTES OF A WALKER. VI.

A BOLD LEAPER.

One reason, doubtless, why squirrels are so bold and reckless in leaping through the trees is that if they miss their hold the fall will not hurt them. Every species of tree-squirrel seems to be capable of a sort of rudimentary flying,—at least of making itself into a parachute, so as to ease or break a fall or a leap from a great height. The so-called flying-squirrel does this the most perfectly. It opens its furry vestments, leaps into the air, and sails down the steep incline from the top of one tree to the foot of the next as lightly as a bird. But other squirrels know the same trick, only their coat-skirts are not so broad. One day my dog treed a red squirrel, in a tall hickory that stood in a meadow on the side of a steep hill. To see what the squirrel would do when closely pressed, I climbed the tree. As I drew near he took refuge in the top-most branch, and then, as I came on, he boldly leaped into the air, spread himself out upon it, and, with a quick, tremulous motion of his tail and legs, descended quite slowly and landed upon the ground thirty feet below me, apparently none the worse for the leap, for he ran with great speed and escaped the dog in another tree.

A recent American traveler in Mexico gives a still more striking instance of this power of squirrels partially to neutralize the force of gravity when leaping or falling through the air. Some boys had caught a Mexican black squirrel, nearly as large as a cat. It had escaped from them once, and, when pursued, had taken a leap of sixty feet, from the top of a pine-tree down upon the roof of a house, without injury. This feat had led the grandmother of one of the boys to declare that the squirrel was bewitched, and the boys proposed to put the matter to further test by throwing the squirrel down a precipice six hundred feet high. Our traveler interfered, to see that the squirrel had fair play. The prisoner was conveyed in a pillow-slip to the edge of the cliff, and the slip opened, so that he might have his choice whether to remain a captive or to take the leap. He looked down the awful abyss, and then back and sidewise,—his eyes glistening, his form crouching. Seeing no escape in any other direction, "he took a flying leap into space, and fluttered rather than fell into the abyss below. His legs began to work like those of a swimming poodle-dog, but quicker and quicker, while his tail, slightly elevated, spread out like a feather fan. A rabbit of the same weight would have made the trip in about twelve seconds; the squirrel protracted it for more than half a minute," and "landed on a ledge of limestone, where we could see him plainly squat on his hind legs and smooth his ruffled plumage, after which he made for the creek with a flourish of his tail, took a good drink, and scampered away into the willow thicket."

The story at first blush seems incredible, but I have no doubt our red squirrel would have made the leap safely; then why not the great black squirrel, since its parachute would be proportionately large?

The tails of the squirrels are broad and long and flat, not short and small like those of gophers, chipmunks, weasels, and other ground rodents, and when they leap or fall through the air the tail is arched and rapidly vibrates. A squirrel's tail, therefore, is something more than ornament, something more than a flag: it not only aids him in flying, but it serves as a cloak, which he wraps about him when he sleeps. Thus some animals put their tails to various uses, while others seem to have no use for them

whatever. What use for a tail has a woodchuck, or a weasel, or a mouse? Has not the mouse yet learned that it could get in its hole sooner if it had no tail? The mole and the meadow-mouse have very short tails. Rats, no doubt, put their tails to various uses. The rabbit has no use for a tail—it would be in its way; while its manner of sleeping is such that it does not need a tail to tuck itself up with, as do the 'coon and the fox. The dog talks with his tail; the tail of the 'possum is prehensile; the porcupine uses his tail in climbing and for defense, the beaver as a tool or trowel; while the tail of the skunk serves as a screen behind which it masks its terrible battery.

THE WEATHER-WISE MUSK-RAT AGAIN.

I AM at last convinced that we need not go to Canada for a good weather-prophet. One of my neighbors—who, I am sure, never reads the papers, and never gossips with the wiseacres about him—gave warning of the past early and severe winter while the fall weather was yet mild and fair. I have before referred to this Vennor of a musk-rat in these notes, and I have now to adduce still further proof of the truth of his forecastings. As I have before said, the high water and severe winter of 1878–9 found him prepared, as far as musk-rat could be prepared, though the floods finally overwhelmed him. When the next fall came, he was very tardy about beginning his house, laying the corner-stone—or the corner-sod—about December 1st, and continuing the work slowly and indifferently. On the 15th of the month the nest was not yet finished. This, I said, indicates a mild winter; and, sure enough, the season was one of the mildest known for many years. The rats had little use for their house.

Again, in the fall of 1880, while the weather-wise were wagging their heads, some forecasting a mild, some a severe, winter, I watched with interest for a sign from my musk-rats. About November 1st, a month earlier than the previous year, they began their nest, and worked at it with a will. They appeared to have just got tidings of what was coming. If I had taken the hint so palpably given, my celery would not have been frozen up in the ground, and my apples caught in unprotected places. When the cold wave struck us, about November 20th, my four-legged "I-told-you-so's" had nearly completed their dwelling; it lacked only the ridge-board, so to speak; it needed a little "topping out," to give it a finished look. But this it never got. The winter had come to stay, and it waxed more and more severe, till the unprecedented cold of the last days of December must have astonished even the wise musk-rats in their snug retreat. I approached their nest at this time, a white mound upon the white, deeply frozen surface of the pond, and wondered if there was any life in that apparent sepulcher. I thrust my walking-stick sharply into it, when there was a rustle and a splash into the water, as the occupant made his escape. What a damp basement that house has, I thought, and what a pity to rout a peaceful neighbor out of his bed in this weather, and into such a state of things as this! But water does not wet the musk-rat; his fur is charmed, and not a drop penetrates it.

Where the ground is favorable, the musk-rats do not build these mound-like nests, but burrow into the bank a long distance, and establish their winter quarters there.

Shall we not say, then, in view of the above facts, that this little creature is weather-wise? The hitting of the mark twice might be mere good luck; but three bull's-eyes in succession is not a mere coincidence; it is a proof of skill. We shall see if they do as well in the future.

FRAGRANT WILD FLOWERS.

THE charge that was long ago made against our wild flowers by English travelers to this country, namely, that they were odorless, doubtless had its origin in the fact, that, whereas in England, the sweet-scented flowers are among the most common and conspicuous, in this country they are rather shy and withdrawn, and consequently not such as travelers would be likely to encounter. Moreover, the British traveler, remembering the deliciously fragrant blue violets he left at home, covering every grassy slope and meadow-bank in spring, and the wild clematis, or traveler's joy, overrunning hedges and old walls with its white, sweet-scented blossoms, and finding the corresponding species here, equally abundant, but entirely scentless, very naturally inferred that our wild flowers were all deficient in this respect. He was confirmed in this opinion on turning to some of our most beautiful and striking, but scentless, native flowers, like the laurel, the rhodo-

dendron, the columbine, the inimitable fringed gentian, the burning cardinal-flower, or our asters and golden-rod, dashing the road-sides with tints of purple and gold. "Where are your fragrant flowers?" he might well say. "I can find none." But let him look closer and penetrate our forests, and visit our ponds and lakes; let him compare our matchless rosy-lipped, honey-hearted trailing arbutus with his own ugly ground-ivy *(Nepeta glechoma)*; let him compare our sumptuous fragrant pond-lily with his own odorless *N. alba*. In our Northern woods he shall find the floors carpeted with the delicate linnæa, its twin rose-colored, nodding flowers filling the air with fragrance. (I am aware that this plant is found also in northern Europe.) The fact is we perhaps have as many sweet-scented wild flowers as Europe has, only they are not quite so prominent in our flora, or so well known to our people or our poets.

Think of Wordsworth's "Golden Daffodils":

> "I wandered lonely as a cloud
> That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
> When all at once I saw a crowd,
> A host of golden Daffodils;
> Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
>
> "Continuous as the stars that shine
> And twinkle on the milky way,
> They stretched in never-ending line
> Along the margin of a bay:
> Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
> Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

No such sight could greet the poet's eye here. He might see ten thousand marsh-marigolds, or ten times ten thousand houstonias, but they would not toss in the breeze, and they would not be sweet-scented like the daffodils.

It is to be remembered, too, that in the moister atmosphere of England the same amount of fragrance would be much more noticeable than with us. Think how our sweet bay *(Magnolia glauca)*, or our pink azalea, or our white alder *(Clethra)*, to which they have nothing that corresponds, would perfume that heavy, vapor-laden air.

In the woods and groves in England, the wild hyacinth grows very abundantly in spring, and, in places, the air is loaded with its fragrance. In our woods, a species of dicentra, commonly called squirrel corn, has nearly the same perfume, and its racemes of nodding whitish flowers, tinged with red, are quite as pleasing to the eye, but it is a shyer, less abundant plant. When our children go to the fields in April and May, they can bring home no wild flowers as pleasing as the sweet English violet, and cowslip, and yellow daffodil, and wall-flower; but when British children go to the woods at the same season, they can load their hands and baskets with nothing that compares with our trailing arbutus, or, later in the season, with our azaleas; and when their boys go fishing or boating in summer, they can wreathe themselves with nothing that approaches our pond-lily.

There are upward of thirty species of fragrant native wild flowers and flowering shrubs and trees in New England and New York, and, no doubt, many more in the South and West. My list is as follows:

White violet *(Viola blanda)*.
Canada violet *(Viola Canadensis)*.
Hepatica (occasionally fragrant).
Trailing arbutus *(Epigæa repens)*.
Mandrake *(Podophyllum)*.
Yellow ladies'-slipper *(Cypripedium parviflorum)*
Purple " " *(Cypripedium acaule)*.
Squirrel corn *(Dicentra Canadensis)*.
Showy orchis *(Orchis spectabilis)*.
Purple-fringed orchis *(Platanthera psycodes)*.
Arethusa *(Arethusa bulbosa)*.
Calopogon *(Calopogon pulchellus)*.
Lady's -tresses *(Spiranthes cernua)*.
Pond-lily *(Nymphæa odorata)*.
Honeysuckle *(Lonicera grata)*.
Twin-flower *(Linnæa borealis)*.
Sugar-maple *(Acer saccharinum)*.
Linden *(Tilia Americana)*.
Locust-tree *(Robinia pseudacacia)*
White alder *(Clethra)*.
Smooth azalea *(Azalea arborescens)*.
White azalea *(Azalea viscosa)*.
Pinxter-flower *(Azalea nudiflora)*.
Yellow azalea *(Azalea calendulacea)*.
Sweet bay *(Magnolia glauca)*.
Mitchella-vine *(Mitchella repens)*.
Sweet colt's-foot *(Nardosmia palmata)*.
Pasture thistle *(Cirsium pumilum)*.
False wintergreen *(Pyrola rotundifolia)*.
Spotted wintergreen *(Chimaphila maculata)*.
Princes' pine *(Chimaphila umbellata)*.
Evening primrose *(Œnothera biennis)*.
Hairy loose-strife *(Lysimachia ciliata)*.
Dogbane *(Apocynum)*.
Horned bladderwort *(Utricularia cornuta)*.

The last-named, horned bladderwort, is perhaps the most fragrant flower we have. In a warm, moist atmosphere, its odor is almost too strong. It is a plant with a slender, leafless stalk, less than a foot high, with two or more large yellow hood- or helmet-shaped flowers. It is not common and belongs pretty well north, growing in sandy swamps and along the marshy margins of lakes and ponds. Its perfume is sweet and spicy in an eminent degree. I have placed

in the above list several flowers that are intermittently fragrant, like the hepatica, or liver-leaf. This flower is the earliest, as it is certainly one of the most beautiful, to be found in our woods, and occasionally it is fragrant. Group after group may be inspected, ranging through all shades of purple and blue, with some perfectly white, and no odor be detected, when presently you will happen upon a little brood of them that have a most delicate and delicious fragrance. The same is true of a species of loose-strife growing along streams and on other wet places, with tall bushy stalks, dark-green leaves, and pale axillary yellow flowers: a handful of these flowers will sometimes exhale a sweet fragrance; at other times or from another locality, they are scentless. Our evening primrose is thought to be uniformly sweet-scented, but the past season I examined many specimens, and failed to find one that was so. Some seasons the sugar-maple yields much sweeter sap than at others; and even individual trees, owing to the soil, moisture, etc., where they stand, show a great difference in this respect. The same is doubtless true of the sweet-scented flowers. I had always regarded our Canada violet—the tall, leafy-stemmed, white violet of our Northern woods—as odorless, till a correspondent called my attention to the contrary fact. On examination, I found that while the first ones that bloomed about May 25th had very sweet-scented foliage, especially when crushed in the hand, the flowers were virtually without fragrance. But as the season advanced the fragrance developed, till a single flower had a well-marked perfume, and a handful of them was sweet indeed. A single specimen, plucked about August 1st, was quite as fragrant as the English violet, though the perfume is not what is known as violet, but, like that of the hepatica, comes nearer to the odor of certain fruit-trees.

It is only for a brief period that the blossoms of our sugar-maple are sweet-scented; the perfume seems to become stale after a few days; but pass under this tree just at the right moment, say at nightfall on the first or second day of its perfect inflorescence, and the air is loaded with its sweetness; its perfumed breath descends upon you as its cool shadow does a few weeks later.

After the linnæa and the arbutus, the prettiest sweet-scented flowering-vine our woods hold, is the common mitchella vine, called squaw-berry and partridge-berry. It blooms in June, and its twin flowers, light cream color, velvety, tubular, exhale a most agreeable fragrance.

Our flora is much more rich in orchids than the European, and many of ours are fragrant. The first to bloom in the spring is the showy orchis *(O. spectabilis)*, though it is far less showy than several others. I find it in May, not on hills, where Gray says it grows, but in low, damp places in the woods. It has two oblong shining leaves, with a scape four or five inches high strung with sweet-scented, pink-purple flowers. I usually find it and the fringed polygola in bloom at the same time; the ladies'-slipper is a little later. The purple-fringed orchis, one of the most showy and striking of all our orchids, blooms in midsummer in swampy meadows and in marshy, grassy openings in the woods, shooting up a tapering column or cylinder of pink-purple-fringed flowers, that one may see at quite a distance, and the perfume of which is too rank for a close room. This flower is perhaps like the English fragrant orchis, found in pastures.

No fragrant flowers in the shape of weeds have come to us from the Old World, and this leads me to remark that plants with sweet-scented flowers are, for the most part, more intensely local, more fastidious and idiosyncratic than those without perfume. Our native thistle—the pasture thistle—has a marked fragrance, and it is much more shy and limited in its range than the common Old World thistle that grows everywhere. One little, sweet, white violet *(blanda)* grows only in wet places, and the Canada violet only in high, cool woods, while the common blue violet is much more general in its distribution. How fastidious and exclusive is the cypripedium! You will find it in one locality in the woods, usually on high, dry ground, and will look in vain for it elsewhere. It does not go in herds like the commoner plants, but affects privacy and solitude. When I come upon it in my walks, I seem to be intruding upon some very private and exclusive company. The large yellow cypripedium has a peculiar, heavy, oily odor.

In like manner one learns where to look for arbutus, for pipsissewa, for the early orchis; they have their particular haunts, and their surroundings are nearly always the same. The yellow pond-lily is found in every sluggish stream and pond, but *Nymphæa odorata* requires a nicer adjustment of conditions, and consequently is more re-

stricted in its range. If the mullein were fragrant, or the toad-flax, or the daisy, or blue weed *(Echium)*, or golden-rod, they would doubtless be far less troublesome to the agriculturist. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule I have here indicated, but it holds in most cases. Genius is a specialty; it does not grow in every soil; it skips the many and touches the few; and the gift of perfume to a flower is a special grace like genius or like beauty, and never becomes common or cheap.

"Do honey and fragrance always go together in the flowers?" Not uniformly. Of the list of fragrant wild flowers I have given, the only ones that the bees procure honey from, so far as I have observed, are arbutus, dicentra, sugar-maple, and linden. Flowers very rich in honey, as clover, apple-blossoms, buckwheat, and locust, are also fragrant. Non-fragrant flowers that yield honey are those of the raspberry, clematis, sumac, white oak, bugloss, ailanthus, golden-rod, aster, fleabane. A large number of odorless plants yield pollen to the bee. There is honey in the columbine, but the bees do not get it. I wonder they have not learned to pierce its spurs from the outside, as they do the dicentra. There ought to be honey in the honeysuckle, but if there is the hive-bees make no attempt to get it.

OSPREY AND EAGLE.

I WAS much interested the other morning in seeing the osprey dive for a fish in the river. He did not fall like a bolt from the clouds, but came down rather slowly feet foremost, and was completely submerged in the water. I think the divided waves re-united above him. Presently the tips of his wings emerged, then he recovered himself slowly and got up with his fish,—a gold-fish I should judge. It was not large, but the hawk made hard work with it. I watched him for a quarter of an hour, flying back and forth from one point to another, on each return getting a little higher, but taking a very easy grade. After eight or ten bouts he reached the highest land in the vicinity—a wooded ridge—when I expected him to alight; but he did not, and he was still on the wing when the steamer carried me out of his sight. Was he waiting for the fish to die? Perhaps he could not perch upon a tree and hold a kicking fish.

I wished for the bald eagle to suddenly appear upon the scene and complete the drama by swooping down upon the released fish in mid-air. The osprey, by reason of its lighter and trimmer build, and its longer and sharper wings, is better adapted to capturing a fish in the water than the eagle, yet it seems the eagle does not always make a cat's-paw of him, but is capable of performing some daring feats of this kind itself. When the Duke of Argyle was in this country he had the rare good fortune to see our eagle take a salmon from the swift current of the Cascapediac. The incident is so graphic and interesting that I will give it here, in the Duke's words:

"About a thousand yards below our encampment, the river disappeared around a sudden bend, with a very sharp current. The eagle appeared coming up stream around this bend, and flying slowly about thirty feet above the level of the water. Over the sharpest part of the current he hovered for a moment, and then dashed into the stream. With a good glass I saw him buried deeply into the water, holding his neck well above it. It was evident he had some difficulty in getting out of it again. A few heavy and laborious flaps of his immense and powerful wings lifted him at last, but with empty talons. Very tired, apparently, he flew to an adjacent bank of gravel, and sat there for some minutes to rest. But his countenance and attitude were that of restlessness, eagerness, and disappointment. He then rose and returned to exactly the same point in the air, and thence made a second plunge. It was beautiful to see his bearing in the stream, with the water breaking against his great brown chest, and his arched neck keeping his snowy head clear of its turbulence. This time the difficulty in emerging was much greater, for his talons were fast in a fine salmon. With a strong effort, however, his pinions again lifted him and his prey, which it seemed as much as he could do to carry, to the same bank of gravel, where the struggles of the fish were soon put an end to by the eagle's terrific clutches and his powerful beak."

It is a fact worth remembering that the female eagle is larger, stronger, and fiercer than the male, and it would be exceedingly interesting to know the sex of the bold bird above described. The care and support of the young among all birds devolves largely upon the female, but so far as I know, in no case except among the birds of prey is she the larger and stronger. Among insects, and again among fishes and reptiles, the female is the larger and more powerful, but among nearly all other creatures the male comes to the front, and leads in size and strength. Hence, when we see an especially large, fine eagle breasting the waves or the storm, or soaring into the empyrean, and as a matter of course, dignify it with the masculine gender, we are wrong; the noble bird belongs to the other sex.

A FAIR BARBARIAN.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Surly Tim and Other Stories," "Louisiana," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

PECULIAR TO NEVADA.

WHETHER or not Lucia was right in accusing Octavia Bassett of being clever, and thinking a great deal, is a riddle which those who are interested in her must unravel as they read; but whether the surmise was correct or incorrect, it seemed possible that she had thought a little after the interview. When Barold saw her next, he was struck by a slight but distinctly definable change he recognized in her dress and coiffure. Her pretty hair had a rather less "professional" appearance; he had the pleasure of observing, for the first time, how very white her forehead was, and how delicate the arch of her eyebrows; her dress had a novel air of simplicity, and the diamond rings were nowhere to be seen.

"She's better dressed than usual," he said to himself. "And she's always well dressed—rather too well dressed, fact is, for a place like this. This sort of thing is in better form, under the circumstances."

It was so much "better form," and he so far approved of it, that he quite thawed, and was very amiable and very entertaining indeed.

Octavia was entertaining, too. She asked several most interesting questions.

"Do you think," she inquired, "that it is bad taste to wear diamonds?"

"My mother wears them—occasionally."

"Have you any sisters?"

"No."

"Any cousins—as young as I am?"

"Ya-as."

"Do they wear them?"

"I must admit," he replied, "that they don't. In the first place, you know, they haven't any, and, in the second, I am under the impression that Lady Beauchamp—their mamma, you know—wouldn't permit it if they had."

"Wouldn't permit it!" said Octavia. "I suppose they always do as she tells them?"

He smiled a little.

"They would be very courageous young women if they didn't," he remarked.

"What would she do if they tried it?" she inquired. "She couldn't beat them."

"They will never try it," he answered, dryly. "And, though I have never seen her beat them, or heard their lamentations under chastisement, I should not like to say that Lady Beauchamp could not do anything. She is a very determined person—for a gentlewoman."

Octavia laughed.

"You are joking," she said.

"Lady Beauchamp is a serious subject for jokes," he responded. "My cousins think so, at least."

"I wonder if she is as bad as Lady Theobald," Octavia reflected aloud. "She says I have no right to wear diamonds at all, until I am married. But I don't mind Lady Theobald," she added, as a cheerful after-thought. "I am not fond enough of her to care about what she says."

"Are you fond of any one?" Barold inquired, speaking with a languid air, but, at the same time, glancing at her with some slight interest, from under his eyelids.

"Lucia says I am," she returned, with the calmness of a young person who wished to regard the matter from an unembarrassed point of view. "Lucia says I am affectionate."

"Ah!" deliberately. "Are you?"

She turned and looked at him, serenely.

"Should *you* think so?" she asked.

This was making such a personal matter of the question that he did not exactly enjoy it. It was certainly not "good form" to pull a man up in such cool style.

"Really," he replied, "I—ah—have had no opportunity of judging."

He had not the slightest intention of being amusing, but to his infinite disgust he discovered as soon as he spoke that she was amused. She laughed outright, and evidently only checked herself because he looked so furious. In consideration for his feelings she assumed an air of mild but preternatural seriousness.

"No," she remarked, "that is true—you haven't, of course."

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He was silent. He did not enjoy being amusing at all, and he made no pretense of appearing to submit to the indignity calmly.

She bent forward a little.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "you are mad again—I mean you are vexed. I am always vexing you."

There was a hint of appeal in her voice, which rather pleased him, but he had no intention of relenting at once.

"I confess I am at a loss to know why you laughed," he said.

"Are you," she asked, "really?"—letting her eyes rest upon him anxiously for a moment. Then she actually gave vent to a little sigh. "We look at things so differently, that's it," she said.

"I suppose it is," he responded, still chillingly.

In spite of this, she suddenly assumed a comparatively cheerful aspect. A happy thought occurred to her.

"Lucia would beg your pardon," she said. "I am learning good manners from Lucia. Suppose I beg your pardon."

"It is quite unnecessary," he replied.

"Lucia wouldn't think so," she said. "And why shouldn't I be as well behaved as Lucia? I beg your pardon."

He felt rather absurd, and yet somewhat mollified. She had a way of looking at him, sometimes, when she had been unpleasant, which rather soothed him. In fact, he had found of late, a little to his private annoyance, that it was very easy for her either to soothe or disturb him.

And now, just as Octavia had settled down into one of the prettiest and least difficult of her moods, there came a knock at the front door, which, being answered by Mary Anne, was found to announce the curate of St. James.

Enter, consequently, the Reverend Arthur Poppleton,—blushing, a trifle timorous, perhaps, but happy beyond measure to find himself in Miss Belinda's parlor again, with Miss Belinda's niece.

Perhaps the least possible shade of his joyousness died out when he caught sight of Mr. Francis Barold, and certainly Mr. Francis Barold was not at all delighted to see him.

"What does the fellow want?" that gentleman was saying, inwardly. "What does he come simpering and turning pink here for? Why doesn't he go and see some of his old women, and read tracts to them? That's *his* business."

Octavia's manner toward her visitor formed a fresh grievance for Barold. She treated the curate very well indeed. She seemed glad to see him, she was wholly at her ease with him, she made no trying remarks to him, she never stopped to fix her eyes upon him in that inexplicable style, and she did not laugh when there seemed nothing to laugh at. She was so gay and good-humored that the Reverend Arthur Poppleton beamed and flourished under her treatment, and forgot to change color, and even ventured to talk a good deal and make divers quite presentable little jokes.

"I should like to know," thought Barold, growing sulkier as the others grew merrier,—"I should like to know what she finds so interesting in him, and why she chooses to treat him better than she treats me—for she certainly does treat him better."

It was hardly fair, however, that he should complain; for, at times, he was treated extremely well: and his intimacy with Octavia progressed quite rapidly. Perhaps, if the truth were told, it was always himself who was the first means of checking it, by some suddenly prudent instinct which led him to feel that perhaps he was in rather a delicate position, and had better not indulge in too much of a good thing. He had not been an eligible and unimpeachably desirable *parti* for ten years without acquiring some of that discretion which is said to be the better part of valor. The matter-of-fact air with which Octavia accepted his attentions caused him to pull himself up sometimes. If he had been Brown, or Jones, or even Robinson, she could not have appeared to regard them as more entirely natural. When—he had gone so far, once or twice—he had deigned to make a more than usually agreeable speech to her, it was received with none of that charming sensitive tremor to which he was accustomed. Octavia neither blushed nor dropped her eyes.

It did not add to Barold's satisfaction to find her as cheerful and ready to be amused by a mild little curate, who blushed and stammered, and was neither brilliant, graceful, nor distinguished. Could not Octavia see the wide difference between the two?

Regarding the matter in this light, and watching Octavia as she encouraged her visitor, and laughed at his jokes, and never once tripped him up by asking him a startling question, did not, as already has been said, improve Mr. Francis Barold's temper, and by the time his visit was over, he had lapsed into his coldest and most haughty manner. As soon as Miss Belinda entered,

and engaged Mr. Poppleton for a moment, he rose and crossed the little room to Octavia's side.

"I must bid you good-afternoon," he said.

Octavia did not rise.

"Sit down a minute, while Aunt Belinda is talking about red flannel night-caps and lumbago," she said. "I wanted to ask you something. By the way, what *is* lumbago?"

"Is that what you wished to ask me?" he inquired, stiffly.

"No. I just thought of that. Have you ever had it, and what is it like? All the old people in Slowbridge have it, and they tell you all about it, when you go to see them. Aunt Belinda says so. What I wanted to ask you was different ——"

"Possibly Miss Bassett might be able to tell you," he remarked.

"About the lumbago? Well, perhaps she might. I'll ask her. Do you think it bad taste in *me* to wear diamonds?"

She said this with the most delightful seriousness, fixing her eyes upon him with her very prettiest look of candid appeal, as if it was the most natural thing in the world that she should apply to him for information. He felt himself faltering again. How white that bit of forehead was! How soft that blonde, waving fringe of hair! What a lovely shape her eyes were, and how large and clear, as she raised them!

"Why do you ask *me?*" he inquired.

"Because I think you are an unprejudiced person. Lady Theobald is not. I have confidence in you. Tell me."

There was a slight pause.

"Really," he said, after it, "I can scarcely believe that my opinion can be of any value in your eyes. I am—can only tell you that it is hardly customary in—an—in England for young people to wear a profusion of ornament."

"I wonder if I wear a profusion."

"You don't need any," he condescended. "You are too young, and—all that sort of thing."

She glanced down at her slim, unringed hands for a moment, her expression quite thoughtful.

"Lucia and I almost quarreled the other day," she said,—"at least, I almost quarreled. It isn't so nice to be told of things, after all. I must say I don't like it as much as I thought I should."

He kept his seat longer than he had intended, and when he rose to go, the Reverend Arthur Poppleton was shaking hands with Miss Belinda, and so it fell out that they left the house together.

"You know Miss Octavia Bassett well, I suppose," remarked Barold, with condescension, as they passed through the gate. "You clergymen are fortunate fellows."

"I wish that others knew her as well, sir," said the little gentleman, kindling. "I wish they knew her—her generosity and kindness of heart and ready sympathy with misfortune!"

"Ah!" commented Mr. Barold, twisting his mustache with somewhat of an incredulous air. This was not at all the sort of thing he had expected to hear. For his own part, it would not have occurred to him to suspect her of the possession of such desirable and orthodox qualities.

"There are those who—misunderstand her," cried the curate, warming with his subject, "who misunderstand, and—yes, and apply harsh terms to her innocent gayety and freedom of speech; if they knew her as I do, they would cease to do so."

"I should scarcely have thought ——" began Barold.

"There are many who scarcely think it—if you will pardon my interrupting you," said the curate. "I think they would scarcely believe it if I felt at liberty to tell them, which I regret to say I do not. I am almost breaking my word in saying what I cannot help saying to yourself. The poor under my care are better off since she came, and there are some who have seen her more than once, though she did not go as a teacher or to reprove them for faults, and her way of doing what she did was new to them, and perhaps much less serious than they were accustomed to, and they liked it all the better."

"Ah!" commented Barold, again. "Flannel under-garments, and—that sort of thing."

"No," with much spirit, "not at all, sir, but what, as I said, they liked much better. It is not often they meet a beautiful creature who comes among them with open hands, and the natural, ungrudging way of giving which she has. Sometimes they are at a loss to understand, as well as the rest. They have been used to what is narrower and more—more exacting."

"They have been used to Lady Theobald," observed Barold, with a faint smile.

"It would not become me to—to mention Lady Theobald in any disparaging manner," replied the curate, "but the best and most charitable among us do not always carry out our good intentions in the best way.

I dare say Lady Theobald would consider Miss Octavia Bassett too readily influenced, and too lavish."

"She is as generous with her money as with her diamonds, perhaps," said Barold. "Possibly the quality is peculiar to Nevada. We part here, Mr. Poppleton, I believe. Good-morning."

CHAPTER XXI.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

ONE morning in the following week, Mrs. Burnham attired herself in her second-best black silk, and, leaving the Misses Burnham practicing diligently, turned her steps toward Oldclough Hall. Arriving there, she was ushered into the blue drawing-room by Dobson, in his character of footman, and in a few minutes Lucia appeared.

When Mrs. Burnham saw her, she assumed a slight air of surprise.

"Why, my dear," she said, as she shook hands, "I should scarcely have known you."

And though this was something of an exaggeration, there was some excuse for the exclamation. Lucia was looking very charming, and several changes might be noted in her attire and appearance. The ugly twist had disappeared from her delicate head, and in its place were soft, loose waves and light puffs; she had even ventured on allowing a few ringed locks to stray on to her forehead; her white morning-dress no longer wore the trade-mark of Miss Chickie, but had been remodeled by some one of more taste.

"What a pretty gown, my dear!" said Mrs. Burnham, glancing at it curiously. "A Watteau plait down the back—isn't it a Watteau plait?—and little ruffles down the front, and pale pink bows. It is quite like some of Miss Octavia Bassett's dresses, only not so over-trimmed."

"I do not think Octavia's dresses would seem over-trimmed if she wore them in London or Paris," said Lucia, bravely. "It is only because we are so very quiet, and dress so little in Slowbridge, that they seem so."

"And your hair!" remarked Mrs. Burnham. "You drew your idea of that from some style of hers, I suppose. Very becoming, indeed. Well, well! And how does Lady Theobald like all this, my dear?"

"I am not sure that——" Lucia was beginning, when her ladyship interrupted her by entering.

"My dear Lady Theobald," cried her visitor, rising, "I hope you are well. I have just been complimenting Lucia upon her pretty dress and her new style of dressing her hair. Miss Octavia Bassett has been giving her the benefit of her experience, it appears. We have not been doing her justice. Who would have believed that she had come from Nevada to improve us?"

"Miss Octavia Bassett," said my lady, sonorously, "has come from Nevada to teach our young people a great many things—new fashions in duty, and demeanor, and respect for their elders. Let us hope they will be benefited."

"If you will excuse me, grandmamma," said Lucia, speaking in a soft, steady voice, "I will go and write the letters you wished written."

"Go," said my lady, with majesty, and, having bidden Mrs. Burnham good-morning, Lucia went.

If Mrs. Burnham had expected any explanation of her ladyship's evident displeasure, she was doomed to disappointment. That excellent and rigorous gentlewoman had a stern sense of dignity, which forbade her condescending to the confidential weakness of mere ordinary mortals. Instead of referring to Lucia, she broached a more commonplace topic.

"I hope your rheumatism does not threaten you again, Mrs. Burnham," she remarked.

"I am very well, thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Burnham, "so well, that I am thinking quite seriously of taking the dear girls to the garden-party, when it comes off."

"To the garden-party!" repeated her ladyship. "May I ask who thinks of giving a garden-party in Slowbridge?"

"It is no one in Slowbridge," replied this lady, cheerfully. "Some one who lives a little out of Slowbridge—Mr. Burmistone, my dear Lady Theobald, at his new place."

"Mr. Burmistone!"

"Yes, my dear, and a most charming affair it is to be, if we are to believe all we hear. Surely you have heard something of it from Mr. Barold."

"Mr. Barold has not been to Oldclough for several days."

"Then he will tell you when he comes, for I suppose he has as much to do with it as Mr. Burmistone."

"I have heard before," announced my lady, "of men of Mr. Burmistone's class securing the services of persons of established position in society when they wished to spend their money upon entertainments, but I should scarcely have imagined that Francis Barold would have allowed himself to be made a party to such a transaction."

"But," put in Mrs. Burnham, rather eagerly, "it appears that Mr. Burmistone is not such an obscure person, after all. He is an Oxford man, and came off with honors; he is quite a well-born man, and gives this entertainment in honor of his friend and relation, Lord Lansdowne."

"Lord Lansdowne!" echoed her ladyship, sternly.

"Son of the Marquis of Lauderdale, whose wife was Lady Honora Erroll."

"Did Mr. Burmistone give you this information?" asked Lady Theobald, with ironic calmness.

Mrs. Burnham colored never so faintly.

"I—that is to say—there is a sort of acquaintance between one of my maids and the butler at the Burmistone place, and when the girl was doing Lydia's hair, she told her the story. Lord Lansdowne and his father are quite fond of Mr. Burmistone, it is said."

"It seems rather singular to my mind that we should not have known of this before."

"But how should we learn? We none of us know Lord Lansdowne, or even the marquis. I think he is only a second or third cousin. We are a little—just a little—*set* in Slowbridge, you know, my dear—at least I have thought so, sometimes, lately."

"I must confess," remarked my lady, "that *I* have not regarded the matter in that light."

"That is because you have a better right to—to be a little set than the rest of us," was the amiable response.

Lady Theobald did not disclaim the privilege. She felt the sentiment an extremely correct one. But she was not very warm in her manner during the remainder of the call, and, incongruous as such a statement may appear, it must be confessed that she felt that Miss Octavia Bassett must have something to do with these defections on all sides, and that garden-parties, and all such swervings from established Slowbridge custom, were the natural result of Nevada frivolity and freedom of manners. It may be that she felt remotely that even Lord Lansdowne and the Marquis of Lauderdale were to be referred to the same reprehensible cause, and that, but for Octavia Bassett, Mr. Burmistone would not have been educated at Oxford and have come off with honors, and have turned out to be related to respectable people, but would have remained in appropriate obscurity.

"I suppose," she said, afterward, to Lucia, "that your friend Miss Octavia Bassett is in Mr. Burmistone's confidence, if no one else has been permitted to have that honor. I have no doubt *she* has known of this approaching entertainment for some weeks."

"I do not know, grandmamma," replied Lucia, putting her letters together, and gaining color as she bent over them. She was wondering, with inward trepidation, what her ladyship would say if she knew the whole truth—if she knew that it was her granddaughter, and not Octavia Bassett, who enjoyed Mr. Burmistone's confidence.

"Ah," she thought, "how could I ever dare to tell her?"

The same day, Francis Barold sauntered up to pay them a visit, and then, as Mrs. Burnham had prophesied, Lady Theobald heard all she wished to hear, and, indeed, a great deal more.

"What is this I am told of Mr. Burmistone, Francis?" she inquired. "That he intends to give a garden-party, and that Lord Lansdowne is to be one of the guests; and that he has caused it to be circulated that they are cousins."

"That Lansdowne has caused it to be circulated—or Burmistone?"

"It is scarcely likely that Lord Lansdowne ——"

"Beg pardon," he interrupted, fixing his single glass dexterously in his right eye, and gazing at her ladyship through it. "Can't see why Lansdowne should object. Fact is, he is a great deal fonder of Burmistone than relations usually are of each other. Now I often find that kind of thing a bore, but Lansdowne doesn't seem to. They were at school together, it seems, and at Oxford, too, and Burmistone is supposed to have behaved pretty well toward Lansdowne at one time, when he was rather a wild fellow—so the father and mother say. As to Burmistone 'causing it to be circulated,' that sort of thing is rather absurd. The man isn't a cad, you know."

"Pray don't say 'you know,' Francis," said her ladyship. "I know very little but what I have chanced to see, and I must confess I have not been prepossessed in Mr.

Burmistone's favor. Why did he not choose to inform us ——"

"That he was Lord Lansdowne's second-cousin, and knew the Marquis of Lauderdale, grandmamma?" broke in Lucia, with very pretty spirit. "Would that have prepossessed you in his favor? Would you have forgiven him for building the mills, on Lord Lansdowne's account? I—I wish I was related to a marquis," which was very bold indeed.

"May I ask," said her ladyship, in her most monumental manner, "when *you* became Mr. Burmistone's champion?"

CHAPTER XXII.

"YOU HAVE MADE IT LIVELIER."

WHEN she had become Mr. Burmistone's champion, indeed! She could scarcely have told when, unless, perhaps, she had fixed the date at the first time she had heard his name introduced at a high tea, with every politely opprobrious epithet affixed. She had defended him in her own mind then, and felt sure that he deserved very little that was said against him, and very likely nothing at all. And the first time she had seen and spoken to him, she had been convinced that she had not made a mistake, and that he had been treated with cruel injustice. How kind he was, how manly, how clever, and how well he bore himself under the popular adverse criticism! She only wondered that anybody could be so blind, and stupid, and willful as to assail him.

And if this had been the case in those early days, imagine what she felt now, when—ah, well!—when her friendship had had time and opportunity to become a much deeper sentiment. Must it be confessed that she had seen Mr. Burmistone even oftener than Octavia and Miss Belinda knew of? Of course it had all been quite accidental; but it had happened that now and then, when she had been taking a quiet walk in the lanes about Oldclough, she had encountered a gentleman, who had dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle, as he sauntered by her side. She had always been very timid at such times, and had felt rather like a criminal; but Mr. Burmistone had not been timid at all, and would, indeed, as soon have met Lady Theobald as not, for which courage his companion admired him more than ever. It was not very long before to be with this hero re-assured her, and made her feel stronger and more self-reliant. She was never afraid to open her soft little heart to him, and show him innocently all its goodness and ignorance of worldliness. She warmed and brightened under his kindly influence, and was often surprised in secret at her own simple readiness of wit and speech.

"It is odd that I am such a different girl when—when I am with you," she said to him, one day. "I even make little jokes. I never should think of making even the tiniest joke before grandmamma. Somehow, she never seems quite to understand jokes. She never laughs at them. You always laugh, and I am sure it is very kind of you to encourage me so; but you must not encourage me too much, or I might forget, and make a little joke at dinner, and I think, if I did, she would choke over her soup."

Perhaps, when she dressed her hair, and adorned herself with pale pink bows, and like appurtenances, this artful young person had privately in mind other beholders than Mrs. Burnham, and other commendation than that to be bestowed by that most excellent matron.

"Do you mind my telling you that you have put on an enchanted garment?" said Mr. Burmistone, the first time they met when she wore one of the old-new gowns. "I thought I knew before how ——"

"I don't mind at all," said Lucia, blushing brilliantly. "I rather like it. It rewards me for my industry. My hair is dressed in a new way. I hope you like that, too. Grandmamma does not."

It had been Lady Theobald's habit to treat Lucia severely from a sense of duty. Her manner toward her had always rather the tone of implying that she was naturally at fault, and yet her ladyship could not have told wherein she wished the girl changed. In the good old school in which my lady had been trained, it was customary to regard young people as weak, foolish, and, if left to their own desires, frequently sinful. Lucia had not been left to her own desires. She had been taught to view herself as rather a bad case, and to feel that she was far from being what her relatives had a right to expect. To be thrown with a person who did not find her silly, or dull, or commonplace, was a new experience.

"If I had been clever," Lucia said once

to Mr. Burmistone,—"if I had been clever, perhaps grandmamma would have been more satisfied with me. I have often wished I had been clever."

"If you had been a boy," replied Mr. Burmistone, rather grimly, "and had squandered her money, and run into debt, and bullied her, you would have been her idol, and she would have pinched and starved herself to supply your highness's extravagance."

When the garden-party rumor began to take definite form, and there was no doubt as to Mr. Burmistone's intentions, a discussion arose at once, and went on in every genteel parlor. Would Lady Theobald allow Lucia to go, and if she did not allow her, would not such a course appear very pointed indeed? It was universally decided that it would appear pointed, but that Lady Theobald would not mind that in the least, and perhaps would rather enjoy it than otherwise, and it was thought Lucia would not go. And it is very likely that Lucia would have remained at home, if it had not been for the influence of Mr. Francis Barold.

Making a call at Oldclough, he found his august relative in a very majestic mood, and she applied to him again for information.

"Perhaps," she said, "you may be able to tell me whether it is true that Belinda Bassett—*Belinda Bassett*," with emphasis, "has been invited by Mr. Burmistone to assist him to receive his guests."

"Yes, it is true," was the reply; "I think I advised it myself. Burmistone is fond of her. They are great friends. Man needs a woman at such times."

"And he chose Belinda Bassett?"

"In the first place, he is on friendly terms with her, as I said before," replied Barold; "in the second, she's just what he wants—well-bred, kind-hearted, not likely to make rows, et cætera." There was a slight pause before he finished, adding, quietly: "He's not the man to submit to being refused—Burmistone."

Lady Theobald did not reply, or raise her eyes from her work; she knew he was looking at her with calm fixedness, through the glass he held in its place so cleverly; and she detested this more than anything else; perhaps because she was invariably quelled by it, and found she had nothing to say.

He did not address her again, immediately, but turned to Lucia, dropping the eyeglass, and resuming his normal condition.

"You will go, of course?" he said.

Lucia glanced across at my lady.

"I—do not know. Grandmamma——"

"Oh!" interposed Barold, "you must go. There is no reason for your refusing the invitation—unless you wish to imply something unpleasant—which is, of course, out of the question."

"But there may be reasons——" began her ladyship.

"Burmistone is my friend," put in Barold, in his coolest tone. "And I am your relative, which would make my position in his house a delicate one, if he has offended you."

When Lucia saw Octavia again, she was able to tell her that they had received invitations to the *fête*, and that Lady Theobald had accepted them.

"She has not spoken a word to me about it, but she has accepted them," said Lucia. "I don't quite understand her lately, Octavia. She must be very fond of Francis Barold. He never gives way to her in the least, and she always seems to submit to him. I know she would not have let me go, if he had not insisted on it, in that taking-it-for-granted way of his."

Naturally, Mr. Burmistone's *fête* caused great excitement. Miss Chickie was never so busy in her life, and there were rumors that her feelings had been outraged by the discovery that Mrs. Burnham had sent to Harriford for costumes for her daughters.

"Slowbridge is changing, mem," said Miss Chickie, with brilliant sarcasm. "Our ladies is led in their fashions by a Nevada young person. We're improving most rapid—more rapid than I'd ever have dared to hope. Do you prefer a frill or a flounce, mem?"

Octavia was in great good spirits at the prospect of the gayeties in question. She had been in remarkably good spirits for some weeks. She had received letters from Nevada, containing good news, she said. Shares had gone up again, and her father had almost settled his affairs, and it would not be long before he would come to England. She looked so exhilarated over the matter, that Lucia felt a little aggrieved.

"Will you be so glad to leave us, Octavia?" she asked. "We shall not be so glad to let you go. We have grown very fond of you."

"I shall be sorry to leave you; and Aunt Belinda is going with us. You don't expect me to be very fond of Slowbridge, do you, and to be sorry I can't take Mrs. Burnham—and the rest?"

Barold was present when she made this speech, and it rather rankled.

"Am I one of 'the rest'?" he inquired, the first time he found himself alone with her. He was sufficiently piqued to forget his usual *hauteur* and discretion.

"Would you like to be?" she said.

"Oh! very much—very much—naturally," he replied, severely.

They were standing near a rose-bush, in the garden, and she plucked a rose, and regarded it with deep interest.

"Well," she said, next, "I must say I think I shouldn't have had such a good time if you hadn't been here. You have made it livelier."

"Tha-anks," he remarked. "You are most kind."

"Oh!" she answered, "it's true. If it wasn't, I shouldn't say it. You, and Mr. Burmistone, and Mr. Poppleton have certainly made it livelier."

He went home in such a bad humor that his host, who was rather happier than usual, commented upon his grave aspect at dinner.

"You look as if you had heard ill news, old fellow," he said. "What's up?"

"Oh, nothing!" he was answered, sardonically; "nothing whatever—unless that I have been rather snubbed by a young lady from Nevada."

"Ah!" with great seriousness; "that's rather cool, isn't it?"

"It's her little way," said Barold. "It seems to be one of the customs of Nevada."

In fact, he was very savage indeed. He felt that he had condescended a good deal lately. He seldom bestowed his time on women, and when he did so, at rare intervals, he chose those who would do the most honor to his taste at the least cost of trouble. And he was obliged to confess to himself that he had broken his rule in this case. Upon analyzing his motives and necessities, he found that, after all, he must have extended his visit simply because he chose to see more of this young woman from Nevada, and that really, upon the whole, he had borne a good deal from her. Sometimes he had been much pleased with her, and very well entertained; but often enough—in fact, rather too often—she had made him exceedingly uncomfortable. Her manners were not what he was accustomed to; she did not consider that all men were not to be regarded from the same point of view. Perhaps he did not put into definite words the noble and patriotic sentiment that an Englishman was not to be regarded from the same point of view as an American, and that though all this sort of thing might do with fellows in New York, it was scarcely what an Englishman would stand. Perhaps, as I say, he had not put this sentiment into words; but it is quite certain that it had been uppermost in his mind upon more occasions than one. As he thought their acquaintance over, this evening, he was rather severe upon Octavia. He even was roused so far as to condescend to talk her over with Burmistone.

"If she had been well brought up," he said, "she would have been a different creature."

"Very different, I have no doubt," said Burmistone, thoughtfully. "When you say well brought up, by the way, do you mean brought up like your cousin, Miss Gaston?"

"There is a medium," said Barold, loftily. "I regret to say Lady Theobald has not hit upon it."

"Well, as you say," commented Mr. Burmistone, "I suppose there is a medium."

"A charming wife she would make, for a man with a position to maintain," remarked Barold, with a short and somewhat savage laugh.

"Octavia Bassett?" queried Burmistone. "That's true. But I am afraid she wouldn't enjoy it—if you are supposing the man to be an Englishman, brought up in the regulation groove."

"Ah!" exclaimed Barold, impatiently, "I was not looking at it from her point of view, but from his."

Mr. Burmistone slipped his hands in his pockets and jingled his keys slightly, as he did once before in an earlier part of this narrative.

"Ah! from his," he repeated. "Not from hers. His point of view would differ from hers—naturally."

Barold flushed a little, and took his cigar from his mouth to knock off the ashes.

"A man is not necessarily a snob," he said, "because he is cool enough not to lose his head where a woman is concerned. You can't marry a woman who will make mistakes, and attract universal attention by her conduct."

"Has it struck you that Octavia Bassett would?" inquired Burmistone.

"She would do as she chose," said Barold, petulantly. "She would do things which were unusual—but I was not referring to her in particular. Why should I?"

"Ah!" said Burmistone. "I only thought of her because it did not strike me

that one would ever feel she had exactly blundered. She is not easily embarrassed. There is a *sang froid* about her which carries things off."

"Ah!" deigned Barold, "she has *sang froid* enough and to spare."

He was silent for some time afterward, and sat smoking later than usual. When he was about to leave the room for the night, he made an announcement for which his host was not altogether prepared.

"When the *fête* is over, my dear fellow," he said, "I must go back to London, and I shall be deucedly sorry to do it."

"Look here!" said Burmistone, "that's a new idea, isn't it?"

"No, an old one; but I have been putting the thing off from day to day. By Jove! I did not think it likely that I should put it off, the day I landed here."

And he laughed, rather uneasily.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"MAY I GO?"

THE very day after this, Octavia opened the fourth trunk. She had had it brought down from the garret, when there came a summons on the door, and Lucia Gaston appeared.

Lucia was very pale, and her large, soft eyes wore a decidedly frightened look. She seemed to have walked fast, and was out of breath. Evidently something had happened.

"Octavia," she said, "Mr. Dugald Binnie is at Oldclough."

"Who is he?"

"He is my grand-uncle," explained Lucia, tremulously. "He has a great deal of money. Grandmamma——" She stopped short, and colored, and drew her slight figure up. "I do not quite understand grandmamma, Octavia," she said. "Last night she came to my room to talk to me; and this morning she came again, and—oh!" she broke out indignantly, "how could she speak to me in such a manner!"

"What did she say?" inquired Octavia.

"She said a great many things," with great spirit. "It took her a long time to say them, and I do not wonder at it. It would have taken me a hundred years, if I had been in her place. I—I was wrong to say I did not understand her—I did—before she had finished."

"What did you understand?"

"She was afraid to tell me in plain words—I never saw her afraid before, but she was afraid. She has been arranging my future for me, and it does not occur to her that I dare object. That is because she knows I am a coward, and despises me for it—and it is what I deserve. If I make the marriage she chooses, she thinks Mr. Binnie will leave me his money. I am to run after a man who does not care for me, and make myself attractive, in the hope that he will condescend to marry me, because Mr. Binnie may leave me his money. Do you wonder that it took even Lady Theobald a long time to say that?"

"Well," remarked Octavia, "you wont do it, I suppose. I wouldn't worry. She wants you to marry Mr. Barold, I suppose."

Lucia started.

"How did you guess?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I always knew it. I didn't guess." And she smiled ever so faintly. "That is one of the reasons why she loathes me so," she added.

Lucia thought deeply for a moment; she recognized, all at once, several things she had been mystified by before.

"Oh, it is! It is!" she said. "And she has thought of it all the time, when I never suspected her."

Octavia smiled a little again. Lucia sat thinking, her hands clasped tightly.

"I am glad I came here," she said, at length. "I *am* angry now, and I see things more clearly. If she had only thought of it because Mr. Binnie came, I could have forgiven her more easily; but she has been making coarse plans all the time, and treating me with contempt. Octavia," she added, turning upon her, with flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, "I think that, for the first time in my life, I am in a passion—a real passion. I think I shall never be afraid of her any more." Her delicate nostrils were dilated, she held her head up, her breath came fast. There was a hint of exultation in her tone. "Yes," she said, "I am in a passion. And I am not afraid of her at all. I will go home and tell her what I think."

And it is quite probable that she would have done so, but for a trifling incident which occurred before she reached her ladyship.

She walked very fast, after she left the house. She wanted to reach Oldclough before one whit of her anger cooled down, though, somehow, she felt quite sure that, even when her anger died out, her courage would not take

flight with it. Mr. Dugald Binnie had not proved to be a very fascinating person. He was an acrid, dictatorial old man; he contradicted Lady Theobald flatly every five minutes, and bullied his man-servant; but it was not against him that Lucia's indignation was aroused. She felt that Lady Theobald was quite capable of suggesting to him that Francis Barold would be a good match for her, and if she had done so, it was scarcely his fault if he had accepted the idea. She understood now why she had been allowed to visit Octavia, and why divers other things had happened. She had been sent to walk with Francis Barold; he had been almost reproached when he had not called; perhaps her ladyship had been good enough to suggest to him that it was his duty to further her plans. She was as capable of that as of anything else which would assist her to gain her point. The girl's cheeks grew hotter and hotter, her eyes brighter at every step, because every step brought some new thought; her hands trembled, and her heart beat.

"I shall never be afraid of her again," she said, as she turned the corner into the road. "Never! never!"

And at that very moment a gentleman stepped out of the wood at her right, and stopped before her.

She started back, with a cry.

"Mr. Burmistone!" she said; "Mr. Burmistone!"

She wondered if he had heard her last words; she fancied he had. He took hold of her shaking little hand, and looked down at her excited face.

"I am glad I waited for you," he said, in the quietest possible tone. "Something is the matter."

She knew there would be no use in trying to conceal the truth, and she was not in the mood to make the effort. She scarcely knew herself.

She gave quite a fierce little laugh.

"I am angry!" she said. "You have never seen me angry before. I am on my way to my—to Lady Theobald."

He held her hand as calmly as before. He understood a great deal more than she could have imagined.

"What are you going to say to her?" he asked. She laughed again.

"I am going to ask her what she means. I am going to tell her she has made a mistake. I am going to prove to her that I am not such a coward, after all. I am going to tell her that I dare disobey her—*that* is what I am going to say to her," she concluded, decisively.

He held her hand rather closer.

"Let us take a stroll in the copse and talk it over," he said. "It is deliciously cool there."

"I don't want to be cool," she said. But he drew her gently with him, and a few steps took them into the shade of the young oaks and pines, and there he paused.

"She has made you very angry?" he said.

And then, almost before she knew what she was doing, she was pouring forth the whole of her story—even more of it than she had told Octavia. She had not at all intended to do it, but she did it, nevertheless.

"I am to marry Mr. Francis Barold, if he will take me," she said, with a bitter little smile,—"Mr. Francis Barold, who is so much in love with me—as you know. His mother approves of the match, and sent him here to make love to me—which he has done, as you have seen. I have no money of my own, but if I make a marriage which pleases him, Dugald Binnie will probably leave me his—which it is thought will be an inducement to my cousin—who needs one. If I marry him, or rather he marries me, Lady Theobald thinks Mr. Binnie will be pleased. It does not even matter whether Francis is pleased or not—and, of course, I am out of the question—but it is hoped that it will please Mr. Binnie. The two ladies have talked it over, and decided the matter. I dare say they have offered me to Francis, who has very likely refused me, though perhaps he may be persuaded to relent in time—if I am very humble, and he is shown the advantage of having Mr. Binnie's money added to his own—but I have no doubt I shall have to be very humble indeed. That is what I learned from Lady Theobald, last night, and it is what I am going to talk to her about. Is it enough to make one angry, do you think—is it enough?"

He did not tell her whether he thought it enough or not. He looked at her with steady eyes.

"Lucia," he said, "I wish you would let *me* go and talk to Lady Theobald."

"You?" she said, with a little start.

"Yes," he answered. "Let me go to her. Let me tell her that, instead of marrying Francis Barold, you will marry *me*. If you will say yes to that, I think I can promise that you need never be afraid of her any more."

The fierce color died out of her cheeks, and the tears rushed to her eyes. She raised her face with a pathetic look.

"Oh," she whispered, "you must be very sorry for me. I think you have been sorry for me from the first."

"I am desperately in love with you," he answered, in his quietest way. "I have been desperately in love with you from the first. May I go?"

She looked at him, for a moment, incredulously. Then she faltered:

"Yes."

She still looked up at him, and then, in spite of her happiness, or perhaps because of it, she suddenly began to cry softly, and forgot she had been angry at all, as he took her into his strong, kind arms.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GARDEN-PARTY.

THE morning of the garden-party arose bright and clear, and Slowbridge awakened in a great state of excitement. Miss Chickie, having worked until midnight that all her orders might be completed, was so overpowered by her labors as to have to take her tea and toast in bed.

At Oldclough, varied sentiments prevailed. Lady Theobald's manner was chiefly distinguished by an implacable rigidity. She had chosen, as an appropriate festal costume, a funereal-black *moire antique*, enlivened by massive fringes and ornaments of jet—her jewelry being chains and manacles of the latter, which rattled as she moved, with a sound somewhat suggestive of bones.

Mr. Dugald Binnie, who had received an invitation, had as yet amiably forborne to say whether he would accept it or not. He had been out when Mr. Burmistone called, and had not seen him.

When Lady Theobald descended to breakfast, she found him growling over his newspaper, and he glanced up at her with a polite scowl.

"Going to a funeral?" he demanded.

"I accompany my granddaughter to this—this entertainment," her ladyship responded. "It is scarcely a joyous occasion, to my mind."

"No need to dress yourself like that, if it isn't," ejaculated Mr. Binnie. "Why don't you stay at home, if you don't want to go? Man's all right, isn't he? Once knew a man of the name of Burmistone, myself. One of the few decent fellows I've met. If I was sure this was the same man, I'd go myself. When I find a fellow who's neither knave nor fool, I stick to him. Believe I'll send to find out. Where's Lucia?"

What his opinion of Lucia was, it was difficult to discover. He had an agreeable habit of staring at her over the top of his paper, and over his dinner. The only time he had made any comment upon her, was the first time he saw her in the dress she had copied from Octavia's.

"Nice gown that," he blurted out. "Didn't get it here, I'll wager."

"It is an old dress I remodeled," answered Lucia, somewhat alarmed. "I made it myself."

"Doesn't look like it," he said, gruffly.

Lucia had touched up another dress, and was very happy in the prospect of wearing it at the garden-party.

"Don't call on grandmamma until after Wednesday," she had said to Mr. Burmistone. "Perhaps she wouldn't let me go. She will be very angry, I am sure."

"And you are not afraid?"

"No," she answered. "I am not afraid at all. I shall not be afraid again."

In fact, she had perfectly confounded her ladyship by her demeanor. She bore her fiercest glance without quailing in the least, or making any effort to evade it; under her most scathing comments she was composed and unmoved. On the first occasion of my lady's referring to her plans for her future, she received a blow which fairly stunned her. The girl rose from her chair, and looked her straight in the face, unflinchingly, and with a suggestion of *hauteur* not easy to confront.

"I beg you will not speak to me of that again," she said. "I will not listen." And turning about, she walked out of the room.

"This," her ladyship had said, in sepulchral tones, when she recovered her breath, —"this is one of the results of Miss Octavia Bassett." And nothing more had been said on the subject since.

No one in Slowbridge was in more brilliant spirits than Octavia herself, on the morning of the *fête*. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was startled by the arrival of another telegram, which ran as follows:

"Arrived to-day, per *Russia*. Be with you to-morrow evening. Friend with me.

"MARTIN BASSETT."

On reading this communication, Miss Belinda burst into floods of delighted tears.

"Dear, dear Martin!" she wept. "To think that we should meet again! *Why* didn't he let us know he was on the way? I should have been so anxious that I should not have slept at all."

"Well," remarked Octavia, "I suppose that would have been an advantage."

Suddenly, she approached Miss Belinda, kissed her, and disappeared out of the room, as if by magic, not returning for a quarter of an hour, looking rather soft, and moist, and brilliant about the eyes, when she did return.

Octavia was a marked figure upon the grounds at that garden-party.

"Another dress, my dear," remarked Mrs. Burnham. "And what a charming color she has, I declare! She is usually paler. Perhaps we owe this to Lord Lansdowne."

"Her dress is becoming, at all events," privately remarked Miss Lydia Burnham, whose tastes had not been consulted about her own.

"It is she who is becoming," said her sister. "It is not the dress so much, though her clothes always have a *look*, some way. She's prettier than ever to-day, and is enjoying herself."

She was enjoying herself. Mr. Francis Barold observed it rather gloomily as he stood apart. She was enjoying herself so much that she did not seem to notice that he had avoided her, instead of going up to claim her attention. Half a dozen men were standing about her and making themselves agreeable; and she was apparently quite equal to the emergencies of the occasion. The young men from Broadoaks had at once attached themselves to her train.

"I say, Barold," they had said to him, "why didn't you tell us about this? Jolly good fellow you are, to come mooning here for a couple of months and keep it all to yourself."

And then had come Lord Lansdowne, who, in crossing the lawn to shake hands with his host, had been observed to keep his eye fixed upon one particular point.

"Burmistone," he said, after having spoken his first words, "who is that tall girl in white?"

And in ten minutes, Lady Theobald, Mrs. Burnham, Mr. Barold, and divers others too numerous to mention, saw him standing at Octavia's side, evidently with no intention of leaving it.

Not long after this, Francis Barold found his way to Miss Belinda, who was very busy and rather nervous.

"Your niece is evidently enjoying herself," he remarked.

"Octavia is most happy to-day," answered Miss Belinda. "Her father will reach Slowbridge this evening. She has been looking forward to his coming with great anxiety."

"Ah!" commented Barold.

"Very few people understand Octavia," said Miss Belinda. "I'm not sure that I follow all her moods myself. She is more affectionate than people fancy. She—she has very pretty ways. I am very fond of her. She is not as frivolous as she appears to those who don't know her well."

Barold stood gnawing his mustache and made no reply. He was not very comfortable. He felt himself ill-used by Fate, and rather wished he had returned to London from Broadoaks, instead of loitering in Slowbridge. He had amused himself at first, but in time he had been surprised to find his amusement lose something of its zest. He glowered across the lawn at the group under a certain beech-tree, and as he did so, Octavia turned her face a little and saw him. She stood waving her fan slowly and smiling at him in a calm way, which reminded him very much of the time he had first caught sight of her at Lady Theobald's high tea.

He condescended to saunter over the grass to where she stood. Once there, he proceeded to make himself as disagreeable as possible, in a silent and lofty way. He felt it only due to himself that he should. He did not approve at all of the manner in which Lansdowne kept by her.

"It's deucedly bad form on his part," he said, mentally. "What does he mean by it?"

Octavia, on the contrary, did not ask what he meant by it. She chose to seem rather well entertained, and did not notice that she was being frowned down. There was no reason why she should not find Lord Lansdowne entertaining: he was an agreeable young fellow, with an inexhaustible fund of good spirits, and no nonsense about him. He was fond of all pleasant novelty, and Octavia was a pleasant novelty. He had been thinking of paying a visit to America, and he asked innumerable questions concerning that country, all of which Octavia answered.

"I know half a dozen fellows who have been there," he said. "And they all enjoyed it tremendously."

"If you go to Nevada, you must visit the mines at Bloody Gulch," she said.

"Where?" he ejaculated. "I say, what a name! Don't deride my youth and ignorance, Miss Bassett."

"You can call it L'Argentville if you would rather," she replied.

"I would rather try the other, thank you," he laughed. "It has a more hilarious sound. Will they despise me at Bloody Gulch, Miss Bassett? I never killed a man in my life."

Barold turned and walked away, angry, and more melancholy than he could have believed.

"It is time I went back to London," he chose to put it. "The place begins to be deucedly dull."

"Mr. Francis Barold seems rather out of spirits," said Mrs. Burnham to Lady Theobald. "Lord Lansdowne interferes with his pleasure."

"I had not observed it," answered her ladyship. "And it is scarcely likely that Mr. Francis Barold would permit his pleasure to be interfered with, even by the son of the Marquis of Lauderdale."

But she glared at Barold, as he passed, and beckoned to him.

"Where is Lucia?" she demanded.

"I saw her with Burmistone, half an hour ago," he answered, coldly. "Have you any message for my mother? I shall return to London to-morrow—leaving here early."

She turned quite pale. She had not counted upon this at all, and it was extremely inopportune.

"What has happened?" she asked, rigidly.

He looked slightly surprised.

"Nothing whatever," he replied. "I have remained here longer than I intended."

She began to move the manacles on her right wrist. He made not the smallest profession of reluctance to go. She said, at last:

"If you will find Lucia, you will oblige me."

She was almost uncivil to Miss Pilcher, who chanced to join her after he was gone. She had not the slightest intention of allowing her plans to be frustrated, and was only roused to fresh obstinacy by encountering indifference on one side and rebellion on the other. She had not brought Lucia up under her own eye for nothing. She had been disturbed of late, but by no means considered herself baffled. With the assistance of Mr. Dugald Binnie, she could certainly subdue Lucia, though Mr. Dugald Binnie had been of no great help, so far. She would do her duty unflinchingly. In fact, she chose to persuade herself that, if Lucia was brought to a proper frame of mind, there could be no real trouble with Francis Barold.

CHAPTER XXV.

"SOMEBODY ELSE."

But Barold did not make any very ardent search for Lucia. He stopped to watch a game of lawn-tennis, in which Octavia and Lord Lansdowne had joined, and finally forgot Lady Theobald's errand altogether.

For some time, Octavia did not see him. She was playing with great spirit, and Lord Lansdowne was following her delightedly.

Finally, a chance of the game bringing her to him, she turned suddenly and found Barold's eyes fixed upon her.

"How long have you been there?" she asked.

"Some time," he answered. "When you are at liberty, I wish to speak to you."

"Do you?" she said.

She seemed a little unprepared for the repressed energy of his manner, which he strove to cover by a greater amount of coldness than usual.

"Well," she said, after thinking a moment, "the game will soon be ended. I am going through the conservatories with Lord Lansdowne, in course of time; but I dare say he can wait."

She went back, and finished her game, apparently enjoying it as much as ever. When it was over, Barold made his way to her.

He had resented her remaining oblivious of his presence when he stood near her, and he had resented her enjoyment of her surroundings, and now, as he led her away, leaving Lord Lansdowne rather disconsolate, he resented the fact that she did not seem nervous, or at all impressed by his silence.

"What do you want to say to me?" she asked. "Let us go and sit down in one of the arbors. I believe I am a little tired—not that I mind it, though. I've been having a lovely time."

Then she began to talk about Lord Lansdowne.

"I like him ever so much," she said. "Do you think he will really go to America?

I wish he would—but if he does, I hope it wont be for a year or so—I mean, until we go back from Europe. Still, it's rather uncertain when we *shall* go back. Did I tell you I had persuaded Aunt Belinda to travel with us? She's horribly frightened, but I mean to make her go. She'll get over being frightened after a little while."

Suddenly, she turned and looked at him.

"Why don't you say something?" she demanded. "What's the matter?"

"It is not necessary for me to say anything."

She laughed.

"Do you mean because I am saying everything myself? Well, I suppose I am. I am—awfully happy to-day, and can't help talking. It seems to make the time go."

Her face had lighted up curiously. There was a delighted excitement in her eyes, puzzling him.

"Are you so fond of your father as all that?"

She laughed again—a clear, exultant laugh.

"Yes," she answered, "of course I am as fond of him as all that. It's quite natural, isn't it?"

"I haven't observed the same degree of enthusiasm in all the young ladies of my acquaintance," he returned, dryly.

He thought such rapture disproportionate to the cause, and regarded it grudgingly.

They turned into an arbor, and Octavia sat down and leaned forward on the rustic table. Then she turned her face up to look at the vines covering the roof.

"It looks rather spidery, doesn't it?" she remarked. "I hope it isn't; don't you?"

The light fell bewitchingly on her round little chin and white throat; and a bar of sunlight struck on her upturned eyes, and the blonde rings on her forehead.

"There is nothing I hate more than spiders," she said, with a little shiver, "unless," seriously, "it's caterpillars—and caterpillars I loathe!"

Then she lowered her gaze, and gave her hat—a large, white Rubens, all soft, curling feathers and satin bows—a charming tip over her eyes.

"The brim is broad," she said. "If anything drops, I hope it will drop on it, instead of on me. Now, what did you want to say?"

He had not sat down, but stood leaning against the rustic wood-work. He looked pale, and was evidently trying to be cooler than usual.

"I brought you here to ask you a question."

"Well," she remarked, "I hope it's an important one. You look serious enough."

"It is important—rather," he responded, with a tone of sarcasm. "You will probably go away soon?"

"That isn't exactly a question," she commented. "And it's not as important to you as to me."

He paused a moment, annoyed because he found it difficult to go on; annoyed because she waited with such undisturbed serenity. But at length he managed to begin again.

"I do not think you are expecting the question I am going to ask," he said. "I—do not think I expected to ask it myself—until to-day. I do not know why—why I should ask it so awkwardly, and feel—at such a disadvantage. I brought you here to ask you—to marry me."

He had scarcely spoken four words before all her airy manner had taken flight, and she had settled herself down to listen. He had noticed this, and had felt it quite natural. When he stopped, she was looking straight into his face. Her eyes were singularly large, and bright, and clear.

"You did not expect to ask me to marry you," she said. "Why didn't you?"

It was not at all what he had expected. He did not understand her manner at all.

"I—must confess," he said, stiffly, "that I felt at first that there were—obstacles in the way of my doing so."

"What were the obstacles?"

He flushed, and drew himself up.

"I have been unfortunate in my mode of expressing myself," he said. "I told you I was conscious of my own awkwardness."

"Yes," she said, quietly, "you have been unfortunate. That is a good way of putting it."

Then she let her eyes rest on the table a few seconds, and thought a little.

"After all," she said, "I have the consolation of knowing that you must have been very much in love with me. If you had not been very much in love with me, you would never have asked me to marry you. You would have considered the obstacles."

"I am very much in love with you," he said, vehemently, his feelings getting the better of his pride, for once. "However badly I may have expressed myself, I am very much in love with you. I have been wretched for days."

"Was it because you felt obliged to ask me to marry you?" she inquired.

The delicate touch of spirit in her tone and words fired him to fresh admiration, strange to say. It suggested to him possibilities he had not suspected hitherto. He drew nearer to her.

"Don't be too severe on me," he said—quite humbly, considering all things.

And he stretched out his hand, as if to take hers.

But she drew it back, smiling ever so faintly.

"Do you think I don't know what the obstacles are?" she said. "I will tell you."

"My affection was strong enough to sweep them away," he said, "or I should not be here."

She smiled slightly again.

"I know all about them, as well as you do," she said. "I rather laughed at them, at first, but I don't now. I suppose I'm 'impressed by their seriousness,' as Aunt Belinda says. I suppose they *are* pretty serious—to you."

"Nothing would be so serious to me as that you should let them interfere with my happiness," he answered, thrown back upon himself, and bewildered by her logical manner. "Let us forget them. I was a fool to speak as I did. Wont you answer my question?"

She paused a second, and then answered:

"You didn't expect to ask me to marry you," she said. "And I didn't expect you to ——"

"But now ——" he broke in, impatiently.

"Now—I wish you hadn't done it."

"You wish ——"

"You don't want *me*," she said. "You want somebody meeker—somebody who would respect you very much, and obey you. I'm not used to obeying people."

"Do you mean also that you would not respect me?" he inquired, bitterly.

"Oh," she replied, "you haven't respected me much!"

"Excuse me ——" he began, in his loftiest manner.

"You didn't respect me enough to think me worth marrying," she said. "I was not the kind of girl you would have chosen of your own will."

"You are treating me unfairly!" he cried.

"You were going to give me a great deal, I suppose—looking at it in your way," she went on; "but if I *wasn't* exactly what you wanted, I had something to give, too. I'm young enough to have a good many years to live, and I should have to live them with you, if I married you. That's something, you know."

He rose from his seat, pale with wrath and wounded feeling.

"Does this mean that you refuse me," he demanded,—"that your answer is no?"

She rose, too—not exultant, not confused, neither pale nor flushed. He had never seen her prettier, more charming, or more natural.

"It would have been 'no,' even if there hadn't been any obstacle," she answered.

"Then," he said, "I need say no more. I see that I have—humiliated myself in vain, and it is rather bitter, I must confess."

"It wasn't my fault," she remarked.

He stepped back, with a haughty wave of the hand, signifying that she should pass out of the arbor before him.

She did so, but just as she reached the entrance, she turned, and stood for a second, framed in by the swinging vines and their blossoms.

"There's another reason why it should be 'no,'" she said. "I suppose I may as well tell you of it. I'm engaged to somebody else."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"JACK."

THE first person they saw, when they reached the lawn, was Mr. Dugald Binnie, who had deigned to present himself, and was talking to Mr. Burmistone, Lucia, and Miss Belinda.

"I'll go to them," said Octavia. "Aunt Belinda will wonder where I have been."

But, before they reached the group, they were intercepted by Lord Lansdowne; and Barold had the pleasure of surrendering his charge, and watching her, with some rather sharp pangs, as she was borne off to the conservatories.

"What is the matter with Mr. Barold?" exclaimed Miss Pilcher. "Pray, look at him."

"He has been talking to Miss Octavia Bassett, in one of the arbors," put in Miss Lydia Burnham. "Emily and I passed them a few minutes ago, and they were so absorbed that they did not see us. There is no knowing what has happened."

"Lydia!" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham, in stern reproof of such flippancy.

But, the next moment, she exchanged a glance with Miss Pilcher.

"Do you think ——" she suggested. "Is it possible ——"

"It really looks very like it," said Miss Pilcher; "though it is scarcely to be credited. See how pale and angry he looks."

Mrs. Burnham glanced toward him, and then a slight smile illuminated her countenance.

"How furious," she remarked, cheerfully, "how furious Lady Theobald will be."

Naturally, it was not very long before the attention of numerous other ladies was directed to Mr. Francis Barold. It was observed that he took no share in the festivities, that he did not regain his natural air of enviable indifference to his surroundings —that he did not approach Octavia Bassett until all was over and she was on the point of going home. What he said to her then, no one heard:

"I am going to London to-morrow. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she answered, holding out her hand to him. Then she added, quickly, in an under-tone: "You oughtn't to think badly of me. You wont, after a while."

As they drove homeward, she was rather silent, and Miss Belinda remarked it.

"I am afraid you are tired, Octavia," she said. "It is a pity that Martin should come, and find you tired."

"Oh, I'm not tired. I was only—thinking. It has been a queer day!"

"A queer day, my dear!" ejaculated Miss Belinda. "I thought it a charming day."

"So it has been," said Octavia—which Miss Belinda thought rather inconsistent.

Both of them grew rather restless as they neared the house.

"To think," said Miss Belinda, "of my seeing poor Martin again."

"Suppose," said Octavia, nervously, as they drew up, "suppose they are here—already!"

"They!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "Who ——"

But she got no further. A cry burst from Octavia—a queer, soft little cry.

"They are here!" she said; "they are! Jack—Jack!"

And she was out of the carriage, and Miss Belinda, following her closely, was horrified to see her caught at once in the embrace of a tall, bronzed young man, who, a moment after, drew her into the little parlor, and shut the door.

Mr. Martin Bassett, who was big, and sunburned, and prosperous-looking, stood in the passage, smiling triumphantly.

"M—M—Martin!" gasped Miss Belinda. "What—oh, what does this mean?"

Martin Bassett led her to a seat, and smiled more triumphantly still.

"Never mind, Belinda," he said. "Don't be frightened. It's Jack Belasys, and he's the finest fellow in the West. And she hasn't seen him for two years."

"Martin," Miss Belinda fluttered, "it is not proper—it really isn't."

"Yes, it is," answered Mr. Bassett; "for he's going to marry her, before we go abroad."

It was an eventful day for all parties concerned. At its close, Lady Theobald found herself in an utterly bewildered and thunderstruck condition. And to Mr. Dugald Binnie, more than to any one else, her demoralization was due. That gentleman got into the carriage, in rather a better humor than usual.

"Same man I used to know," he remarked. "Glad to see him. I knew him as soon as I set eyes on him."

"Do you allude to Mr. Burmistone?"

"Yes. Had a long talk with him. He's coming to see you, to-morrow. Told him he might come myself. Appears he's taken a fancy to Lucia. Wants to talk it over. Suits me exactly, and suppose it suits her. Looks as if it does. Glad she hasn't taken a fancy to some haw-haw fellow, like that fool, Barold. Girls generally do. Burmistone's worth ten of him."

Lucia, who had been looking steadily out of the carriage-window, turned, with an amazed expression. Lady Theobald had received a shock which made all her manacles rattle. She could scarcely support herself under it.

"Do I ——" she said. "Am I to understand that Mr. Francis Barold does not meet with your approval?"

Mr. Binnie struck his stick sharply upon the floor of the carriage.

"Yes, by George!" he said. "I'll have nothing to do with chaps like that. If she'd taken up with him, she'd never have heard from *me* again. Make sure of that."

When they reached Oldclough, her ladyship followed Lucia to her room. She stood before her, arranging the manacles on her wrists, nervously.

"I begin to understand now," she said. "I find I was mistaken in my impressions of Mr. Dugald Binnie's tastes—and in my impressions of *you*. You are to marry Mr. Burmistone. My rule is over. Permit me to congratulate you."

The tears rose to Lucia's eyes.

"Grandmamma," she said, her voice soft and broken, "I think I should have been more frank, if—if you had been kinder, sometimes."

"I have done my duty by you," said my lady.

Lucia looked at her, pathetically.

"I have been ashamed to keep things from you," she hesitated. "And I have often told myself that—that it was sly to do it—but I could not help it."

"I trust," said my lady, "that you will be more candid with Mr. Burmistone."

Lucia blushed guiltily.

"I—think I shall, grandmamma," she said.

It was the Rev. Alfred Poppleton who assisted the rector of St. James to marry Jack Belasys and Octavia Bassett; and it was observed that he was almost as pale as his surplice.

Slowbridge had never seen such a wedding, or such a bride as Octavia. It was even admitted that Jack Belasys was a singularly handsome fellow, and had a dashing, adventurous air, which carried all before it. There was a rumor that he owned silver mines himself, and had even done something in diamonds, in Brazil, where he had spent the last two years. At all events, it was ascertained beyond doubt that, being at last a married woman, and entitled to splendors of the kind, Octavia would not lack them. Her present to Lucia, who was one of her bridesmaids, dazzled all beholders.

When she was borne away by the train, with her father, and husband, and Miss Belinda, whose bonnet-strings were bedewed with tears, the Rev. Alfred Poppleton was the last man who shook hands with her. He held in his hand a large bouquet, which Octavia herself had given him out of her abundance. "Slowbridge will miss you, Miss—Mrs. Belasys," he faltered. "I—I shall miss you. Perhaps, we—may even meet again. I have thought that, perhaps, I should like to go to America."

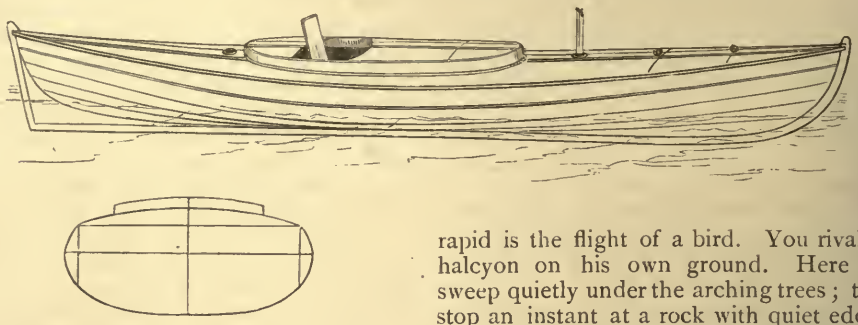
And as the train puffed out of the station and disappeared, he stood motionless for several seconds; and a large and brilliant drop of moisture appeared on the calyx of the lily which formed the center-piece of his bouquet.

THE END.

RUNNING THE RAPIDS OF THE UPPER HUDSON.

THE CAMP AT NIGHT.

HAVE you ever run a rapid? Have you ever rushed through a wilderness on a torrent? Perhaps you have made a trip through some river of Maine, where you sat in a light birch canoe while two Indians steered you through the foam and waves. You have not forgotten the rush, the roar, the daring. But what was your part in that glorious time? Your rôle resembled that of the blankets. The taciturn savage guided you with the certainty of fate; he took you within touch of the most manly adventures, and brought you back to the pursuit of humdrums. Meanwhile you sat through them all, perfectly safe, perfectly idle, perfectly worthless. And now, having flown with his wings, you crow over your achievement. This is not exactly the exploit to fill a man with the utmost joy and pride. I mean, by shooting a rapid, to take your life and your boat into your own hands, and run a swift, crooked, rocky stream unknown to you. This will make your spirit bound higher than the flight of a bird. Every minute is a climax. It stops your breath in the chill of approaching death; it fires your



OUTLINE AND CROSS-SECTION OF THE SHADOW CANOE.

blood in the heat of frantic toil; and it stirs your heart with the frenzy of triumph,—and still more deeply with gratitude for self-preservation.

To shoot a rapid is to live a new life. For then both mind and body are roused to their utmost activity. Imagine yourself rushing down an unknown stream filled with large rocks that break a swift, crooked, strong current. Each instant brings you to circumstances entirely unforeseen; your decisions must be made instantaneously; and your execution must be fearless in the most fearful dangers, and skillful in the most surprising difficulties. The choice of your course demands an accurate judgment of various elements. You must read the signs of hidden rocks in waters both slow and swift, both deep and shallow. You must judge the depth of water at different rates of motion over different kinds of beds. You must foresee the probable direction of currents beyond your situation. You must estimate the speed of the current and the chances for stemming it while you work across the stream to a passable channel. You must also reckon the chances of shooting down diagonally across the current before it dash you on the rocks bordering your channel. And these problems, as well as many others, come to you with almost the quickness of thought. Then, after your choice is duly made it is often impossible to execute it; for the currents you have just descended may have placed you too far to the right or the left. Moreover, the immediate course must be chosen with regard not only to the immediate dangers, but to those also that follow. The actions of guiding the canoe are simple in themselves—a stroke or a back-stroke right or left. But intensity of purpose lends your body its greatest energy, and makes every stroke the ultimate of physical activity. Shooting a rapid is the flight of a bird. You rival the halcyon on his own ground. Here you sweep quietly under the arching trees; there stop an instant at a rock with quiet eddies; then start off again on the swift shoot; dart here and there as in an aimless flight; course it straight down stream; then fly to the fall, and, with a quiver, plunge under foaming waves. Then, as you rise like the halcyon from his bath, be not surprised if your spirit exult in such triumphs of the wing, and sing shrill songs of victory. Moreover, still deeper feeling stirs the mind. The old comparison of life to a stream takes new force on a rapid. You feel at once the irresistible march of events toward an unknown future. You feel as a double being, half a subject of fate and half an agent of your own salvation. Your course of conduct has that absorbing interest felt in common life only at eventful moments. For every act, if good, is a means of self-preservation; if bad, a means of immediate self-destruction. Cause and effect come together, almost without the intervention of time. Your excitement is intense, your glee is painfully keen, yet a graver mood comes now and then with the solemn undertone of death ringing in your ears. So you rush through this epitome of life, filled with pleasures and perils; and at its close, in a quiet pool, memories of the passage fill the mind with joy and gratitude.

My adorable companion in such trips deserves more than the record of her name. The *Allegro* is a canoe of the *Shadow* model built by Everson. This design possesses such undeniable advantages over those of previous invention, that it makes canoeing much more safe, agreeable, and easy. It thus promises to extend the sport among many who heretofore have hesitated to attempt it. The *Shadow* has the same general dimensions as those of the *Nautilus*, viz., fourteen feet in length, and twenty-eight inches beam on deck; but she has some important changes in the details of the model and of the interior arrangements. The top streaks "tumble home" nearly two inches, as may be seen by the figure of her cross-section. Her beam on

her bearings is therefore about thirty-two inches; and her floor is quite flat, and runs well forward and aft. These changes give her greater stiffness and buoyancy, and make her draw but little water. Her sheer is but seven inches, yet this is found to be quite sufficient, and her stem and stern-posts are cut away somewhat; she thus escapes much of the tiresome opposition of a head wind, and turns more readily under the paddle. I have altered the *Shadow* somewhat to fit her still better for running rapids. Her flat floor is excellent in giving her stiffness, and keeping her well up on top of the water. I cut away her stern-post to make it

A WARNING.

rise as the stem does, and I reduced her keel to a half inch; this saves her from being caught by cross-currents, and enables her to turn quickly. A canoe for the rapids and also for general cruising should have a "flat keel," with a deep adjustable keel—made in three pieces for stowing below—to be put on when cruising in ordinary waters. The bow should flare off aloft much more than that of the original *Shadow*, to save her from diving under too much when meeting the curling swells at the foot of every shoot. Such a model, in my opinion, unites qualities that are particularly desirable in this country, where rapids are so prominent a feature of the most delightful routes. As "carries" are another important feature of our canoeing, lightness is indispensable. This is coupled with great strength in the latest invention, the veneer canoes built at Racine, Wisconsin. Thus much of my companion, whose enthusiasm for adventure, whose docility of temper, and whose beauty I cannot recall without a twitter of emotion.

The choice of a route ought not to embarrass any one. For when you begin this free cruising, the whole world seems made for canoeing. Sea and lake offer wide water; quiet rivers invite you to lazy saunterings through forest and plain; and mountain streams hurrah to you for a breathless race down a torrent. This latter challenge I accepted from the Hudson—not from the old river where it sinks into the sea, but from its roaring, turbulent youths among the mountains. The Boreas, the North, the Rocky, the Cedar, and the Indian rivers are his frolicking family. They escape from the peaks of the Adirondacks, and rush with foam and tumult at the head of the Hudson. And the dignified old river you know below Albany is all confused by their antics, and obliged to join their turmoil. For twenty

"NOT MUCH HURRAH HERE."

miles or more, down to the Glen, the Hudson is a torrent over narrow, rocky beds, among bold mountains. It is so furious in a freshet that only the most reckless lumbermen venture on its rapids. Swift but somewhat smoother waters commence at the Glen, and continue ten miles, to Thurman. Here still waters begin a course of fifteen miles, interrupted by the falls at Luzern, and terminated at Jessup's Landing. At this point the river enters six or seven miles of rapids among the mountains; then it flows on swiftly about fifteen miles to Fort Edward; and to Albany, about fifty miles, it pursues a quiet course, now and then interrupted by a slight fall, dam, or rapid. Thus, the river offers twenty-five or thirty miles of actual rapids among wild mountains; and also some quiet stretches among fertile plains and comfortable civilization. But the upper Hudson, though rough, is not so large as to require a pilot familiar with its eddies, rocks, and shoots.

We began our descent of the Hudson at the highest navigable waters. We were two: one was the captain of the *Rosalie*, a *Nautilus* canoe of willful disposition; the other was the captain of the *Allegro*, a canoe of angelic mold and motive. We had crossed the Adirondack wilderness from the Fulton chain of lakes *via* the Raquette to Blue Mountain Lake, and had carted our canoes to Fourteenth Dam, or Eldridge's, on the Hudson. As we drove past the hotel to the shed, our advent brought everybody to the doors and windows, and enlisted a straggling regiment of men and boys, who came after us through the rain for a nearer view. But we had become hardened to adulation. Our canoes were the first that had entered the wilderness. We had held, for the inquisitive, levees, *matinées*, *soirées*, *séances*, *conversaziones*, at all times of day and night, on beaches, roads, bogs, and logs, till we were inured to admiration and curiosity. So the crowd made but little impression on us at first. But when our intention to run the rapids was avowed, and the possibility and the impossibility of the enterprise were delivered at us, all at once the crowd became very interesting. After hearing their chorus of conflicting statements, we systematically buttonholed the most intelligent by-standers, and pried into their secret thoughts. One old log-driver, who had run rafts every freshet for thirty years, believed in his inmost soul that two funerals would end our trip. Another man of experience thought that our canoes would be distributed in jack-straws as relics of metropolitan insanity. Still another thought we could go down if we "carried" around the Spruce Mountain rift, the Horse Race, and the other rough places. On the other hand, some believed we could succeed. We questioned these minutely about the falls, the rifts, and the most dangerous localities along the way. Then, after the shower had passed, we drove off a short distance down the river. Men in wagons and on foot followed us to see the

THE HORSE RACE.

launch. But as the day was nearly spent, we disappointed them by camping for the night. They returned early next morning, however, and waited an hour or two for our departure. One man, who had arrived after our launching, pursued us two miles, and then followed three miles farther, to see us run the rapids. We stowed most of our cargo in the after-hatch, that the bow might be light, and to steer easily, and avoid catching on rocks and swinging around. It was a bright September morning, fresh with a strong west wind. So we began our running of the rapids with inspiriting weather, with a good depth of water under the dancing ripples, and with hearty good wishes from our interested companions on the shore.

The scene was quite striking to any one who had the time to see it. As for ourselves, we were at once too much occupied to give more than a glance at the surroundings. High mountains rise on each bank, wild, dark, and inhospitable. The forest is scarcely broken, excepting by a few bald peaks. The narrow gorge of the river is hardly touched with civilization, nothwith-

A QUEST FOR PROVISIONS.

standing the railroad and an occasional cabin. The banks are lined with huge bowlders; the bed of the river is filled with great rocks; and the water is broken into countless currents, eddies, and shoots.

The two little crafts, comely and fragile, already seem castaways in that wilderness. But we have no time nor disposition for such sentiments; we begin at once our combat with the elements, and already feel the energy and daring required for the exploit.

We are at the head of the Spruce Mountain rift. It is considered the most dangerous place on the river. Every year, some of the log-drivers are drowned in its furious currents. Then the waters present to view a sea of foaming waves rushing at headlong speed. Their roar drowns every other sound. The great, sharp swells then met in the swiftest water are likely to capsize or swamp a boat; but, on the other hand, the wide, deep channels between the rocks offer plenty of sea-way and many chances for a safe passage. If you upset, there is generally plenty of water to swim in; and a strong man, who is cool and skillful, can save himself even in those tumultuous currents. At the present time, with average water, navigation is much more difficult, and, perhaps, as dangerous as in a freshet. Now, the rift is a course of bare rocks and foaming shoots. The high rocks are half out of water, and many of the low ones are scarcely covered. The bowlders are often but a few yards apart, and sometimes but a few feet. Consequently, the channels are very narrow and crooked, and in some places too narrow even for a boat only twenty inches wide. If the current were gentle, it would still be very easy to pick your way among these passages; for you would have time to choose a route and to follow it. But the current of the Spruce Mountain rift, and of the Horse Race below, is not less than ten or twelve miles an hour in a freshet. In this ordinary water the average speed is much less, perhaps half; but the velocity of the shoots and narrow channels is fully as great. White-capped waves roll up below every rock under water, and foaming currents shoot right and left from every bowlder that divides the water. Therefore, the opportunities for capsizing or smashing the boat are so numerous that you wonder if she can possibly go through. The dangers from an upset into this kind of water are that you might get your limbs broken by catching between the bowlders, you might be caught on a rock and held under by the pressure of the current, or you might be knocked senseless by hitting your head on the rocks. The water is much more wicked for being too shallow for swimming and too deep for wading. Nevertheless, there are many favorable circumstances to aid you. If you manage your boat well, you will probably go through without breaking her or upsetting. The bowlders are large and smooth, and therefore not likely to punch through the planks; every swell is not able to capsize or fill the boat; and a quick eye and a steady hand will save her from nearly all the worst places. If you are spilled out you have many chances to swim ashore, or else drift there. Certainly, you will prefer to float; and certainly, also, the effort to do it in these waters will kindle your whole being to a white heat. But we often live by luck; why not here? As some German of practical experience has observed, it's a dangerous thing to live, any way.

The waters ahead are narrow shoots between rocks. Some of the bowlders, high above water, are easily seen; others quite low are shown by a foaming wave rolling out from each side as the waters divide; others, again, just covered, are marked by a white-capped swell below them. The deepest, clearest water is known by the high, sharp, and regular swells on its surface. The channels between the rocks are from three to ten feet wide; and, at intervals of a few yards, they turn right or left in swift, tortuous shoots. We are drifting down a smooth stretch, but straight toward a white-capped swell. It rolls up some feet below the rock

that makes it; so, after deciding to pass it on the left, I give a stroke with the paddle, and send the canoe safely by it. But I sit so low in the water that I cannot see far ahead, to choose a route; and we begin to go quite fast in this current. So I back water to slow her, for fear of running suddenly into some impassable place. Besides, she turns more readily at low speed, and I avoid rock after rock quite surely as we glide along. Now and then we are completely surprised. Certain smooth pieces of water in a rapid show a good channel. I took that short quiet stretch for such a place, and steered toward it; but now I find it is the eddy below a great flat rock that hides the swell. So I back water with all speed. I then turn to the right through some rougher water. Farther down I see a breast-work of rocks and breakers extending from the left shore nearly across the stream. There is no passage there; I must cross to the right bank. Safety depends on keeping the boat headed down stream; for, if she lies across the current while drifting, a rock may catch the keel and capsize her instantaneously. The current here is not the swiftest; so I back water vigorously to stop her descent on the rocks below. She gradually obeys, and soon creeps up stream a little. Then I turn her stern just a little across stream to the right, and continue backing. She thus moves slowly across the river, but never gets broadside to the current. When we have reached a point right above the clear channel, I give a stroke or two on the left to turn her straight down stream, and in a moment we go on again between the rocks and the white-caps. But we are scarcely in this channel before I see that the main body of water is in the center of the river bed, and that we cannot pass among the rocks right ahead. The current here is too swift to stem by backing. As, however, the nearest channel to be reached is not very far to the left, and is some distance below, I turn her bow somewhat across the current and make a bold rush down stream. But the channel ahead is only four or five feet wide; and if I steer badly there will be a wrecked canoe in about ten seconds. We fly past rocks, and over others just below the keel.

The water is dangerously shallow. In this critical course every stroke must be carefully calculated. I dipped my paddle too deep that time and lost a stroke; for it struck a rock and shot out of the water as if flung upward by a treacherous hand.

IN CALM WATER.

The next stroke must make up the loss. The current is all the time bearing us toward the rocks this side of the channel,

A STEAMING SUPPER.

and it seems doubtful that we can cross the current far enough to enter. I turn her a little more across stream, pray that the water may be deep enough to float her keel above rocks, while she drifts almost sidewise, and put forth all my strength in a few strokes. We dash on, and reach the head of the channel; but she lies so much across the stream that she must certainly strike bow and stern on each side of the entrance. It is almost hopeless, but I lay all my strength on a back stroke on the right, and then a forward stroke on the left makes her just clear her bow as she darts down the shoot. It would be a good plan to rest now and get breath again. But here is where the rapids begin in earnest. The river falls very perceptibly ahead; the rocks increase; the current is swifter and more broken. Here we are on the worst rift of the Hudson. I can give but a glance at each obstacle; but that glance is my utmost effort to see and comprehend the situation. Then my mind seems supernaturally keen in deciding, and every nerve is flooded with electric power. My strokes are jerks. The canoe darts here and there as if mad. There is not an instant's pause. We turn suddenly right, then left; just miss a rock here, gain a channel there just wide enough to pass the boat like an arrow through a hole; she strikes her keel, but goes on; or she scrapes one side of her bottom on a rock, and rolls partly over as a startling admonition. We come to a line of rocks and swells too suddenly for escape; a rock just covered with water right ahead is the lowest leap; we put on all speed and steer straight for its round crown. She rides up it on her keel; I keep my balance and sympathetically tremble for the boat while her momentum carries her over it till far past her midships; then she hangs by the stern. But she is safe, and I soon shove her off for another race. Surely such good luck cannot last all through the Spruce Mountain rift. At last we find ourselves in a channel so crooked and obstructed that I must pause to study the situation, although the hesitation may be fatal. The only issue is down a swift, narrow shoot; and a rock lies in the middle of it, about two boat-lengths below the entrance. As this is the only chance, here goes! I drive her at full

speed, right down at the rock. She cannot be turned in this short distance; she flies as straight as an arrow to her destruction. But I swing my left arm across my chest and enter the port blade of the paddle diagonally into the water on the starboard side. Her high speed makes the oblique blade press against the water and haul her sideways, several feet to starboard. She shies from the rock in a single bound. I can scarcely breathe, and my blood boils with excitement. As she glides into the pool below the shoot, I let her drift about in the eddy, while the paddles rest across the combing.

Now for the first time I have an opportunity to look around. Where is the *Rosalie?* I had passed her stranded on a rock at the top of the rift, while her captain labored to get her off. As this was not an uncommon trick with her perverse nature it gave me no anxiety; I sent the captain a nod of encouragement and went on my way rejoicing in a *Shadow* canoe. Looking up the rift now from its foot, I wonder how a boat ever got through it whole; and I feel like patting the *Allegro* on the back for her success. I suppose the *Rosalie* is hidden from view by the numerous bowlders studding the bed of the river, and making it look like a barren field of rocks with foaming waves between. As the day is nearly done, I land on the beach to make camp and await the *Rosalie*. I had gathered a large pile of wood for a camp-fire, and still the *Rosalie* was not visible, even from the point above. Then I leveled a place on the sand for laying our boats, and wondered if there would really be only one to occupy it. Finally I kindled the fire; and then went into the woods to cut some poles and forked sticks for making camp. When I returned, the other captain was just wading to the beach, and pulling the *Rosalie* by the nose.

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed, as I dropped the ax and sticks, and hurried to the water. I saw at a glance that something had happened.

"There's not much hurrah here," said he, shivering with great animation.

"Why? What's the matter?"

"She struck a rock up here, and capsized quick as a wink. The water was deep and I went all under. When I came up, my paddle was gone too far for me to get it. I'm v-very sorry,—but this ends *my* trip." As he said this, he hitched up his trowsers with emphasis.

"Oh, well!" I replied, "I can soon make you a paddle that will answer."

"Yes, I know; but my time is about up, and it wouldn't be worth while. I guess I'll take the train on Monday, and go home."

We soon had the boats placed side by side on the beach, about two feet apart, and propped up to lie level. We then took out their cargoes, and removed the hatches and back-boards to leave the well empty for a bed. A small mattress of cork shavings and a blanket were arranged on the bottom. Then a piece of unbleached sheeting, oiled, seven feet by nine, was spread over the boats on poles, in such a way as to form a tent covering the wells. Better beds, and a better camp for storm or sunshine, need not be offered to tired men. We soon had a good supper stowed away, and the wet cargo of the *Rosalie* hung on poles about the fire. After toasting ourselves an hour, and discussing the maneuvers of canoes in rapids, we turned in for a long night of sound sleep. As the next day was Sunday, we still prolonged the period of rest, while the *Rosalie* and her captain prepared to depart by rail. She traveled as freight the rest of the way to New York, about 200 miles, for eighteen dollars. Why railroads should make such exorbitant charges on light canoes is a matter for disgust, wonder, and war.

The *Allegro* resumed her course in good spirits on Monday morning, notwithstanding the loss of our companion. She was eager for more rapids, more exploits on the wing. We were not long in reaching the "Horse Race," below Riverside. That rift is the most rapid on the river. Its name suggests its motion, but not by any means its wild and tumultuous course. Perhaps Mazeppa's Race would be better, if one holds to the analogy. The mountains on each hand are bold, high, and dark with forest or with barren rocks. The scene is gloomy, inhospitable, even without the dismal voice of the torrent. As I approach the head of the rift, I cannot see the foot, for the river falls with an ominous and hidden descent. I throw off the apron in front of me and stand up in the canoe to get a view. There are plenty of rocks ahead—with white-capped swells. But the water is evidently deeper than I found it on the Spruce Mountain rift, not quite so much broken by rocks, and the channels are somewhat wider. Moreover, I see the rift has no actual falls at the lower end, but a rapid descent of foaming swells among hidden rocks. That lively place

must be entered at a given point; and that point is just below a rough-and-tumble passage that may derange all my calculations. Here will be sharp work! I run her up to the shore, to stow the baggage differently, that I may kneel in the after end of the cockpit; she now raises her head more out of water, is more easily turned, and on my knees I can see farther ahead, and also exert much more strength on the paddle. The usual difficulty of choosing the course is increased by a glare of sunlight, and by a strong head-wind. This blows the light canoe about, and makes it hard to steer just where the greatest accuracy is necessary. Moreover, it makes the surface of the water wonderfully deceptive just where the greatest dangers are concealed. You judge of rapid water by the appearance of its surface. The face of a river is full of character. Here it sleeps, while curling dimples come and go with dreams of sylvan beauties resting on its breast. There it awakens to merry life. Further on, where the combat rages, every feature is in the tumult of passion. And a practiced eye reads all this as he runs, and governs his course accordingly. The head of a rift is often smooth, with a wedge-shaped "apron" marking the course of the channel. The central, main part of the rift is a confused mass of eddies, white-capped waves, and swift shoots. The foot is a swift rush of deep water marked with high, sharp-topped swells quite regular in succession. The deep pool below is quiet, with dark eddies and flecks of foam. Besides these general features, which vary much according to the geological formations, a rapid is full of important details. Every hidden rock marks the surface in a way that shows the depth of water and the velocity of the current. A rock in a deep, slow current figures the quiet surface with delicate lines and small eddies; in water a little swifter, it makes a round, smooth hood of water over its head, and small ripples below; in a rapid, strong current, it makes a foaming, crested wave and an eddy setting upstream; and, in a steep descent, it throws the water into high, tumultuous seas. Thus you estimate the nature of the water by signs, forms, and colors of waves and eddies, that are quite reliable guides. But the high wind to-day changes everything. On still water it rolls up waves that belong to a deep, swift channel; on swift, clear shoots it makes white-capped waves that indicate large rocks; and on rocky courses it tumbles up the water in complete confusion. The rocks thus seem to move about the stream, like sunken monsters seeking prey. So the course is full of surprises. I suddenly find a huge bowlder right ahead, where I believed there was clear water. I get to a line of breakers where I expect to strand, but glide through rough, deep water. I lie back in imagined safety while running down a uniform shoot, but all at once find a huge rock close to my side. Nevertheless, the eye soon becomes accustomed to the change of signs, and estimates the colors and forms on a new scale. But at last I am near the end of the Horse Race. I have not approached the last swift rush of water in the right place; in avoiding some heavy seas in mid-channel, I kept too near a large eddy, setting upstream below a rock, and the upward current striking the bow turned the canoe almost about, and so took her out of the course. A glance at the tumultuous breakers and high swells ahead reveals one narrow passage between two bowlders. I strike quick and hard, and, with the help of good luck, dart into the main channel. Here the rush almost takes my breath. For a moment destruction seems perfectly certain. The current is a mass of foaming waves over rocks. But the water is deeper than I thought from its broken and discolored surface. We rush on, through swells that roll the canoe from one side to the other, wash her decks, and toss us about in the most startling manner. The race was swift, though short, and we glide out at last on the still pool below with the elation and gratitude of victors.

The sentiments are strangely stirred in such a trip alone, down an unknown rapid. The feeling of danger, the isolation in wild surroundings, the intense mental and physical activity, all unite to form a very exceptional experience. There is no time for ennui and ordinary loneliness. You are too keenly sensitive, too profoundly moved, for anything commonplace. The dominant feeling is gratitude for your preservation, and for your delights. Scarcely less strong is the yearning for companionship. Pride over the achievement is not unknown, and affection for your canoe wells up again and again as you quietly paddle her through still waters or anxiously drive her through new dangers. As I shot down the rift and under the bridge at the Glen, I kept thinking: "Oh, for some one to tell it to—some boy, just in

his prime!" So I landed, and, instead of cooking my solitary meal, I went to a house in search of dinner and a pair of ears. I was at once fully supplied in both regards at a full table. Then we all went down to the river to see the *Allegro*. As I narrated her exploits on the rifts, the boys' eyes dilated with wonder and hero-worship. When I reëmbarked, one of them said: "So your friend went home, eh! But you're goin' to grit her through, aint you?" That boy would have given all his mother's cakes and kisses to go with me, and I would certainly have accepted such an offer. But I soon pushed off, and resumed my solitary yet delightful cruise. That evening, as the sun went down in a glowing sky, I wandered again through corn-fields and an orchard in search of some human being and some potatoes. An aged woman, preparing supper in a farmer's kitchen, listened to my requests for food, but gave me little encouragement. The farmer's wife at last came to the door and explained that the hens had failed, that the bread had disappeared, and that the potato-bug was the only responsible party in that township; but I must have had an atmosphere of canoe about me, for, after a few minutes, she kindly divided her stores and gave me six eggs, half a loaf, and five potatoes. I picked up some apples in the orchard, and returned to my boat on the bank of the river. In the evening, as I was eating my supper by the camp-fire, the farmer and his son appeared on the scene. They had been attracted by the blaze, and had come to know where it was. My explanation re-assured them, and finally we had a pleasant chat by the fire. He urged me to come to his house for the night; but, failing in this kindness, he insisted that I should come up for breakfast. So, after all, I did not spend a lonely evening. The next morning, at breakfast, our visit was still more social. The old farm-house was in neater trim and the ladies were more cordial than before. We were scarcely seated at table before I realized that I had entered no common situation.

Mine hostess, in the kindness of her heart, had prepared a bountiful, excellent, and varied breakfast. I had come to it with the greatest zest of social and physical hunger. Every condition, therefore, promised one of those phenomenal meals that are the joy of a canoeist and the pride of any healthy man. Now mine host was a man of sound sense and quite miscellaneous reading. He had a head and face of the Andrew Jackson type, showing keen perceptions and a persistent will. We commenced with broiled chicken, and the comfortable silence of serious minds. But soon he said:

"Well, now, you follow books, and know how to judge them; and I'd like to find out just the truth on one thing: Isn't Pope the greatest poet that ever lived?"

I had to relinquish my succulent second joint, and venture on the most perilous passage of my cruise. For I know more of rocks and rapids, and care more for them, than for books. So my opinion could scarcely fulfill my host's expectations in regard to its infallibility. Yet how could I disappoint his literary interest? I did not.

"Wont you have some more baked potatoes? Now I want a poet to teach me something new. That's why every line of Pope satisfies me. What do you think of Homer? I can't get much interested in him. Perhaps he's too big—like them big trees in California, it takes two men and a boy to see to the top of him."

I never before was so devoted to a bare chicken-bone. I nibbled and scraped so assiduously that I found time for only a word or two.

"Have some more baked potatoes. Now, really, Shakspere, he is no doubt a great genius; but I can't find so much real sense in his plays as in Pope's works. What do you think of him?"

The steaming buckwheat cakes gave me a momentary diversion; but the feast of reason soon resumed its supremacy. We had Burns and Pope, Byron and Pope, Longfellow and Pope. Then came Darwinism, predestination, Beecher, the Southern questions, the new political party, and Edison's inventions. But I struggled manfully through it all, and at the end I felt a full measure of success. The family accompanied me to the shore to see the *Allegro*, and get a glimpse of her independent, roaming life. My interesting visit ended with their best wishes, as I stowed in the locker potatoes, apples, and green corn, and regretfully shoved off for further adventures. These hap-hazard peeps through back-doors are one of the most entertaining features of a canoe cruise. You have the keenest relish for the companionship and the hospitality; and you see characters in their plain realities, without the mask of ceremony.

The Hudson about Thurman changes

from a wild mountain torrent to a stream of charming pastoral character. The valley here and there expands a little, and gives room for bits of cultivation among varied hills and dales. The gloom of the forest is broken by a few fields and a farm-house that are very welcome to the eye. The hills often shut the course of the river from view with bold points and narrow passes, quite like a miniature of the grander Highlands. The islands in the broad stream are picturesque with arching elms. The shores are varied with mossy rocks under golden beeches; with fields where brown stouts of buckwheat peep over the bank; or with green pastures and orchards near a home. The placid river was a long gallery of autumnal pictures. I floated a day through its gorgeous halls of crimson, gold, and green, flooded with sunlight; I drifted as idly and as quietly as the fleets of leaves that came and went with the zephyr. After the rush and nervous combat on the rapids, these tranquil beauties and these dreamy hours were inexpressibly delightful.

The roar of Hadley's Falls broke the spell, and announced one of the most interesting episodes in the cruise. As I paddled down the rift to the head of the falls, a number of ladies in the boarding-houses along the shore caught sight of the *Allegro*, and came down to see her. A young man helped me carry her around the falls, and launch her in an eddy or little bay behind a point of rocks just at their foot. The gorge of the river here is very narrow, crooked, and walled in with precipitous rocks. The current is swift, tortuous, and turbulent. Just below the foot of the fall is a steep plunge or shoot, where the water almost falls over some rocks, and rolls up crested waves of quite formidable appearance. A few yards below this is a second plunge, rather rougher than the first. Elsewhere the current is deep, and safe enough if it does not dash you against the cavernous walls of rock. The best channel is in the center of each shoot. The ladies watched my operations with close attention while I embarked. I tried to turn her bow toward the middle of the river, and avoid dashing against the left bank of the shoot. But the current bore her bow toward the shore, and pointed her ominously to the rocks. After many vain efforts, I landed and examined the water again at the shoot. Some of the ladies seemed quite pale and agitated; one of them asked me why I did not put my boat in below the "bad places." I answered that I liked the fun of running such water. This made the black eyes of one dance with excitement. Another then asked with some sarcasm why I did not go. I explained the difficulties to be met. Then they were silent while I reëmbarked. I had concluded to risk a passage on the left side of the shoot, in the shallow water. So I tried again to turn her bow out from the rocks. But the current bore her in. I backed up till the stern was at the very point of the rocks by which the swift current rushed, and then tried to turn the bow out. But I backed too far, for the current caught her, and bore her away sidewise. The ladies exclaimed. For a moment the current seemed to have its own way; but I soon got control of the canoe, and, with a few sharp strokes, brought her back into the eddy below the point. There I watched the whirl of currents a while, and finally availed myself of their movements to get her bow pointed down-stream. I gave her a shove, and we started. The ladies clasped their hands together. The canoe went straight to the left side of the shoot, close to the rocks; but she cleared them, and plunged down with a strange motion, as of falling. She struck her keel a sharp blow on the rock at the foot of the shoot, but she did not capsize. She ran all under the crested wave and gave me a shower on the chest and face. I had just time to get breath again, and clear my eyes, when I found her running with the current against the side of the narrow gorge. A sharp struggle ensued, and I finally got her head turned down-stream again. The second shoot was close at hand. Each side of the gorge throws a sharp wave from the bank toward the center of the shoot. These two waves meet at an acute angle, and form two crested walls of water thrown upward with great force. The shoot plunges steeply down, and passes under these waves. Now the only safe passage is directly through the center of this angle. There the boat stands some chance of being lifted equally on each side by each wave, instead of being raised on one side only by one wave, and thus capsized. As we came into the shoot, I saw that she was too far to the left, and, quickly passing the port blade to starboard, I slid her sidewise to the right. She went down the steep, swift, smooth "apron" of the shoot like a flash. In an instant she dived all under the crested wave, and shook with many sudden turnings and swayings in the strong currents. She

passed not quite in the center of the angle of waves; for she rolled up one side with a jerk that startled me, but fortunately did not throw me off my balance. A moment later she floated quietly on the pool below the bridge, and turned around with the current while I took breath. Some people on the bridge peered over the railing, and the ladies at the falls waved their handkerchiefs. The passage was short, but swift, and exciting; and its successful termination was not the worst of it.

The Hudson returns, at Jessup's Landing, to the ways of its youth, by plunging down a great fall and then running seven miles as a wild rapid between high mountains. I unwisely followed the counsel of the most prudent villagers instead of the most enterprising, and had my canoe carted four miles down the river to New Bridge. This mistake lost me over three miles of strong, swift water, deeper and safer than the rifts about Riverside and the Glen. But I made up the loss by camping here several days and hunting gray squirrels. The mountains about are delightful hunting-grounds. Every peak commands an extensive view—of the deep gorge where the river foams and roars, of the wide valley of the Hudson rolling through the plain from Glen's Falls to Troy, and of the Green Mountains along the eastern horizon. Every evening the neighbors collected about my camp-fire for stories. They brought me combs of wild honey and sweet apples to roast. These bright fall days in the woods, and the jovial hours of the evening were some of the pleasantest of the trip. But finally I launched on the last rapids, and soon left the mountains and the rifts for the plain and the still waters of every-day life.

The quiet Hudson below Glen's Falls offered no exciting passages, but this part of my trip was quite as delightful as any other, for the peaceful scenery, the rest on smooth water, and the presence of civilization, were all exceedingly welcome after the rough wilderness. Doubtless they were the more enjoyable because the *Allegro* awakened, all along the route, amusing expressions of curiosity and many acts of kindness. At Glen's Falls, a man who passed me on the canal took me for an Indian, and whooped, grimaced, and grunted in the most cordial and savage manner. But I maintained the taciturnity of my tribe, and gravely worked my paddle without replying. Three men in a wagon stopped their oxen, after much hallooing, to look at me and discuss whether I was an Indian or a negro. I concluded that I had become somewhat tanned. Everybody stopped his work to stare. One man, just opening the hatch of a canal-boat, let the hatch-cover right down on his toes, and stood, quite unmindful of the pain, until I had passed out of sight.

At Northumberland I left the Hudson and followed the canal on its west bank, to avoid some dams in the river; and at the same time to follow a more elevated route for better views. The canal offered also a new phase of life, and many pleasant civilities. Toward sundown I paddled up to a canal-boat loaded with lumber, and rested from a long day's pull by towing alongside. The captain chatted to me while he manned the long tiller; his wife came up from the cabin to look at the canoe; and their two children leaned over the rail as near as possible to the *Allegro*, and almost devoured her with curiosity. The mother and daughter soon returned to the cabin, and then the rattle of dishes almost drove me distracted. In a few minutes the deck-hand was called to supper; then the captain went down; then the driver on the tow-path was taken aboard and went below into that heaven of feed. But an angel was watching over me all that time. She had suddenly appeared above my head with a tray nicely spread with a steaming supper. She was very pretty, with her little hands weighed down with her load, her matronly bearing, and her evident pleasure in extending her hospitality. I was too much overcome to refuse such an offer. So I set the tray before me on the deck, and between bites told her stories of the rapids. The boat and its people seemed so attractive that I chartered them all to take the *Allegro* on board for the night. She was soon placed in a hollow between the piles of lumber, covered with the tent, and opened to receive calls from all hands. Then the family took me still more into their circle. As we went into their cabin, and I inspected their diminutive but neat quarters, I thought it compared favorably with the cabin of the *Allegro;* for the beds, stove, stores, and furniture were all within reach of a central seat. After a chat I bade them good-night, and went on deck to turn in. The silence of a misty night was scarcely broken by the tread of the horses on the tow-path. Now and then the man at the helm called out to the driver in a slow, sleepy voice. The boat, as well as everything else,

seemed in perfect rest; but when the headlight glared on a bridge or a tree it seemed as if Nature were on a silent march to the rear. I soon fell asleep, after a long day of labor at the paddle; but the night seemed almost a dream; for I knew that we traveled, yet felt not the slightest motion; that some one watched over our progress, although he rarely spoke; and, more than all, I enjoyed again the delightful feeling of home in the little floating world that had received me.

I turned out just before sunrise, to enjoy every minute of the last day of my cruise. The scene was entirely veiled by fog. But this soon formed into large clouds that rolled about the great valley, and finally ascended the eastern hills, and let the sun pour down. Thus the knolls and plains were full of pretty lights and shadows on fields of corn and pumpkins, orchards bending with fruit and cozy farm-houses. Blue peaks stood up around the horizon; and a clear sky at last vaulted as bright a world and as happy a day as ever the sun shone on. The little girl sat close beside me with her patch-work, and mingled her musical babble with her womanly ways and serious pleasure. And thus we floated slowly and idly through a charming country, while watching the various operations of locking and weighing the boat, and other peculiar scenes of canal life. As we advanced, the country became still fuller of human interests. The sound of flails floated over the banks, the hum of villages grew louder and more frequent. Then the smoky breath of Troy rang with shrill whistles, and the heavy toils of commerce! Here I launched again, bade good-bye to my kind hosts, and regretfully ran my last course down to Albany. In that quiet scene, where man and his unromantic life of labor have whitewashed nature, the rush, the roar of the rapids, and the isolation of the wilderness, all seemed a dream. I had run the rapids in an egg-shell, as it were. But now it was not without apprehension that I confided myself to a smoking, steaming palace to go on down the river. I had to see the *Allegro* ignominiously swung up to beams, above the reach of curious passers, and descend from my halcyon life to the humdrums of existence. Wondering men looked up at her and speculated on her voyage, and praised her beauty. I thought: "You admire only her comely form; but I love her lightsome mastery over waves, her free runs with the wind, her confiding intimacy with sea or lake, river or torrent, and with all this, her intrepid spirit, ready for any adventure, and her stanch friendship tried in flood and field, by night and by day."

A FREAK OF FATE.

BERTHOLET declared gloomily that he meant to see something of "life." This in a soliloquy sacred to heroes.

You would not believe how he clung to youth, or, rather, the wild fantasies of Parisian youth, in the shape of wide trowsers, cuffs that scratched his knuckles, and a shirt-collar too tall behind and too low in front. He nursed his sparse, dyed hair with pathetic anxiety, and so pomaded and perfumed himself that he carried about his own sacred atmosphere, to the disgust of Madame.

Madame Bertholet's objections to her husband dated from their wedding-day; he had not been her ideal when his hair was brown, not green,—accidents will happen,—and when his teeth were his own by the divine right of growth. After thirty years of married life, custom had failed to reconcile Madame to the inevitable.

Thirty years ago Madame was round and rosy, with a tiny hard line about the corners of her mouth. Time, that jester, amused himself by exaggerating these characteristics: Madame's roundness had developed into fourteen stone, her complexion to what it would be false politeness to term rosy. The hard line had crept up to her black eyes, and found congenial outlet in a prayer-book with a snapping clasp.

Madame was Calvinistic, and life was to her neither a pleasure nor a joke. Neither was it to Monsieur. He was not Calvinistic, but he had a way of reflecting Madame's moods, and so distorting them that when she spoke of death with the profound indifference born of the toughest life, Monsieur, pulling his stiff cuffs over his lean knuckles, would imagine he were already dead.

The trouble was that Monsieur Bertholet was rich. He had amassed a fortune in supplying the Paris rabble with horse-flesh in the guise of joints and cutlets, till at last Ma-

dame, who was ambitious, suggested selling out and retiring into the gloomy grandeur of a mansion whose noble occupant had left his fortune on various roulette tables, and who gladly disposed of his family mansion on condition that a single room was reserved for his own use.

Madame's soul rejoiced in the gloom of her new acquisition. It did her good to see her family struggle over the slippery floors, or lean their harassed backs against the perpendicular stiffness of the chairs.

Two vulnerable spots there were, however, in her rigorous heart: Monsieur le Pasteur and "the little one." Madame's priest was a comfortable sight, sitting by the fire in the only easy-chair, sipping curaçoa or crunching chocolate *confits* sacred to his coming, while he and Madame pronounced damning judgments on heathen, Jews, and Christians.

"I do not often see Monsieur Auguste at church, my daughter," M. le Pasteur would say, gently.

"My poor little one! He works so hard, and Sundays he is so tired. You know he is delicate."

M. le Pasteur brushed a few crumbs from his priestly coat and coughed dubiously. There was, however, such settled conviction in every line of his friend's face, that he crunched some more chocolate and said nothing.

There was a fiction in the family called "the little one," otherwise Auguste. He was Madame's hot-house growth, and at the age of twenty-eight—in the intervals of studying law—was fed by her on the most harmless pap of knowledge. It was his mother's mission in life to show him a nice, straight path of existence, which should lead him to the feet—no, not the feet: that would be too romantic—to the fortune of a Calvinistic maiden, and so rescue him from those traps with which manly existence in Paris is necessarily endangered.

Monsieur Bertholet was early sacrificed to the fiction of "the little one's" innocence, and, not to contaminate the infantile purity of his own son, the unhappy man was restricted to a life of such monotonous misery that, driven to extremity, he had even tried to make friends with Madame and M. le Pasteur. In both efforts he had signally failed. Then he had lingered about the kitchen, and being, so to speak, ejected, prowled about the stairs, looking up and down, as if expecting some one who never came. The noble occupant of the third floor back, coming down these same stairs one evening, recognized, with a grim smile, in the solitary figure leaning against the banisters, a humble imitation of his own scant hair and generous linen.

"M. le Comte," Bertholet murmured, gratefully, as that nobleman threw him a smile.

The next day the same meeting; M. le Comte said a word or two. Three days after, Bertholet confessed to Madame that M. le Comte had invited him to his club.

"Is it a righteous place?" Madame asked M. le Pasteur, lifting her black brows.

M. le Pasteur was in his usual place by the hearth.

"Heavens, yes! It was a righteous place enough, where they played a game or two at cards of an evening; but it was very noble and select;" and so Bertholet was allowed, nay, encouraged, to go.

Bertholet went, and sensibly kept the secret of the five thousand francs he lost to his accommodating tenant.

M. le Comte was a gentlemanly blackguard, and, having present supply, dropped his landlord, who, however, preserved the fiction of this friendship, and, under its shelter, even reached a certain theater whose very name suggests the world, the flesh, and the devil.

There was something of good in Bertholet's sinful heart that the thought of "the little one" should haunt him as he sunk shyly into the velvet arm-chair, pulled down his cuffs, smoothed his thin hair, and looked stealthily into the audience.

"Think of 'the little one,'" the fiddles scratched and the flutes piped, while the double-bass and the trombones added, ominously, "and Madame."

Monsieur Bertholet looked at his deserted box, hired for fear of danger, and tried to think that he was enjoying himself; then his gaze wandered enviously toward the stalls where the *jeunesse dorée* is supposed to loll in aristocratic laziness, and beheld, to his gasping amazement, "the little one,"—M. Auguste,—in claw-hammer and crushed hat,—an inherited fondness for too expansive a display of linen, and a fashion of studying the stage through his opera-glass that but too surely betokened much practice.

"*Mon Dieu!*" M. Bertholet gasped, and sank back into his chair, while a faint grin dawned over his face. "So! These are the prayer-meetings he attends—ha, ha!"

As father, M. Bertholet was, for a moment, overpowered, and there is no knowing what he might have done had he not

himself been tasting forbidden fruit, and if, at the same time, he were not in deadly terror of M. Auguste. He was, however, mortal, and a feeling of joy stole over his heart to think how Madame was being deceived, and, being human before being a father, M. Bertholet smiled again, sat a little more at ease in the shadow of his lace curtains, and devoted undivided attention to the stage.

From that day M. Bertholet, having lost all interest in making a shining example of himself, quite forsook the path of virtue, in a feeble and stealthy way, and hardly darkened the slippery threshold of Madame's *salon* again. "Life" was to M. Bertholet an awful phrase, not compatible with the Calvinistic sanctity of the parlor. Indeed, it was only to be dreamed of far away from Madame's presence; so M. Bertholet, having weighed pros and cons in his distracted mind, determined to flee to some congenial land where plunging into mysterious depths was compatible with personal security. In other words, he decided to take his fortune and, in disguise, to fly to parts unknown.

II.

THREE days after, M. Bertholet quietly disappeared from the bosom of his family.

Gradually it dawned on Madame and "the little one" that something unusual had happened, but they bore the uncertainty with calmness till the third day, when, with astonishing unanimity of purpose, they both hurried in secret to M. Bertholet's lawyer for information about the will. There, to their momentary confusion, they met.

"My little one!"

"My mother!"

M. Auguste was round, like his mother, and his hair was combed over his forehead in a fine, shining sweep. He pressed his hat to his heart, and remarked gently—for he was always polite—that if his sainted father had left no will, the greater part of the property would revert to him, M. Auguste.

Madame looked up with a gasp, and, for a moment, her face turned to dull yellow. Was this her Auguste, her "little one"?

"In fact," he continued, placidly, "I may as well tell you that I mean to marry, now that I am my own master."

"You marry, 'little one'?" Madame gasped.

"Confound 'little one'!" M. Auguste replied, with some exasperation, minutely examining his mustache at a convenient mirror.

"Little one!" Madame cried, with a stamp of her foot, "I—I forbid it!"

M. Auguste turned on her with a most unfilial look in his small black eyes.

"Suppose, my mother, your 'little one' were already married?"

With astonishing quickness Madame leaped to her feet, and gave M. Auguste a stinging blow on his ears.

"I—I hope he isn't dead! I hope he'll come back and send you begging, *misérable!*"

Quick as a flash he grasped her hand.

"But then, my mother, you will not be able to marry M. le Pasteur."

An angry red rose to Madame's face, and with the last of her by no means feeble strength she freed her hands, gave her child another blow, and sank exhausted into a chair.

A black smile, if there is such a thing, dawned in the scowl on "the little one's" forehead, and ran like lightning down his long nose; one side of his face was white and the other red with the marks of five fingers.

He stood before his mother, hat in hand, and said, quite politely:

"Come and see us—bring M. le Pasteur. My wife is an angel—she will try to like you. She dances at the 'Variétés.'"

Madame looked up. The good old days have passed when a glance could crush, but Madame did her best, and pointed to the door.

"Wretch!"

M. Auguste turned with a shrug, and nearly fell against a little man who tumbled in—a little man with a quill behind his ear, a quavering voice, and no breath.

"Madame!" He held a brown snuff-box, which he snapped with nervous violence.

"Well, M. le Notar?"

"M. Bertholet cannot be dead."

Madame's eyes flashed triumphantly, while "the little one," turning the door-handle, muttered an oath.

"I fear," the little notary said, apologetically turning from mother to son,—"I fear, from all I have discovered, that Monsieur Bertholet has run away with his own fortune, five hundred thousand francs, and that he has left nothing behind."

Madame did not faint, but she leaned back in her chair and stared into vacancy.

"Not dead, but gone! Gone with all the money—our money—my money!"

"You are no better off than I, my mother."

She looked up. M. Auguste stood before her, twirling a tiny cane. "I am going in search of him, poor old man; and when I find him I shall make his life pleasant, and," he concluded, with a singular smile, "his little fortune shall make us comfortable. We shall be a happy family. Good-day, my mother—come and see us," and so with a polite bow he left the room.

"Little one!"

A man who can run away with five hundred thousand francs is not to be despised, and Madame, recovering herself gradually, felt that she had, perhaps, been a little unsympathetic in her treatment of M. Bertholet.

She rose in unfeigned trouble. "He must be found," she said to the lawyer. "He must have been mad to have deserted me. Employ detectives—anything—but bring him back. Five hundred thousand francs," she said, laying her hand on the little man's arm,—"five hundred thousand francs left without guidance in a sinful world will come to no good."

III.

Monsieur Bertholet, trying to lose himself in the great Northern Railway station, felt the by no means strange sensation that the eyes of the world were upon him. He could hardly be said to look like himself as he mingled in the crowd. A flaxen beard and wig, marvelous checked trowsers, and a tall gray hat, had transformed him into the Frenchman's ideal of an Englishman and filled his French soul with disgust. Before long he feebly cursed the folly that had betrayed him into enveloping himself in such a conspicuous disguise, in his first fatal step to an existence that should unfold to him the mysteries of "life."

In a querulous endeavor to discover whether the train destined to bear him to Calais—and to London and liberty—ever meant to start, he tangled himself in the meshes of wheelbarrows, porters, and travelers. He was jostled about and hurried along, till at last he stood aching and battered behind three broad-shouldered fellows, in whose shadow he hid himself, while he hugged to his breast a small newspaper parcel, his only luggage.

He breathed a little more freely, and looked with silent envy at the broad backs before him. They were only common soldiers, these three—poor devils, with the prospect of a third-class ride, and a meal of dry bread out of the forage-bag each carried slung across his shoulders.

A whistle and a shriek from the engine. "Calais! Calais!" and then a skurry and rush of people down the platform.

"*Tiens!* Duval, the old Englishman has gone," one of the soldiers cried, looking over his shoulder.

Gone? Poor M. Bertholet had made a dash for a *coupé*, when a couple of arms were thrown about his neck and an affectionate kiss resounded on each of his cheeks.

"The little one!"

"I knew you," Auguste cried, gleefully. "I knew your walk, my old one!"

"Let me go!" screamed M. Bertholet, struggling to free himself.

It was an unpropitious time for explanations; bells were ringing, and barrow-loads of luggage threatened destruction to their legs.

"Come home with me, and you shall have a good time!" Auguste shouted, just as his father leaped toward the train, with the cry:

"*Dieu!—Dieu!*—your mother!"

Sure enough, there was Madame, struggling through the crowd, and searching with keen black eyes.

M. Bertholet was appalled; but he had also the strength of utter despair. How he freed himself from Auguste's encircling arms he never knew; but he struck wildly about him, leaped into an empty *coupé*, and slammed the door to just as, with a puff and a shriek from the engine, the train glided out of the station.

Madame stared blankly into "the little one's" face. "*Imbécile!*" she cried, and turned her broad back on him, and wrung her hands a little under her ladylike shawl.

M. Auguste had traced his father easily enough, and Madame had watched M. Auguste, and this was the end of their successful planning. Tears crept up to her angry eyes, and so blinded them that, as she turned, she stumbled against a broad-shouldered soldier, who muttered something under his curly dark mustache before he saw that it was a lady. Then he made a hasty military salute, and rejoined his two friends.

"Ah, Chelot, the day is out of joint with you!" the man called Duval cried, as the other came up, while he playfully kicked at an unsightly newspaper parcel, that had been rolled and pushed along till it touched his hobnailed boots. The package was rather small, round, and dusty, and did not invite inspection.

Chelot said nothing; but a look of pain

came into his honest brown eyes, as he mechanically watched the other two playing at foot-ball with the accidental plaything.

As for M. Auguste, he stood for a moment perfectly helpless, grasping his inoffensive, retreating chin with one hand, while he wondered angrily how everybody could be so calm; wondered what those three men would do if they had lost five hundred thousand francs—those three men who, he hoped, would get shot some day for the way they grinned as he pushed rudely past them.

In a *coupé* of the train tearing Calaisward at the rate of fifty miles an hour, a mysterious old gentleman was rolling over the seats and beating his bald head against the plush cushions.

"Lost! lost! lost!" he screamed, over and over again. "Five hundred thousand francs in a newspaper parcel! Guard, for heaven's sake, stop the train!"

"Five hundred thousand francs in a newspaper! Monsieur is a little wild," the guard said, politely, looking in. "But if it will quiet Monsieur, he shall be listened to at Calais. If I find it," he said, with a benevolent grin, "I'll take care of it. But, *cher* Monsieur, be prevailed upon to be quiet."

But nothing would persuade M. Bertholet to be quiet. He tried to leap out of the window, and, being held back by force, flung himself at full length on the floor.

Quick as lightning, the guard tied his hands behind his back with a handy cord—the guard was prepared to deal with mad passengers—and left him, after he had made a neat pile of a yellow beard and wig, a tall white hat and a pair of blue spectacles.

As for M. Bertholet, he lay prone, and, having struggled all strength out of himself, he could only gasp:

"Lost—lost—lost—five hundred thousand francs in a newspaper!"

IV.

These were the days of the third Napoleon and Mexican ambition. That glittering bubble, the Empire, had soared its highest, was glittering its gaudiest, and, like all bubbles under the same circumstances, it was about to burst.

Chelot, waiting for the train to Merle, strode up and down the platform, with thoughts far away in the village three miles beyond Merle, where Claude used to wait for him, under the big chestnut-tree before the mill with its red gable.

Of the other two, Duval, still kicking the improvised foot-ball idly, remarked that such a wet blanket of a friend as Chelot he had never seen.

"In six days he'll be sick—deadly sick," the other, Jean Pierre, added, tilting himself up and down, ship fashion.

"In two weeks, Chelot, you'll be making love to a Mexican ma'm'selle."

"In three weeks Ma'm'selle Claude will be forgotten."

Chelot turned his back on them angrily, and strode to the edge of the platform just as the train came alongside.

"*Ah ciel*, the old boy is angry! I say, Chelot, we may never see thee again. Forget bad jokes!" Duval cried, good-naturedly.

But Chelot was sick and sore, and somehow he couldn't turn his honest face about with a pleasant smile, and so he sprang on the *coupé* step and paid no attention. Duval gave a parting kick to the dusty newspaper and hurried after him.

"Old boy," he said, with a friendly blow on his shoulder, "why be angry at foolish words? We were always good friends; so come, now, and shake hands. You're going far away, and we know the fortune of war. Bah!" he cried, hastily, "I mean to dance at your wedding till I drop!" And he grasped Chelot's outstretched hand and wrung it heartily.

"Now, there's Jean Pierre; take his hand; he's a good fellow."

Jean Pierre, who had strolled up, was a bit of a joker, and while he shook Chelot's hand with one, with the other he secretly thrust a battered newspaper bundle into the young man's forage-bag, rejoicing, with the hollow joy of all practical-jokers, to think of the disappointment in store when he should pull out the ill-looking paper, instead of the piece of bread underneath.

Chelot leaned out of the car-window and watched them rather sadly, till the train swung around a curve and tore its way into the golden summer afternoon.

Chelot was young, and five days ago, before the news came that his regiment was ordered to Mexico, he had loved all the world in his honest fashion, because Claude was his world and Claude loved him. In six days his regiment was ordered to sail; but *vogue à la galère*. Six days of youth and love are better than ten years of old age, he thought; and he stroked his brown mustache and imagined Claude's surprise at seeing him. Five days of happiness, and then he would gently tell her that he

must leave her for a long time, perhaps forever. He leaned his head against the open window, and watched the wheat-fields bend beneath the sweep of the summer wind that touched the frail petals of the scarlet poppies, till they hid beneath the ripening grain. The apple-trees were heavy with fruit, and between the orchards and far-spreading fields the red-roofed farm-houses twinkled in sight; then they were lost to view as the train shot past. Flocks of sheep, nibbling peacefully in the pastures, followed the bell-wether, and scampered into safe distance from this curving, rumbling snake. At last came Merle, where Chelot leaped out, giving himself a shake by way of toilette. He looked down with pride at his scarlet trowsers and covertly smoothed his blue jacket. He swung his forage-bag a trifle farther backward, gave a cock to his cap, and, with his broad shoulders well back, trudged down the highway with an easy, swinging gait that sent the blood to his brown face and made his eyes sparkle. "In five days? Ah, bah! *Vogue à la galère!*" He whistled a merry tune, trudging up and down hill to Plaileroi and Claude. Two or three times he stopped, —once to pat a bow-legged dog, who came up rubbing his stupid head against him; once to kiss a fat baby, with a tight cap over its flaxen poll, that lay doubled up in a speckled heap among the daisies and clover before a cottage door; and once to gather a handful of flaming poppies for Claude. In the distance he could just see the village steeple, and he knew that in the hollow, at the foot of the hill, just beyond the bridge, lay the mill. The ancient chestnut-tree stood before the door, where the time-worn mill-stones were piled, step-fashion, to the broad threshold, where Claude sat, summer evenings, spinning and waiting for him. Chelot knew every stone and tree on the road. The children came up and touched him with friendly, small, black paws, and the landlord of the "Pot-au-Feu," sunning his portly circumference on the porch of his inn, shook his tasseled night-cap at him.

"If thou art not too fine for a dance in the kitchen, bring thy sweetheart after dusk and show us what thy legs can do."

No wonder that mine host of the "Pot-au-Feu" was *maire* of Plaileroi: he had an uncommonly genial way of making himself necessary.

The young man shouted back a joyous acceptance, and sprang down the hill, while his heart beat like a sledge-hammer as he crossed the bridge over the mill-stream and saw the huge wheel turning noisily. Six months ago he had seen Claude, and how often in the meantime he had pictured their meeting! He was so near that he could distinguish a dusty, white figure in the door-way—the miller—the miller, scraping and bowing to a retreating figure who passed Chelot just as he reached the chestnut-tree, —a long, lank personage, with a yellow face, in the ominous elegance of a broadcloth suit, baggy at the knees and too short at the wrists, and with a huge bouquet at his breast. Chelot glanced after him, with an instinctive desire to punch his shiny tall hat a foot or two deeper over his face and dusty hair; then he turned toward the house. The miller had disappeared, and he stood alone under the chestnut-tree, with the exception of a donkey hitched to a cart, who was examining his legs with profound attention. So this was coming back to Plaileroi and Claude!

He sat down disconsolately on the bench beneath the chestnut-tree, where they so often had sat together, he and Claude, just as a smothered laugh caught his ear, and the next instant a shower of chestnut burs and leaves came raining down upon him.

He sprang to his feet, and looking up between the dark branches, caught sight of a laughing, rosy face peeping at him through the clustering chestnut-leaves, and tantalizingly out of his reach.

"Claude!"

There was a sparkle of small white teeth and a funny nod of a brown head toward the figure plodding down the road. Then with a warning "Chut!" Claude glided and scrambled out of her hiding-place, and neatly fell into her lover's outstretched arms.

For a moment she clung to him, and the laughter in her dark eyes gave way to something wonderfully gentle and loving.

"I have you again, beloved," she whispered, hiding her rough head against his breast; then she tore herself away with a little laugh, and stood before him, shading her face with the bunch of poppies. "Are you sure that you love me?"

With one quick motion he was at her side, clasping her to his heart, poppies and all.

"Why do you ask, my torment?"

"Because *he*" (nodding down the road) "says he loves me. He wants to buy the mill and the miller's daughter, and he is rich—oh, so very rich. Every day I have to hide from him and father."

"Your father? and we betrothed?"

"Yes, father favors him," she said, with a troubled look toward the mill.

"And you, Claude?" He grasped her hands with a violence that nearly pained her.

"Doubt me, Bertrand?" she said, quite gravely. "If I could only show you how true I am!" Then, with a sigh, "If you were rich you might buy your discharge, and then we could marry, and you would be the miller."

"And if not?" he asked, sadly.

"Why do you ask? What is the matter?" she cried, in sudden alarm, clinging to his arm.

"Nothing; nothing shall come between us but death."

"Death? Why do you speak of death? You are well and strong, and God is good. Bertrand, Bertrand, what has happened?"

"I am a fool!" he cried, roughly. "Because I am so happy, I fear something may happen."

She shook her head silently, and it seemed as if the twilight that had begun to creep over the valley, the mill, and the stream had touched her sunny face, as, without a word but with a wistful look into Bertrand's face, she led the way into the mill.

V.

It had grown so dark that the oil-lamps began to twinkle throughout the village. In the huge kitchen of the "Pot-au-Feu" two fiddles and a trumpet twanged and tooted a rollicking galop, and whatever of Plaileroi had a pair of sound legs went scampering up and down the bare floor, till the whole village was in a whirl, from the fat cook with a huge ladle in her hand to Claude.

It seemed to Claude as if the world were spinning about, so did Bertrand whirl her up and down to the time of the music.

Plaileroi balls were primitive enough—the world went in its usual form, and hardly smoothed its hair, and so Chelot: he hadn't even taken off his forage-bag.

"If we could only dance forever!" he groaned; and faster, faster he went, clasping her more tightly, and knowing, miserably enough, that it was his last dance.

"I am tired, Bertrand."

He stood still, holding her hand as if in a dream, seeing for the first time that Plaileroi had given out, and was watching them with noisy approbation that followed them out of the room: "Not a handsomer pair within ten miles."

Some one stood in the door-way, in black broadcloth, and with a withered bouquet on his breast. He was looking over the heated crowd, watching the two jealously. Chelot brushed past him and Claude turned her face away.

So they went through the porch of the "Pot-au-Feu" into the garden and the peaceful night. The crickets were chirping, and the soft breeze touched the leaves of the poplars lining the road-side.

"See!—a falling star. I have wished," Claude whispered.

"A fine dance, Ma'm'selle. To last a year—eh, Monsieur?"

Like an unpleasant ghost in broadcloth, he stood beside them, with his tall hat on the back of his head and his hands in his trowsers pockets.

"Monsieur Garbelle."

"Another kind of dance in Mexico—eh, Monsieur Chelot?"

Claude looked up at M. Garbelle with a white face.

"What do you mean? Tell me! Mexico—for God's sake, what is it?"

Chelot turned on his rival in a kind of quivering rage, and one strong hand nearly came in fatal contact with the withered nosegay on M. Garbelle's breast.

"Claude, wait till I tell you," he cried, and grasped her hands in his.

"No, now!"

"Monsieur Chelot's regiment is ordered to Mexico for a year. Perhaps Mademoiselle don't know that there is a war in Mexico? It is a wild country, far away, and M. Chelot will have to cross the sea before he is there. The big sea—so big," and M. Garbelle spread out his lank arms to give an adequate idea of the ocean.

"Is this true?"

"It is true. I thought we might be happy five days more in this world. Forgive me, Claude," he implored, looking into the dull misery of her eyes.

As for Monsieur Garbelle, having succeeded in his little plan, he had slunk away. From the rambling old tavern the shrill fiddles and the trumpet struck up a new tune, that floated gayly down the hill after them. But the old charm had fled; it was all discord. Claude, with her head on Bertrand's breast, was weeping bitterly.

It was high noon the next day. The miller in the kitchen was cutting huge junks of bread from a long loaf on the table, washing the bites down with coffee.

Across the other end of the table Chelot had flung his forage-bag the night before, and there it still lay. The miller, with a scornful laugh, leaned across the table and took it up, when out dropped a crust of bread and a tattered newspaper roll.

"Not much to bring from Paris," he said, with great contempt. He knew some one—with a sly look at poor Claude, who was standing listlessly by the window—who at least would bring home a silk gown from such a journey.

The girl paid no attention. Her father was talking nonsense. She knew it was only Bertrand's bag. A curious change had passed over her in one night of unspeakable grief. She had grown older and paler. The miller was a weasel-faced old man in a smock-frock and a night-cap. He had ambition, and fortune was favoring him. He rose to leave the kitchen, giving a parting push to the bag, when Claude turned upon him suddenly.

"Father, what will make him free?"

He knew what she meant, without explanation.

"Money—much money."

"We are poor, are we not?" she continued, wistfully.

"Oh, yes—poor as rats," he answered, with great cheerfulness, knowing the drift of her thoughts.

"Where he—Bertrand—is going is a wild and dangerous country?"

"Oh, yes; very dangerous."

"He may never come back," she murmured.

"Very likely," the miller said, pleasantly. "If they are not shot, down there, they are starved; but they never come back."

She had grown so deadly pale that even the miller was touched.

"Can no one save him?" she cried, wringing her hands. "Oh for a little money!"

"Monsieur Garbelle," the miller suggested.

"Do you think he would lend us some?"

"Not for nothing," he answered, scratching his head. "But I'll send him to make his own terms. He's always about the mill nowadays," he said, trying to suggest a shattered existence, and so shuffled out of the kitchen.

M. Garbelle was there, and came sneaking in, doubtful of his reception. He was not an inviting-looking object, covered with a thin layer of flour from too much prowling about the mill.

Claude was sitting with her back to him, her head buried in the table against Bertrand's bag. She looked up as he stood beside her. It was a new look to Garbelle, and he liked it. She was really wonderfully handsome.

"Ma'm'selle, you want money? I have it, and I will give you what you want, if ——"

She looked at him breathlessly.

"Well, M. Garbelle?"

"If you will marry me."

VI.

Poor Chelot had gone away in the early dawn with a heavy heart. He had been to all the Chelots for five miles about to borrow money. It was a wild endeavor, for they were close-fisted gentry. Sure enough, they shrugged their shoulders, and declared in various ways that men were cheap and money dear. So he came back to Plaileroi at twilight, with empty hands and quite hopeless.

Heaven knows how he would have slaved to pay the debt—but now? He looked up drearily, for some one called him from the "Pot-au-Feu." It was M. le Maire, who waved a letter in one hand while he leaned out of the low window. The "Pot-au-Feu" and the post-office were one in primitive Plaileroi.

A letter for him—Chelot! The miracle happened once a year, and so he turned it in all directions in his perplexity.

"It was left for you an hour ago. For heaven's sake, open it, man!" the burgomaster said, with some irritation. He was dying of curiosity, natural enough when the whole mail of a village consists of one letter.

It was a soft letter without stamp or mark, only a down-hill direction in one corner; but a pleasant letter, M. le Maire concluded, for after a second of bewildered delight Chelot leaped in the air, caught M. le Maire about his short neck, and hugged him passionately.

"Free, free, free!" he cried, and shook three one-hundred-franc bills in the other's face. There was a bit of paper inclosed on which was written, in crabbed writing, "From a faithful friend."

"God is so good!" he cried, and a film dimmed his eyes, and his lips quivered a little under his brown mustache.

Then, with a laugh, he swung his cap in the air and sprang down-hill. He had escaped a great danger, and, in his sudden joy, he never once thought of the cause.

Free! and Claude his forever!

Monsieur Garbelle was crossing the bridge; he looked up at the other's radiant face with a frown. But Chelot did not care; he was free, and in his great happiness willing to love even his rival.

"I am free, M. Garbelle. See, all this money is mine!" he cried, nearly thrusting it into the other's face.

"You have received it already?" M. Garbelle asked, retreating to the moss-grown stone railing.

"What do you mean? Who sent it?" Chelot asked, blankly.

M. Garbelle had had an unpleasant courting, and an expensive, so he was longing for a little revenge to soothe his soul.

"Ha! ha! It is a little bargain: Ma'm'selle Claude accepts three hundred francs from me, and I take Ma'm'selle Claude."

"Sold herself for me!" Bertrand thought over and over again, as if he could not grasp the idea. However, there stood M. Garbelle, grinning, until with one hand the young man grasped his broadcloth collar, and with the other stuffed the bank-bills in M. Garbelle's pocket, and then, with a vigorous kick, sent him staggering uphill.

"The debt is repaid, M. Garbelle," he said, sternly, and, turning his back on him, he went toward the mill.

That whole afternoon the miller was happy. M. Garbelle was his—his future son-in-law. As for Claude, she said nothing, but she worked with feverish activity. "I shall go mad if I think," she said to herself.

After M. Garbelle had given her the money, he tried to reward himself by feebly clasping her arm with one bony hand, but she shook him off like a spider.

At dusk she sat down on a settle by the open hearth, shivering in the fire-light, and the miller put a fresh log on the fire and the flames went blazing and crackling up the great chimney.

She was sitting there still when Bertrand came in. He threw himself at her feet, and for a moment they looked silently and sorrowfully into each other's faces.

"Claude," he said, at last, drawing her toward him, "I shall come back to you again—I swear I shall. The price you paid for my life was too dear—I—I—have given the money back. Have patience, my darling, for a year—only a year."

She hid her face on his shoulder and wept silently, but something of peace touched her heart. God only knew how patient she would be! It had grown darker, and the fire-light cast red shadows across the floor, and from the cracks in the door a sudden yellow glimmer pierced through.

It was the miller, who came in holding a lamp and shading his eyes from the gloom, followed by M. le Maire, longing to know what the letter and the money were about—so curious that he had trudged all the way down-hill for chance information.

The miller, placing the lamp on the table, caught sight of Bertrand.

"You here again?" he asked, with much disfavor. He would have said more; but he was afraid of Claude. M. le Maire pricked up his sharp ears; but he was also a Frenchman, and polite, and he had no interest in family skirmishes.

There was an ominous silence, and M. le Maire, sitting down by the table, stretched out his fat hands to a ragged newspaper roll lying beside a forage-bag and a crust of bread. Anything to break the dead silence.

"*Tiens!* A paper from Paris! What a pleasure!" M. le Maire said, and, without a moment's hesitation, he began to unroll it with nimble fingers.

"It is the only thing Chelot brought from Paris," the miller said, with much scorn, while he filled a couple of pipes, and dived into the recesses of a huge carven chest for a bottle of new wine, for M. le Maire was an honored guest.

"In the name of heaven, how did you come by this?"

M. le Maire so asked the question that the miller leaped to his feet, and dropped the bottle in his hand with a crash, in his consternation. He wasn't dreaming, but —— money? The table was covered with it, and the ragged paper that Bertrand had brought from Paris was plethoric with more. It strewed the table and fell on the ground, and the numbers on the bills were of fabulous amounts. Between all stood M. le Maire, open-mouthed, petrified, and pointing a fat forefinger at Bertrand.

For a second Chelot was bewildered; then a sudden light dawned upon him.

"To be sure—yes, I remember! Jean Pierre thrust it in my bag yesterday, as I left Paris. He and Duval were kicking it about till Jean Pierre dropped it in there," pointing to the bag, which the miller was examining, to see if a bill or two had remained behind. "I suppose some one lost it," Bertrand said, indifferently.

It seemed like a nineteenth-century fairy tale, as the three stood about M. le Maire,

while he counted the bills with a moist forefinger. The miller watched each motion with open-mouthed wonder. After the first few thousands, his ears were dulled; he could comprehend no further; while Claude thought of the happiness such a bit of paper could give her and hers.

She turned to the window, and looked into the darkness till the last bill was counted and the whole was tucked safely into an inside pocket of M. le Maire's waistcoat.

"It was like a bad dream," she murmured, and looked humbly at Bertrand, who stood watching all with calm indifference.

"If we had all that money," she whispered, laying her hand on his arm.

Something of his old bright smile came back, as he stroked his mustache and looked down at her.

"But we haven't," he answered, lightly, and that was all.

"Five hundred thousand francs. Some one has lost half a million," M. le Maire said, impressively. "Whoever it is will cry loud enough to be heard. If it hadn't been for me, that money would have lain there till doomsday," he said, with great solemnity. "What would you do without me—just tell me that? I shall ride to Merle to-night, and telegraph to the chief of police in Paris. As for you, Chelot, the money is yours till the owner appears; so you must sleep at the inn to-night. I shouldn't like all the world to know what lies in the 'Pot-au-Feu.' Come, Chelot! You, miller, bring a lantern. Good-night, Ma'm'selle Claude. In the meantime, I shall ride over to Merle."

The miller accompanied the two to the inn. To say that M. le Maire was excited was to say nothing. He was magnificent!

"Legends," he declared, as he harnessed his fat horse to a square box on four wheels, —"legends will be handed down about that money, Chelot, my boy; and you, miller, wont be forgotten. But I——" and M. le Maire stopped a second and laid his forefinger against his nose; "I—oh—I——"

Language failed to provide him with words sufficiently eulogistic, and, like other artists under equally impressive circumstances, M. le Maire remained silent.

VII.

M. LE MAIRE was still snoring placidly in the early morning, when a coach tore down the highway and pulled up, with a sweep, at the "Pot-au-Feu."

M. le Maire sat up in bed and rubbed his heavy eyes with the tassel of his night-cap.

"I dreamt——" M. le Maire began, when a thundering knock below sent him to the window like a shot, and, putting his head out, he demanded, irritably, what was wanted.

Two men stood below; one looked up with a stern, official eye.

"I am a police commissary; this gentleman"—pointing to his companion—"has lost a package containing a large sum of money that answers the description of the one you found. Let us in!"

For a second M. le Maire stared at the happy possessor of so much money, though he wasn't much to look at. Of course it was Monsieur Bertholet; but after a day of unspeakable misery, and an early journey, the poor man could not be expected to appear at his best. His nose was red and a pea-green haze covered his features; but with the last remnants of energy he pulled his cuffs over his knuckles. He trembled with joy and eagerness, and M. le Maire, enveloped in a mysterious, long garment, had hardly unbarred the door before M. Bertholet fell about his neck.

"My preserver!"

"No, not exactly," he answered, honestly, struggling to escape.

"Well, then, who is he? Where is he? Let me see him!"

"He is in bed; I'll send him down directly."

That did not satisfy M. Bertholet's grateful impatience. He followed M. le Maire's fluttering garments down the winding corridors, and so burst into a small room where Bertrand was dreaming of Mexico with the magnificent fantasy of a Frenchman, and suddenly awoke to find a queer old man sitting at his bedside, clasping his hand,—a strange old man, with wisps of thin, green hair, and a limp but generous display of linen.

"You shall have the reward, twenty thousand francs!" cried Bertholet, over and over.

"He is mad!" Chelot thought, and shuddered.

"Day before yesterday I lost the money in the railway-station in Paris. In Calais they said I was mad, and sent me to Paris by the next train, with two keepers."

Chelot watched him, horror-struck.

"I remember I saw you at the station, my fine fellow; I'll make your fortune."

A light dawned on Chelot.

"To be sure; oh, I see,—why, yes."

"I'm the owner of the five hundred thousand francs," M. Bertholet interposed.

"And you are not mad?" Chelot asked, still doubting M. Bertholet's feverish joy.

M. Bertholet mad? He was mad the night he had been left to recover his reason at leisure in a police-cell, after a forced journey back to Paris, with two keepers and a pair of handcuffs. He was mad the next morning, when Madame and "the little one" came, each in turn, and overwhelmed him with reproaches. But mad now? No, he was coming to himself; he had learned a lesson: Madame was nothing without him, and "the little one" less than nothing.

Experience is so extravagant a necessity that it has amounted to a luxury from the day Mother Eve ate an apple and lost Paradise, down to M. Bertholet, who paid twenty-five thousand francs for his share.

It was a great day for Plaileroi and the "Pot-au-Feu." Bertholet sat beside M. le Maire in the great kitchen, and watched him brew wonderful drinks for such of the villagers as chose to look in. All Plaileroi came and stared at the rich man, who had lost a fortune in Paris and found it in Plaileroi. They drank to his health and to M. le Maire's, and stared again when they heard that he had given the miller's Claude a dowry of twenty thousand francs, and remembered M. le Maire handsomely.

Chelot would accept nothing, even when he was told that twenty thousand francs was the advertised reward. However, after a moment's consultation with the host of the "Pot-au-Feu," Claude had been transformed into an heiress by the mere scratch of a pen in M. Bertholet's hand.

"It's all one," M. le Maire had said, in explanation, when Claude came shyly into the room, followed by Bertrand.

"Am I mad?" M. Bertholet asked the young man, and patted Claude's blushing face. It was an expensive pat. It was all he had seen of "life," and it cost a pile of money. Still he did not care, though he watched them rather enviously when the fiddlers arrived, and in a trivet set Plaileroi scampering and spinning down the long kitchen.

"They have the best of it," he thought, catching sudden glimpses of a laughing face, the glitter of white teeth, and Bertrand's brown mustache in dangerous proximity.

Grandeur begets solitude, and M. Bertholet pulled down his cuffs, rasped his throat a little, and wished M. le Maire to the devil.

"Will Monsieur dance with me?" asked a shy voice, and Claude stood before him, blushing.

Would he? Good heavens, yes!

He leaped to his feet, pulled down his cuffs, the fiddles struck up a new tune, and, after thirty years of inaction, M. Bertholet's feet cracked their old muscles to the tune of a dance, and M. Bertholet's elbows forced a way through the population of Plaileroi with superb effect. In the midst of it—

"*Mon mari!*" said a familiar voice.

M. Bertholet thought he was dreaming, and danced on.

"*Mon mari!*" said the voice again, plaintively.

He stopped as if he had been shot. There stood Madame at the open door, travel-stained and humble.

"My friend, I heard that you were here, and so I followed you."

"And now you can go home again," M. Bertholet interposed, politely, and taking her by one fat elbow he led her through the garden to the vehicle in which she had come.

"Will you not come home with me, my friend?"

"Not till I choose, my dear," he answered, shutting her into the coach.

"Perhaps you haven't heard the news," she said, spitefully, looking out of the window. "'The little one' is married."

"Then I pity him," M. Bertholet replied, with much feeling.

"She's a dancer—a ballet-dancer!" Madame screamed in a fury, as the coachman, with a crack of his whip, started his lank beasts toward Merle.

It was sinful and not fatherly but M. Bertholet laughed till he ached; he was still laughing when he reached the "Pot-au-Feu," and the merry tune of a dance tickled his ears.

"Now," said M. Bertholet, and he pulled his cuffs down for the last time in this story, —"now I shall begin to live. Madame is crushed, and 'the little one' is—ha! ha! married."

The fiddles twanged and the trumpet tooted, and M. Bertholet and all Plaileroi whirled about in the kitchen of the "Pot-au-Feu."

THE KING'S JESTER.

I've heard it told
That "All the fools are not dead yet!"
The truth's as patent now, as when
The Jester jeered the wiles of men.

Still as of old
Priest, lawyer, leech, and martinet
Jangle no bells nor wear a cowl,
But, none the less, all play the fool.

Fool's eyes are bold
And 'neath the wise man's robes can get.
His wounds are sharp—beware his aim,
And rattling raillery of blame!

NEW YORK ATTICS AND HOUSE-TOPS.

If not in the certainty of resultant beauty, life is like a prism in the changing aspects which it has from different points of sight, and it is only when one angle of view is adhered to with the fixity of habit, that the world appears stagnant and wearisome. It is stimulating, for instance, to find another stand-point than the pavement for watching the throbbing traffic of the city street. These hollow channels, grooved like Western cañons between miles and miles of shops and houses, never let us know more than the immediate neighborhood; there are labyrinths and vistas, but no climax that displays to us the entirety and cohesion of part with part. The undeviating lengths of thoroughfare are monotonous, and the activities within them chafe and make us fretful without having the sonorousness and depth of meaning which the blended sounds gather as they roll up to the roof. As far as we are concerned, it is from a roof that we prefer to contemplate the city —such as that on which we stood yesterday, with the spire of Trinity near its apex across the way, and only the sky and a gilded vane above us. Nor is it idle fancy or idiosyncrasy that actuates us. Is Thomas Carlyle's picture of the sapient Teufelsdröckh's speculum or watch-tower still remembered?—

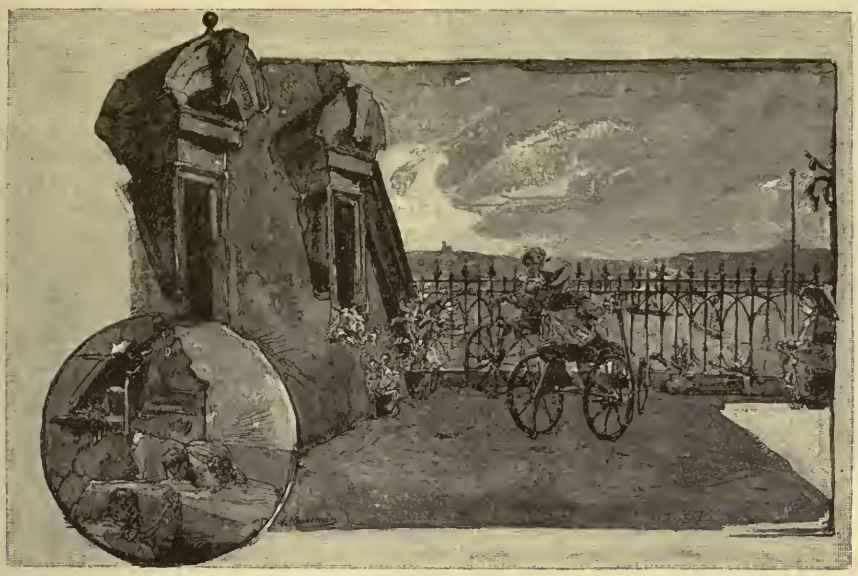
"It might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground * * * wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable City; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving (*Thun und Treiben*), were for the most part visible there. * * * '*Ach, mein Lieber*,' said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, 'it is true sublimity to dwell here; I sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars.'"

A peculiar sense of exaltation comes to the human being from altitude, and the faculties seem enlarged in proportion to the area which the vision comprehends. The loftiness of position operates like a pleasant drug, that isolates us from our own dreams and leaves us the spectator of the amusing procession that winds through it; and as we look over the cornice on the multitude below, though interested, we are unconscious of any stronger affinity with it than with so many disks of black upon white paper.

As we withdraw from the cornice, no streets and few living things can be seen. The yellow-green rivers and the bay of purer color bear a traffic that seems stealthy and noiseless. Glancing from these, there is open before us a vast surface of roofs, obscure in the distance under a pale haze of anthracite, with steeples and chimneys projecting from them, and gaps of invisible depth separating them. In level and color the space is like a desert; and this analogy is sustained by innumerable columns of vapor, which feather in the upper air like the issue of so many hot springs. At first, these white wreaths seem to give the only movement to the scene, but a further observation discovers one maiden in all the space, with the wind blowing her petticoats as she hangs some clothes to dry, in a pen-like inclosure on one of the dull red squares; and then we perceive three men stringing some telegraph-wires, and a flicker of sunshine attracts our attention to a fourth, who is securing plates of tin to an old gable-roof. This is the metropolis seen from the Equitable building in the full glare of midday.

Our height conceals the traffic from us. Teufelsdröckh could see the living flood pouring through the streets, of all qualities and ages: the couriers arriving, bestrapped and bebooted; the baron, with his household, coming in from the country; the old soldier begging alms, and thousands of carriages, wagons, and carts entering Weissnichtwo and setting out again. But though the multitudinous activities are veiled from us by the long, vacant, monochromatic areas of roofs, their existence is emphasized by the concealment, and what the eye cannot see the whole being feels with a strange and profound reflectiveness. So, too, the sound that deafens the pedestrians below reaches us in harmonious undulations, and though its volume is softened and blended, its depth and many sources strike us with increased impressiveness.

We are not describing a singular or personal effect. The "Equitable roof" is a gratuitous exhibition afforded to the public by an opulent insurance company, and is a point of view much frequented by strangers and persons in search of new sensations. It is attainable by luxurious elevators, without charge or exertion; and the other day, when



CHILDREN'S PLAY-GROUND ON THE ROOF.

we stood up there, a young girl from the country stood by us, and, though in all the desert-like reach of roofs only the twisting jets of steam, the maid hanging out the clothes, and the telegraph-men were visible, she, also, felt the strong current beneath the still surface, and exclaimed, "How busy it is!"

We are weary of the streets and their familiar sights, even up to the third and fourth stories. The show-windows, with their fabrics and what-nots, have nothing new, and the friction of the crowd distresses our nerves. But upon the roofs there is inspiration and novelty. The air is free and pure, the prospect is spacious, and the heavens, with their splendid sunsets and gentle twilights, are not shut out from us by the ragged and depraved unpicturesqueness of the cornice lines of brown-stone fronts and business houses.

All is not so inactive up here as it seems; moreover, on the roofs, or in the "sky-parlors" immediately under the roofs, a variety of occupations are conducted amid surroundings of which few who are not concerned in them have any idea. The history of attic life in the city opens many a sad experience, and many a novel one. The yellow moon of midsummer falls in the sultry night on some strange scenes over yonder, on the roofs of those tenement barracks; and here, on the Equitable roof, and on the roofs of many other large offices in the neighborhood, there is life when all below is silent and deserted.

The janitors of such buildings as the Equitable are fortunately situated. They are well paid and are treated with deference by all the tenants; their life is easy, and their quarters are especially enviable, having all the comforts and conveniences of a modern "flat." The president of the insurance company, no doubt, lives somewhere on Fifth Avenue, and has before his windows no other or more exalting prospect than the brown-stone fronts across the way. But the janitor has a cottage for himself on the roof, nestled under a tower, and when the air below is stagnant and parched, invigorating breezes pour into his dwelling from the bay, while all day long the harbor, from the Battery to its outlet at the Narrows, is a picture of unending interest and beauty. All the commerce of the rivers, visible but silent, is before him: he has summer mornings when the southern distance is a vaporous gold without a tangible object in it, and moonlight nights when the waters, prickled by the yellow lights of the shipping, quiver in millions of silvery edges. After his supper, he may sit at his door and look on something very much better than a façade of marble or a procession of vehicles. His children have a little space reserved for them, scattered with playthings, and there are no walls above them or surrounding

A TENEMENT HOUSE-TOP IN SUMMER.

them—only an ornamental iron fence between them and the precipitous front of the immense building, with the sky and sunshine conferring full benefit upon them. But the natural advantages are not all.

The interior of the cottage is concealed from the casual visitor by pretty lace curtains. It is furnished with a good deal of taste and generosity; it has a piano, which sounds with great clearness and sweetness in the still morning air; it is heated by steam, and has a flow of hot and cold water, electric bells, a telephone, and every other adjunct of a well-appointed American establishment. The unappetizing odors of the *cuisine* are avoided by an excellent expedient. The next building to the Equitable is a branch of Delmonico's, and a passage connects the two by which the janitor has communication with a separate kitchen. When we are reminded of roseate pictures with which his days begin, the varied scenes that fill him, and the calm evenings that follow them, and of the pure altitude in which he breathes, the janitor's lot, taken all in all, seems not so very much less enviable than the president's.

Though isolated from the strife and pressure of the streets, he is not without society. The engineer of the building has a cottage like his under another part of the tower, and a staff of signal-service men have their station on the roof. When all the offices below are locked up and business has departed for the day, and while Trinity's clock booms out the hours of the night, the observers are still employed with their instruments, and when a storm threatens, a big, red lantern is lighted to warn the shipping on the bay. Even after the janitor and the engineer have gone to bed, the observers are wide awake, and soon after midnight a little printing-press is set to work upon the weather-charts for to-morrow. Those brilliant belts of light not far away, and scarcely lower than the Equitable roof, are the printing-offices of the great morning newspapers, and one belt nearer than the others is the operating-room of the Western Union Telegraph, in which thought is for-

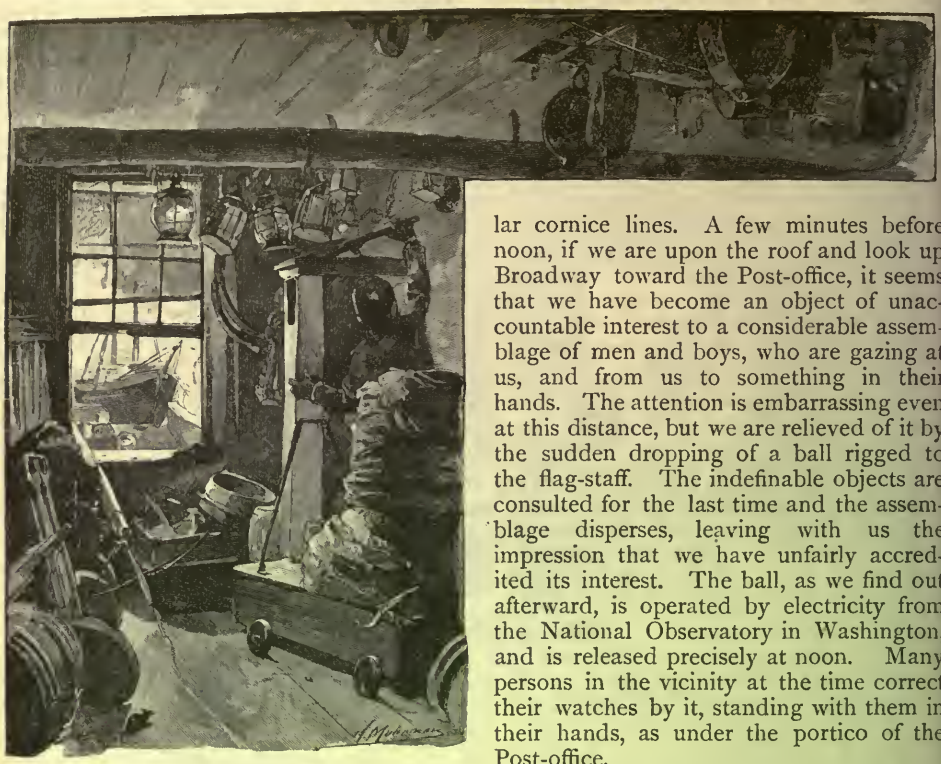
CHIMNEYS AND DORMERS IN OLD NEW YORK.

ever flying, and the lights are never extinguished while the darkness lasts.

What if we cross over there at this late hour? As we approach, there is a loud patter as of hail upon a glass roof, and when we are admitted there is before us a vast hall of cheerful appearance, divided into aisles and cross-aisles by hundreds of little tables, bent over which are as many absorbed faces. The sound seems to drench the room; it is whirled against us like the blinding spray of a hurricane; it falls a moment, and then gathers a new vehemence from the pause. Put into words, the inarticulate babel is full of meaning. This persistent click-click-click of the Morse instruments is telling of revolutions in governments, of frustrated designs upon the lives of kings, of debates in the Senate, of pageants in London, of carnivals in Rome, and of matters that concern the whole world. The voice is metallic, and it speaks of all things with a uniform precision and firmness. It patters out the Queen's message to her lords and gentlemen assembled at Westminster, and it tells a mother of the death of her son, and brings tidings to some wife from an absent husband. We glance out of the windows upon the dark ambiguity of the bay and rivers, and upon the faint refractions of the gas-lamps, which repeat the course of the streets in the upper air. All movement is suspended; the night is far spent. But in the operating-room the lights are blazing; scores of clerks are in a state of extreme nervous activity; and the messages that pour in from all quarters come from sources where there is the same urgency and sleeplessness. There is a sort of screen, not many feet square, in which all the wires are gathered, and if one could epitomize and comprehend at once the rushing flood of words springing from every motive, aimed at every end, that finds its inlet here, nearly all human nature would be unmasked. As fast as the operators fulfill their appointed hours of service, they are replaced by others, and not until the daylight is broad and the lamps extinguished, and then and all through the day the patter of the instruments continues in the same whirling storm that greets our ears as we first enter the room.

RIGGING-LOFT.

Above the operating-room, and immediately under the roof, there is a complete *ménage* for the use of employés. There are laundries, kitchens, linen-closets, and pantries. The dining-room is spacious and well-ventilated, with windows that look out upon miles and miles of roofs, and up the Hudson to



SHIP-CHANDLERS' LOFT.

where the embattlements of the Palisades begin. Lunch, dinner, tea, and supper are served from a varied bill of fare, at a lower tariff than prevails in outside restaurants, and hunger may be gratified, while the view through the windows, with its unlimited suggestiveness, diverts and recreates the mind, insuring that boon of boons—a good digestion. As we reflect upon these things, a dapper and prosperous-looking little man comes out of a door which opens to us a glimpse of walls covered with pictures, of soft and warm-colored carpets, of easy-chairs, of a bunch of flowers on a mantel-piece, of a woman sitting by a window, and of too many other pleasant things to be inventoried. This is the abode of the janitor and his family. The dapper little man is the janitor himself, who is even more charmingly situated than his neighbor in the Equitable.

The roof of the Western Union is more broken than that of the latter building, and is surrounded by massive crests of iron. The view is the same; the bay and the rivers are again revealed to us, with the same vacant, dull-red surface of roofs and angular cornice lines. A few minutes before noon, if we are upon the roof and look up Broadway toward the Post-office, it seems that we have become an object of unaccountable interest to a considerable assemblage of men and boys, who are gazing at us, and from us to something in their hands. The attention is embarrassing even at this distance, but we are relieved of it by the sudden dropping of a ball rigged to the flag-staff. The indefinable objects are consulted for the last time and the assemblage disperses, leaving with us the impression that we have unfairly accredited its interest. The ball, as we find out afterward, is operated by electricity from the National Observatory in Washington, and is released precisely at noon. Many persons in the vicinity at the time correct their watches by it, standing with them in their hands, as under the portico of the Post-office.

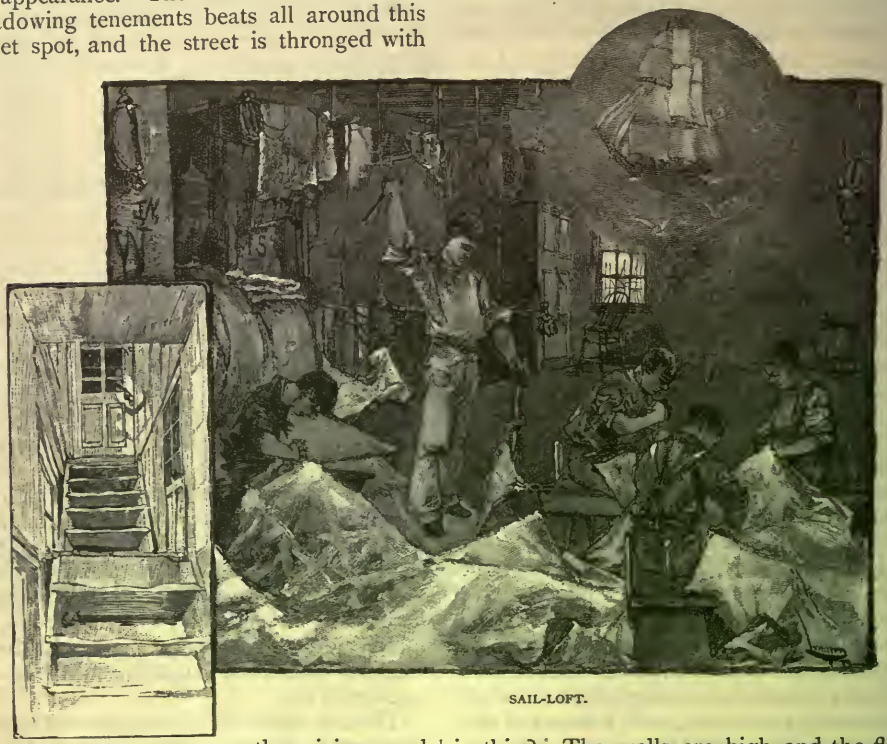
We have briefly spoken of scenes upon the roofs less pleasing than the gatherings of the janitor's family on summer evenings. To learn what they are we must enlist the services of a health-officer or a detective, whose badge will secure immunity for us in neighborhoods where it would be dangerous to venture without the shield of authority. Such localities, in which poverty and crime commingle and have their affinities, and in which, too, poverty sometimes eats its untainted crust, are not scarce or distant in the city. The tenement-hovel abuts on every quarter, and, though one's path may be circumscribed, this cellular erection, with its chattering inmates, edges it somewhere and forces upon our modern St. James the misery of our modern St. Giles. But we know more of St. Giles than its outposts. In the north-east, Manhattan Island, as viewed from the Equitable roof, throws out a cape which nearly doubles the width it has in the south, and it is here that all space is choked with the dreary, many-storied, overcrowded tenements, in which every inch of room, from the sub-cellars up to the attics, is utilized for shelter.

It is discouraging to explore such a locality as this at any season. The loaferish men, the slatternly women, and the vociferous children are here at all times. The same sin, misery, and ignorance disturb us and appeal to our sense of the ill-adjustment of society, whether we look upon the scene in winter or summer. But it is in the sultriness of August or September that the distress is most poignant. Come here in one of the breathless nights of midsummer. All the population seems to be out-of-doors and gasping for air; but the energy of movement and conversation that we have seen before is missing. The atmosphere seems to have reached its equilibrium. The scantily clothed women sit with their heads thrown back and bodies unerect, as in a muscular atrophy; the children lie uneasily wherever there is space for them. There is moaning, disquietude, and deep exhaustion. So compact is the crowd that it strikes us all the tenements must have been emptied into the street. But come farther; let us pick our way through the blockade of women and children on the steps and in the hall of one of the big houses. The doors and windows are all wide open; there is no privacy, and, as we walk upstairs from floor to floor, we find that the crowd below is but a surplus—that each of the miserable little rooms is occupied by almost as many as it can contain. There, is a German shoe-maker sitting upon a stool and hammering upon a last, with a brood of children sprawling around him; there, a laborer is eating his supper by the light of a kerosene lamp, while a tall, spare, pale woman waits upon him with a baby dragging at her breast; there, a laundress is ironing linen, and complains in expletives as the beads of perspiration, falling upon her work, blister the crisp starch; and in other apartments, where the lights are out, we see shadowed movements and hear loud voices. Children are screaming and women scolding everywhere. Each successive floor is lower in price and occupied by a poorer class than that below it, and at last we reach the top, where the rooms are little larger than prison-cells and the dwellers are the most abject. The comparison of prison-cells is, indeed, an unfair one, for in penal institutions the hygiene is admirable, while here the walls and floors are filthy, and a family of several persons is granted no more space than would be allowed to one felon.

When we think of the throng in the street and of the innumerable inmates we have seen in their apartments,—of the many persons who have brushed against us in the corridors,—we cannot imagine that we have not seen all to whom the house gives shelter. But there is a fire-escape ladder leading to the roof,—a ladder so steep and narrow that it would be like water to Tantalus—a treacherous failure to succor—if once the flames obtained possession of this wasp-net; and, scaling it, we emerge upon the roof, where still more of the tenants are gathered. The air that is sultry and impure below is not perceptibly fresher here. The moon is a fiery orange color, and the sky itself seems to glow with hidden heat; a long bar of opaline cloud floats motionless under the moon, and the infrequent stars beat feebly in the haze. Stretched out at our feet, and all over the roof, are men and women, who have come up here in vain for a breath of cool air. They roll from side to side and moan for repose, which they cannot obtain. As the night advances, their number is increased by others, who crawl up the narrow fire-escape, and before morning all the space is covered by a restless, murmuring throng. The adjoining roofs are also occupied, and as we glance to them from the uneasy objects at our feet, and think of the unlimited valleys that invite tillage, and the forests that wait for the ax, we endeavor, without success, to understand the perversity which holds these suffering masses of humanity in the overpopulated city.

There is abundant picturesqueness among the roofs. Between some of the big tenement-houses of modern date, gaps have been left, in which stand old buildings with quaint curb roofs and dormer windows. Too often, as is generally the case with the picturesque, these ancient houses are more objectionable from a sanitary point of view than the most defective of later buildings; but sometimes they give a glimpse of domestic felicity and retirement that cannot be found in the vaster hive of tenements. There is one little corner we know of where decency of life has made its benefits manifest, despite all the surrounding poverty and thriftlessness. It is the second story of one of the old houses that we have mentioned, and is under a slanting roof which is becoming concave under the weight of its years. The door outlets upon a frail little balcony, around which some flower-pots are placed; and there is a window of scant dimensions, which is draped with a white muslin curtain. We have not the least idea as to whom the tenants are, but in spring and summer even-

ings a young man sits in the balcony, smoking his pipe with an air of contentment and appreciative restfulness; and he has a companion in a young woman, who is very industrious with her needle and very neat in appearance. The shrill tumult of overshadowing tenements beats all around this quiet spot, and the street is thronged with the vicious and thriftless; but the little couple in the second story isolate themselves from their surroundings, and, as far as the casual passer-by can see, are very happy indeed.



ENTRANCE.

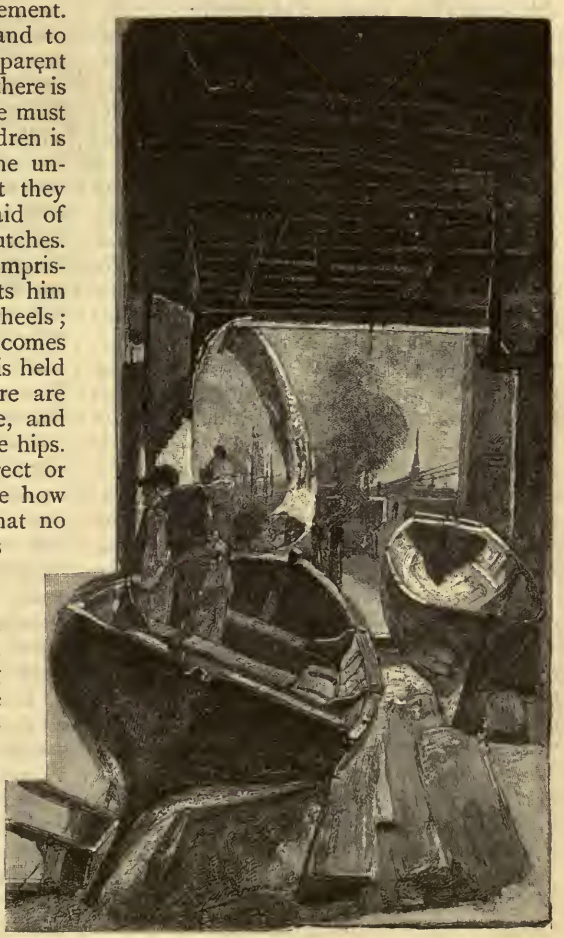
SAIL-LOFT.

From the Bowery and the ant-hill tenements it is an easy distance to a handsome building near Union Square, which has more than a hundred windows facing the south. The roof is mansard, and its outlines are ornamented by fancy iron spurs. A large part of it is taken up by a skylight, under which we discover another phase of "roof life." Even on overcast days, when the sun is scarcely visible, some of its warmth and radiance find their way through here, and fall upon faces whose pallor supplicates for more. We hear voices and movements, but both are feeble and almost querulous. A fountain trickles and plays in flakes of gold as sunbeams strike it, the drippings slowly suffuse the broad and vivid leaves around it, and the cold inmates of the aquaria increase the briskness of their movements as the rays slant among them. There is a faint odor of flowers and the gleam of foliage—a cheery and pervasive warmth. What place is this? The walls are high and the floor is smooth. There are easy-chairs and pillows. The street is nearly a hundred feet below, and its sounds are muffled by the height. The voices are speaking about being "out and well." It is the solarium of the New York Hospital, where the patients who can leave their beds are treated to a sunbath, and where they lie in the golden light, and feel it penetrating and revivifying their relaxed tissues. We look into the faces and read the dreams of convalescence which the gentle warmth inspires. The flowers and leaves work a spell upon the senses, and bring visions of strength and salubrious skies.

In passing through Forty-second street to the Grand Central Depot, we have often been surprised by a gleeful chorus of children's voices, and though there is a hospital at the corner of Lexington Avenue, it never occurred to us until the other day that these sounds of merriment could come from an institution so ostensibly sad. But, as at the New

York, the roof, with its capacity for breezes and sunshine, has been arranged for the recreation of convalescents. All the patients are young sufferers from some kind of physical aberration, from curvatures of the spine, and every kind of deformity; but such miracles are wrought upon them by modern orthopedic science that, while they are encumbered with the surgical appliances, they find movement easy and exhilarating. We can see no more from the street than an occasional head, and the voices are nearly drowned by the traffic. When we reach the solarium itself, however, the activity and noisiness of the cripples amaze us. Though the faces are pale and the bodies warped, the children exert themselves with almost frantic enjoyment. The floor is filled by them and worn to a waxy smoothness by the friction of their feet. They scurry this way and that in various games, and scream with pleasure and excitement. Their eyes seem to double in size and to predominate in their shrunk, transparent faces. Perhaps the reader thinks that there is nothing remarkable in all this; but he must remember that not one of these children is without deformity or disease, not one unblighted by malformation, and that they are only able to move with the aid of painful-looking belts, trusses, and crutches. A pale little boy speeds before us, imprisoned in an iron frame which supports him by the waist and is propelled upon wheels; pursuing him with perilous eagerness comes a very small girl, one of whose legs is held in shape by a steel bracelet. There are children whose feet are bent double, and whose bodies are set laterally from the hips. None among them all can walk erect or without faltering, and, when we see how soon they are exhausted, we think that no scene of all the roofs and sky-parlors can show us, is more touching than this.

As to the occupations carried on under the roofs to which we referred in the beginning of the article as being beyond the general knowledge, there are so many of them that it is impossible to even name them all. There are toy-makers, paper-box makers, paper-collar makers, and artificial-flower makers. There are sail-makers, boat-builders and riggers, and ship-chandlers. There are etchers, engravers, photographers, and workers on feathers. But in the space at our disposal we can only glance at a few of the more striking ones, such, for instance, as the paint-loft of a theater, where, high above the arch of the proscenium, the scenes are produced for the illustration of the play. We enter by the stage door, which, in the best appointed theaters as in the older ones, has an unjustifiable look of disrepute and ill-omen; and when we have penetrated some dark and musty passages between colossal stacks of disused appurtenances, we stand in a reverberant hollow, with some sixteen hundred red-faced chairs staring at us with a dumb and motionless curiosity. The interior of a theater, when the gas is out and the auditorium and stage are vacant, is oppressively cold and silent. The retrospective contrast with what we have known it to be in the warmth and illumination of the evening



BOAT-BUILDERS' LOFT.

imparts a ghostliness to the void, and these chairs with the crimson upholstery that confront us in parallel lines seem sentient in a fixed and uncanny way. A voice acquires an echoing loudness and distinctness. No scene is set; the curtain is up, and the whole space of stage and auditorium is discovered in the misty twilight of one or two insufficient windows. At the left-hand side of the proscenium is the prompter's desk, with bells and electric keys communicating with the machinists aloft, the conductor of the orchestra, the dressing-rooms of the actors, and the fire department. Concealed himself, the prompter can also communicate with the orchestra, and inspect the audience through peep-holes in the proscenium, and from his desk he can direct operations in any part of the establishment by the movement of a finger. The prompter is necessarily a person of large experience, discretion, and presence of mind.

Creeping along "the wings" we come at the extreme rear of the stage to a circular stair-way, leading to an elevation nearly fifty feet above the level of the orchestra. The passage is narrow and unilluminated, and we reach the top out of breath, but with a strong feeling of relief. We emerge upon what are known in mysterious nomenclature as the "flies," which may be described as two platforms or galleries, one at each side of the stage, extending lengthwise from the proscenium to the back, and it is here that the scenes are moved, by a complex system of cordage, blocks, and pulleys resembling the rigging of a ship. A large motto is conspicuously painted upon one of the walls, "A place for everything," and it is so essential that the scene-shifters shall be able to put their hands upon any object at the precise moment it is wanted, that the purpose of the admonition is fulfilled in an apple-pie orderliness which, so far as the ropes are concerned, would be creditable to the poop-deck of a ship in fair weather. The halyards and lanyards, so to speak, are coiled up with a sailorly regard for exigencies that might call for their sudden use, and all the tools are placed in racks or shelves, where they can be seen or reached in a moment. There are many precautions against fire; smoking is forbidden, and in nearly every corner there is a chemical extinguisher with hose carefully coiled around it.

At the head of the stair-way by which we come up, a turn to the left brings us into the "flies," while a turn in the opposite direction brings us into the paint-loft. The paint-loft is the highest part of the theater; it is the studio of the scene-painter, and in it are produced all the beautiful stage pictures of the establishment. Simply to say that it is the studio would lead the reader who is not specially informed to a very erroneous idea of its form and furniture; he would see in the mind's eye, no doubt, an ordinary *atelier*, with the usual adjuncts, and no other feature of notable peculiarity than the increased size indispensable for canvases of heroic proportions. But scenic art, so-called, is not at all the same thing as the other branches of painting, and though one standard may be applied to the results, the methods by which the complete work is obtained are very dissimilar. The painter for galleries has his whole canvas before him and can study at a glance the relation of one part of his picture with another, and the effect of each stroke upon the work that has preceded it. He is more or less minute and finished, however broad his style may be. But the painter for a theater has only one small section of the whole canvas before him at a time, and he has to develop that while the remainder is out of sight. He has to paint, not for the sort of inspection which another picture would receive, but with an eye to the effect his work will have when seen at a distance of from twenty-five to one hundred or more feet, in gas-light and lime-light, and never by an audience in the searching brilliance of sunlight. His starting-point is a model prepared on a scale of one inch to each foot of space that will be covered by the actual scene. The model is built upon a miniature stage, and it is exactly what the finished "set," as seen by the audience, will be in every detail, except size, with the difference, of course, that it is painted with twelve times more delicacy than its larger duplicate. The models of a talented scene-painter are of great value to managers, and are often worthy of preservation for their novel beauty. Having thus made his composition in miniature, the painter "scales" it with pencil or charcoal on his canvas; and as we turn away from the "flies," we find him working and whistling a tune in his loft. The dark ascent of the spiral stair-way, and the depth of the stage below, leave our nerves unsettled, and the position of the loft does not assuage their uneasiness. The floor is a long, narrow platform, suspended from above, which becomes tremulous under every foot-fall. Its width is not more than seven feet, and a wooden guard is all that intervenes

between it and the depth below. At one side is a bench with deep pots of color upon it, and at the other is the white canvas with a faintly sketched design upon it, which the artist is filling in with apparently chaotic and unmodulated dashes of paint. He has neither mahl-stick nor palette; his brush is flat and some eight inches broad, and he wields it with the careless vigor of a bill-poster. He is dressed from head to foot in white canvas overalls, and the hand which he holds out to us is speckled like a trout. From time to time he calls to his assistants, and the scene is elevated or lowered as he requires. A strong light is thrown upon the canvas by a row of gas-jets with tin reflectors; a pungent vapor rises from a kettle of sizing which is simmering on a gas-stove. Neither the atmosphere nor the glimpses we frequently obtain of the gully beneath us are stimulating; but the painter is in high spirits, and tells us that it is a pleasure for him to be up here,—that he actually loves the odors and precipitous surroundings of the paint-loft. When the scene is complete it is rehearsed, and the artist views his own work from the auditorium, under the lights by which it will be seen by the audience. The inspection and the criticism of the manager may satisfy him, but if they do not, the canvas is once more hauled up, for revision. At night the paint-loft is hoisted still nearer the roof, and the "flies" are lighted up by many gas-jets, each of which is protected by a wire mask.

Near Tompkins Square, in the upper story of a factory, we see a row of pale-faced girls who are painting toys—an industry of modern introduction in America, which, having superseded the necessity for importation, is now acquiring large proportions as an export. Not much art is applied to it; the colors are used lavishly, and without any restrictive adherence to fact. Horses are painted blue and pink, and other liberties are taken with nature which are sanctionable, perhaps, from the childish demand for brilliance of hue. "That, sir," said an overseer once, as he exhibited a crimson lion with a golden mane to us,—"that, sir, is the most perfect animal made in the trade"; and, no doubt, the infidelity of color gave it the preëminence. The girls cannot be even classified as skilled artificers; they are paid little and have long hours to work for a living; but they are unconsciously preparing future surprises and joys for thousands of children whom they may never know.

We must close this rapid chronicle with one more glimpse of the city, from one of the old and almost obsolete watch-towers of the fire department, where, in a small octagonal house, nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the level, and supported on iron pillars, a man is stationed to scan the roofs below for any sign of fire. The street patrol is so numerous, and the telegraph alarm-boxes are so widely distributed, that fires are usually announced by them before they can be seen from the bell-towers, which have all been abandoned save the one to which we refer. This is in Spring street, and a few nights ago we spent an hour in it with the watchman. Passing through the engine-house, with its suggestive preparations for emergencies, we toiled up the dark spiral stair-way, and tapped at the trap-door which admitted us into the little house on the apex. The man was alone and without a light; the solitariness of his situation seemed to impart a tremulous pathos to his voice. "It's good enough up here in the long summer evenings," he said, puffing the while at his pipe; "but in the north-westers, which shake the house so as to upset a bucket of water, there's no keeping warm, and in a thunder-storm it's awful, the way the lightning plays around." We looked below on the roofs, which in this neighborhood are mostly old-fashioned, with gables and steep slopes; it was like looking at some broken sea of lava, dark and undistinguishable. The main thoroughfares threw tracings of reflected light against the sky, and a few double files of yellow lamps were visible. There was no motion and little sound. "Yes," continued the watchman, in response to a word of ours; "there's plenty to think about down there, but it kinder makes me sad; I don't seem to belong to it, and in the blackest part of the night I seem to see things—hundreds of things—going on under them roofs, when there's really nothing." The watchman did not understand his own spiritual sense, but with him as with us the profundity and vastness of the life of the city are emphasized by the concealment, and, as we have said, what the eye could not see the heart feels with extreme solemnity.

THE CALHOUN SUMMER HOME.*

CALHOUN'S OFFICE AND HOME, FORT HILL.

No more beautiful or salubrious region is to be found in the whole United States than that which is lifted above the low level and clinging heat of the Atlantic coast by the clustered hills of the Blue Ridge; and no part of this range is more attractive than that included in the easternmost corner of South Carolina, where that State lies like a wedge between North Carolina and Georgia.

It was here, half a century or more ago, that one of the men of the South, who has stamped his name deeply into American history, the Honorable John C. Calhoun, fixed his home, and possessed himself of what have now become ancestral acres. In the prime of the old Southern supremacy and prosperity, in the zenith of the statesman's career, it was a place where the citizens of Charleston and Columbia, and all of the rest of the world who were fortunate in having the owner's friendship, went for large hospitality and rural sport *au grand seigneur*. In these days of the decadence of all that make such a place glorious and its owner an autocrat, the half-deserted mansion has become a point of pilgrimage for those whose imaginations still cling to the old order of things, and of curiosity to others, who care to see a relic of former pride.

The approach to it is from the railway station on the Piedmont Air Line at Central, and the distance about nine miles. The road lies almost all the way through fine woods of a great variety of trees, largely of second growth, exhibiting forcibly the decline in agriculture that has followed the downfall of the institution of slavery. Here and there a picturesque, deeply sunken stream, where the trout lies, is crossed upon a bridge of poles, or you come out upon some eminence, whence you can look away over miles and miles of forest-clothed hills, rarely broken by tilled land, showing few houses, and seeming almost as wild and quiet as when white men first came.

"What is the name of this stream?" the driver is asked, at the first one, confident that some pleasant tradition lingers about its sunny margin.

"Eighteen," he answers.

"Eighteen! How came it to be called that?"

"Why, you see, in the Revolutionary times, settlements were scarce here. The

[* Since this article was put in type, the Calhoun house (we believe not the office) has been destroyed by fire. Due allowance for this fact must be made by the reader.—Ed. S. M.]

white men were scattered all through the country separately, and down below here a piece they built a stockade. One time there was some trouble, and the white men and friendly Indians in the garrison were pushed right smart by the enemy who surrounded them. Finally a girl named Nancy Hart managed to get through, and she jumped bareback on a horse, and started up this way as hard as she could ride, rousing everybody to go to the relief of the garrison. As she rode along, she gave every creek coming down out of the mountains the name of the distance it was from the stockade. And so you'll find 'em—Six, that is Six-mile Creek, Ten, Twelve, Eighteen, Three-and-Twenty, and so on up to Ninety-six, where she stopped. I reckon she guessed at it, but 'pears like she calc'lated right close."

upon the crest of a long, steep ridge which approaches close to the margin of a placid stream now called the Seneca River. There is a vague story of early Indian fights on this ridge, and, in plowing it, many stone relics have come to light. Later, when the sturdy mountaineers were rallying for the new republic in '76, and resisting the soldiers whom the Crown landed on the Carolina coast or marched down from Virginia; when Marion was ranging the woods with his squirrel-hunters, and King's Mountain saw a day of bloody battle on its rounded summit and along its abrupt sides, then this pleasant hill by the Seneca was again fortified and garrisoned under the name of Fort Salvador, after its commander, and more than one half-Indian skirmish took place within sound of its one small cannon.

CALHOUN'S OFFICE.

It is a gradual ascent to the central part of the estate, where "Fort Hill" holds its commanding position. Calhoun found the name ready for him when he came, and well-supported by history, or, at least, by tradition. When the Six Nations, of which the Senecas were the chief representatives in this region, were at their fullest power, they had extended their sway as far south as here, driving back the Indian tribe which previously had held possession. It was a frontier post of their domain, however, and here they built a stockade for defense

Around this garrison grew up a small settlement, and a well was dug to guard against being cut off from a supply of water. Tradition says that after Salvador had been killed in one of the fights, and General Wilkinson had taken command, disasters followed and the place was abandoned, but that first a large amount of valuables and of war material was buried in the old well. It is the Captain Kidd's treasure tale of the region.

When, half a century ago, Calhoun bought this place, to which he had been

attracted while up here hunting and fishing in summer vacations, he for the first time extinguished the Seneca title, acquiring about fifteen hundred acres.

His first act was to lay out and improve an extensive park, and to build a house upon the top of the hill, where a wide landscape of marvelous beauty saluted his eyes in every direction. It is this park and mansion that now appear through an opening in the tangled woods, and realize the traditions of the old, rich, rural life in the South.

From the heavy gate which a little negro labors excitedly to swing back on its rusty hinges, showing all his white teeth at a nickel, a broad and solid road, brown with a carpet of fine needles, winds upward toward a mansion that reminds one of Mount Vernon,—a large house of stone, stuccoed and whitewashed, with a gable roof extending over the porch, and supported upon four great pillars, stuccoed into smoothness and whiteness. At the farther, or western, side of the main house begins an extension, one story in height and made of wood, which is fully one hundred feet long. This held the kitchen and house-servants' rooms, and it was half-screened from view by a row of cedars that have now become sadly gnarled and dead. Just under the brow of the hill, in front of the house, bursts out a copious spring, whose drainage has cut a deep gully into the rocky slope. Over this spring was built a low, square house, the mossy roof of which is too low to obstruct the view from the piazza. Underneath, the rock was excavated into a large chamber, where the spring was curbed and taught a sober channel, cooling the air for the rows of pans of milk and the jars of butter that dwelt in the shady, semi-subterranean retreat. Stone steps led down to this dairy, and a phœbe-bird or two built a nest in the rough portal. Beyond, a little way, four stout posts held a large pigeon-house, a ladder's length above the ground, and beyond this stretched a clover-field down to the river.

Entering the broad hall in the center of the mansion, the eye rests upon a large number of antlers, all of deer killed close by, and some with the senator's own rifle. Even now the woods about there are full of venison, and only the day before the writer's visit a black bear had come down from the forest at high noon, trotted leisurely through the door-yard, run across the park, and so gone out again to his wilderness.

In the sitting-room, which opens at the left of the hall, everything is substantially as Mr. Calhoun left it, and all is plain and worn. The old-fashioned side-board was constructed of historic wood, and, besides much family plate, it was ornamented by two great polished horns of African oxen, handsomely mounted in gold, a gilt clock of the time of Louis XVI., and other lesser articles of *virtu*, all gifts to Mr. Calhoun. Another interesting relic was the old straight-backed, sprawl-legged arm-chair which Washington used at Trenton. The negroes believe that it incapacitates the person who sits fifteen minutes in it for successfully lying during the following sixty days. It is not in high repute among them, therefore, as an easy chair. In the more reserved "parlor," beyond this room, are many family portraits in antique frames, including a queer one of Mrs. Calhoun's mother when a girl, with her hair done up in an inconceivably bushy manner.

But the statesman's favorite haunt was his library, which occupies a square, one-storied structure by itself, a hundred feet or so in the rear of the house. One gets a good idea of the grandeur of the old estate from the porch of this little building, whence he can view the three hundred acres of park, and admire the gigantic, symmetrical, it is not too much to say perfect, examples of live-oak, cedar, and other trees that group themselves picturesquely in this noble demesne. Beyond it, the hill slopes away to the river bottoms, which, overflowed yearly, are perpetually fertile, and to the greensward or black fallow that marks the swell of old Fort Hill. At his right, close by, is the old house-garden, now a tangled, odorous jungle of roses and grapes; at his left a varied landscape, with the spires of old Pendleton, the county-town, in the distance; behind him a valley full of woodland, out of which, a dozen miles away, rise the hill and park and large white house where the senator's brother resided. This latter estate can be seen from the railway trains, when they are a few miles west of Central.

The library has its sides filled with bookshelves, and these are packed with volumes of every description, though largely the literature of the law and the rostrum. Calhoun's own speeches appear in several editions, and there are many books that bear the marks of his pen. A marble bust of the senator occupies a pedestal in the corner, and here are the table at which he wrote, the chair in which he sat, the pictures that pleased his taste. It is a dark and

somber room, though; there is not a bit of brightness or light to relieve the sober array of books, the heavy furniture, the dark paint, and dull, groined ceiling.

When John C. Calhoun sat, and wrote, and attended to his affairs in this gloomy library, he was a man not only of unbounded influence, but of great wealth. Besides this princely domain, he was proprietor of a great plantation in Alabama. He owned from three to five hundred slaves, and kept them all busy. He would send a detachment down to his cotton-fields, as long as they could stand it, and then bring them back here to the brisk mountain air for recuperation. At one time this home-estate amounted to fifteen hundred acres, but now it is not more than half as large, and is going into a melancholy decay for lack of money to make its cultivation profitable or its beauty available for any one's pleasure. It still remains in the family, but a purchaser for the larger part, if not for the whole, would probably be welcomed.

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* VI.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PATKUL.

We have seen that the surrender of Patkul was one of the conditions of the peace of Altranstädt. The political career of this unhappy man is inseparably connected with the war between Charles and Peter.

We have already spoken of the way in which Patkul was identified with the early history of the war, the share he had in bringing it about, and in forming the alliance between Augustus and Peter. In the battle on the Düna, he commanded one wing of the Saxon troops under Field-Marshal Steinau, was severely wounded, and was taken to Mitau. Six weeks later, in September, 1701, Prince Gregory Dolgorúky, the Russian envoy at Warsaw, wrote to the Tsar: "Patkul has hardly got well from his wound, but he has been to see me, and said that he does not intend to serve any longer in Poland, on account of the way in which the King has treated his allies; that for a time he will live in Breslau and look about to find some place to serve." Peter, who, like all Patkul's contemporaries, had a great opinion of his abilities, immediately invited him to enter his service. This opportune offer was taken into consideration, and Patkul started for Moscow, where he arrived in Passion Week, in 1702. The Tsar received him kindly, consulted with him on several occasions, and renewed his offers, which were ultimately accepted by Patkul, who then received the rank of privy councilor, and was subsequently appointed a lieutenant-general. There exists in the archives at Moscow a curious document of this period, written by Patkul in German, in which he sets forth in detail his acquirements, experience, and qualifications; disclaiming all knowledge of marine affairs, and any special acquaintance with artillery or cavalry, but asserting his thorough competence in all relating to the infantry, to engineering, mathematics, architecture, and the construction of fortresses. During the three weeks which Patkul remained in Moscow, he had many interviews and conversations with the Tsar and with Golovín on the subject of procuring foreign officers for the army, and generally with regard to inviting foreigners to take service in Russia. The famous manifesto of April 27th, 1702, inviting foreigners to settle in Russia, was issued on the advice of Patkul, and was submitted to him for approbation. On the same day, the Tsar commissioned him to enter into various negotiations with the King of Poland, and to engage at his discretion foreigners for the Russian service, fixed his salary at one thousand *reichsthalers* a month, presented him with an estate of four hundred families of serfs, and his portrait set in diamonds, valued at three thousand rubles.

"It is sufficiently known," said this celebrated manifesto, "in all the lands which the Almighty has placed under our rule, that since our accession to the throne all our efforts and intentions have tended to govern this state in such a way that all of our subjects should, through our care for the general good, become more and more prosperous. For this end, we have always tried to maintain internal order, to defend the state against invasion, and in every way possible to improve and to extend trade. With this purpose we have been compelled to make some necessary and salutary changes in the administration,

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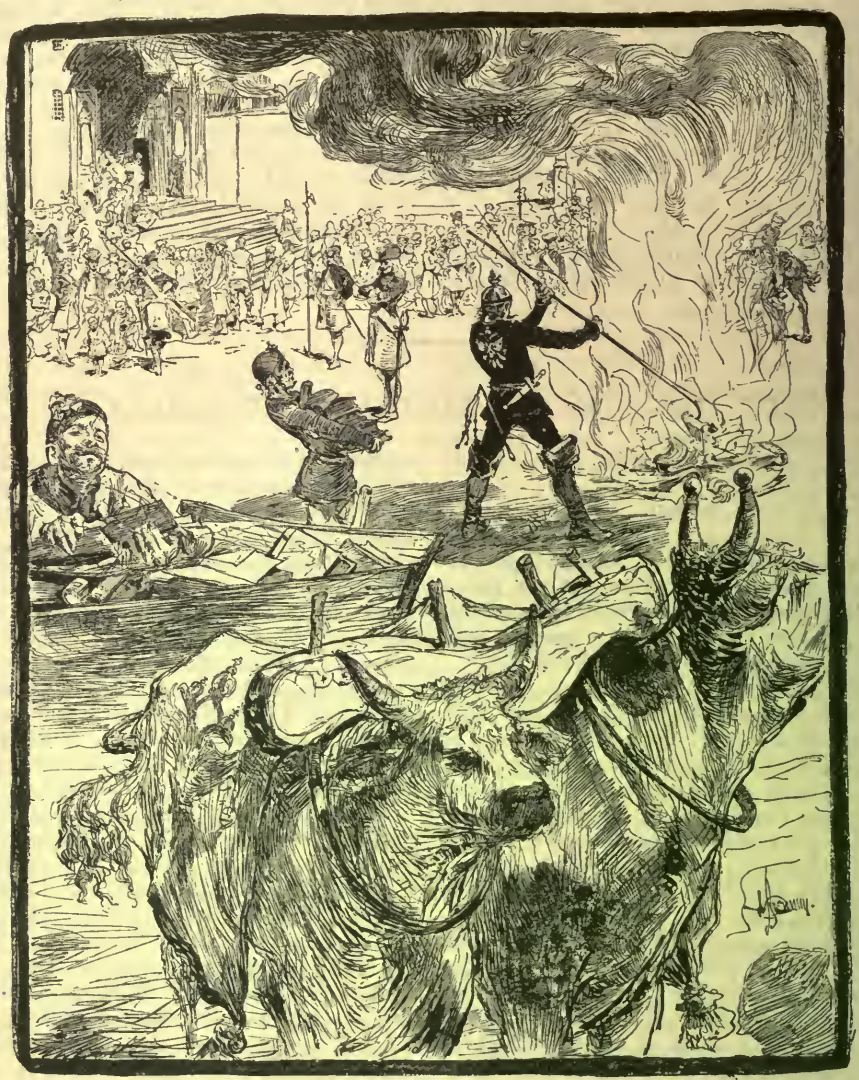


THE EXECUTIONER BURNING THE ACCUSATIONS AGAINST PATKUL, IN THE SQUARE OF THE KREMLIN.

in order that our subjects might more easily gain a knowledge of matters of which they were before ignorant, and become more skillful in their commercial relations. We have therefore given orders, made dispositions, and founded institutions indispensable for increasing our trade with foreigners, and shall do the same in future. Nevertheless we fear that matters are not in such a good condition as we desire, and that our subjects cannot in perfect quietness enjoy the fruits of our labors, and we have therefore considered still other means to protect our frontier from the invasion of the enemy, and to preserve the rights and privileges of our state, and the general peace of all Christians, as is incumbent on a Christian monarch to do. To attain these worthy aims, we have endeavored to improve our military forces, which are the protection of our state, so that our troops may consist of well-drilled men, maintained in perfect order and discipline. In order to obtain greater improvement in this respect, and to encourage foreigners who are able to assist us in this way, as well as artists and artisans profitable to the state, to come in numbers to our country, we have issued this manifesto, and have ordered printed copies of it to be sent throughout Europe."

Although the improvement of commerce was put forward, it will be seen that the main object of the manifesto was to obtain skilled officers for the army. In order to encourage foreigners to come to Russia, and to remove all fear of ill treatment, it

was expressly stated that all previous laws and decrees restricting the arrival or the departure of foreigners were thereby repealed, that all who came with the intention of entering the Russian service would receive a free passage and a full protection; and that they might experience no difficulties arising from their ignorance of the Russian laws, they should be placed under the jurisdiction of a special tribunal composed of foreigners, where all proceedings should be conducted, not according to the Russian law, but according to the Roman civil law. More than that, the principle of religious tolerance was set forth in this decree almost as fully as by Frederick the Great, half a century later. "And as in our residence of Moscow," the manifesto goes on to say, "the free exercise of religion of all other sects, although not agreeing with our church, is already allowed, so shall this be hereby confirmed anew in such wise that we, by the power granted to us by the Almighty, will exercise no compulsion over the consciences of men, and will gladly allow every Christian to care for his own salvation at his own risk." No one was to be hindered or oppressed in either the private or public exercise of the religion of any Christian sect. It will be noticed that the freedom of religious exercise granted by Peter extended only to Christians. From these privileges he, by implication, excepted the Jews. At another time he expressed himself particularly on this point. "I would rather," he said, "see among us the best people of the Mohammedan and heathen beliefs than Jews. They are rascals and cheats. I root out evil and do not spread it. They shall have no abode and no trade in Russia, however much they may try to get it, and however near to me may be the people they bribe."

A few days after the departure of the Tsar for Archangel, a curious honor was paid to Patkul. All the Swedish prisoners were collected on the great square of the Krémlin, and there, in their midst, the executioner publicly burned all the pamphlets and accusations which had been printed in Stockholm against Patkul. This was in reply to a similar action on the part of the Swedish Government, which, four months before, had burned in Stockholm various pamphlets published in Patkul's defense.

From that time on, Patkul was active in the Tsar's service, first in Vienna, negotiating with Kaunitz, and engaging such men as Ogilvy, Rönne, and Huyssen to enter the Russian service; then in the Ukraine, negotiating with Mazeppa and Palei, and hoping to arrange the border disputes between Poland and Russia; then at the foundation of St. Petersburg, high in the favor and confidence of the Tsar, and then in Saxony, in command of the auxiliary troops, and planning, plotting, and countermining, both at Dresden and at Berlin. He was ever on the alert, ever active, ever ready with word and pen wherever there seemed to him a point to be gained or an opportunity to be used. He advised and criticised Matvéief at The Hague, he disputed with Dolgorúky at Warsaw, he directed Huyssen in his literary campaign to influence public opinion throughout Europe, he carefully watched the maneuvers of the Court of Berlin, and gave personal counsel to King Augustus.

Yet Patkul did not fulfill the expectations of Peter. His incessant activity, his laborious intrigues, his careful reports, led to no practical result. The great object of his life was, as we know, to forward the interests and preserve the privileges of the Livonian nobility. It was for this that he did his best to bring about the war. It was for this that he took service first with Poland and then with Russia. It was therefore natural that he should strain all his influence with the Tsar to induce him to leave the Baltic provinces, to unite his forces with those of Augustus, and to attack Charles. His conduct was loyal, but his personal views in this, as in other things, conflicted with those of his new master. He was not a Russian, and, like many well-educated foreigners, looked on the Russians with contempt. The Tsar, in employing foreigners, intended them to be teachers and instructors, and to serve as examples to the Russians. He was willing to put up with an occasional mistake or error, if his subjects gradually improved. Patkul's plan was to officer the whole army with foreigners, leaving each general free to choose his subordinates. In the same way, as he had a contempt for Russian diplomatists, with their inexperience, their ignorance of languages, and their lack of knowledge of society, he desired to make himself a sort of general diplomatic representative of the Tsar abroad, residing at Dresden or The Hague—with a number of secretaries, residents, and *chargés d'affaires* under his direction. He finally succeeded in persuading Peter to adopt his plan in part, and the Germans whom he recommended—Urbich, Neuhausen, and Lita—were appointed resi-

dents in Vienna, Copenhagen, and Berlin; but while they furnished the Russian Government with valuable and interesting reports, they were not placed under the supreme control of Patkul. As a diplomatist, Patkul did not show himself worthy of his reputation. He had no knowledge of the general interests of Russia, no sympathy with the Russians. He took no broad views of any subject. The whole aim of his diplomacy seemed to be to obtain temporary and even trifling successes on minor points, and to gain advantages in quibbling and word-twisting. His impetuous temper and his prejudices made it difficult always to trust to what he said. As Dolgorúky once said to Golovín: "I think you now know Patkul. One must carefully examine not only his words but even his letters. If he writes when he is in ill-humor, he will not even give praise to God himself."

With his temper, his belief in his own powers, and his constant interference, Patkul made himself more enemies than friends. He quarreled with Galítsyn at Vienna, and with Matvéief at The Hague; Dolgorúky at Warsaw refused to be in communication with him; the officers of the Russian troops in Saxony hated him; and, worst of all, he set the Saxon ministry against him. Even King Augustus complained to Dolgorúky that Patkul was bringing about misunderstandings between him and the Tsar by his personal malice, and bitterly said: "I know Patkul well, and his Tsarish Majesty will soon learn also that Patkul abandoned the service of his own master only for his own plans and profit."

In consequence of the Treaty of October, 1703, eleven Russian regiments, with an auxiliary force of Cossacks, made their appearance at the head-quarters of King Augustus in the summer of 1704. The Cossacks were under the command of Daniel Apostol, and the Russians under that of Prince Dimitri Galítsyn, who had distinguished himself diplomatically at Constantinople, but who had no knowledge of war, or of the management of troops. They had taken two months to march from Kíef to Sokal, on the Western Bug, and so great had been the hardships of the march that the Russians had been reduced in number from over nine thousand to under seven thousand fit for service, and of the six thousand Cossacks only three thousand appeared. They were badly armed and badly clothed. "The men," wrote Patkul, who had the command over this auxiliary detachment, "are so good that nothing better can be desired. They show perfect obedience, and willingly do all that they are ordered. But it is impossible to do anything with the officers, and, therefore, the men govern themselves." The officers, he advised, should be immediately replaced by Germans. Patkul became at once involved in trouble with Prince Galítsyn, whom alone the officers were willing to obey, and complained of the harm that Galítsyn was causing the troops by his stupid commissariat arrangements, and his inconsistency. "At one time he takes on himself the furnishing of all the provisions, at another he suddenly gives this over to the royal commissariat. At one time he wants his soldiers to bake bread for themselves, at another he suddenly makes a demand for baked bread, and insists that it be furnished in the twinkling of an eye." Words were scarcely strong enough to express his opinion of the character, the cowardice, and the want of discipline of the Cossacks. It must be admitted that the Russian and Cossack officers retaliated in like wise.

With nine of the Russian battalions, Patkul undertook the siege of Posen, but, after waiting a month before the city for reënforcements and making a breach in the walls, he was obliged by the order of the King to give up the siege on the very day fixed for its storm, and retire into Saxony. Here he was joined by the remnants of four other regiments which, under the command of General Görtz, had been cut to pieces by the Swedes near Fraustadt, and was given quarters near Guben, in Lower Lusatia. Here they suffered great distress. All the resources of the province had been previously exhausted by the Saxon troops, and Russian money was at such a discount that the inhabitants were unwilling to receive it, and the Saxon officials refused to give forage and provisions. The artillery was reduced to such a state as to be utterly useless. The men had tattered uniforms and no shoes, and excited the sympathy of the German officers who, out of curiosity, came to look at them. Galítsyn, in reporting the bad condition of his men, threw constant blame upon Patkul. Patkul, at the same time, in writing to Golovín, said that their state was a shame to the Tsar. They had received no pay for a long time, and if matters went on in this way, it would be necessary for them to die on the spot, or to run away, become marauders, and fill the gallows and wheels. He, in his turn, threw

blame on Galítsyn, whom he accused of neglect and indifference. For the men themselves he had the highest praise, mentioned with surprise that during the whole campaign no soldier had rendered himself liable to capital punishment, and even began to think that something could be made out of the Russian officers. They at all events knew what obedience meant. Finally he raised large sums of money on his own personal credit, reclothed the troops, supplied them with provisions, and in eight months' time their appearance was so altered that the Saxons themselves admitted that they were, in general, superior to any body of German soldiers. Still no money came from Russia, and the credit of Patkul could not last forever. Again he wrote dispatch after dispatch on the condition of the troops, accusing the Saxon ministers of acting contrary to the orders of the King in not giving provisions, and in not furnishing better quarters. He proposed to the Tsar that as it was impossible for the troops to return to Russia through Poland, which was occupied by the Swedes, an arrangement might be made with the Emperor by which they should enter the Austrian service. Peter consented to this on the condition that it should be done only in case of extreme necessity, and that they should not serve for more than one campaign. To clear himself from all responsibility in the decision of this matter, Patkul called a council of war, and placed before the Russian officers five questions, as to the possibility of returning to Russia either through Prussia or Austria without cavalry, as to the method of obtaining provisions, and as to the safest route. At a second council he asked whether the present quarters were possible for another winter, and whether the troops had provisions and money, stating at the same time that, in case of the impossibility of marching through Poland, the Tsar would place them in the service of another state. The unanimous reply was that it was impossible to stay there or go through Poland, and that they were ready to serve wherever the Tsar ordered. With this Patkul proceeded to Dresden, and made a treaty with Count Stratmann, the imperial envoy, by which the troops were to be taken into the imperial service for a year, on advantageous conditions. Several secret articles provided guarantees for Saxony and for Augustus.

Patkul had long been obnoxious to the Saxon ministers. He had exposed their double dealing, and had been unsparing in his denunciations of them, both in his official reports and in his private letters to his friends. He had criticised the acts and policy of Augustus in his dispatches to the Tsar, for which he had been called to account by the King himself, and shortly before, when on a special mission to Berlin, had discussed at length their conduct of affairs in Saxony. He thought he had discovered that the chief reason of the vacillation of the Court of Prussia was want of faith in Augustus, and had defended that monarch at the expense of his ministers, and had promised that the Tsar would do his best to have them removed. If Patkul really saw no more into the motives which guided Prussian policy at that time than his dispatches show, he was short-sighted; if he did, he allowed his feelings of hostility and revenge to get the better of his judgment. However that may be, what he had told and done came back to Dresden, and made his enemies still more bitter. Even the marriage that he was on the point of contracting with Madame von Einsiedel, the rich widow of a Saxon magnate, and lady of honor to the Electress Dowager, was made an accusation against him.* The opportunity offered for revenge was too good to be missed. The Saxon ministry, although they had received notice of every stage of the negotiations from Patkul himself, affected surprise and horror at this injury to the King's interests, this insult to his dignity, and on the proposition of General Schulenburg, Patkul's bitterest enemy, arrested him at night in his own house, on his return from his betrothal, and conveyed him to the castle of Sonnenstein, near Pirna. His letters and papers were all seized, and for a long time he was allowed no communication with any one. Even Danmitz, who had been sent by Augustus with a verbal message from the Tsar, was not permitted to see him alone. The arrest of a foreign minister in the discharge of his functions created a great sensation, not only in Dresden, but everywhere on the Continent. The Danish, Prussian, and Austrian envoys protested, and some of them withdrew from the capital, on the ground that they were no longer safe. Prince Galítsyn, in command of the troops, although hostile personally to Patkul, wrote also a

* He had bought an estate in Switzerland, where he intended to pass the rest of his days, having resolved to retire from the annoyances of his political life.

strong protest, and demanded his immediate release, putting it on the ground of the great loss to which the Tsar would be exposed by the protest of all the bills of exchange of Patkul, who had sole charge of the finances of the troops. The Saxon ministers alleged in excuse that they had arrested Patkul, not as a foreign minister, but as a military officer under the command of the field-marshal, to prevent him from committing an act of treason against the King by the transfer of the troops. Augustus appeared personally well disposed, and accused Patkul of nothing more than of his violent temper, saying: "It is always a pity that the man is so fearfully vehement. He has uncommon understanding, great *capacité*, and is extremely good for all sorts of affairs; but when he becomes wild, there is nothing to be done with him." But he refused to interfere with the acts of his ministers, and Schönbeck was sent to the Tsar at Grodno, with a long and labored explanation and defense of the act, and with many complaints of Patkul's quarrelsome disposition, but with no other grave accusation. Peter, although he maintained that Patkul should have waited for another order before concluding that the extreme necessity had arrived for turning the troops over to Austria, yet demanded that the prisoner should be immediately sent to him, with all his papers untouched; insisted that his envoy was responsible to him alone, and promised to make a close investigation into the whole affair. There were excuses and delays. The Swedes were then at Grodno, and the Saxon ministers knew that Peter would be obliged to content himself with protests. And so it was. The numerous demands of the Tsar were not complied with, and Patkul remained a prisoner, first at Sonnenstein, and then at Königstein.

It was indeed difficult for the Tsar to do anything in the matter. He was already at war with Charles, and if this had brought about a breach between him and Augustus, the Saxons would have been only too pleased, as it would have led to the conclusion of peace with Sweden. Under such circumstances, there is no penalty for a breach of international law. It is judged only before the tribunals of conscience, of public opinion, and of history. Charles was too much taken up with what the verdict of history would be on his other exploits to think of what might be said of his treatment of Patkul, and Augustus was already hardened to breaches of international law. Had he not broken the neutrality of Austria? Had he not seized the princes Sobieski without harm to himself? Had he not arrested the French minister, the Marquis du Heron, for correspondence with Charles, imprisoned him, and sent him out of the country, and yet Louis XIV. had not stirred a finger? Nevertheless, it is but fair to say that Augustus did show some twinges of conscience with regard to the surrender of Patkul. He hesitated and delayed a long time about performing this article of the treaty, and did so at last only under great pressure. It is reported that even then he sent word privately to the commander of Königstein to allow Patkul to escape, and that the flight of the prisoner was only prevented by the avarice of the commandant, who, knowing that Patkul was rich, insisted on a heavy bribe, and that the time for escape was spent in discussion of the amount. The truth of this story has been doubted by later historians; at all events it is characteristic of Augustus.

Patkul was finally delivered to General Meyerfeld on the 18th of April, 1707, and on the 10th of October he was executed at Kasimirz, not far from Posen.

The contract between Patkul and Stratmann for the delivery of the troops to the Emperor was not carried out, but they were nevertheless not surrendered to the Swedes on the arrival of Charles. They succeeded in marching back to Russia through Silesia.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Touch me, kiss me, and keep me fast,
But glad and near as your strong arms hold me,
And close as your dear caress may fold me,
Time laughs it away—and it cannot last!

Grieve me,—leave me,—but if you give
The thought of your heart in any fashion,
In words of wisdom or words of passion,
It stays with me, while I breathe and live!

IN CAMP.

'Tis night upon the lake. Our camp is made
'Twixt shore and hill, beneath the pine-trees' shade.
'Tis still, and yet what woody noises loom
Against the background of the silent gloom!
One well might hear the opening of a flower
If day were hushed as this. A mimic shower
Just shaken from a branch, how large it sounded
As 'gainst our canvas roof its three drops bounded!
Across the rumpling waves the hoot-owl's bark
Tolls forth the midnight hour upon the dark.
What mellow booming from the woods doth come?—
The mountain quarry strikes its mighty drum.

Long had we lain beside our pine-wood fire,
From things of sport our talk had risen higher.
How frank and intimate the words of men
When tented lonely in some forest glen!
No dallying now with masks from whence emerges
Scarce one true feature forth. The night wind urges
To straight and simple speech. So we had thought
Aloud; no well-hid secrets but were brought
To light. The spiritual hopes, the wild,
Unreasoned longings, that from child to child,
Mortals still cherish, though with modern shame—
To these, and things like these, we gave a name;
And as we talked, the intense and resinous fire
Lit up the towering boles, till nigh and nigher
They gathered round, a ghostly company,
Like beasts who seek to know what men may be.

Then to our hemlock beds, but not to sleep,—
For listening to the stealthy steps that creep
About the tent, or falling branch, but most
A noise was like the rustling of a host,
Or like the sea that breaks upon the shore.
It was the pine-tree's murmur. More and more
It took a human sound.—These words I felt
Into the skyey darkness float and melt:

"Heardst thou these wanderers reasoning of a time
When men more near the Eternal One shall climb?
How like the new-born child, who cannot tell
A mother's arm that wraps him warm and well!
Leaves of His rose; drops in His sea that flow—
Blind, deaf, insensate, they nor see nor know
Here, in this breathing world of joy and fear,
We can no nearer get to God than here."

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN THE MECHANIC ARTS.

IMMEDIATELY after a child has passed the destructive age, the age in which he breaks things in order to see what makes them go, he enters upon a period devoted to attempts to construct something. If he is so fortunate as to have kindergarten training, this inherent tendency is taken advantage of, and even in the common primary school some use is made of blocks and pencils; but when the child passes into the grammar-school, what a dreary waste it seems to the active brain and the restless hand!

Is it not true that at the very age when manual dexterity can be most easily and surely attained, most children are removed from all opportunity to learn how to use their hands, except such chance as they have in playing marbles, peg-top, base-ball, and other games, and that they are set to work on purely mental exercises? From the age of six or seven to fifteen or sixteen, are not most boys and girls confined five hours a day at mere head-work—the little variation that music and drawing have lately given being more than counterbalanced by lessons out of school? And, if a parent tries to keep his children out of the public mill, does he not find that his choice lies between a private school that is wholly given over to classical study, or one that serves as an asylum for incapables?

What child, of rich or poor parentage, is the worse for the possession of some degree of manual dexterity? Who can tell when the child is ten years old what its position will be at twenty? The changes in position, in this country, are reason enough why boys and girls alike should learn to use their hands, at least in the elementary way proposed in this paper. It has been observed that the active and restless boys who used to get flogged the most for truancy and mischief have often made the most capable men. Why was this? Perhaps because playing truant required or developed some decision of character, and the mischief perpetrated often called for sagacity in planning and dexterity in execution. Their trained sagacity and dexterity have served them in later years, notwithstanding their truancy.

But this is not the whole. The boy who can play well, and who is the leader in athletic or other sports, is so because he has trained his muscles and his hands to act readily under quick and intelligent mental direction. Are not these also the qualities that make the skill of the handicraftsman? In former days, before machinery had been so widely applied to the necessary work of life, the faculties which had been partially developed by the boy in various games, were a little later applied by the apprentice to the handicrafts by which a livelihood was to be gained. Even the boys who went into business, no matter what their social position, were obliged to take their turn in building the fires, sweeping the lofts, opening the cases, packing the goods, and other arts not of a very high kind, indeed, but yet developing that most invaluable quality which no other word can describe—"gumption." In place of the varied work that the mechanic apprentice, or the boy of the store, was formerly called upon to do, what substitutes have we found? Such inadequate ones that it is a matter of common remark that the best workmen among the repair-hands in the factories, whose work is of a varied kind requiring manual skill, are now almost all old men.

In many trades where manual skill is required in finishing and assembling after the machine work has been done, the best hand-workmen are more and more from the continent of Europe, where manual labor still prevails to a greater extent than in England or in this country, and where there is an inherited capacity for skill in handicraft. We are training *no American craftsmen*, and unless we devise better methods than the old and now obsolete apprentice system, much of the perfection of our almost automatic mechanism will have been achieved at the cost not only of the manual but also of the mental development of our men. Our almost automatic mills and machine-shops will become mental stupefactories.

There is a better chance for women to retain their faculty of manual dexterity, because it has not yet been possible to apply machinery to the work of women in nearly so great a degree as it has been applied to that of men.

This question of industrial training has lately received much attention from those who are attempting to reform our system of education and to adapt it more fully to the necessities of American life, but many of the proposed methods aim too high. Element-

ary instruction in the intelligent use of the hand itself must precede all attempts to apply the hand to specific trades.

In the consideration of this question we will take up—

First. What has been attempted, and in part accomplished, in the Mechanic Art School of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Second. What may be done in a special school auxiliary to the grammar and high schools of cities and towns.

Third. What ought to and can be done in primary and grammar schools without special buildings or expensive apparatus.

I.

THE MECHANIC ART SCHOOL OF THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

This school is mainly an auxiliary to the regular courses of instruction which constitute the main purposes of the Institute. If suitable preparatory instruction were given elsewhere it would be much better; but the department was established almost perforce, because there was no place where a boy combining mechanical aptitude and mental ability, and desiring to follow the profession of a mechanical engineer or a scientific architect and builder, could be trained in the use of tools. Because of this want it has happened that, while there are plenty of engineers who are not mechanics, plenty of draughtsmen who are miscalled architects, plenty of builders by rule of thumb who have no title to the name, we have in this country very few fully competent men in any of these departments.

The necessity for adequate instruction in the use of tools has been so urgent upon some of the railways in England that departments of instruction have been established where young men of good education, who are intended for the higher places in the necessary work of conducting the traffic, are adequately trained.

The plan of the mechanic art school in the Institute was first tried in Russia, and is now being adopted in Germany, with almost the very same modifications that we have made in the time occupied and the course of instruction. The method is one by which the hand is trained to the use of tools at the same time that instruction is being given in the school studies that constitute a fit preparation, either for the active pursuit of any mechanical trade or for the higher technical training that is given in the regular courses of instruction in the Institute proper. The fundamental idea of the school is, that the head, and its servant the hand, must be trained to use tools intelligently before the tools are applied to the construction of anything for the purpose of sale, or before any idea of commercial value is permitted to affect the product of such use.

In modern practice, all the arts have become so specialized, that any average boy or young man who undertakes any branch has little opportunity to obtain what might be termed a liberal trade education, but rather risks becoming a mere part of a machine, capable of doing one thing well and nothing more. Hence, when an automatic method is devised that displaces a man who has been himself almost a part of an automatic mechanism, he is almost helpless, and incapable of turning his hand to other mechanical pursuits. He has had no elementary instruction, but only ignorant practice in a small department of a trade. The motive of this school is therefore elementary instruction; and the product in finished work may either be a good example of metal forging, filing, or fitting, or a simple bit of carpenter's work, of some value or use to the pupil, or possibly of some use in the further conduct of the instruction, but one that has been made without any reference whatever to the market. Therefore the time of the instructor has not been devoted to any futile attempt to secure a salable product from unskillful hands, but has been given to the training of the pupils in the use of their hands and heads at the same time.

A construction-shop in connection with a school implies a large expenditure for a variety of tools and machines, and the regular employment of a number of skillful workmen who shall make up, as well as may be, for the deficiencies of the pupils, and finish or set up the work only partly or imperfectly done by them. The school for elementary instruction, on the other hand, which we are describing, needs only a few hand-tools and simple machines, a force of competent instructors which is small in proportion to the number of pupils, and the use of a small quantity of inexpensive material.

Let us consider two examples of the ordinary methods now adopted to qualify boys to become mechanics or machinists. We will

consider the case of average boys, not those who have such a mechanical aptitude that they will qualify themselves wherever they are placed—though, for want of a right system, even such boys often qualify themselves in a roundabout way and with a great waste of time, and are also apt to become fixed in bad methods, difficult to unlearn when, at a later time, they have an opportunity to arrive at true methods.

A boy is graduated from a high school or a technical school that is not furnished with a mechanical laboratory. We will suppose him to have been well instructed in mathematics, in the theory of physics and mechanics, and in the use of language. He enters a machine shop where he hopes to excel and to become competent to supervise and direct work in casting, forging, filing, turning, and in assembling and fitting the different parts of a machine, the theory of which he fully comprehends, and a correct plan and drawing of which he can readily make. He knows the kind of work that is to be done, but has not the slightest appreciation of how it is to be done. He knows not how to apply his hand to hammer, chisel, or file, to plane or lathe. He has but the partial use even of his brain, for the hand and eye have not been trained with the head. He cannot detect sham work, or distinguish it from good work. The so-called practical man flouts at his "book knowledge," and is led to despise yet more than before the attempt at scientific methods of preparation for the necessary work of the shop. If the boy have a real spirit in him, he will slowly and painfully attain a sufficient knowledge of the practical work to pursue his chosen course of life; but more often he will subside into a mere draughtsman, or an employé of some sagacious manager who knows how to combine the brains of one man with the hands of another in the conduct of work, neither part of which he could do himself. Or else this young man will give up the undertaking to become a machinist, and enter upon some other branch of occupation entirely apart from the training in which he has spent so much valuable time.

Another boy leaves the high school, and, in place of a technical school, enters a machine-shop to become a machinist. Let us assume that it is a shop in which looms are being constructed. There may be five hundred men in the shop, each one of whom works by the piece on a particular part of a loom, but not ten of whom could possibly set up and start a loom so that it would weave a yard of cloth. The boy is set to work ten hours a day—pickling castings, wheeling molding-sand, removing half-finished parts of iron or wood from the machine that has operated upon them; such work as this he must follow for months or years. An attempt may be made to give him some instruction in the evening school, which he attends when wearied with a long day's work. If he have ambition, aptitude, and very great physical strength, he may overcome the disadvantages of this method; but in nine cases out of ten he will presently find a place in some other department,—attending a machine, and capable of working at only one part of a loom, or some other product, the relation of which to other parts he very slightly comprehends. In what he undertakes he may do well, and he may earn fair wages, but he is rather an automaton than a machinist.

The writer lately inspected a shop in which sewing-machines were being made, where one cam was shown to him that passed through sixty hands before it was ready for its place in the sewing-machine.

In order to overcome the disadvantages of this method to the machine operator, the attempt has been made in many places to establish machine-shops in connection with schools, for the manufacture of machinery for sale. The object in such cases is either to get a return for the instruction given, or to give the students a chance to earn money while they are getting their education. So far as the writer can ascertain, the first object has not been attained; and the second implies the use of so much more time in doing one thing than is required for purposes of instruction as to defeat the main object, or to impair the strength of those who attempt it. Such undertakings also imply very heavy expense in the plant (which is liable to be injured by unskillful use) and a great waste of costly material in the undertaking to construct machines, which, after all, cannot be sold in competition with those made in the regular shops devoted to their production, and in which the work is divided.

Another plan that has lately been suggested appears to be to fit up a large establishment with various tools and appliances suitable to many trades; then to turn a parcel of boys loose among them, and try to find out what work each one has a special aptitude for. This scheme also implies a very heavy cost of apparatus, tools, and machinery, and a great waste of material.

This method, if adopted, would be the "elective system" applied to boys who can have no intelligent idea of what the trades really are, and who have no friends specially qualified to direct them. A few with special aptitude would find their true places; but so they would in any case. The average boy would choose the work that seemed easy, or that did not soil his hands—as many college students are apt to choose the "soft electives." Certainly such a method is not calculated to develop earnest manhood or real mechanical ability any more than it does real scholarship.

In contradistinction to these two methods, the work of a school and of a shop, whose main purpose is instruction, is as follows: The work of the school is to develop the mind, and to give a clear comprehension of the theory of the mechanic arts in connection with the other studies which form part of a good common-school education, or of a preparation for a higher course of professional study. The work in the shop is to teach the application of the theory, and to train the eye, hand, and muscles intelligently to accuracy and readiness, to make the eye and hand competent instruments of an instructed mind, to aim to train mind and muscle together, so that in after life the most work shall be done with the least effort, the least waste, and in the most effective way.

Experience has uniformly shown that the training of the hand to do work of any kind, particularly when the work is such that it requires a certain amount of reasoning capacity, has a most beneficial influence, exciting the interest, zeal, and enthusiasm of the boys in the work of the school, whatever it may be. They will go through a great deal of study that is hard and dry,—in fact, mental work that they can hardly see the use of,—when it is varied by a certain amount of practical work in which hand, eye, and mind are practiced in concert.

The instruction in the department of mechanic arts in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is suitable for a graduate of a grammar school. Aside from the practice in the use of tools, instruction is given in algebra, geometry, English, elementary physics, and mechanical drawing. The average time taken up by these lessons and studies is four hours a day. Every other day three hours are devoted to systematic work in the shops. The course of instruction begins with the simplest and easiest lessons in carpentry, and gradually goes on to the more difficult exercises, requiring accuracy and judgment. Beginning with the chalk-line and a piece of rough board, the pupil proceeds with sawing, planing, squaring, jointing, mitering, nailing, boring, dovetailing, mortising, and framing, receiving immediate lessons in the design, structure, use, and care of tools.

The boys who enter this school are usually those who have some mechanical turn. But what is the average condition of an average boy from a grammar school? If he has been bred in the country, he may know which way to drive a nail, and may have seen a blacksmith work iron; but, if he is a city boy, his average acquirements consist in a tolerably good knowledge of arithmetic, a fair handwriting (in these latter days some knowledge of drawing), and the ability to parse a sentence according to a set of rules called English grammar, accompanied by an absolute incapacity to write a simple English letter, or to read aloud any book, except a school Reader, with any appearance of right emphasis, or intelligent comprehension of its contents. He will usually have skill in base-ball or other games requiring activity, readiness, quick observation, and discipline, on which games he will have well spent in the intervals of school as much attention and time as would serve at a later period to make him a skillful mechanic. Yet, as to the use of tools of almost any kind, this boy is usually utterly ignorant and incapable.

We have stated how we carry the pupil through the first lessons in carpentry. Wood-turning and pattern-making come next, to round out the pupil's instruction in the working of wood. The use of the patterns is illustrated by a series of lessons in molding, core-making, and casting. Thus far, the casting has been in iron only; but brass will also be used as soon as space can be provided for crucible furnaces. In the second year of the course, the pupils enter the blacksmith's shop, where they are first taught how to build and manage the fire; next, how to heat and how to strike the iron; then, in sequence, how to bend, draw out, upset, shape, weld, bore, punch, and rivet; how to heat, weld, and temper steel; how to case-harden iron. The articles made for illustration are required to be made of the precise forms and dimensions given in drawings, and with the fewest possible heatings. The aim is to teach each pupil to accomplish what is wanted with the fewest blows and the least waste of material.

II.

SPECIAL MECHANIC ART SCHOOLS IN CONNECTION WITH GRAMMAR AND HIGH SCHOOLS.

We now come to the second question, How can this method be incorporated with the regular work of the grammar and high schools of a city? In cities there are usually one or more sections containing three or four hundred boys, who can alternate from the regular school-house to the mechanic art school-house. For boys in the grammar schools some lighter work may be provided; but it will suffice in this paper to consider the experience already obtained with reference to high-school boys only.

The kind of work that has been described thus far is adapted to boys of fourteen to seventeen, whose strength is equal to the work. Assuming plenty of room, the plant required for a school containing nearly four hundred pupils would be very inexpensive. The building should be of only one story,—a brick shell, with an asphalt-concrete floor, a plank roof covered with gravel, lighted and ventilated by monitors. The tools, as has been stated, are not of a costly kind; and the instructors would be good, practical carpenters, blacksmiths, or machinists.

The building should contain shops for: 1. Carpentry. 2. Forging and Molding. 3. Foundry-work. 4. Vise-work. 5. Brazing. 6. Wood-turning. 7. Metal-turning. 8. Metal-finishing. For greater security against fire, an independent building should be erected for a paint-shop.

This work would not be subject to the objection that applies to men and boys undertaking mental work in an evening school after they have been exhausted by a hard day's physical work; but it would afford an admirable opportunity to those who had not elsewhere an opportunity for muscular effort. The writer has had a little experience with a half-time school for children employed in a cotton factory, and has had the opportunity to observe the beneficial effect, both mentally and physically, of the change from hand-work to head-work and *vice versâ*.

The following general sketch of the course of instruction has been prepared by Prof. J. M. Ordway, of the Institute of Technology:

"This sketch is intended to show a regular and progressive system of work. Pupils can be kept well together by intercalating extra pieces of work for those who get along rapidly, so that the backward ones may keep along, in some degree, with their quicker comrades.

"The course of instruction must be somewhat flexible. But the flexibility should have reference to the forms and uses of the pieces made, rather than the sequence of the operation. It needs, therefore, a man at the head to contrive, all the time, what particular forms can be made most advantageously from year to year, and what intercalations are most suitable. The sizes should be varied, if nothing else.

"In general we may say that the lessons go in something like this order: In carpentry: lining and split-sawing a rough board; planing the rough board; sawing, squaring, and fitting to lap corner-box; mitering and making a miter corner-box; putting on cover, hinging, and hooking; dovetail splicing; dovetailing corners; blind dovetailing; mortising (various forms); framing; truss-making; paneling; stair-making.

"In blacksmithing: making fire; round bends; drawing-out; square bends; square bend with thickened angle; splitting and turning; twisting, forging round to square, square to round, and round to prismatic; welding; punching; riveting; upsetting; heading rivets and nails; making bolts and nuts; cutting threads by hand; drilling by hand; hinging; drawing steel; tempering steel; case-hardening iron; welding steel to steel; welding steel to iron.

"In turning: centering, turning cylindrical form, taper round groove, bead, square shoulder, tapering shoulder, use of chucks and face-plates; turning cups; square screw-thread, angular screw-thread; angular thread-nut; square thread-nut; turning flanges; fitting shaft couplings.

"In foundry work: molding square block angle wire; flat wire; molding cylinder cone-pieces of irregular outline; melting iron; tapping into ladle; pouring; molding pulleys; molding grooved pulleys; core-making; casting with simple round wires; casting with irregular wire; pickling and cleaning. Then should follow: mold with sweeps; molding for brass; melting in crucibles and casting in brass; making alloys; making iron-castings malleable; filing, chipping, and turning in wood."

In this elementary instruction, no consideration of money value in the product of the work must be permitted. The attention of teacher and pupil must be devoted to the single purpose of the lesson; the class must all have the same lesson, and careful comparison of work must be made at each step. Emulation in hand-work may be as beneficial as it may be mischievous in head-work.

After considerable practice has been had, and some skill obtained, work may be permitted upon articles for use or for sale, provided it does not interfere with the main purpose of instruction.

III.

PRIMARY INSTRUCTION IN THE USE OF THE HAND.

In the treatment of this branch of the subject, it is of the greatest importance to keep the main purpose in view. The kind

of work to be done is of little consequence,—the product may not be of the least value, the art taught may no longer be a handicraft in common practice, but may be all conducted by machinery for commercial purposes.

The Bureau of Combined Charitable Associations of Boston is, at this very moment, attempting to find employment for large numbers of idle women. There is now, as there always has been, much complaint of the grievance of the poor sewing-women. On the other hand, the employers of women, especially of those who can sew, cannot find hands enough to do the work that is pressing to be done. It may be a hard saying, but it must be said—the poor sewing-women deserve no sympathy because of their poor wages—they are paid all that their work is worth; but they deserve the utmost sympathy because their hands have not been trained when they were children to do better work, and thus they might have become entitled to better pay.

The idle who have health and strength deserve no sympathy because they can get no work, but the utmost sympathy for their want of capacity, or their want of opportunity to learn how to do the work that is now pressing to be done. In the last four or five years, there may possibly have been a little time when even capable men and women could not get work,—the writer doubts even that. But whatever has been the fact in these late years of extreme depression, it may now be safely asserted that the only reason for compulsory idleness of man or woman is incapacity to apply the hand to the work that is waiting for hands to do.

It is not true that machinery displaces the use of the hand, any more than that railroads diminish the demand for horses. It alters the conditions of such use. It compels in its attendance the use of the hand in a particular way. If the opportunity to use the hand is confined to one machine, the hand never gains its true cunning, but it becomes a part of the machine itself; that is the real trouble. But the use of machinery creates abundance, and gives more time for instruction. Children can now be spared for school who in olden time would have been developing the cunning of the hand in hard work. Let them not lose their cunning; let us train their hands in easier and more effective methods than the arduous ones of old. If we do not compass this, of what advantage is the invention of machinery and its abundant product to the poor?

In what way shall we secure an adequate training of the hand for those who may never have an opportunity, except while they are in the common schools? The instruction must be simple and inexpensive; it must be such as will require but few tools and no machinery; it must be within the scope of ordinary teachers, or, perhaps, of elder pupils, to direct; and it must be done in the common school-house. May we not find in the work or play of common life some useful examples? It is said that most poor families now buy baker's bread. In the whole history of the wheat, from the time it is planted until the bread is eaten, the heaviest item of cost is the distribution of the loaves through the small shops that supply the poor. This is in the nature of things: the small shop, in which only a small traffic is done, must charge the highest profit in order to exist at all. The poor, therefore, pay the highest price for bread, and their children never see bread made. How shall elementary instruction in bread-making be given? Is there not room in almost every school-house, or could not room be provided, for a stove?—and may not a few pans and other implements be added to the school apparatus, as readily and as cheaply as many of the appliances now used? A little saving in the attempts at decorative art in many school-houses in cities, and the application of the money to the purchase of a cooking-stove, and some pots, pans, and scales, would well serve the purpose. Cannot any skillful woman prescribe a course for twelve children, assuming that they do not even know the use of scales for weighing, however well they may have been taught the scales in the arithmetic?

Next, there is now a sharp demand for women or girls to make artificial flowers. What is elementary instruction in this art? Is it not first the application of the hand to the use of scissors? How many children of the poor ever learn the art of using scissors in cutting out paper dolls and paper dolls' dresses? May not the foundation be laid in cutting paper into squares, into circles, into leaves, into flowers, and then in combining colored papers into forms—twelve pupils doing the same thing at the same time? In this practice, a great deal of work might be done that would never be done in actual practice because the forms would be cut with dies; but the work is not the object,—the object is to train the hand and mind together while making paper flowers, and when the lessons are over and the rub-

bish is swept away, then the pupil is ready to begin to learn, and learn quickly, the trade of making flowers. Could the manufacturer trust his choice material to those whose hands had not learned the art of using scissors? In connection with the instruction the art of combining colors could be taught, or it would be developed in those who had a natural gift or taste for such work.

Again, let any one who is not accustomed to the work visit a hosiery factory, and he will pass from frame to frame with wonder at the mechanism. He will see but few working people in the main mill attending the machinery, but presently he will pass to the finishing and packing room, and there he will find a crowd of girls at work in shaping, making-up, finishing, packing, boxing, labeling, and preparing the stockings for the market. The art of packing is one that could be readily taught. How many people know how to pack a trunk? There would surely be occupation for a considerable number of persons in our large city in packing the trunks, like the *emballeurs* of Paris.

Paper-box making can be made a medium for training the hand. The tools are few and inexpensive, the materials are cheap, the boxes would be of some use to the girls and boys who made them, and the hand would be trained.

The art of doing up bundles should be learned. How many boys and girls are trained in making up a neat and compact parcel? It is not a high art, but it is one that trains the hand. A half-hour spent every day for a few weeks in a common school, in doing up sets of irregular wooden blocks into compact parcels, covering and tying them, would be time well spent. Give twelve children the same blocks, the same paper, and the same twine, and see which would excel.

We used to teach children how to sew by making patch-work. Can we not make patch-work on cheap sewing-machines? There is always a demand for experts in the use of the sewing-machine, at high wages,—but the employers cannot take time to instruct any but the very bright ones; their attention must all be given to the product for sale. What is elementary instruction in the use of the sewing-machine? Twelve cheap, strong machines, some spool cotton, and a lot of last year's pattern-cards of common calicoes, would serve the whole purpose. Patch-work to be made on the machine need be of no use except for a bed-spread. In making the patch-work the hand will be trained to the mechanism. The clothier can then begin to employ the pupil.

If we try to teach the trades before the alphabet of the trades is learned, we shall fail. The alphabet of all the trades, without a single exception, consists of the ten fingers, the two eyes, and a fair power of observation.

It would be interesting to see what would be the result of a year's course of instruction, in the afternoons, of a set of twelve children attending a grammar school in the mornings. Two months in weighing, measuring, kneading flour, and baking bread and crackers—all hand-work. Two months in cutting white and colored paper and combining forms—all scissors-work. Two months in cutting, pasting, and modeling pasteboard into boxes—hand and tools together. Two months in working calico scraps into patch-work, on ten-dollar sewing-machines—machine and hand combined. One room would be needed, and the tools and stock would be of little cost.

Do not all boys covet a printing-press? Is not a course of printing-ink in the house as sure as the measles? Cannot type-setting be made to serve as a lesson in the use of the hand? If boys could be taught to put a few of their own observations in type, it would be a better way of learning English than to study grammar at the mature age of twelve, when the very capacity to know what grammar really is is not yet developed. Might not a single hand printing-press and a small quantity of large type serve a useful purpose? Give out a simple subject, or an object to be described, and let each of twelve boys set six lines of type. Assemble the twelve paragraphs and print in the hand-press in one form; then let each boy compare his text with the others. What would be the result? A lesson in the use of the hand, and a better method of composition than any that the grammars or readers contain,—far better than learning by rote the names of the parts of speech, or practicing what is called parsing.

Wire-working would require very simple tools and inexpensive stock. The same is true of the making of willow-ware.

Why should not the little girls in the primary schools learn the art of using scissors in cutting paper dolls and paper dolls' dresses by patterns of similar kind, that can be struck off on the lithogram without any appreciable cost, if the teacher has the least

capacity to use a pencil? What would be the cost of stock in learning the alphabet of the milliner's art, if all idea of commercial value in the product were kept out of sight? Straw-plaiting is almost of necessity a handicraft. Not much leather, and that of little value, with a few hand-tools, would serve for the harness-maker's alphabet. If the aim is not too high, lace-making might readily be used to make girls' fingers answer quickly to many other purposes.

Do we not aim too high in the consideration of industrial training? It is not the fine art of needle-work that is required, but the common art of sewing.

If drawing in the public schools was only taught as a fine art, if it was not almost the single exercise in handicraft now taught, it could not be defended at the public cost. But even in the direction of art, why should all our cheap jewelry be so bad when, for a few shillings each, Matlock and Torquay, in England, will furnish beautiful mosaics made like the Florentine, for which we have endless varieties of material? It must be a simple handicraft, not difficult to learn.

No money value is looked for from the work of the student who is learning a profession; much less should it be looked for in the work of one who is preparing to learn a trade. The professional man must learn first to concentrate the power of his brain, the machinist must first qualify himself to apply the power of his own hand.

In the month of February, at the examination of the school of the Institute of Technology, the writer inspected the work of about a dozen boys who first began to learn the art of the blacksmith in October last. The whole time of their work, which had covered three lessons per week for four months, was equal to twelve full days' work of ten hours each; the rest of their time had been devoted to study. The examples of their work laid out for examination and comparison consisted of a set of steel tools, *forged*, *tempered*, and *finished* ready to be used in the course of instruction in metal-turning in which they are now engaged.

May it not be claimed that this single example proves the whole case?

The elementary principles that lie at the foundation of all the trades can be taught with no more cost of appliances, no more expenditure of time, not so great an expenditure for salaries, as are now expended in what passes for mental training in schools that, to some extent at least, and in some cases, disqualify their graduates for the work to be done by them in order that they may gain a comfortable and a reputable subsistence.

We have maintained the versatility of our people, and the power of adaptation to changing circumstances, up to this time, because our public school itself is a better educator than the instruction that is given in it. It is thoroughly democratic, and its influence is not yet exhausted; but with the growth of dense population engaged in manufacturing, the wider separation into classes of rich and poor, and the deadly monotony of many of the departments in our minutely subdivided manufacturing and mechanical establishments, new and grave dangers are arising that must be met in the schools. If we do not develop in them the deft and cunning hand and the lissom finger, manual dexterity and handicraft will become lost arts to the majority of our people.

NATURE'S BETRAYAL.

INLAND, by wooded hills, the valley lies—
Hills that to westward fondly sheltering rise:
But in the east the first faint light of day
Glimmers above such far-off mountains gray
As deepen slowly 'gainst the rose and gold,
Or else lie hid by wreath and misty fold
That from the wandering river float between;
At flood of noon blue 'gainst the blue is seen.
Here joyous, in the fresh spring of his life,
Aoidos went: the earth around was rife
With harmonies of sound and hue and motion
From sailing birds high up the airy ocean,
And golden butterflies that danced all day

About the flowers, and children at their play.
And child and bird and bloom seemed to have part
Impartial in their mother Nature's heart.
Spring-time through summer wanes. In mid-September,
'Round cottage doors the poppy's glowing ember
Made sign to each fruit-laden apple-tree
That phœbe-birds should cry incessantly.
But the flame flickered on from vine to vine,
That over way-side walls most loves to twine,
Till up where ripe fruits were already red
From autumn leaves the summer green had fled.
Red gold and wan soon turned to russet sober,
And lifeless down the late winds of October
Rustled to earth. The light of noon waned pale,
And oft the stream upsent his mystic veil
At morn athwart the sky. The songsters fled;
The flowers before the early frost drooped dead;
The golden flies had lived their little day;
And now one of the playmates passed away.
At best the grave is narrow, chilling, dark.
Tearful they made it, where the meadow-lark
Upon a sunny slope 'mid waving grass
Had, nestling, watched the swift cloud-shadows pass.
Southward the wild-fowl held a funeral train;
The brook below through reeds seemed to complain:
And there they lowered the still smiling face—
Earth to cold earth; they strewed flowers 'round the place.

Meanwhile Aoidos stood as in amaze,
And, yet unknowing death, ceased not to gaze
Upon the grave, where parents' tears were falling.
The train moved slowly homeward; hoarsely calling,
The wild-fowl swept from sight against a sky
Of lead; the reeds sighed, and the blast moaned high
In leafless tree-tops till the end of day.
Aoidos on the morrow stole away,
With footsteps fearful, to the dreary place;
And, burying in the withered flowers his face,
He softly called his playmate by his name.
But, when to call and cry no answer came,
His young heart, in an agony of tears,
Melted within him. Not with changing years
Should he forget, amid this world's wild din,
That death is here—as yet he knew not sin;
And, though his childish tears were quickly dried,
Shadows of death left not again his side:
Though to his heart of youth sweet songs were sung,
Though year by year the enchantress Spring had flung
Over Earth's winter wreaths of fairest green—
Each brooklet babbling to the sky serene—
Though the great Mother smiled, yet nevermore
Might the child dwell with Nature as before.

GREEK TERRA-COTTAS FROM TANAGRA AND ELSEWHERE.

SUPPOSE we wish to picture as vividly as we can the little coquettish ephemera of life among the Greeks, what do we interrogate—the race-course, the play-house, the drinker's painted cup, the tray of jewelry? No, the tomb. The house of their anguish, all the time taking notes, has kept the record of their frivolities which literature, called immortal, and architecture, called eternal, have not been able to preserve.

What would we not give to rummage through the sweepings which Attic charwomen thrust, week by week, into the kennel behind a temple? In one of the little poems of Pancrates, the temple-sweeper Kleio begs Diana to look kindly on her two four-year-old girls, and in due time to make them two sweeping-women in place of one. What would the archæologist not pay for the finds occasionally granted to the daughters of Kleio?

I have poked fruitfully and quizzingly in the rubbish raked into a corner of Père Lachaise, and among the wire foundations of immortelle-wreaths in bead-work, and weedy weeds of crape, and silver tears from the embroidery of palls, have spelled with my cane a whole system of the philosophy which Horatio calls overcurious. But if we could see the crushed *ex-votos* of an antique temple, we should know the foibles and the appetites and the sweet-tooth of the ever-young race. How delicate were the tastes thus brought to the confessional we may guess from a couplet in that nosegay of Greek society-verses called the Anthology. Timarete, on her wedding eve, appeals without fear to Diana: "Timarete, being about to marry, consecrates to Artemis of Limnæ her tambourine and her light hollow ball, and the net from her hair. She consecrates, too, to the maiden goddess, herself a maiden, her dolls, maidens likewise, and their belongings. O daughter of Leto, extend a hand over young Timarete, and may this pious child be piously kept by thee!" In fact, no prettier compliment to Diana can be imagined than the sense that she would appreciate these things.

But the temples have kept for our curiosity nothing but their decorum; their lighter confidences are lost. We demand to turn over the photograph-album of antiquity. The "little language" of Swift's diaries is what we listen for. And this familiarity, this passing laughter of fashion and caprice, the grave gapes and gives us.

Did the Romans exasperate one another with their noses? Mr. Wopsle's power of facial irritation is held to be proof by analogy that they did. But the Greeks, at least, were no nuisances. The Greeks lived among themselves with ease and pliancy, without hanging from their foreheads the inflexible protuberance of the bore. Plato almost covers up, in smooth society-dramas, the intention of his moral, and a half-dozen of portrait-artists give us the graceful traits of that antique macaroni Alkibiades. A light, elusive foam of elegance and distinction played upon and iridized the rich tide of Greek history. That manners excelled in tact, and the simplicity of true breeding, whatever modern civilization has produced, is certain. And that is just what makes us, whether we confess it or not, complain of Vaticans and Louvres. Vaticans and Louvres report, in effect, that the Greeks were cold, and white, and tranquil, and perfect, and that they attitudinized. Human nature stands up and declares its belief that they were frivolous and good fellows when they chose to be, or, at any rate, if not they were overrated. To feel what the Greeks really were, what noble and jolly eldest brothers of ours they might have been, it is not enough to see the Greek marbles. In preparing these placid effigies, Attic good behavior has come in—has suppressed the ear-ring with its device, the grasshopper in the hair, the palm-leaves on the woolen gown, the passing accidents of costume, the glow of fleeting expression. Only a few sparse examples—a Dresden Minerva with heavily embroidered sash, the Caryatids with coiffure in agonies like the masterpiece of a Palais-Royal barber—only such scattered specimens are permitted to show, for certain symbolical or structural reasons, the elaboration of the real toilet of the Greeks. Throughout, the great marbles and bronzes declare the tyranny of an austere sublimity of taste, subduing every triviality to the pride of an enduring material and a destination of parade. A god carved to represent a vision of the instant divinity was not to fritter away its impression with details and decorations. The general idea one derives from a walk through the statue-gallery of any European museum

is that of slightly oppressive and perhaps uncalled-for dignity, ready, at the least excuse, to enact tragedy, and a stark simplicity that concedes nothing to human foible. Ordinary tourist-philosophy, not without tact, decides that if the Greeks were like that they must have been rather pale and polished and uncompanionable. They were not, however, amenable to this grave charge. They were fellows to invite to the club. To correct the impression, we have a few broad sources of rectification. We have coinage, to give us portrait-traits and the attitudes of many lost statues. We have the Pompeii pictures, to give us Bacchus and Orpheus, no longer with Parian complexions, but brown as a berry from top to toe, with big black eyes and clouds of hair. We have the vase-paintings, which are inestimable in revealing to us wild, corybantic movements—dresses spangled over with patterns that vie with Venetian brocades, a tremendous millinery of wreaths and unnatural grapes and flying cap-strings, altogether human and sympathetic. But to correct the frigid contamination most completely, to eliminate the last vestige of Mr. Barlow and Tommy Merton from our Greek ideal, nothing comes so genially as the host of terra-cottas which have emerged from Greek graves, and which everybody is examining nowadays with such novel interest.

The California-discovery day is over now in Bœotia; eight thousand tombs have been emptied; the white lines of dry earth, thrown up from avenues of tombs bordering the antique roads and intersecting the green vineyards and yellow harvests of the modern Albanian agriculturists of Greece, have begun to grow green again. The day has come, too quickly, of counterfeitings, of expedients, of "saltings"; the mine is worked. The discovery which made an antiquarian of every villager, which caused him to cultivate Greek statue-raising as his sole form of agriculture, was quickly followed by the jealous Greek Government with an era of prohibition, and finally with an exhaustive proscription intended to draft every peasant into the army, with military occupation of all the hamlets. When this was undertaken, the cunning native made himself a law-abiding patriot during the day-time, a greedy excavator during the night. But the supply, after all, was limited. Thousands of sepulchers were rifled. Those sunk in a white-clay ground along the sides of the hills yielded the well-preserved and unbroken statuary; then the alluvial soil was explored, the reddish mold of the valleys, which turned out statues in crumbs, corroded with damp and falling to pieces on exposure. The industry was, of course, too lucrative to be given up easily, and the rotten figures were solidified, recolored, and sent to Athens. Then the scattered limbs and heads were collected, and stuck together with simple art, resulting in curious monsters, with Venus faces, Cupid arms, and Mercury hats. These prodigies are what are now abundant in the Athenian curiosity-shops, showing the clay from different cities in their various parts, coated with white paint, stained with dirt, speckled with traces of gilding, and finally tinted with lively blue or staring pink, whose effect would be to convince the collector that this or that metallic salt, the glory of different modern chemists, was already known to the Greeks of twenty centuries since. Behind these comes the clever Athenian counterfeiter. Every day the market is supplied with statuettes warranted to have come from the East, or from Tanagra, among which have been recognized, under the name of Ephesian terra-cottas, reproductions after Thorwaldsen and after Vogelberg, made antique with stains of modern dirt, and splendid with morsels of half-effaced gold-foil.

The supply and exhaustion of the Tanagra statuettes, whose appearance opened a window on the home-life of the ancients, belongs to this decade. In 1872, a native of Corfu, named Yorgis Anyphantis, who made his living by excavating the soil for the curiosity-merchants of Athens, and who had been exploring with small effect the cemetery of ancient Thespia, now Neocorio, came to Grimadha, the village squatted on the ruins of Tanagra. Already the Albanians of the surrounding groups of huts, Skhimitari, Staniatæs, Bratzi, and Liatani, had found tombs in hoeing their vineyards. Some, scattered irregularly through the fields, were prehistoric, and contained only vases. But images were abundantly found in a series of more modern sepulchers, built of tufa slabs, and extending in continuous lines that perfectly traced the boundaries to right and left of the ancient roads. Other spoilers had preceded Yorgis; fully a quarter of the tombs had been emptied in the Roman epoch; others had been despoiled in the Greek times, when the pillage of sepulchers by robbers, an industry known as *tymborychia*, was an occupation already lucrative and much practiced; about half the tombs remained prolific, and speedily enriched Yorgis and his imitators; ordinarily three images

were found in a grave—one at the left of the head of the skeleton, the other two near the hands. Sometimes, however, twenty, or even fifty, were contributed to a single tomb, those within the structure in a perfect condition, while others, which had been scattered like flowers on the lid, had purposely been broken at the time of the funeral. The prices obtained by the first excavators were from one hundred to two hundred francs at Athens, at which rate they speedily became capitalists. Since then nine thousand francs have been paid for a single figure. Even at public auction, the prices of the Tanagra *figurines* have latterly reached extravagant sums; at the sale of Olivier Rayet, supplementary professor at the College of France, in April, 1879, a statuette of a girl with right arm akimbo on the hip brought six thousand and eighty francs.

FIGURE 1. LADY OF TANAGRA, FOURTH CENTURY B. C. (MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

The gentle and optimistic ways of Tanagra seem to have favored the hurrying of the dead out of sight, under a shower of the pretty artistic compliments represented by the *figurines*, in preference to the more solemn horrors of the funeral pile, such as

were practiced in other parts of Bœotia. When excavations in the south-western part of the province, at Thisbe, or Creusis, have revealed statuettes, these have been blackened and marred by passage through the fires of cremation; the statuettes of Tanagra, never; they remain, with their painting and gilding, in a freshness of preservation unmatched in other parts of Greece—more lively in their colors than terra-cottas of Asia Minor, and only approached by figures dug from the dry soil of Egypt. The city to which we are indebted for these vivid sketches was in antiquity celebrated for its pleasantness and luxury. The last strains of Greek lyric art, soon to sink into such surprising silence under Pericles, proceeded from the Tanagra poetess, Corinna. A painter of the epoch placed her likeness (in a representation of the victory over old Pindar) on the public portico of Tanagra, as Naucydes made a portrait-statue of her poetic predecessor, Erinna, and as Polygnotus painted the effigy of her blue-stocking contemporary, Elpinice, on the portico of Athens—all, by the by, considerably before the rise of portrait art (under Philip) as usually computed by German critics. A northern neighbor to Athens, placed on the route to Thebes, and often the object of Athenian jealousy, the rich Bœotian city was frequently menaced by Attica, but never with durable success. After Alexander, from whose time dates the ornamentation of the tombs with *figurines*, Tanagra became the flourishing center of its province, celebrated as a place of merry-making and pleasure; wine was good and abundant, the pastures and harvests were the proverb of Greece (the cock-fights of Tanagra were famous, too), and the beauty and elegance of Corinna's fellow-townswomen and successors left their echo in many a poet's epigrams.

Corinna herself sang of "the Tanagra women with the white peplum." The fragmentary poems of Greece have various apposite allusions. Laon sings thus encouragingly of the men and women of the province: "You may be friends with the Bœotian man, and do not avoid the Bœotian woman; the one is a good-natured person, and the other a pleasant, familiar creature." The piquant sweetness of the female figures from Tanagra fully bears out this commendation. Dicæarchus, whose histories are lost to us, says in a surviving quotation (frag. 1. 17) that the women of the Theban plain were "the most graceful and elegant in Greece, by their shape, by their walk, and the harmony of their movements."

Among the lions of Tanagra, in the time when these tomb-decorations were prepared, were the mausoleum of Corinna, the gayly colored wall of the portico frescoed with her victory at the tournament of song, and famous statues of Dionysus and Hermes Criophoros, or "ram-bearing." Connected with this latter image, by the sculptor Kalamis, there is a cycle of legend, coming down to the Christian period, and even linking, by the perpetuation of Kalamis's design, with our own time. Potniæ was a town in Bœotia, founded by a legendary Potneus, whose daughter, Pelarge, reestablished the worship of Demeter and Korê, the grain-divinities, in the province, receiving herself divine honors after her death; but certain Bacchus-worshiping Potnians once murdered a priest of the god, and were commanded by the oracle to appease him with a yearly sacrifice of a young man on Bacchus's altar; this continued for some years, until Bacchus himself substituted a goat. In evident imitation of this is the other Bœotian legend, this time belonging to Tanagra itself, of Hermes the deliverer; it is thus mentioned by Pausanias (ix., 22, 2):

> "As for the surname and the ceremonies of Hermes Criophoros, the foundation is this, that Hermes saved the Tanagrans from a pestilential plague by carrying a ram all around the city walls. It was on this account that Kalamis made them a statue of Hermes, bearing on his shoulders a ram. He among the young men who is judged the comeliest, at the festival of Hermes, goes the round of the walls carrying a lamb on his shoulders."

A faithful tomb of Tanagra preserved a statuette in clay copying this pious monument of Kalamis; it rudely represented Hermes, his chlamys thrown back for action, with the pointed Robinson Crusoe bonnet of hide, the *kunê Boiotikê*, on his head, and putting up his two hands to hold the legs of a ram curled around his shoulders; it was just the attitude and costume of the Kalamis statue, as shown on a bronze Bœotian coin published by Prokesch-Osten (*Arch: Zeit.*, 1849, p. 9). This *figurine*, three and a half inches high, was sold in the Rayet collection before named. So was a little statuette of Hermes in a similar cap, holding a lamb under his right arm, like the original at Olympia, made by Onatas and Kalliteles, two other miniatures of which are known. This image, so stamped with benevolence

FIGURE 2. TANAGRA FIGURINES. (MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

and beauty, was not forgotten when Rome conquered Greece, and Christianity conquered Rome. Early Christian art is filled with copies of the design of Kalamis, figuring as the Good Shepherd. Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art" has this passage:

"By far the most interesting of the early Christian paintings is that of our Saviour as the Good Shepherd, which is almost invariably painted on the central space of the dome or cupola. He is represented as a youth in a shepherd's frock and sandals, carrying the 'lost sheep' on his shoulders. The subject of the Good Shepherd, I am sorry to add, is not of Roman but Greek origin, and was adapted from a statue of Mercury carrying a goat, at Tanagra, mentioned by Pausanias. The Christian composition approximates more nearly to its original in the few instances where our Saviour is represented carrying a goat."

There may be just room here parenthetically to point out that this *variorum* of the Shepherd and goat is gracefully alluded to by Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his reminiscences of the catacombs. Quoting the fierce sentence of Tertullian, "*He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save*," the poet represents early Christianity as amending it with the Good Pastor and the kid.

I have cited not without a purpose this small chain of legendary notes,—Kalamis's Hermes, with its three or four little clay copies preserved to our day; the Princess Pelarge encouraging Ceres-worship in Bœotia, and being deified for it; the sacrifice of youths on the altar of Bacchus. They introduce sufficiently into prominence the favorite deities of Tanagra and the neighborhood, and also the inquiry how far the statuettes have reference to the local tutelary gods; and they may chaperone the question whether the *figurines* are copies of other works of art.

"I do not believe," says M. Olivier Rayet, in his new work, "Monuments de l'Art Antique," "that the *figurines* of Tanagra or Corinth are reductions of works of grand sculpture. The models of all appear to me to have been made in view of execution in clay, and in very small proportions."

This opinion appears infelicitous in view of the reproductions of the Kalamis Hermes as proved by the coins; again, M. Heuzey has found two fragments in a limited collection of terra-cottas from Tarsus in the Louvre, repeating the great group of Laocoön; again, even in the small group of Tanagra figures in the Boston Museum, there is one which, if not taken from a famous statue, there is good reason for believing was taken from the famous painting by Apelles of the "Venus Anadyomene,"

FIGURE 3. BALL-PLAYER, TANAGRA. (MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

while that marvel was fresh; and again, the various crouching girls, playing with something on the ground, have the action given to the nymph Arne on the celebrated coin of Cierium (Millingen, "Ancient Coins," plate 3). Arne, a daughter of Æolus, gave a name to a town in Bœotia, after Neptune had appeared to her, as Jove to Europa, in the likeness of a mild and beautiful bull. What more likely than that the figures of the statuettes and on the coin are from some statue well known and popular, representing the legendary patroness of the Bœotian town?

And now for the question how far the statuettes have a reference to the tutelary deities of the locality. It is well known that the theory of their being generally divine representations, or closely connected with worship, is rigidly maintained by Professor Heuzey, conservator of the Louvre Museum. Lenormant, Rayet, Otto Luders, and many less wise, incline to the merely decorative, artistic, and pleasure-giving view. For myself, every theory put forth by Heuzey has a clinching tenacity about it that comes very near to demonstration in my mind. His interest in the externals and caparison of history is indefatigable, and his lectures on costume, as professor in the Beaux-Arts school, are at once the most tiresome and fascinating I ever heard. Without graces of style, without vivacity,—for the French professors seldom trouble themselves to be interesting, Taine being about the only exception,—he accumulates such masses of telling and recondite facts, that the hearer seems to be examining whole cabinets of historical relics. One week it will be Assyrian dress; the next, Egyptian armor; the third, the Roman toga, with real togas thrown over painters' undressed models, adjusted in the historic way, and made to imitate the costume of most of the historic statues. At the conclusion of a discourse as dry as a legal decision, but practical enough to transport the hearer neck and heels into antiquity, the black-haired lecturer breaks into an agreeable smile, asks which of the young artists present will be good enough to help him with his blackboard drawings for the next discourse, and wanders dreamily out of the room, with a glance at Delaroche's "Hémicycle" as if he knew secret errors of costume in every one of the seventy-five portraits. The arguments of this fastidious archæologist for the divinity of most Tanagra *figurines* are based upon research and thought.

This antique school-man, like the last survivor of a sect, has been desperately maintaining the religious origin of the tomb-figures against the frivolity of all the writers who have been seeing in them only ballad-poetry and decoration. To read his "Researches among Veiled Figures in Greek Art" is to get new ideas of the dignity of costume-study, among other studies. To peruse his "Antique Figurines of the Louvre," his "New Researches among Greek Terra-Cottas," his "Fragments from Tarsus at the Louvre," one would think that the password for a true interpretation of the classics was comprised in clay dolls. One of his papers, "Investigations on a Lost Group

by Praxiteles from the Terra-Cotta Figurines," insists on our finding in the groups of girls carrying other girls "pick-a-back" a representation of Ceres bearing Proserpine up to earth, oblivious of the fact that some of the figures represent mere children, engaged in a game, and of the fact that Pliny's word, *Katagousa*, describing the original statue of Praxiteles, means leading, and not carrying.

The oldest Greek tombs of all are admitted by everybody to contain figures that are primitive idols, and nothing else. Professor Heuzey reminds Professor Rayet of their common opinion on this point. The votive customs having this confessed origin, Heuzey chides his friend for "suddenly hustling away all these subterranean deities from the burial-service, and putting in their place a sort of profane celebration, instead of the religion of the dead." This is wormwood on his palate—"both history and archæology protest." The deep significance of the burial rite is not to be confined only to the legendary epoch of an Antigone; the enlightened age of Socrates acknowledged it. "We should not," claims M. Heuzey, "assign the decay of the old funeral formalities to that very century when the Athenians executed ten generals, victorious from a naval battle, because they had been prevented by a tempest from burying their dead." The learned critic's reminder is timely, even though his eagerness makes him improve on the figures; eight captains were condemned on the occasion he speaks of, and six executed—Pericles's son being among them, and Socrates an unwilling magistrate. The defender of the divinity of Tanagra pottery conceives that we ought to see, in the bulk of these figures, "the funeral gods and genii, under those graceful, often euphemistically perverted forms, in which the paganism of the day, all saturated

FIGURE 4. DEMETER (CERES), FOUND IN ATHENS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

with notions of the Bacchic mystery, loved to envelop them." "It was the very essence of the artist's object," he elsewhere insists, "to respect the sort of *incognito* with which the divinities loved to cover themselves." This being admitted, the special tutelary forms we should look for in the region would be Ceres and Proserpine,—honored in such a harvest country,—Bacchus, Mercury, Narcissus the Bœotian, and Arne, whose adventure, so like that of Ceres's daughter, was commemorated in the name of a Bœotian town: "*Te quoque mutatum torvo*," saith Ovid, "*Neptune, juvenco virgine in Ætolia posuit.*" In looking for such allusions, let us ever bear in mind the Greek turn for euphemisms and far-fetched substitutions: their clay cakes, stamped with the word "honey," for feeding the dead; their thimble-shaped stopper in the funeral-vase to receive the libation; their flattery of Death as a fair boy, torch-armed. When Polygnotus depicted Hades at Olympia, he represented Phædra in a swing, in delicate allusion to her suicide by hanging; he figured the fate of Actæon by showing him seated on a deer-skin and caressing a dog, his executioner; the daughters of Pandarus he represented playing at dice—the image of a cast of incalculable fate, as we find again those other doomed victims, the children of Niobe, in the marble picture at Naples, or those of Medea, in the Museo Borbonico, innocently playing at destiny with their murderers looking over them—"a symbol of art-language," remarks Lenormant, "the idea of a blind force to which all nature is a prey." Hence, perhaps, the prevalence among the images of the fair gamester at dice—the crouching maid. It was the appropriate pose for the nymph Arne, the Bœotian tutelar patroness, whose gesture we find on the Cierium coin. It was the action, too (with allusion not lost, but only veiled by the usage of the dice), for a flower-gathering Proserpine. It is hard not to see here an allusion to early death—hard not to remember the magnificent description of the miraculous narcissus-flower in the Homeric hymn—that narcissus which "the earth, favoring Polydectes by order of Zeus, had caused to grow as a snare for the fresh-visaged maiden. It blossomed wondrously, and was a marvel to see for all, for the deathless gods as for mortal men; from its root rose a hundred heads; with its perfume the broad sky was embalmed, and all the earth smiled, as well as the salt waves of the sea; the maid, trembling with joy, holds out both hands at once to seize the beautiful wreath!" (Hymn to Demeter, v. 1–21.) Nothing could be a more tender, a more discreet, allusion to some early lost daughter than a figure thus interpreted.

"When the coroplasts had hit upon a *motivo* which attracted public taste," says Heuzey, "they amused themselves in varying it, and making it acceptable in subjects of different nature, by slightly modifying accessories or some unimportant particular of gesture." The variation of similar types is by no means unknown, even in the small contingent of Bœotian potteries that has come down to us. The sitting woman-figure of immortal youth, with bent head, occurs frequently, and is apt to be taken as a Proserpine or Ceres; but in one of her avatars she occurs (No. 75, in the Rayet sale) with this drooping head bent over a scroll. She is then certainly not divine. M. Rayet speaks, too, of two girl-figures, which can be identified as having come from the same mold; but the accessories are varied, one holding a mask, the other the usual red apple. The real interest in these variations for us is, perhaps, not that they prove the flexible nature of Greek symbolism, but that they show the maker to be no mere mechanic, no ordinary potter, repeating impressions from the matrix given to him, but an artist, with the soul of a sculptor, able to invent capricious accessories in the line of the conception, and cunning, too, to stamp his faces with touches almost invisible, but full of authorship, which entirely modify the expression; but he never signs his work, as the vase-painter does.

Unchallengeable deities are found in sufficient numbers among the Tanagra *figurines*. Venus is common, and one of her forms occurs in the Boston Museum collection—a recent impression from Apelles. Cupid is omnipresent; Diana is found, tall and freshly colored, perpetuated in the splendid German work, so gorgeously illustrated, of Kekulé. Yet German science is not inclined to accept the statuettes as illustrative of mystical death-rites. Otto Luders, director of the German Art-school at Athens, thinks that the figures, "destined, doubtless, in the first place to embellish habitations, were systematically laid in the tomb with the defunct, as if to decorate the chamber of the dead in the manner of the home of the living."

Piercing into archaic times, we find the simple Phœnician symbol of Venus placed by the Sidonians in tombs of all the coast-

towns they colonized and impregnated with their worship. These rude symbols are discovered in places like Cilicia, where they are found by Heuzey; and Cyprus, whence Di Cesnola brings them back to us. In this case, an act of worship is evident. But Cyprus yields also another class of figures—the diminutive horsemen, placed beside the spear, apparently as an advertisement of the occupant's military avocation. Here is quite a different motive, in harmony with our own sepulchral inscriptions—the fond effort to perpetuate some fact about the deceased.

A masculine type, that of a fully caparisoned warrior, is occasionally found at Tanagra, and is sought after by collectors. One, with cuirass painted blue, to represent steel, with a red tunic and brown chlamys, was described in the "Gazette Archéologique" for 1878 as belonging to the elder Feuardent. Such a warlike figure, probably a Mars or Ares, is to be found in a little private collection of three or four in the city of New York, bought fortunately at Athens in the days when collecting these figures did not tax the purses of governments. Another very old motive seems to be the representation of human sacrifices. Achilles slays twelve gallant Trojan youths at Patroclus's tomb; but the custom was, even in the poet's day, passing out of favor, for Homer feels that he must apologize: "And Achilles designed evil deeds in his mind." In a current of advancing civilization, fictive images would naturally be substituted for human victims, and the habit of dedicating statuary at tombs be continued by posterity, with constant modifications in the direction of beauty.

But archaism has completely disappeared from the galleries of statues yielded us by Tanagra; we are here in the full blaze of warm Greek civilization, and looking at the every-day art, familiar as our own wood-cuts and Dresden shepherdesses, of artisans contemporary with Apelles and Lysippus. It is a striking fact that nine-tenths of the relics are female figures.

The bulk of those in this country were brought over in 1879 and since by Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent, from whom a little selection of twenty-three was quickly purchased by Mr. T. G. Appleton, for the Boston Museum, and a smaller number by Professor Fairman Rogers, for the Pennsylvania Academy.

The fan, adopted by every other one of the Tanagra ladies with all the ardor of a new fashion, appears to be a novelty due to the Eastern conquests of Alexander. It is of oriental derivation. Euripides, desiring

FIGURE 5. YOUTH OF TANAGRA. (MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

to give an idea of Helen's Eastern luxury after her sojourn in Troy, speaks of the slaves who waved near her cheeks and hair "the circle of artfully fixed plumes." The vases of New Greece show us long-handled fans waved by slaves. In Terence's "Eunuchus," the disguised hero, installed as a slave to fan a sleeping girl, employs it as an optical instrument, even as the fine lady does in Bedlam, in the "Rake's Progress": "Meanwhile," confesses the rogue, "sleep overtook the damsel, and I slily looked askance through my fan, just this way." "Really," says his friend Antiphos, "I should very much like to have seen that impudent face of yours just then, and what figure a great donkey like you made, holding a fan." The luxury appears at Tanagra, not as an implement for slaves, but as the adornment of the mistress, just as in modern Cadiz. The fans are generally blue, sometimes painted with the palmetto. One Boston example (Figure 1) is encircled with what appears to be a metal rim, a kind of

ornamental setting. It might be mentioned, as a theory only to be rejected, that this rage for fans may indicate that the women are mourners at the interment, armed with utensils to blow the flame of the funeral pile. But their whole behavior contradicts the idea. The points of the shoes usually emerge under the drapery; at Tanagra the shoe is a neat, close-fitting affair, colored yellow like fine buckskin, the sole usually tinted red. "The Theban women wear slender boots," says Dicæarchus's votive epigram on Leonidas, "colored red, and long, pretty shepherdess hat is an immense favorite with the Tanagra damsels. They wear it sidewise or giddily perched over their curls. We should not conceive how it adhered but for the evidence of coins and gems, which show the tying-strings passed behind to the nape. The Greek potter simply sticks on his hat with a little ball of cement. When the hat is worn by the boy-figures of Tanagra, along with high stockings and short kilts, the small, bonnet-like brims give almost exactly the air—as certain figures on coins do—of a young Scotch gillie.

FIGURE 6. TANAGRA FIGURINES. (MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

and narrow; these boots are so well laced that the foot almost seems bare." This smooth stocking-fit saves the modeler much trouble; but it is not laziness which makes him represent the feet as covered, like those of the "Last Victim of the Medusa," finished at sunset by Géricault; when Cupids or children are represented, the Bœotian potter separates the digits clearly enough.

A skittish little girl-figure at Boston (Figure 2), not at all funereal, has a pointed hat, the *petasos*, put on over her hair. This

Heuzey, indeed, with his laborious preoccupation, makes Mercuries of all these hatted boys, especially when, in addition to the *petasos*, they are furnished with a net to carry the ball for the local form of "prisoner's base." If armed with both hat and net, or purse, the learned scholar cannot avoid recognizing god Hermes,—not, indeed, in his more fitting function of guide of souls into Hades, but furnished with money as god of trade,—the patron of the flourishing corn-exchange of Bœotia. More

FIGURE 7. TERRA-COTTA FIGURINES FROM CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

probably, however, the boy-statue is simply a hunter, or *ephebos* playing in the *palæstra*. One Boston figure, nine inches high, is denuded for the games, and holds a large racket-ball downward, in the hollow or clasp of his extended hand. For Heuzey, these ball-playing boys (Figure 3) are the protecting genii of childish games,—"*adhuc sub judice lis est.*"

The veiled, seated, meditative female figures, without accessories, and imprinted with a musing pathos, may very well be effigies of Ceres, the Demeter Achœa, the Mater Dolorosa of the Greeks. For the finest of these figures in America, however, we must leave the Tanagra collections and go to the exquisite mourning goddess presented to the Metropolitan Museum (Figure 4), doubtlessly intended for the bereaved maternity of the harvest-goddess, and imprinted completely with the achieved art of Athens. In Athens, indeed,—and the *figurines* of Athens are rare,—this Phidian masterpiece was excavated.

In contemplating some of these feminine figures, so sweet and lovable, wrapped in a delicious melancholy, as of a goddess in her niche, or a tranquil soul in Elysium,—"the past unsighed for and the future sure,"—we are bound to think of the holy *cultus* which certain great men of antiquity wished to establish for their cherished daughters or consorts. Aristotle desired to make his wife, Pythias, a deity, and to render her the same worship as was paid to Ceres. Afterward, the Roman Cicero wished to pay his daughter, Tullia, divine honors, and, according to a late legend, her lamp was found miraculously burning in the time of Pope Paul III., in a tomb inscribed, "*Tulliolæ filiæ meæ.*" With this fond violence did the ancients sometimes insist on correcting the oblivion of untimely death. Lovers raised statues over a lost darling, looking on the images as if on those of deities, and wishing for the services of sculptors most in renown. Sings Rufinus, in the Anthology:

"Ah, where now is Praxiteles, and where the hands of Polyclite,
That wrought of old such images as made the marble breathe delight?
Who now shall forge the ambrosial hair, the burning glance of Milité,
Or teach the carven stone how fair the splendors of her bosom be?
Brave sculptors! would that it were mine to bid you, at a lover's nod,
For such a beauty raise a shrine, as for the image of a god!"

Did no lover, no disciple, no worshiper of Corinna wish to do as much for his divinity, his incarnate muse? That she was remembered late and well, we know. Far into the next age she was recited by the faithful, with blank wonder that no successor appeared to raise the voice of rhapsody amid the grander political glories of Plato's day and Pericles's government. Corinna must have loved her city, with variegated cloisters painted with her triumphs. Well does Landor make her sing:

"Tanagra! think not I forget
Thy beautifully storied streets!
Be sure my memory bathes yet
In clear Thermoden, and yet greets
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy
When we accept his matted rushes,
Upheaved with sylvan fruit; away he bounds, and blushes."

In these *figurines* the locks are never black, but always of a warm, ruddy brown. The potters found convenient primitive colors to tell us the story of the favorite shades at Tanagra mercers' shops in the age of Alexander. "Blue of Egypt," the silicate of copper, yielded them the point of azure with which they touched the iris of the eye. A cunning preparation of cinnabar afforded the rose-pink in which the tall lady with the fan is wrapped. They painted the broad facing of her mantle black, but in other cases they gilded the border. Earrings, and her bracelet, are of gold. A red oxide of copper formed the deep red for the lips. The artist, having made in a separate piece the head, as also the square, card-like plinth, took these nut-sized heads in his hand and retouched them with professional care. The smiling mouths were redimpled, so as to vary in expression for different issues of the mold. The tresses, gathered in melon-like lobes, they chased and chiseled until the separate locks were distinctly revealed. The hair was reddened, the complexion was touched with white and pink, the eyes were tinted like Greek skies after rain, the ear-drops were gilded. Smiling, flirting, artful in the discovery of new feminine twists and turns, the Tanagra girls appear to us after twenty-two hundred years with their natural colors, and with an armory of boarding-school graces still effective, still destructive.

A number of them hold a red ball or apple. The female ball-players of antiquity, as revealed on the vases, always sat at their game. As for the apple, this accessory made every Greek think of the prize gained by Venus, and to confer an apple was to make a declaration of love. Aristophanes, in the "Clouds," recommends a young man "never to go to the house of a dancer, for fear that, while he stands gaping with open mouth, the girl should throw him the apple and compromise his reputation." In a vase-painting at Naples, Cupid himself throws a ball to a maiden, and the inscription reads: "He has thrown me the ball." Theocritus, describing the coquetry of Galatea, says: "Galatea throws apples toward thy flocks, Polyphemus, and laments that the shepherd is insensible to love." It is hardly needful to attach any meaning more sepulchral than flirtation, more short-lived than brief love, to the apple-bearing, seated nymph of Tanagra.

The committal of artistic statuettes to

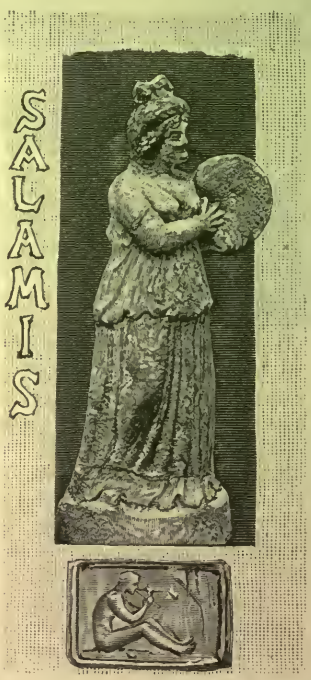


FIGURE 9. DANCING-GIRL, SALAMIS, CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

the grave was a short-lived mode, suddenly appearing in full bloom of sculptural prevalence about the middle of the fourth century, B. C. Tanagra has preserved for us the greatest number, but Corinth has given a fair harvest, and Ephesus, in the year 1861, yielded fifteen hundred *figurines*. About the beginning of the third century, B. C., the habit was taken up by the provincial Greeks of Asia Minor. Tarsus shows figures, no longer retouched and sculptured, but molded with workman-like facility as alto-reliefs, on a flat ground made up of flying draperies, showing strange divinities with oriental emblems, of a clay so hard and finely tempered that the coats of color have scaled away, and generally made very bulging at the back, to secure a cylindric strength like that of a vase. At Tarsus we find a mound of fragments, a potter's heap. Arms, legs, and heads, with tenon and mortise for attachment, are scattered through the pile. To comprehend this revelation of a factory caught in its working guise, we may go, says Heuzey, to Naples or Rome at the season when they make the clay shepherds and *bambini* for the sacred manger.

"It is with such division of labor that you shall see the workmen forming little images before your eyes with wonderful quickness. They mold the body first, then they form separately, in other little molds, the arms, legs, and all detached portions; then, taking their knives,—common wooden-handled clasp-knives,—they slice smooth the applied surfaces, pricking them so as to assist the adhesion of the two faces. This adhesion is effected simply with slip clay mixed into barbotine. The firing will then insure the adherence. Exactly the same methods are shown us in the Tarsus terra-cottas." The somewhat undisciplined fancy of the Eastern provinces gives us, in the Smyrna figures, now a group entirely gilded, now heads of negroes fashioned into vases, now comic caricatures of nude slaves crying open-mouthed the wares they hold before them on their trays, or provincial heralds shouting proclamations through the heated Asiatic streets. Sometimes we find a figure of a little girl holding fast-closed the bill of a duck she plays with, or half strangling a melancholy-looking hen that hardly enters into the spirit of the sport. If she were from Tanagra, we should dub this little maid "the cock-fighter's daughter."

Among these relics of Asiatic Greece, of a later epoch than the Lysippus period of

FIGURE 8. GREEK TERRA-COTTA, FOUND AT LARNACA, CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

the Tanagra figures, is to be classed a certain portion of the large treasure of General di Cesnola, now at the Metropolitan Museum. The plastic part of the collection, including the wonderful iconical statues of the Golgos priests,—"that unique series," says De Chanot, "of portrait-colossi of the early Greek school,"—comprises many kinds of terra-cottas. There are the ancient Phœnician statuettes of the love-goddess, as contributed by this race to all their early tombs; there are life-size terra-cottas of various periods, from ancient priests and warriors to that fair, veiled priestess whom Mr. Ruskin sketched so often in London, coming every day to study her beauty, and tearing up the sheet at evening in despair of catching the expression. Among this wealth of styles and types, a selection can be made of small votive statuettes from tombs but little later than the Tanagra *figurines*, and corresponding with them in kind.

The first three figures in Figure 7 were taken, not from tombs, but from the ruins of the temple of Demeter Paralia, at Larnaca. One shows the goddess seated, her veil over

FIGURE 10. TERRA-COTTA HEADS FROM CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

her head, mourning for Proserpine, throned and wretched. In the taller of the two maiden figures next seen, we get a model that reveals the Greek primary garment in its simplicity. To represent the chiton or tunic and its application, we have but to imagine the damsel stepping into a bottomless meal-bag; turning over as a flap the upper portion, as too high for the stature, we have only to catch up the doubled cylinder with a couple of brooches from under each arm-pit; now tie a string under the bosom, and the dress is done. The overflap may be too short to reach this girdle; then pull out the stuff over the belt into a puff, let the flap fall just above this, and we have, all told, the faultless dress of the Caryatids of the Erechtheion. The other standing maiden, as well as the short figure last in the cut, has wrapped around this chiton the large shawl or himation, and both hold up this important piece of magnificence from the damp of the ground. As Greek matrons of repute were never alone in the streets, it is an almost irresistible conclusion that most of these train-lifting women, evidently walking in the open air, including the whole society from Tanagra, were of a caste beneath the aristocracy. The shorter figure wears the tiara of a divinity; her neighbor to the left has her hair tied into a bow on the crown, as we see it familiarly in the Apollo Belvedere, who wears his tresses thus in female guise as Apollo Musagetes, or leader of the Muses.

Next comes a dancing-girl (Figure 8), clothed in one long garment, and beating a tambourine.

Figure 9, from a tomb at Larnaca, is of a rustic and "impressional" style of conception truly rare and precious—in fact, almost unmatchable. This country mother holds her babe like one of Millet's peasant-women. On the front is a curious concentric mass of stains, caused by contact with the body of the deceased in the tomb.

In the row of five heads (Figure 10), we have first a goddess in the high, rose-wreathed *stephane*, or diadem; her side-locks are turned up over a padded roll, prototype of the modern oriental turban. Gérôme uses this coiffure in "The Cock-fight." This roll is also worn by the next head, whose veil, moreover, is made to break angularly at the edges, as if caught upon the points of a halo composed of five or six rays; this shows one of the sidereal divinities of Asia; and the radiated halo continues down in Greek art, wherever Eastern planet-worship is to be indicated, as late as the Pompeii paintings. The next head is laurel-wreathed. The next, that of a baby, shows the same plaited tress along the parting of the hair which

a, from Paleo-Paphos. b, c, d, e (four), from Larnaca. f, from Curium.

FIGURE 11. TERRA-COTTA HEADS FOUND IN CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

is seen in a reclining infant, also from Cyprus. The last head in this cut shows the plug at the neck for inserting it into a hollow molded figure. This girl has her head tied up in a very graceful kerchief, clasped with a jewel.

The row of six heads (Figure 11) shows, first, from Paleo-Paphos, the true Pompadour style of coiffure, anticipated by more than two thousand years, and so Louis-Quinze in effect that we could declare it was powdered. Next comes one of the veils wrapped quite over the flesh of the face, and sparing only the seeing and breathing features, like the Turkish yashmak. Several of the Tanagra figures have this suffocating veil. In the Anthology (votive epigrams, 211), Dicæarchus says of the Theban women: "The part of their himation which forms a veil over their heads is disposed in such a manner that the face is pinched to the size of a little mask; only the eyes are uncovered; the rest is all hidden under the clothing." This is from the temple of Demeter Paralia, on the Marina, near Larnaca, as well as the next three, one of which has a veil and a chignon; the next, the maidenly division of the hair into lobes, like parallels of longitude; the next, with lovely expression, has the locks gathered upward to increase the apparent height, as with the actresses; the last, from the temple of Apollo Hylates, at Curium, shows the turban-like roll, which previous figures have proved to be no rude expression of a wreath, but a fold of drapery.

Antique grotesques are very rare, and are eagerly sought for. An era of decaying civilization, a state of luxury plagued with satiety, is the proper one in which to look for these caricatured images—the bronze dwarfs of Pompeii or the painted ones of Velasquez. The statuettes in bronze discovered at Pompeii show two crippled, misshapen forms, with huge heads, one of them dancing and beating the castanets; the other clad in a toga, with a *bulla* fastened to a chain around his neck, and holding a writing-tablet in the hand. Dwarfs of both sexes *(nani, nana)*, who were taught to fight and dance, were particular favorites with Roman ladies. A pet dwarf of Julia, the granddaughter of Augustus, was only two feet one palm high; his name was Canopas. The art of deformity appears in the Greek nation chiefly in its provinces of Asia Minor. An island so faithful to Asiatic traditions as Cyprus might be expected to reveal a few specimens. The three in Figure 12 are as full of perfection in their unclassical way, as audacious in taking the last license with art, as achieved in style, and as imperturbable in their extravagance, as if they were jests of Paris or Naples. One is an absurd "Miss Miggs," apparently, with hair in modern *bandeaux*, and an unsurpassable expression of gossip and curiosity. She was found at Golgos. The others, which were found at Curium, are negroes—one crouching, a full-length figure, with the depressed and elongated cranium of his race, exaggerated to the last extravagance; the other a thick-lipped minion, the image of the guardian of a seraglio, rolling up his white eyeballs with an idiotic sense of care and responsibility.

FIGURE 12. GROTESQUES, FROM CYPRUS. (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

Who was the sculptor who said that there was no such thing as a new pose in art,—that the attitudes of life had all been exhausted? The terra-cottas give us novel poses by the hundred, and many of these are as perfect and delightful as those of the great marble poems the Greeks wrought in profoundest mood for the temples. They

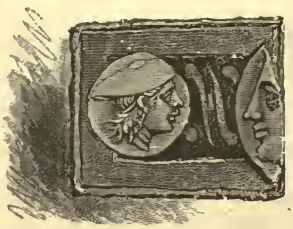


FIGURE 13. COINS OF ÆTOLIA AND QUEEN PHILISTIS.

are summary, sketchy, suggestive, often thrown into disproportion by the shrinkage of the kiln, or by a chance pressure of the potter's hand. For perfection they have no care. They are the every-day report, the journalism, of Greek life. But in one respect they have an important lesson to teach the modern artist. Whether we are to call them miniatures of larger statues or not, we may, at least, call them miniatures of living women and men. Now, in reducing a representation to miniature scale, the sense of proportion to be obeyed in keeping or rejecting detail is a matter of very nice taste. Most completely do the Collas reductions of famous statues fail to give the calm breadth of their originals, owing to over-accentuation; no wonder that artists reject them with scorn, for all their demonstrable perfection. To descend in the art ranks, how many a designer prepares a mixed composition of figures for engraving, which, broad and well-proportioned in his large cartoon, gets a granulated look in the small engraving which is opposed to all sense of æsthetics! The Greeks, in reducing a figure for a terra-cotta or for a coin, had the most exquisite instinct how much detail to admit, how much detail to reject. The group of mother and babe, in Figure 8, which has just been compared to Millet, is an exquisite example of this; by the breadth of the folds, by the generalization of the traits, it perfectly conveys the notion of a life-size treatment, with air playing around and veiling it. Other figures, intended for a less remote impression, are equally happy in calculating the amount of detail unerringly to the scale employed. On a coin, the finger-nail sketch of a famous idol, or the representation even of a temple, shows a careless intelligence as to how to space the incisions in scale with the size of the money, which never fails, and is as easy to the artist as the selection of colors to a Hindoo shawl-weaver. Our modern teased brains have quite lost this sense of things, and our art is making, constantly, the mistake of producing Collas reductions or inventing Claude-Lorraine glasses. The antique terra-cottas, with many another lesson, can teach the artist how to forget detail after detail, with perfect mental tranquillity, in steady ratio with the refining of his scale.

THE GREATEST ACTIVE VOLCANO.

FOR years it had been my heart's desire to visit Hawaii, and to behold with my own eyes the marvels of its volcanoes, so graphically described by a long stream of successive travelers, each depicting the scene differently from his predecessors, but all alike exhausting the power of language in the endeavor to convey their own impressions of indescribable grandeur. So it was with curiosity stirred to the uttermost that, one beautiful evening at the close of October, 1879, I found myself safely lodged in the Crater House of Kilauea, a most comfortable little mountain inn, where the kindest of landlords devotes himself to tending and caring for all weary travelers who seek shelter beneath his hospitable roof. And weary they may well be, as we proved after a thirty-miles' ride from the palm-fringed sea-coast at Hilo, over one continuous bed of lava, or, rather, over a succession of flows of divers date, varying only in their degree of roughness; the path winding up and down, over ridges and curves and hummocks of hard black lava rock, past extinct craters and cones, and great steam cracks, cool, but still forming deep and dangerous clefts, generally veiled by a treacherous growth of ferns and other vegetation. There are men who boast that they can accomplish this ride in six hours. I confess that, not being troubled with any ambition to make good time, but rather to have ample leisure to look about me, I allowed my good, sure-footed steed to choose his own pace, and, being heavily weighted with an English side-saddle, large sketching-blocks and other artist's materials, as well as sundry changes of raiment, that pace was so deliberate that it gave me twelve hours in the saddle before reaching my destination; and not even the fiery glow reflected on the clouds by the subterranean fires could keep me long away from the good hot coffee and supper which

LAKE AND RIVERS OF MOLTEN LAVA IN THE OUTER CRATER OF KILAUEA, OCTOBER 29TH, 1879.

awaited us, beside the blazing wood-fire in the wide, open fire-place which lighted the cheerful room with so ruddy a glow.

Ever since I had landed at Honolulu, every one had been congratulating me on having arrived at so fortunate a time, the crater having been unusually active for many months; and here, on its brink, the statement was confirmed by the guides, one of whom had been down to the verge of the lake only two days before, and seen it in fine action. There seemed no symptom of change at hand, and, therefore, no cause for hurry. So, as the white guide wanted to shoot wild pigs to feed the native servants, and I was still so tired as to be glad of a day's respite before undertaking the unknown fatigues which the expedition might involve, we agreed to defer the descent into the crater till the following day, and I spent that one in securing a general sketch from the highest part of the outer crag wall. Alas!

HALEMAUMAU (THE HOUSE OF EVERLASTING BURNING). CHIMNEY OF THE INNER CRATER OF KILAUEA, AS SEEN OCTOBER 29TH, 1879.

HALEMAUMAU, IN 1866. (REPRINTED FROM SCRIBNER FOR OCTOBER, 1871.)

I little knew what that one day's delay was to cost me. Though I heard occasional detonations, and sounds as of falling rocks, the noise thus produced was so trifling, compared with the thunderous raging and roaring I had heard in the volcanic regions of New Zealand, that I gave it small heed, and worked on unconcerned, only stopping occasionally to catch my horse; the poor beast, failing to find one green leaf as fodder, and being therefore restless, again and again having pulled up the bushes of small guava scrub to which alone I could tether him. The danger I dreaded was lest, in his search for food, he should fall into one of the innumerable steam cracks which honey-comb the whole country for miles around, and in which a multitude of horses and cattle every year perish. All through the woods are clefts of all sizes, from one vast fissure thirteen miles in length, which suddenly burst open in 1868, to quite small pits, perhaps a hundred feet deep, and completely hidden by rank vegetation, chiefly by ferns, which love the warm steam.

After a while Kalahea, the picturesque Hawaiian guide, returned, greatly elated at having found three and a half dollars, which some passers-by (albeit very good Christians) had thrown as an offering to Pélé, who, in Hawaiian mythology, was the dread goddess of the volcano. The dollars, thrown from the bridle-path, had fallen short of their mark, and so became treasure-trove to one too familiar with the realm of the goddess to make him scruple about sharing her profits. Her favorite votive offerings are said to be white chickens, which are still occasionally offered in secret; and a wonderful story was told me of a mysterious parcel which, quite recently, was brought by an old man, too decrepit to make the descent himself, with a request that one of the guides would throw it into the crater. The parcel contained the bones of a young child. Of minor offerings, the scarlet ber-

ries of the ohelo and the strawberry have always been sacred to Pélé on account of their color, and it was formerly customary, before venturing to eat of these, to throw some of them into the crater, dedicating them to the goddess.

On the following morning we descended, by a steep path leading down the face of the crag, from the hotel to the bed of the crater, which lies about six hundred feet below, forming a vast pit, which, by the lowest computation, is nine miles in circumference, and inclosed by a wall of crags all about the same height. At the furthest side of this great crater lies that inner crater known as the Halemaumau, or House of Everlasting Burning, which is commonly described as the Lake, or Lakes, of Fire, and which, though constantly varying, averages about three miles in circumference. As seen from above, the bed of the outer crater resembles a dark bluish-gray lake, being apparently a level surface; but on a nearer approach we found it to be a bed of extremely irregular black lava, contorted into all manners of forms, such as huge coils of rope, folds of rich black satin drapery, waves of glistening black glass, forming a thin iridescent coating to a sort of bubbly red lava; and here and there the lava had flowed over ridges so steep that in cooling it had assumed the appearance of a perfectly petrified water-fall. We saw plainly where successive lava-flows overlapped one another, the currents, after flowing in opposite directions, showing where the fires had found temporary vent by some newly formed lake or chimney. But whatever by-play of this sort they may indulge in, the one center of ceaseless activity is the Halemaumau, which consequently is continually varying in all its features. Sometimes it is one vast lake of fire; sometimes, two; rarely, only a deep pit with no fire at all. In any case, the level of the fire is always varying; then, again, the pit may be simply a deep gulf, or chasm, without any encircling edge of crag, and within a few weeks the forces at work below will upheave great lava cliffs to a height of five hundred feet, and a little later will so undermine the crags that they topple over into the lake and bury its fires, till they are themselves molten afresh. Thus the work of construction and destruction are ever going on, hand in hand.

A sketch of the changes which occurred within twelve months will illustrate the whole subject.

In January, 1879, the Halemaumau was one large lake, without any divisions. It was inclosed by a low crag-wall, in which were several cracks, through which flowed streams of molten lava. The lake was quite full, to the top of the wall, and large waves, tossed as if by a violent storm, were continually splashing over, accompanied by a noise like the discharge of artillery. There was no smoke, and at night fountains of fire were seen from the hotel, thrown high in mid-air. From January to April the crag-wall was gradually upheaved, till it attained a height of about four hundred and fifty feet. During this time the fire was never less than forty feet from the top, and sometimes it rose to within five or six. All this time there were flows in the outer crater, and, one night, Mr. Lentz and a party of gentlemen counted three hundred and seventeen different points in the crater from which the fire was bursting up. On the 21st of April the whole mass of crags around the Halemaumau fell in, leaving only a wall about twenty-five feet high. Standing on this level, you looked down one thousand feet into one vast pit, without any divisions, and could only see a little steam at the bottom. Gradually the crags were once more upheaved, and the fire filled up within an inner circle of rock-wall. In seven months the crags attained an altitude of from three hundred and sixty to four hundred feet. The highest crag had fallen in about a fortnight before my arrival, partially filling the lake; but two days before my visit the fiery waves were tossing and surging in wild glory, and it was without a shadow of misgiving that, on the morning of October 29th, we climbed the steep rock-wall, scrambling over coils like huge hollow glass tubes, which gave way beneath our tread, filling my mind with considerable misgiving. They looked like gigantic specimens of the twisted sugar-sticks familiar to our childhood. At length we gained the summit, and eagerly looked for the fire-waves and fountains, and marvels of mystery and beauty; but lo, there were none!—no fire-waves, and only some small fountains spouting rather feebly, as if grieved to find themselves forsaken by all their fiery kindred. The rest was all chaos —jagged masses of tumbled crag jutting up through volumes of dense white smoke, which rolled toward the further end of Halemaumau, where lurid clouds of sulphurous steam wholly veiled the scene. This was in the South lake, which was

wholly divided by great lava crags from the North lake. In the latter there was no trace of fire, but the bed of the lake was visible. When I returned, two days later, even this had sunk out of sight, and the "house of everlasting burning" had become a bottomless pit. There was no doubt as to what had happened. The crashing of falling rocks which I had heard on the previous day was, beyond all question, the falling in of some of the great crags, and their huge fragments effectually choked the fires.

Finding it impossible to see much from this point, and equally impossible to go along the summit of the crag, we descended to the bed of the outer crater and tried to re-ascend at such a point as would enable us to look down into the North lake; but we were compelled to relinquish this attempt, there being at this point a large deposit of sulphur, traversed by many cracks, through which the suffocating gases rose in hot gusts. (I have always observed that the blasts of hot vapor rising through sulphur tubes are more intensely scalding than any other.) So, once more descending, we consoled ourselves by watching the vagaries of a blowing cone or chimney, from which the lava was spouting. Finally it forced open a passage through one side, from which it flowed in a thick, liquid stream, apparently of the consistency of molasses.

We then took a long walk across the crater to see a good specimen of a stone water-fall—a lava cascade, and in the course of our explorations came on two distinct rivers, still in motion, but which had already assumed the two totally distinct forms known as *a-a*, or very rough, jagged black lava, which, from the beginning, lies tossed in confused, broken masses, almost impassable for animals, and the *pa-hoe-hoe*, or smooth lava, which is pleasant to walk on.

Next morning I was astir betimes, to secure a sketch of the rosy sunrise glow on the snowy crest of Mauna Kea, crowned with many extinct craters. Nearer lay the huge dome of Mauna Loa, on the flank of which we stood. Its simply rounded top shows no trace of the crater of Mokua-weo-weo, which lies there, nor of the fires which smolder within, and which, when they do awaken, cause such terrific earthquakes and lava flows in whatever direction their wild will may impel their action. The crater of Mokua-weo-weo is about fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. That of Kilauea is only four thousand feet from the sea-level. The two craters have apparently no connection, and rarely show special activity simultaneously. Kilauea is the more equable in her temperament; is generally in action, and confines her ebullitions to her own quarters. But though Mokua-weo-weo is rarely stirred up to action, when she is, then certainly danger is to be looked for in some quarter.

All through this day, the cone we had visited on the previous day was spouting violently, and at night the crater was all illumined by the flow of fire-rivers starting from its neighborhood. On the following night (Halloween, the grand fire-festival of our ancestors, October 31st), the flow was increasing rapidly and was magnificent. The fire had burst up at so many points near together that it formed a lake, in which fire-jets spouted and molten lava was thrown high in mid-air,—great masses of red-hot solid lava being tossed to a height of from thirty to forty feet,—while from the overflowing rim, or from weak points in the sides of the lake-basin, flowed rivers of lava, forming a net-work of living, rushing fire, covering fully two square miles of the very ground over which I had been walking two days previously. Words are poor exponents of such a scene as this, and imagination fails to realize its marvelous beauty.

All next day the flow continued, and at night a full moon added its cool, pure light to the lurid crimson glow which was reflected on all the overhanging clouds, as well as on the column of white steam which forever rises from the Halemaumau itself; and these clouds, being visible at a distance of many miles, declared plainly to our friends in Hilo that there was unusual activity at Kilauea. I had little time for sleep that night. As often as I lay down, the fascination of the scene recalled me, and I watched fresh fountains and rivers of fire continually bursting forth, till their glow paled in the light of the risen sun, and only the points of most intense heat continued to show red; the general color of the new lake and its rivers now became wonderfully silvery and glistening.

Wishing for a nearer view, we descended into the crater, and, taking a circuitous route so as to avoid the fiery breath of the mighty furnace, we contrived to reach a comparatively safe point, near the principal spouting cone. This was as near as we dared approach to the new lake, which raged and tossed its fiery spray, and, boiling over its banks, poured forth a river

about one hundred and sixty feet wide, which rushed down the incline with appalling speed. I reckoned that it flowed as rapidly as the Merced River, above the Vernal Falls in the Yosemite, which is about the swiftest stream known to me.

The Rev. Titus Coan tells me that he has seen the lava flowing at the rate of forty miles an hour—rushing downhill through the forests on its seaward way, and leaping over crags in cascades of living fire. Once he traced a lava flow which had thus fallen seven hundred feet at one bound! I confess I watched even this small, comparatively safe river with some trepidation; it was

gether, forming a hollow tube. Behind it comes a fresh wave, which, though checked in its course, forms a second rope or tube; successive pulsations form successive ridges, which assume precisely the appearance of great coils of rope, with every twisted strand clearly defined. Then comes a more impetuous wave. It partially overleaps the barrier thus raised, and, flowing almost at a right angle, repeats the process in a new direction—or, perhaps, obeying some fresh impulse, it assumes folds like the richest drapery. As the lava cools, it throws the vitreous element to the surface, which thus presents the appearance of myriad flakes

FORMS LIKE DRAPERY AND SERPENTS TAKEN BY THE LAVA IN COOLING—KILAUEA.

necessary for the guide to keep ceaseless watch, to guard against the possibility of our retreat being cut off.

We took our stand on a hummock of lava, and were thus raised on a level with the lake, which had very capriciously selected the highest portion of the crater, so that all the rivers flowed down over a steep lava bank. When they reached more level ground their pace became more sluggish, and we watched the simple process by which the lava, in cooling, assumes those wonderfully intricate forms which had excited our wonder and admiration. The foremost curve of lava, of course, cools most quickly, and, as it gradually solidifies, it travels slower and slower till it halts alto-

of black, iridescent glass. I brought away exquisite specimens of this, which I had watched thus solidify—some in flakes, light as froth and exceedingly brittle, others in coils heavy as iron. Indeed, so rapidly does the lava cool, that when we had gained sufficient confidence to follow our experienced guide, we were able to walk across many of the streams which only a few hours previously had been liquid fire. They were certainly very hot, but did not even singe our boots, though we could see the fire through all the cracks and broken places, not four inches below our feet. The streams were coated over with a thin, gleaming, silvery crust, like that which forms on molten metal.

On the following morning I looked my last on the wondrous scene, and, at the moment of sunrise, a vivid rainbow appeared above the Halemaumau, forming a perfect circle, and having the full moon as key-stone to its wondrous arch. A few minutes later, one of my companions, standing about fifty yards from us, cried out, "Do you feel the earthquake?" Not having felt the slightest movement at the house, we all maintained that he was dreaming, but happily he was able to prove his accuracy by pointing to a cloud of dust rising from the very bank on which I had sat the first day, part of which had fallen in. When, late the same evening, we reached Hilo, the first questions put to us were in relation to the earthquake, which had there been felt as a severe double shock.

In the course of the next few days, friends came from far and near to talk over our expedition and see the sketches I had been able to secure. Many of these were old inhabitants who, for many years, have noted every change of the volcano, and from the lips of one after another I heard of the ever-varying wonders beheld by each. Above all others as an exponent of volcanic phenomena is the Rev. Titus Coan, who, since his arrival in these islands in 1835, has personally inspected every event of any special interest, either within the crater or wherever else the fires may have found vent. The same energy which has enabled him to accomplish an amount of work in the mission field perhaps unprecedented in any one life, has impelled him to face danger and fatigue in the pursuit of scientific investigations and enables him to speak as an eye-witness of scenes which make our pulse run high even to hear of. These he has most graphically described in hundreds of letters, written year by year to private friends. Some have appeared in "Silliman's Journal," and these and others have been largely quoted by almost every writer on Hawaii; but, as yet, Dr. Coan has not found time to arrange his notes for publication as a whole—an omission which, for the sake of all lovers of science, is deeply to be regretted. From his lips and those of many other friends, as well as from the published records of W. T. Brigham and previous travelers, I have collected the following notes in order to mark the changes which, year by year, have occurred within the crater of Kilauea, as well as the principal events which form the history of volcanic action in recent times.

In 1823, the Rev. W. Ellis visited Kilauea. He describes the general crater as filled with molten lava; the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of liquid fire and flaming billows. He counted fifty-one craters, of varied form and size, which rose like so many conical islands from the surface of the burning lake. Of these, twenty-two constantly emitted columns of gray smoke or pyramids of brilliant flame and blazing torrents of lava, which rolled into the boiling mass below.

In 1825, the Rev. C. S. Stewart found the general crater still in full action. He saw about fifty-six small conical craters, many of which were active. "Rivers of fire rolled in splendid corruscations among the laboring craters," and a lake of fire extended to the south-west. He judged one cone to be about one hundred and fifty feet high. Lieutenant Malden, who accompanied him, calculated the whole depth of the crater at fifteen hundred feet, the black ledge to which they descended being nine hundred feet below the upper cliff, the circumference of the crater at the bottom being about six miles, at the top about nine. Suddenly, after terrific noises and rumblings, a dense column of smoke rose. From a cone apparently long dead, flames and red-hot stones were shot up to a great height, then molten lava, and then appeared a lake two miles in circumference.

In 1832, the Rev. J. Goodrich arrived just after a great eruption. The lava-bed had sunk four hundred and fifty feet below its former bed, and the only volcanic action was within Halemaumau.

In 1838, Captain Chase and Captain Parker saw a surface of four square miles covered with cones and lakes of fire. They counted twenty-six cones, of which eight were active, and six small lakes boiling violently. On Halemaumau, which was a lake, they saw a large island, which broke up, leaving a vast pool of liquid lava. In the same year, Count Strzelecki says, the Halemaumau covered an area of three thousand yards, encircled by a wall of scoriæ fifty yards high.

In 1839, Captain Shepherd estimated the Halemaumau at one mile in length and one and one-half in breadth.

In 1842, the lava had formed a complete dome, covering the lake of fire like a pie-crust. The only fires visible were currents which forced their passage at points about forty feet below the surface.

In 1844, the Rev. C. S. Lyman found a

level outer crater, but no wall around Halemaumau, which was one very large pit, with fire-waves within fifteen feet of the level surface. In 1846, he found it covered with a dome about twelve feet high and not more than a foot in thickness. The fiery lava could be seen through two small apertures, and was within fifteen feet of the summit.

About 1848, says Mr. Coan, the lake had become crusted with a thick stratum of lava, which was gradually raised to a dome nearly three hundred feet in height, covering the whole lake, traversed here and there by rents and fissures, and studded by an occasional cone. In 1849, he speaks of violent roarings and detonations from the cones on the dome. At this time there was only one small orifice on the summit, to which he rashly climbed, and, looking in, beheld the fire raging below. The dome resembled a cracked cake, with fire visible through the cracks. In 1852, he speaks of a complete dome two miles in circumference. In July, 1855, he says: "The great dome is throwing up columns to a height of two hundred feet, while its walls tremble at the fury of the waves which rage within." In the outer crater he counted sixty fiery lakes, and the whole surface was dotted with burning cones. In October, 1855, he said: "The great dome over Halemaumau is swept away, and a jagged rim from twenty to sixty feet high now encircles it. The fusion may be one hundred feet below. There are now about a dozen lakes of raging lava in Kilauea."

In 1865, Mr. Reid told me, he counted sixteen lakes in the outer crater. He lay all night on the crag-wall, and watched them quietly overflow, till one-third of the crater was a bed of fire. In 1866, Mr. Sisson told me, he found the Halemaumau one lake without any division, surrounded by a low wall. The fire was pretty quiet, and within ten feet of the top of the wall. The North lake, which is now extinct, was a pit of liquid fire, two hundred feet long by five hundred wide. Between this and the Halemaumau were seven other lakes, which increased in size till 1868, when the great flow in Kau occurred, and the lakes disappeared. For months there was no fire, only smoke.

From January to March, 1868, these lakes were in ceaseless action, and from one large blow-hole volumes of steam were thrown up at intervals of a minute, with loud roaring. Suddenly this ceased, and the whole bed of the crater was overflowed with incandescent lava. On the 1st of April the bottom of the Halemaumau fell in, sinking about six hundred feet. Fully two-thirds of the floor of the outer crater also caved in in the middle, and sank from one to three hundred feet, leaving an outer rim raised around the base of the cliffs. Mr. Reid tells me he descended about three hundred feet into the Halemaumau, climbing down the broken lava. He could see no trace of fire, only steam and smoke. It was a great pit without any division. It was at this time that the terrible eruption occurred at Kahuku, when the earth was rent by a steam crack thirteen miles in length, which has necessitated the alteration of the road to that extent—a crack which to this day continues to pour forth steam.

In July, 1868, seven or eight blowing cones formed on the walls of the Halemaumau, and from these molten lava poured into the lake and soon filled it up.

In 1872, there was one lake full of fire, with high crags. In 1873, Mr. Nordhoff saw two lakes, filled with a raging, roaring, restless mass of fiery matter dashing in ceaseless tumult. The two lakes were separated by a narrow ledge of lava, which was sometimes overflowed and melted down. Standing upon the northern bank, he could see both lakes, at about eighty feet below him. Three months before his visit, the lava had overflowed the high banks on which he stood, and had poured itself into the outer crater. Six months later it again rose almost to the surface, and forced a passage for itself through one side, thence flowing in a vast river of fire into the main crater.

In January, 1874, Miss Bird found one irregularly shaped lake almost divided by a lava-wall. The height of the crags inclosing it was about forty feet on one side and one hundred and fifty on the other. The lake lay thirty-five feet below the spot where she stood, and was intensely active, having eleven fire-fountains in ceaseless ebullition, but producing no smoke. In June, 1875, she returned, and found the encompassing crags raised to a height of five hundred feet above the level of the outer crater. Standing on this elevation, the fiery lava within Halemaumau lay about eighty feet below her, and formed two lakes, separated by a solid barrier of lava, about three hundred feet broad and eighty feet deep. There were no playful fire-fountains, but raging, sulphurous waves and whirlpools,—a thing of awful sublimity,—accompanied by fearful detonations and thundering crashes, and by stifling gases.

In January, 1878, the crag-walls of the Halemaumau were one hundred and seventy-five feet in height, and the fire-lake was full to within twenty-five feet of their summit, being thus raised, as in a cup, one hundred and fifty feet above the outer crater.

In November, 1878, it was still one large lake, and so full that the dancing fire of its waves was visible from the inn. There was also a large flow in the outer crater. Of all the rapid changes that occurred within the bed of the crater in 1879 I have already spoken.

Of course the more important flows are those which have burst forth outside of lawful limits, choosing their scene of action without respect of place or person. In looking at a map of Hawaii, such as that furnished by Brigham, and marking the course of the principal lava-flows, one is forcibly reminded of a star-fish, of which Mauna Loa is the body, the lava streams forming the long, irregular arms.

The first eruption of which we have a distinct record was in 1789. It was accompanied by fearful earthquakes, terrific darkness, and thunder and lightning. This eruption differs from all others in that no lava is mentioned,—only sand and scoriæ, with volumes of steam and sulphurous vapor,—just such an eruption as that which overwhelmed Pompeii.

In 1823, there was a very grand eruption, with lava-flow thirty miles in length.

In 1840, the bed of the crater sank about three hundred feet, and her fires vanished. They traveled under-ground, with roaring and much commotion, till they broke open a passage in the district of Puna, whence they rolled onward, burning forests, villages, and plantations—a terrific flood, from one to three miles wide, and from twelve to two hundred feet in depth, varying with the extreme irregularity of the ground; and, having traveled a distance of forty miles in four days, it entered the sea seventeen and a half miles from Hilo, leaping a precipice of about fifty feet and forming a fire-cataract as broad as Niagara. This raging, blood-red torrent continued for three weeks to pour into the ocean, which was heated for twenty miles along the coast.

In 1843, Mauna Loa broke out near the summit. Two large craters were formed, and two streams of lava poured out from fissures, one flowing westward toward Kona, the other toward Mauna Kea, and dividing into two streams, one branch turning toward Waimea, the other toward Hilo. This continued four weeks. Mr. Coan reached the scene, with much effort and peril, and found the craters throwing up columns of lava to a height of four hundred feet.

In 1851, he saw columns of light and smoke rising and falling on the summit of Mauna Loa. He found that they proceeded from an opening five miles from Mokua-weo-weo, and one thousand feet below the summit, whence poured a river of fire from one to two miles in width and perhaps ten in length. This flowed into the Kona district, and only lasted four days.

In February, 1852, an eruption took place near the summit of Mauna Loa, which apparently died out in two days, but afterward burst out, with amazing splendor, four thousand feet below the summit, on the side toward Hilo. For twenty days and nights (says Mr. Coan) it threw and sustained a column of liquid fire one thousand feet high, by actual measurement, and one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. The stream of fire flowing thence was visible for thirty miles, when it disappeared in the woods within ten miles of Hilo. In twenty days it formed, at the point of eruption, a cone nearly one mile in circumference at the base and four hundred feet high, which remains to this day. Mr. Coan stood by this cone when in full action, and his description of the scene is appalling. After a toilsome journey from Hilo, he emerged from the forest, and his eyes rested on Mauna Kea, robed in spotless snow, while from Mauna Loa poured glowing rivers of fire. Following the direction of these, he hewed a path through the forest with great difficulty—a task which cost him four days and nights of severe toil. At length he reached the mighty fire-fountain. Its action was accompanied by terrific detonations and explosions; jets of red-hot and white-hot lava were ejected with a force which threatened to rend the rocky ribs of the mountain, and, assuming every conceivable form, fell in fountains of fire.

In August, 1855, occurred the most awful eruption. It commenced near the summit of Mauna Loa, and for three months steadily advanced toward Hilo, in a stream of sufficient breadth to overwhelm the whole town and harbor. Day by day parties went up from the town to report on its progress, and great was the alarm of all. Solemn services were held in the churches,—no mere matter of form, you may believe,—and the cry of the people was answered. Just when danger seemed most imminent,

and as if nothing could avert the destruction of the city, the course of the fiery flood was diverted; and, though the great roaring furnace on the mount continued in full blast for twelve months more, not one foot nearer to the town did the flood come. It gushed out laterally in streams sixty miles in length, depositing millions of tons of lava along the track of the flame, and covering nearly three hundred square miles of land. In the course of this eruption, Mr. Coan made frequent expeditions to the scene of action. He followed the course of the fire-river, which, in some places, was three miles wide; in others, formed lakes from five to eight miles broad. Higher up the mountain, the river flowed subterraneously for upward of ten miles; but here and there he came to openings, from twenty to one hundred feet in diameter, down which he could peer into the awful scene beneath him. At one point he reckoned that the river ran down a declivity of from ten to twenty-five degrees, its velocity being fully forty miles an hour. He traced this river to its apparent source —a series of cones, formed over a great fissure in the mountain; but so insecure was the ground, so deadly the gases, so great the heat, that it was impossible to look down this horrid chimney. At midnight, chilled by the drenching rain, he and his native attendant camped under a large tree, within ten feet of the flowing lava, and only elevated three feet above it, boiling their kettle and frying their ham on the red-hot lava. All night they kept awful vigil; nor did they forsake their post till the fire-flood had closed around them on three sides, and their sheltering tree was ablaze. At another point they camped near the brink of a river, and watched a fearful conflict of the elements,—the fiery cataract pouring over a precipice of about forty feet into a basin of deep water, which boiled and raged in vain, and was gradually all converted into steam.

In January, 1859, a splendid eruption broke out near the summit of Mauna Loa, flowing down toward the shore of North Kona in a succession of cataracts and rapids, leaping precipices of ten, twenty, and thirty feet on its way, and shooting up jets and columns of igneous fusion to the height of thirty, fifty, and sixty feet; then widening into lakes and forming a net-work of rivers, and reaching the sea at Wainanali in eighty days—a distance of about sixty miles.

From 1865 to 1868, Kilauea filled up rapidly, with violent action, as I have before stated. Symptoms of life were seen above Mauna Loa, and earthquakes were frequent. On the 27th of March, 1868 (said Mr. Coan), a series of earthquakes commenced; upward of one thousand shocks were counted in five days. These continued in rapid succession until April 2d, when the most terrific earthquake known in the history of Hawaii occurred, at about four P. M. The earth trembled like a ship in battle; crevasse after crevasse opened everywhere; rocks rent; stone buildings and stone walls were torn in pieces; in Kau, every stone wall, and almost every house, was thrown down; immense rocks fell; land-slips of earth, bowlders, trees, mud, etc., came down from the foot-hills of Mauna Loa with thundering uproar, and men and beasts were terror-stricken, finding nothing firm whereon to rest; houses slid from their foundations, and the inhabitants fled; many lay upon the ground, holding on to shrubs, grasses, or stones.

On the 2d of April occurred a terrible avalanche, variously described as a land-slip and a mud-flow. Bursting from the mountain-side in a torrent of mud half a mile wide and about ten feet deep, it dashed over a precipice five hundred feet high, and, rushing over a sloping, grassy lawn at such speed as to make three miles in as many minutes, it overwhelmed ten houses, burying thirty-one men, women, and children and many hundred head of cattle and flocks of goats, not one of which has ever been disinterred. His theory of the outburst is that a stream of water flowed under-ground, and that the lava-stream struck the subterranean reservoir, and generated steam in such volumes as to blow open the hill.

At the same time an earthquake wave, twenty feet high, rolled in foaming fury along the eastern and southern shores of Hawaii, sweeping away one hundred and eight houses and drowning forty-six people, while many houses in the interior were thrown down by the earthquake. Furthermore, during the same hour, the whole coast of Kau and Puna, for a distance of eighty miles, subsided and sank into the sea to the depth of six or eight feet, destroying houses and gardens, and leaving the palm and other trees standing seven feet deep in water.

Meanwhile a vast river of fiery fusion had started on its dark, subterraneous way from Kilauea, evidently causing these rapid and terrible earthquakes, and rending the earth in countless places. After four days,

it burst out at Kahuku, in Kau, at a height of thirty-eight hundred feet above the sea, where it rent a fissure nearly a mile in length, from which it poured with terrific fury, forming four vast fire-fountains, fluid as water, and blood-red. Sometimes they flowed together so as to form but two fountains, and sometimes only one of vast dimensions; hence the flood rushed on in spiral swirls, pouring over each lip of the crevice, spouting up fifty or sixty feet in the air, falling among trees and shrubs, scathing, charring, and consuming them, tossing, and roaring, like the rapids of Niagara rushing madly on to the sea.

POSTSCRIPT, by T. M. C.

The latest of the great eruptions from Mauna Loa broke out on the night of Friday, November 5th, 1880, and by the last advices received from the Rev. Titus Coan, was still in active progress. The veteran missionary, now in his eighty-first year, no longer betakes himself to the mountains or to the mighty volcanoes in his diocese; but recent observations of interest are in hand. Hilo is distant some forty miles in a straight line from the sources of the mountain eruptions, which usually break out near the summit, but not upon it, and, during the day of the 6th, writes an observer from Hilo:

"The sight was indescribably grand. A fountain of liquid fire was pouring up from the summit line of Mauna Kea. All day, with or without the glass, our eyes were turned toward the mountain. Two streams were distinctly visible, coursing down its side—one toward Mauna Kea, the other nearing Hilo. At night the sky was a glare of light that made objects distinctly visible in the streets and in our rooms."

A writer in the Honolulu "Gazette," of November 17th, thus describes the astonishing scene that he saw, after forcing his way to the heart of the mountain solitudes, on the night of the 8th November:

"The whole stream lay before us. * * * Away above us in the heavens shone the brilliant fountain-head, and from thence to the end was a continuous stream of liquid lava, brighter by far than fire; we could see how pale fire looked in comparison, whenever a bush burnt up alongside. There lay a river of fire before us at least thirty miles long, every inch of which was one bright, rolling tide of fire. There was not a single break in the whole length. It divided about a mile from the top and ran down, forming a parallelogram, joined again, and ran five miles below. The front edge, about three-fourths of a mile wide, was a most intensely brilliant sight; as it slowly advanced and rolled over the small trees and scrub, bright flames would flash up and die out along its above edge. * * * Now and then a report as of a cannon broke on the stillness, caused, I suppose, by the heating of air in the old lava caverns and its bursting up through the crust. Then occasionally a deep but loud rumbling noise would almost start us from our seats, evidently coming from the deep recesses of the old mountain, as if it were spouting forth its fiery flood. The cannonade was very frequent; now close to us, and again coming from far up the mountain. I could compare the whole view to nothing but a blaze of chain lightning frozen in its tracks."

The next day, November 9th, this tourist made his way to another branch of the stream, where the fusion of the lava was not perfect; a so-called *a-a* flow:

"We stood at the very edge of that flowing river of rock. What a sight that was! Not twenty feet from us was this immense bed of rock slowly moving forward with irresistible force, bearing on its surface huge rocks and bowlders as water carries a toy boat. The front edge of the mass was from twelve to thirty feet high; and this whole front was one bright red mass of *solid* rock, incessantly breaking off at its crest, and rolling down to the foot of the towering mass, to be covered up incessantly by another avalanche of red-hot rocks and sand. Along its whole line of advance it was one *crash* of rolling, sliding, tumbling red-hot rock. We could see no fire or liquid lava at all, but the whole advance line was red-hot stones and scoriæ. There was a roaring like ten thousand blast-furnaces. The advance of the mass was slow but sure. * * * There is still great danger for our beautiful town of Hilo."

Another correspondent remarks in this flow a feature that has been little noted in previous accounts of the Hawaiian eruptions, but which is of not infrequent occurrence; namely, that the lava stream will sometimes flow uphill for a considerable distance. This happens when the inclosing crust of solidified lava is tough enough to withstand, like the tube of an aqueduct or of a fire-hose, the pressure from within. The semi-viscid lava, forcing its way through the far extremity of this containing tube, will by successive gushes and successive coolings carry itself up a declivity, or entirely across a considerable valley, in a short space of time; so that the objective point of a given flow can seldom be determined accurately by "the lay of the land." This eruption is accompanied by great activity in Kilauea, where the South lake has been gradually filling for many months. November 30th it was reported by a visitor as overflowing.

Professor J. D. Dana (in the "American Journal of Science" for May, 1859) estimates the bulk of Mauna Loa as one hundred and twenty-five times greater than that of Vesuvius. As each mountain has been entirely built up by the overflow of its eruptions, we may see with what justice those of Hawaii have been called "the greatest volcanoes in the world."

WOOD-ENGRAVING AND THE "SCRIBNER" PRIZES.

FIRST PRIZE. "FROM SHIFTING SHADE TO SUNSHINE PASS." ENGRAVED FROM PHOTOGRAPH (BY THE ROCKWOOD PROCESS) OF THE OIL PAINTING BY JAMES M. HART. ENGRAVER, WILLIAM H. MACKAY, BOSTON. AGE, SIXTEEN YEARS. TIME OF PRACTICE, TWO YEARS.

HOWEVER critics may differ as to the merits of the so-called "new school" of wood-engravers in America, it is beyond cavil that to this school is due the present wide-spread foreign reputation of this phase of American art. Ten years ago our blocks were not signally different in kind or quality from English work. Even at that time we had reached a good degree of technical proficiency, but that it was largely overlaid with formalism and monotony will be evident to any one who will take the trouble to contrast

the best cuts of that period with the best of this. Singularly enough, although the engravers greatly outnumbered the draughtsmen, what small range of variety there was was due to the pencil rather than the graver. A dull monotony seems to have settled down upon the blocks of that time, and what germs of individuality it held had not yet grown into distinct styles. Ask any good engraver to show you his proofs of that day and those which he now exhibits at the National Academy, and see how everything that is included in the idea of *personality* has developed. If he has kept to the more conservative theories of his profession, his touch has been enlivened and quickened by an unconscious sympathy with the pace of the new movement; while if he has shared its experimental spirit and tendencies, his work has taken on a freshness, variety, and vigor which, perhaps, he himself would hardly have anticipated. Moreover, the number has been very small of those who have come out of this movement (as out of all progressive movements men will) warped by pettiness, whimsicality, and worse mannerisms than before, and having wholly lost sight of its larger meaning.

To this general advance public opinion and the best critical judgment have alike been quick to respond—nowhere more generously or more intelligently than in England. Not only such authorities as Mr. Seymour Haden, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Hamerton, the London "Times," Mr. Comyns Carr, but the great body of the English press might be cited on this point in contravention of an opinion which still lingers in the United States, that British criticism is dictated by an "insular" policy. At home also the subject has received a good deal of attention, but with the disadvantage that fewer of those who have written about it have had opportunities to acquire the necessary technical knowledge. Still, there is a good deal of confusion in the public mind, both in England and America, as to wherein the real success of the movement consists, along with a great desire to know what lines its future advances will probably follow. For the consideration of these points, a good text is found in the recent competition for the prizes offered by this magazine for the best specimen blocks to be cut by new engravers during the year 1880—an experiment which, to a notable extent, has revealed and confirmed the characteristics of the new-school type.

It must be noted, first of all, that the superiority of American work has been heretofore confined mainly to the compass of small blocks. As yet, the needs of our illustrated journals have called for few engravings of large size, which give such opportunity for the employment of the bold means and the broad conception of method to be found in such publications as the London "News" and "Graphic." American engravers have yet to develop this class of work, and, so far, we have little to show with the majesty of line and movement of, for instance, Mr. Linton's earlier blocks. Our successes have been achieved rather along the line of a sensitive nervous organization. Force we have (often boldness), but not as a school, and chiefly where force is the incidental product of delicacy. This sensitiveness has assumed three distinct phases, which we take to be the commanding characteristics of wood-engraving in the United States at the present time:

1. Originality of style.
2. Individuality and (as a corollary) variety of style.
3, and chiefly—Faithfulness in the reproduction of a wide range of subjects by diverse methods.

As to the first two counts, it is only necessary to compare the same number of wood-cuts by American, English, French, and German engravers. Speaking broadly, and remembering certain noteworthy exceptions, the French work is of a metallic hardness, though usually delicately directed; the German labored, stiff, and mechanical; the English more vigorous and soft than either, but with a narrow range of sympathies, and lacking in delicacy. The American cuts not only show generic and specific differences from the others, but the same differences among themselves. Leaving out of mind, for the nonce, the conservative contingent who do not give in their adhesion to the "experimental school," and who are, many of them, doing able technical work not to be underrated here,—we find the body of the craft in this country contributing to the enjoyment of the world a variety of refined, rich, unhackneyed styles which has never before been seen in the history of the art.

That any such variety could exist under the conventions of the old school was not, in the nature of the case, to have been expected. Even Mr. Linton, with all his wonderful freedom with the graver, which he handles as a painter does a brush, and with all the sincerity and downrightness of method which he has inspired in those who

incline to his leadership,—even Mr. Linton has improved the technique of his pupils and adherents at a great expense of their personality. Concerning the desirability of retaining this quality of personality there can hardly be a question; it is what gives greatness to all art, all work above the mechanical. Indeed, the chief points of disagreement between the old school and the new have lain in the different theories of how to make the most of it, some going so far as to regard the engraver's art as creative, and holding that he should learn to intelligently disregard the original, in the supposed interest of a fundamental truth of nature. The new school, too, desires to cultivate the personality of the engraver: not, however, as Mr. Linton does, at the expense of the artist—whose function to create is theoretically beyond doubt, even though his creation suffer annihilation at the engraver's hands—but to develop his individuality as an interpreter. This magazine has held that *whatever may be the function of the engraver, it does not argue license to play at will with the personality of the artist, but simply freedom to vary from conventional ways of approaching it.* The musician must keep to his score, the actor to his text, the engraver to his original; but within these limitations there is a wide range for the training of expression. It is no insult to wood-engraving to call it a secondary art; so are instrumental and vocal music and the drama. While strictly not creative, all three give range to the imagination and the sensibilities, and in ministry to the life and progress of mankind contribute not less important, if somewhat less original, force than the primary arts. Indeed, no less profound a thinker than George Eliot has gone so far as to rank the receptive faculty above the creative. Certainly, the world at large, to which Beethoven, Shakspere, and Raphael must ever be

"pinnacled dim in the intense inane,"

is not likely to undervalue its obligations to such sympathetic interpreters as Rubinstein, Salvini, and Cole,—to name but a few of the many who bring another's message translated in the glow of their own personality.

The growth of the third distinctive feature of American wood-engraving—faithfulness in reproducing a wide range of subjects by diverse methods—has been intimately connected with the history of this magazine. When SCRIBNER was established, in 1870, and for several years after, the native resources of magazine illustration were limited to a few designers upon the block, who either made original drawings or copies of paintings, in which the quality of the painting was swallowed up (as it could not fail to be) in the pictorial mannerisms of the draughtsman. In the illustration of books from original drawings on the block, two noted instances there were of work done with thorough technical knowledge and true artistic spirit: Mr. W. J. Linton's engravings after drawings by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, and the blocks of Mr. Henry Marsh after drawings by Mr. John LaFarge. In each case the value of the work lay in the co-working of a good block-draughtsman and a good engraver. The second combination is the more interesting, as accomplishing unique results by the co-working of a delicate and original artist with a sympathetic and unconventional engraver of thoroughly artistic sense. Examples in point are the cuts of "The Wolf-Charmer" and "The Spirit of the Water-Lily," reprinted in this magazine for February, 1881. Not less able engraving was done by Mr. Marsh on a series of careful drawings of natural objects for Harris's "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," the most striking specimens of which were reprinted in this magazine for July and August, 1879. These three enterprises had good effect upon American engraving, and both for intrinsic worth and for healthful influence must be accorded prominence in any sketch of wood-engraving. When we have made these exceptions, however, there is little left in the achievements of that time to claim particular notice. A collection of paintings, as represented in the illustrated journals, had little of the painters but their topography. By the time the pictures reached the public eye, the skies, foliage, and accessories of one were indistinguishable from those of another, for all were cut by a traditional formula—often conventionally correct, but generally lifeless and without charm. Occasionally portraits were rephotographed upon the block to be cut almost as conventionally. As a consequence, the magazines fell into a rut, with a little more or less of each draughtsman in each issue, while a whole world of art lay at their feet which they could not make available, because demands upon the engravers to approximate more closely the painter's mood were met by the traditional reply, that it was "impossible to cut a block in that way." If not impossible to cut, it was impossible to

SECOND PRIZE. "PORTRAIT," AFTER PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVER, J. E. PROVINE, CHICAGO. AGE, TWENTY-FOUR. TIME OF PRACTICE, SIX MONTHS.

print. For it is but fair to many engravers to say that their conventional mannerisms were largely due to the imperfectness of the printing machinery then in general use. Of what use was it to cut blocks finely, to try new textures, to invent new styles, when the press could not print them decently? The wood-cuts which have made many engravers famous would have been rejected ten years ago, by magazines here and abroad, as thoroughly unprintable.

The approach to the desired result was made by a flank movement. Engravers were found who were willing to cut blocks upon which were photographed wash-drawings and pencil-work, and in doing so to retain some of the technique of the artist. These experiments were extended to charcoal, crayon, pen-and-ink, etc., and before long engravers learned to throw themselves into the spirit of the new work; for, although somewhat similar methods had been tried in England, the experiments were carried further here, and with a *finesse* before unknown. Painters, pleased with the truthfulness and delicacy of these blocks, gladly assisted in making drawings for the engravers to try, and so grew up an accidental influence which has probably done as much to educate engravers in the art of plastic expression as years of set instruction in drawing could have done. The press and the public have since responded with appreciation of the best of the new work, as seen

in such pictures as the "Countess Potocka," the portraits of Mme. Modjeska and Bryant, Mr. Whistler's portraits of his mother and "The White Lady," Mr. Vedder's "Young Marsyas" and "The Lost Mind," and many others, and the new school has long since ceased to be upon the defensive.

It should be said here that the policy of this magazine has been not only to encourage intimate relations between painters and engravers, but to bring the experience of both to the assistance of the printers. The business of the art-superintendent has been only half done when his block is beautifully engraved. Inferior paper, bad electrotypes, unsuitable ink, or poorly executed overlaying would nullify the best of blocks. The last-named process (as was fully explained in Mr. Theodore DeVinne's papers on "Modern Wood-Cut Printing," in SCRIBNER for April and May, 1880) is a method of preserving the proper tones of a block by distributing the pressure of the cylinder unequally upon its different parts,—the black parts requiring more ink and more pressure than the grays. To procure greater delicacy, not only proofs and drawings, but even paintings, have been submitted for the inspection of pressmen and overlayers, and the personal counsel of such painters as Mr. Wyatt Eaton and Mr. Homer Martin have contributed to make the engravings of their pictures among the most notable pieces of wood-cut printing ever done. The engravers themselves have also given generous aid to the pressmen. Most of all, the constant oversight of the printer's work by the art-superintendent, and the careful scrutiny of results from day to day, together with the liberal experiments of a most intelligent and patient printer, have raised the standard of the press-work from year to year.

Such new effects could not well be accomplished without raising the standard in general, and increasing the difficulties of the art. In one important respect the workman has been aided: by keeping the original painting or drawing before him, he has been able to direct and verify his work from step to step, especially in the matter of tone, or the relation of masses of color. In every other respect his labor is more complex, since it calls for a subtlety in conception and deftness of hand sufficient to translate the best examples of ancient or modern art. Indeed, the limit to the excellence of wood-engraving in America now no longer lies in the range of subject at disposal, or in the enterprise of publishers, but in the number and character of the workmen. If there were fifty engravers of the skill of the best there would always be plenty of work for them, and that blocks are sometimes cut in an inferior way is only because there are already too many demands upon the time of the most capable.

It was, therefore, with the desire of obtaining not merely wood-engravers, but those of sufficient originality and sensitiveness to assume this class of work, that this magazine, in April of last year, offered prizes of one hundred dollars, seventy-five dollars, and

THIRD PRIZE. "CAUGHT AT LAST." AFTER PHOTOGRAPH FROM CHARLES LANDSEER'S STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER. ENGRAVER, C. H. LATHAM, BOSTON. AGE, TWENTY-TWO. TIME OF PRACTICE, FOURTEEN MONTHS.

"THE BELLMAN," FROM WASH-DRAWING. ENGRAVER, MISS M. L. OWENS. TIME OF PRACTICE, TEN MONTHS.

fifty dollars, for the best blocks by non-professional workmen, to be engraved during the year 1880. To this offer there were responses from thirty-two competitors, covering nearly one hundred blocks. Considering the shortness of the time, and the circumstances under which many of the competitors have worked, the results both in interest and achievement have fully justified the anticipations. In many cases the engraver has been removed from the influences commonly supposed to foster the artistic sense; often he has worked from unusually difficult or inadequate originals. The person to whom the first prize has been awarded (on the merits of his rich and delicate proof) is but sixteen years of age; the successful competitor for the second prize had engraved but six months before touching his most original and promising block; while the engraver of the third-prize block would have been awarded the first prize had not the lines of the steel engraving from which it was copied suggested a texture more readily followed than either of the others. To such first work no one of the other competitors need be ashamed to yield precedence,* while a large proportion of those who do not receive mention had received but a few months' instruction, or none at all. As a whole, the blocks showed a sincerity, an originality, and a quality of workmanship which before the rise of the new movement it would have been impossible to have got together in the same time and under the same stimulus. Not only the prize-men, but a number of the others, are thus placed at once upon a commercial footing in the profession which they have chosen. Below we present the details of the awards of the committee, which consisted of Mr. Theodore L. DeVinne, the printer, Mr. T. Cole, the engraver, and Mr. A. W. Drake, Superintendent of the Art Department of SCRIBNER and ST. NICHOLAS.

This committee made the following analysis of the characteristics or qualities of the proofs submitted:

1. Truthfulness in reproduction of artist's design.
2. Originality in line or texture.
3. General effect.
4. Management of color.

The degrees of merit reached in each quality were marked in numerical order by figures on a scale in which ten stood for the maximum. The first prize went to him who had the most marks.

The length of time spent in practice, the rendering of fac-simile, and the selection of subject were also given some weight.

The first prize ($100) is awarded to

William H. Mackay, pupil of Victor L. Chandler, Boston. Age, sixteen. Time of practice, two years. Characteristics of work: Artistic feeling and faithfulness to spirit of design. Unusual combination of strength with extreme delicacy. Original, photograph from painting.

The second prize ($75) is awarded to

J. Edward Provine, pupil of W. Bertram, Chicago. Age, twenty-four. Time of practice, six months. Time of instruction, six weeks. Characteristics of work: Marked simplicity, directness, and originality of line. Original, photograph from life. A more difficult task than the reproduc-

* It should also be said that some excellent blocks, engraved during the year after short practice, did not come within the terms of the competition, including the cuts of "The Old Bailey," by Horace E. Babcock, page 501, SCRIBNER for August, 1880, and "The Salutation," by P. Aitken, page 174, SCRIBNER for December, 1880.

"WINTER SCENE." FROM OIL-PAINTING BY GEORGE E. SMITH. ENGRAVED BY VINCENT E. BROCKWAY. TIME OF PRACTICE, FIFTEEN MONTHS.

tion of an engraving in which lines and textures have been already laid down.

The third prize ($50) is awarded to

C. H. Latham, pupil of W. B. Closson, Boston. Age, twenty-two. Time of practice, fourteen months. Time of instruction, nine months. Characteristics of work: Admirable skill in rendering the color and qualities of a difficult print. Original, reduced photograph from line engraving on steel.

Honorable mention is also due to

Mary L. Owens, New York, pupil of Miss C. A. Powell, neat line and good color; ten months' practice.

Vincent E. Brockway, New York City, pupil of A. Hayman, delicacy of line and texture; fifteen months' practice.

M. L. Brown, Brookline, Mass., pupil of Henry C. Cross, of Boston, Mass., general effect and careful work; eleven months' practice.

Horace E. Babcock, Morrisania, N. Y., pupil under general instruction from T. Cole, marked ability in handling varied and difficult subjects; six months' practice.

Louise Caldwell, New York, pupil of J. P. Davis, skill in fac-simile work; ten months' practice.

P. Aitken, Gravesend, N. Y., pupil of T. Cole, careful work and rapid improvement, and feeling for subject; between six and seven months' practice.

Alfred L. Bishop, Mount Vernon, N. Y., pupil of W. J. Wilson, eight months' practice.

Lewis S. Rea, Philadelphia, pupil of J. Rea; eighteen months' practice.

Lettie R. Willoughby, Philadelphia, pupil of Miss Alice Barber.

The following competitors are also deemed worthy of encouragement:

H. E. Everett, Boston, pupil of W. J. Dana.
Hiram P. Barnes, Waltham, Mass., self-taught.
F. S. Blanchard, Albion, Mich.
Nettie C. Pollock, Baltimore, a few weeks' practice.

"COUNTRY HOUSE." DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY M. L. BROWN, BROOKLINE, MASS. TIME OF PRACTICE, ELEVEN MONTHS.

By reference to page 954, it will be seen that the offer is renewed for the year 1881, with an additional prize to the competitors of 1880.

It would be rash to attempt either to limit or to predict the future of wood-engraving in this country; but its most prominent growth and its mellowest fruit are likely to be found along the new graft it has received from the art of painting. Doubtless, as long as there is a popular enjoyment of good paintings there will be a corresponding demand for their representation by wood-cuts; for, in the nature of things, however valuable a mechanical "process" may be in retaining the quality of artistic fac-simile, it can never supply the delicacy and original force of the graver. Just now a certain showiness and false activity attach to the propagandism of art in America,—due, perhaps, partly to the influence of fashionable bad models, and partly to the emphasis which the recording agencies of the time put upon any public movement; still, the large number of good canvases to be found here is creating, and will continue to create, a *milieu* in which the national genius will find the best conditions of growth. In the more restricted range of the engraver's art there is much less danger of being misled by bad examples, since impressions of the best blocks of foreign and American origin are easily had; but that there is much yet to be learned is evident to any one who is familiar with the subject. Many engravers can cut their lines clearly, and, up to a certain point, intelligently, whose work stops just this side of expressing feeling; while with others, under the stimulating thought of the time, theoretical knowledge has outrun manual skill. We need more simplicity and directness of method, more sturdiness of the Bewick type, more of the breadth and poetry of Millet, with less sentimentalism, and less of mere niggling and prettiness. An engraving must "hang together" as much as a painting, cohering with the force of a single conception, and not joined by a synthesis of atomic bits, however delicately wrought. This nothing can induce like a study of the best art; but even that can do little where the character of the engraver is not genuine and liberal, and constantly open to truthful and vital influences. Nowhere else does the axiom hold stronger that whatever the man is,—whether petty, or narrow, or frank, or honest,—his work takes the same color, and

appeals to the same type of admirer. Convention may mask the character, but freedom exhibits it even in its by-play. What gave Bewick fame as the greatest of his craft was not his technical skill (which can now easily be excelled), but an honest and simple delight in the homely aspects of life, and a clairvoyant love of nature. If the nineteenth century produce as great a master in wood-engraving, it will be worth all the patient and lavish experiment which has been undertaken in giving engravers opportunity to free themselves from the bondage of routine and tradition.

A LEAF FROM THE CALENDAR.

WHERE wood-violets love to grow
Thickly lies the winter snow;
Where the streamlet sung and danced,
And the summer sunbeam glanced
Through the meadow, down the dale,
All is hushed, and chill, and pale!

Where the crow-foot's tender green
Earliest in the spring is seen;
Where the checkerberries hide
By the pale arbutus' side,
And the cowslips, tipped with gold,
Over hill and dale unfold;

Where the ferret, soft and brown,
Stores his nest with pilfered down;
And the field-mouse in the heather
Sleeps for days and weeks together;
And the squirrel, wise and dumb,
Waits for better days to come;

Lies the winter—bitter strong—
Heaped through freezing nights and long;
While the tempest comes and goes,
Sliding swift o'er drifted snows:
Clouds above and gloom below;
Tell me—when will winter go?

When the buds begin to swell;
When the streams leap through the dell;
When the swallows dip and fly,
Wheeling, circling, through the sky;
When the violet bids the rose
Waken from its long repose;

When the gnats in sunshine dance;
When the long, bright hours advance
When the robin by the door
Sings as ne'er he sang before;
Then, when heart, and flower, and wing
Leap and laugh—then comes the spring!

THE SHOPPERS' REBELLION.

SHOPS there will be, and shopmen and shoppers, till the end of time. The relations of these last two have never been wholly happy, and changes have been attempted from time to time, and a still greater and more radical change seems to be in the near future. Neither the purchaser nor the dealer is quite satisfied with the present status, and it may be worth the while to examine, from the shopper's point of view, a commercial revolution that seems to be impending.

Many years ago, a few ill-paid clerks in the London General Post-office said among themselves that the ways of the average tea-man were grievous; so every man put his shilling into a fund, and they bought a chest of tea of the wholesale dealer. They met "after hours," and, with honest scales, weighed out the tea. They knew just what they got, and they got it without misrepresentation, adulteration, or teasing solicitation to buy, and, withal, in happy escape from bills and all the woes that from them flow. They hid the tea-chest under the post-office stairs, and sold the tea to each other at just what it cost. So cheering were the cups brewed from that tea that the clerks decided to purchase more; but the authorities tumbled the tea-chest into the street, and forbade such dealings within the sacred walls of Her Majesty's post; so the clerks had no resource but to set up a little store for themselves, which soon became known as the "Post-office Store." This was one beginning of the shoppers' rebellion.

Far away from London, in the once lovely dale of the Roch, there were certain

flannel weavers, who also felt aggrieved with the shopmen. They, too, combined, and put in, with almost heart-breaking stintings and denials, their hard-won pennies, and, amid jeers and insults from their fellows, opened a pitiful little shop in Toad lane, Rochdale. They bought and sold to themselves flour, tea, and sugar, and with the money saved staved off the pawn-shop and the work-house. This was the second beginning of the shoppers' rebellion. In point of time it was the first; but this is immaterial now. The fact remains that the Civil Service stores of London and the Equitable Pioneers, and their vast following, have at last joined hands, and the retail business world, both of this country and Great Britain, have to face and solve a great social and commercial question. The shopmen and the coöperators may be trusted to settle their differences between themselves; but the shoppers, the buyers, the great public that supports the stores of every kind, naturally asks in what way it is to be benefited. Shall it welcome the Civil Service store, the coöperator's flour-mill and bakery, or take the shopman's advice, and crush the whole scheme before it does any further harm—to the shopman?

Once upon a time a certain noble English lord wished to buy an envelope, and he entered a stationer's shop and laid down a penny for one. The shop-girl gave him the envelope and kept the penny, whereupon his lordship upbraided her and demanded the half-penny change. The time was, but is not now, when the average American would have looked upon such an incident with amused contempt. He has of late grown wiser, and sees that his lordship was right. Extortion is extortion, be it in ha'-pence or dollars. Now, when the American goes to London, he besieges the doors of the Civil Service Store in persistent and frantic chase after its wonderful bargains. He, too, has a soul not above ha'-pence.

Number 117 Victoria street, Westminster, S. W., looks very much like a club-house. It is, however, a shop—in fact, a huge aggregation of shops, under one palatial roof and one management—that of the Army and Navy Coöperative Society, Victoria street. This is the Bon Marché, the idealized "Macy's," of London, concerning which the American girl writes home, and which she tries by all her arts to enter. Sometimes she succeeds, and obtains the coveted right to trade at the great warehouse. Though young in years, she is a venerable shopper: she has shopped at Wanamaker's, at Stewart's, at Jordan & Marsh's, and at the Bon Marché, and she is under the impression that she cannot be taught much in that direction. The burly lackey who opens the stately doors receives her with dignity, and the wonderful vision opens wide on every side. She had great expectations, but they are here surpassed. Around, on every side, below, above, are shops in bewildering variety. Everywhere she sees an elegantly dressed crowd, intent on bargains. There is a table and writing materials, and thick books of reference. These are the price lists, and she consults the maps of the floors to see where the various departments are located. No lofty-minded floor-walker annoys her with impertinent advice. The rasping voice of the cash-girl is nowhere heard. Nobody asks her to buy. There is one price for all, cash down, and as for bargains—their like is not known in Regent street or Broadway.

This Army and Navy Coöperative Society is now only one of a number of great aggregations of stores in London, and these are only half of one per cent. of the great multitude of coöperative stores in Great Britain. The society consists of several thousand persons, all more or less connected with Her Majesty's army and navy, and each of these officers, or officers' widows or children, owns one or more one-pound shares in its enormous capital. The aim of this society is simply and wholly to sell to its own members good and fine groceries, teas, furniture, dry goods, and what not, at the lowest possible cost. From the money taken at the counter, rent, wages, working expenses, and interest on capital are paid. If there is a little profit besides, this, too, is divided, but the aim is at all times to sell cheap. If the profits increase the prices are lowered, and thus the seller is literally "barred from gain." Everything is arranged to give the member the bargain. This society is founded upon what is known as the "Civil Service Plan," and its aim is to save the purchaser and member the profits ordinarily taken by the retail dealer. The other coöperative societies, working under what is called the "Rochdale Plan," sell to their members at the regular market rates, and at the end of each quarter return to the purchaser a dividend in cash on the business he brings to the store. It is estimated that one-twentieth of the entire population of England now purchase their daily bread and get their

shoes, hats, and clothing at the coöperative bakery, flour-mill, and retail store. Half a million of people have already joined the shoppers' rebellion, and month by month sees their numbers increase by thousands.

To give an idea of the magnitude of these associations, it may be briefly noticed that their balance-sheets can be easily obtained, and all may read of their actual work and financial position. From late reports, it appears the Army and Navy Society sold goods during the half year ending September, 1880, to the value of £939,266 17s., while its total income from all sources was £940,403 1s. 11d., this being an increase of £47,938 over the business of the same period of the year before. The net profits, after paying working expenses, interest on deposits, etc., amounted to £16,766 13s. 5d., this being a net profit on sales of less than fourpence in the pound. The number of share-holders is given in the report at 13,585, life members 4961, annual subscribers 17,971. The assets of the society in cash, building, stock, etc., were placed at £430,959 11s. 3d.

The Civil Service Coöperative Society, in its fourteenth annual statement, gives its sales at £514,143 14s. 10d. Its membership is put down at about 12,000.

The Civil Service Supply Association, in its half-yearly report of June 30, 1879, gives the number of members holding shares at 4374. It issued tickets to subscribers to the number of 28,834. Its sales for the six months reached £706,256 9s. 9½d., the net profit for the half-year being £8198 17s. 7½d. Its assets are put down at £367,575 4s. 4d.

A new society, designed to supply ladies' dress goods and wearing apparel of all kinds, called the Ladies' Dress Association, has made very rapid progress within the past two years, and from its report for August, 1879, claims a membership of 4411. Its sales in fourteen months reached £93,953 12s. 3d., this being an increase of over eighty-three per cent. over the same time a year before. Since that report its business has greatly increased. A society on the same plan is in contemplation in New York, and will, no doubt, soon be ready for business.

Naturally, it is now asked why this rebellion began, who is to blame for it, and what is to be the end of it all? Moreover, it has extended to this country, and seems likely to reach greater dimensions here than abroad. These questions are not British alone: they are international. The British shopman chiefly, and the American retailer in a lesser degree, are alone to blame.

In the first place, there are too many shopmen. This has resulted in a great number of small stocks in many little stores, with the consequent increased rent, insurance, labor, advertising, waste, and inconvenience, all of which the dealer must offset by charging higher prices. Secondly, these stores have given credit, which implies book-keeping, the expense of collections, and the loss of bad debts, for all of which the consumer must pay in higher prices. Thirdly, there has been misrepresentation and adulteration, which quite naturally has alienated what little regard the buyer may have had for the dealer. Lastly, the British shopman, if not his cousin, has been unpleasantly insistent on a purchase, and has had two prices.

The coöperator seeks to remedy all this by massing many stores under one roof, by reducing the labor of distribution, and by insisting on cash payment. Happily, the American dealer has scented the coming conflict from afar, and is trying to forestall the complaints of the shopper. There is an evident disposition to merge many small stores into one, and thus reduce rent, labor, insurance, and to save time and trouble generally. In such bazaars, lower prices are quite possible, as the shopping public has already learned. The one-price system is peculiarly American, and needs no comment. Cash is getting to be the general rule in large cities, and it should be insisted upon everywhere. Why should the buyer, with money in hand, be forced to pay more to compensate the foolish dealer for the faults of a purchaser who can not or will not pay his debts?

It seems to be recognized that the coöperative store, on either the Rochdale plan (which seems to be the best) or the Civil Service system, is destined to get and keep a firm foot-hold in this country. Once started, it will grow with ten times the speed of its sturdy British predecessor. Only the dishonesty, ignorance, and want of method of those who have hitherto attempted such experiments have stood in the way. Now it is understood, and, in new hands, it is plain that it will command the respectful attention of the shopping world. Whether the coöperative stores grow fast or slow, one thing is certain: the retail trade will be greatly modified and greatly improved, both by the force of necessity and example. Whatever happens, the shoppers will gain, and their vigorous rebellion will be of the greatest benefit to all concerned.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Permanency in Office-holding.

A VERY curious thing has happened in connection with the discussion of the question of civil service reform. The discussion has been almost entirely one-sided. Almost no one has pretended to defend the present civil service of the country. The two political parties are committed against reform by all their interests as parties, but they do not dare to declare themselves against it. On the contrary, both of them attempt, in a feeble and insincere way, to patronize it as one of the things that they may ultimately be compelled to accept, and in which they do not like to be behind each other. If the advocate of reform says that the Government ought to do its business on business principles, and employ the best men, and continue to employ them so long as they remain the best men, nobody presumes to dispute it. If he says that the rewarding of party service with office is a corrupting influence, and as a policy brings incompetency into the civil service, he finds no one to say him nay. The assertions of the reformer and the convictions of the people of all parties seem to be all upon one side. There is no question of the facts on which the demand for a reform is based. There is no doubt whatever that the work of the country has been, and still is, incompetently done, and no doubt whatever that the "spoils doctrine," as it is called in party politics, is the source of incalculable corruption and incalculable degradation of the civil service.

Where will it be supposed that the opponents of reform will take a stand? They must take one somewhere, and they must take it, not on party ground, but ground that assumes to be philosophical and patriotic. A writer in "Lippincott's Magazine"—the last December issue—has broken ground for the politicians in opposition, in an article which he entitles: "Will Democracy tolerate a permanent class of national office-holders?" It is an ingenious piece of special or specious pleading, and is utterly unsound. The basilar principle on which the writer builds his argument against a permanent class of national office-holders is "that any practicable plan of organizing the public service of the United States must not only be founded upon the general consent of the people, but must also have, in its actual operation, their continual, easy, and direct participation." Well, suppose "by general consent of the people" a permanent office-holding class exists—that desideratum will be provided for. Suppose, further, they participate in the actual operation of the public service by reëlecting their public servants who prove faithful and competent, or consent to their continuance in office. What remains? Certainly all the people cannot have a chance at office, and, if not all, what difference does it make whether office be restricted to ten or to twenty? Is office for the benefit of individuals, or of the country? Is it for the development and gratification of a circle of untrained men who want it, or is it for the transaction of public business, in the best and cheapest way?

We accept, without a word, the writer's declaration that civil service reform contemplates the "creation of a permanent office-holding class." That is precisely what it does contemplate. It contemplates the introduction into this class of competent and worthy men, through the ordeal of competitive examinations, and the keeping of those men in office just as long as they do the work of their country well. It proposes to use the men in the civil service as it does those who are in the military and naval service. It proposes to use them as the Government uses the judges of the Supreme Court. There is no reason under heaven why a clerk in one of the departments at Washington should be called upon to leave his place because a political party to which he does not belong has been successful at the polls. It is a hardship to him, because his life has been long withdrawn from other pursuits, and it is a disadvantage to the service, because a man is put into his place who has no acquaintance with its duties. Men cannot participate in the honors and emoluments of the army and navy, though they are constantly taxed to support them, because they have no training for the duties of those branches of the public service. It takes training and long experience to perform the duties of any branch of the public service, and why should the ordinary voter have a chance at it?

The "political activity" to which the writer in "Lippincott" calls attention, and which he thinks is not only peculiar to our people, but much to be taken account of in any scheme of reform, is an activity whose source he ignores. No man can claim that it is born of a dominating interest in public questions. We see it in its highest manifestations in the ward meetings of the city and the caucuses of the country. It is very intense, particularly on the part of those who want office, not for the country's but for their own good. The "political activity of the people," which is only going to be satisfied by their "easy and direct participation" in the public service, we all understand. It is the zeal of partisanship, it is the strife for the spoils, and is fostered by both political parties. If we had a permanent class of national office-holders, this tremendous interest in politics of which our writer speaks would fade out entirely. If office were put beyond the struggle of parties, "the political activity of the people" would recede to a minimum, and it would become possible to get political ideas into their heads in place of those regarding their own selfish advancement.

It will be seen that the writer of the article under review has things just as he wants them now. The "political activity of the people" expresses itself in its own free way in the scramble for office at every election, in the barter and sale of place among the big and little politicians, and in the practical operation of the "spoils" and "rotation" doctrines so

familiarly known among us. In short, no reform of the civil service is needed. The policy which has filled our consulates abroad with men who cannot speak the language of the countries to which they are accredited—with men who are in no sense gentlemen, and in no sense fitted for their duties, is still to be pursued because it is necessary for the people to have a "continual, easy, and direct participation" in the public service. The honorable member of Congress from the Podunk District is to have the privilege of paying off the party and personal debts incurred by him in his election with appointments of the postmasters in his district, and with such clerkships in the departments as he may be able to lay his greedy hands on. Every man engaged in his country's service is to be assessed to carry on the schemes of the party that gave him his place, on pain of losing it, and to live in the constant and most demoralizing fear of losing it. He is always to feel that he cannot keep his place by any excellence of work, or any superlative fitness for it, but only by intriguing for it, and showing himself ready to do the dirty work of the party on whose good-will he depends.

The grand argument of our writer seems to be that the people want the offices, and want constant change in them, so as to give the largest possible number of aspirants a chance, and that they will not be content without this condition of things. This means that office is primarily and supremely for the benefit of office-holders, and that the public service is to be held subordinate to a "political activity" whose highest aim, after all, is to get office. Well, we don't believe the people want this state of things at all. The petty politicians who want office would like "continual, easy, and direct participation" in the public service, without doubt, but the people want their work done well by those who are used to it and who understand it; and the advocates of civil service reform are with the people, and will win the victory with them.

The Power of Opinion.

A FEW years ago, two gentlemen from the East found themselves at the outer terminus of a Western railroad, on a late Saturday evening. This involved the spending of Sunday in the temporary tavern that had sprung up as a part of a village, whose only apology for existence was that the railroad had stopped there for a time. During Sunday they became tired of their room, and went down-stairs to the little sitting-room of the house, where they found the neighbors quietly assembled, and engaged in conversation. In the center of the room there was a table covered with books, which the strangers proceeded to examine. "Hullo," exclaimed one of them, "here is one of Blank's books! How do you suppose it got here?" The remark attracted the attention of those around, and one of them rose, and, approaching the speaker, inquired: "Do you know the man who wrote that book?" "Oh, yes, very well," was the response. "Why do you ask?" "Because," he answered, "we [speaking for himself and his neighbors] want to know whether he wrote the book because he thought it would be a proper thing for people to read, or whether he wrote it out of his own life and convictions. We want to know whether he was in earnest or not." He was assured that the writer was tremendously in earnest, and the man was satisfied. Now, this book was mainly made up of opinions, and what these simple countrymen wanted to know was, whether those opinions were worth receiving as the outcome of an earnest nature and character, or whether they were the matter-of-course utterances of some professional teacher of morals.

It is often remarked that an opinion does not amount to much, but the truth is that intelligent and conscientious opinion, forcibly expressed, is among the most potent and highly vitalized forces engaged in steadying and spurring the progress of mankind. Its power and value depend, as our friends in the little tavern apprehended, very much on the sort of man who forms and expresses it. When an opinion is presented to a man for his acceptance, he wants to know where it comes from. Its source determines for him its value. If the man who utters it really formed it in a perfect independence of judgment—if it is clear of all suspicion of undue influence from powers above or around him, and is stamped with earnestness and sincerity, it is a power in the world second to none. What these simple, sensible tavern loungers were afraid of, was that they were going to be taken in by the job of some professional opinion-maker, working in the interest of a sect or a party of some sort. If this book of opinions was of this nature, they wanted none of it. If it was the honest work of a man standing by himself, uninfluenced by anything but his desire to do good, and his love and conviction of the truth, then they would open their minds and hearts to him.

Well, if opinion is such a power in the world, why is not the world moved more rapidly toward the wholesome and the good? The answer is not far to seek. The answer, indeed, is wrapped up in our little story. The world does not lack what is called opinion, very forcibly expressed. The pulpit and the press pour out opinion upon the world in a ceaseless flood, and the reason why it accomplishes no more, is that the world does not accept the source from which it comes as authoritative or legitimate. Think of the enormous tide of utterance that emanates from the sectarian pulpit. It is sufficiently earnest; it is well expressed; it is persistently and ingeniously enforced, and its results are next to nothing. The progress made by religion is indebted very little to the pulpit utterances of opinion. Uttered to partisans in sympathy, it is, of course, needless and without results; uttered to aliens or enemies, it is powerless, because it is the voice of a sect, and not of a man. A man in error will hardly permit himself to be convinced of the truth by one whose opinions have been formed in a sectarian school, who has bound himself to the articles of a creed, and who cannot preach any other than what he preaches, or utter an opinion at variance with his creed, without being driven from his own pulpit. When it becomes a man's business to preach a certain well-defined set

of doctrines,—if this is exactly what he is paid for,—his opinions upon those doctrines, in the eyes of an unbelieving world, are not worth the paper they are written on. One of the principal reasons why Christian opinion makes so little progress in and impression upon the world, is that the world does not recognize the source from which it comes as worthy of respect. All opinion, in every field, that is a matter of course, considering the sectarian relations of the man who utters it, is naturally and necessarily without power. When a professional temperance lecturer offers his opinions to an assemblage of moderate and intemperate drinkers, it is looked upon by them as his business, or a public exhibition of his hobby, or an outcome of his special craze, and these opinions make very little impression. But when a man rises before them, known to them as candid and intelligent,—wide in observation, and wise in experience,—and out of his humane heart and independent brain presents them with his opinion, they acknowledge his credentials, and are moved as no other man can move them.

We have recently passed through a presidential campaign. The party press on both sides has poured a flood of political opinion upon the country. The outcome of the election was a logical result of the times, and it is very doubtful whether the opinions put forth and enforced on either side made a convert. Converts are not made by party presses. The party-man opposed to a party newspaper will not accept that newspaper's statement of facts, let alone its opinions. Occasionally, an independent newspaper—known to be independent—will present an opinion that will command respect from men whose principles it criticises or condemns; but a professedly party press is as powerless to spread its opinions as it is to form them candidly and competently. The tremendous amount of argumentation indulged in by the party press is wasted labor. Except for the purpose of keeping up party drill, the party press, in a great political campaign, is useless. Nobody is convinced by it; nobody whom it seeks to convert will accept its opinions as of any value whatever.

If we had a pulpit dominated by Christianity—pure and simple—and not under the control of different and differing sects, Christian opinion would have a power it has never known during these later centuries. If we had a political press dominated by intelligent patriotism, we should have some hope of the spread and prevalence of sound political principles. As it is, the world of uninformed, unintelligent, and perverse people are not reached, and cannot be reached and influenced, by the regular purveyors of religious and political opinions. Men are wrought upon in various ways through their feelings and sympathies, and are thus brought to embrace certain religious and political views, or to cast in their lot with those who entertain those views; but party and sectarian opinion, though promulgated with all the force of conviction and eloquence, makes no converts, and really does not pay for the amount of work devoted to its expression. There is, here and there, a pulpit that is independent, and these gather the crowd, because it thirsts for independent opinions on religious topics. Mr. Beecher and Prof. Swing always have audiences—first, perhaps, because they are eloquent men, but mainly because they are recognized as no longer mouth-pieces of a creed—recognized as men who speak exactly what they think, irrespective of all creeds.

Mr. Comstock's Book.

THERE lies before us a large volume, entitled "Frauds Exposed." The volume is written by Anthony Comstock, and is published in this city by J. Howard Brown. It is apparently intended to answer two purposes, viz., to put the foolish public upon guard against the various schemes of swindlers, and to justify the life, policy, and mission of the writer. The first purpose is praiseworthy upon its face, and, considering the virulence of the attacks that have been made upon the character and motives of Mr. Comstock, the other is more than excusable: it is demanded. It is hard to conceive of such ingenuity and audacity of invention as have been exercised in the attacks that have been made upon Mr. Comstock's name and fame. So it is very pleasant to meet the assurance that the man whom so many good people have trusted, and to whom so many have been grateful for the good he has done, is all he has pretended to be, and that the stories told against him are misconstructions of his life and acts, or pure (or impure) fabrications. We do not see how any fair man can rise from the perusal of this book without feeling that the writer has rendered an enormous service to the community by writing and issuing it, and without feeling that Mr. Comstock has been, in his special work, one of the truest benefactors that New York has known.

Mr. Comstock's book deserves a wide notice from the press and a generous reception among the people. No man can read it without first marveling at the readiness with which the bait of the swindler is swallowed by the public, and without being armed against his schemes. It is not a very pleasant thing for a man, in a city like New York, to make it the business of his life to oppose all schemes of crime and uncleanness. These schemes are followed by desperate and bestial men and women, whose touch and presence are pollution, and whose enmity may well be deprecated. There are not many of us—even those who most heartily sympathize with Mr. Comstock—who would be willing to undertake his work, or who would have the moral and physical courage to prosecute it as he has done. The benefit to the community, however, of the work he has done, in suppressing unclean literature and the various schemes for debauching the youth of the country, in exposing the frauds that have taken such sums from the pockets of fools all over the land, in thwarting and arresting counterfeiters, bogus bankers and brokers, lottery dealers, keepers of policy-shops, quacks and quack institutions, and all sorts of pretenders, is great—indeed, inestimable. We are profoundly glad, for his own sake and for the sake of the public, and the cause of good morals,

that he has given us so good a record of what he has done, and made so perfect a justification of his mission and himself.

After all, we can but feel, in looking over a book like this, that the morality of the swindlers is hardly lower than that of their dupes. The swindler goes to work, with all the cunning and skill at his command, to get money without giving any adequate equivalent for it. That is precisely the motive of his dupes. The motive that actuates him is one that he understands, and knows how to appeal to, and the wretched men and women who respond in such numbers to his temptations can take to themselves all the curses they heap upon the man who has deceived and plundered them. They have tried to get money without paying for it its equivalent. They have been fools, of course; but they have been more than willing to obtain from others what they pay no legitimate price for. And when we go as far as this, what is there to hinder our going further? The spirit of speculation, the world over, is the spirit of the swindler and his dupe. The speculator adds nothing, and proposes to add nothing, to the general stock of wealth. He only proposes to add to his own possessions in a legal way without giving an equivalent. There are a thousand Wall-street schemes possessing no more essential morality than those pursued by the swindlers whom Mr. Comstock exposes. The bearing, the bulling, the working up of "corners," the use of exclusive or "inside" information—all these may be, and often are, just as immoral as stealing.

This one spirit of greed—this one disposition to get something for nothing—is abroad all over the country. It poisons the blood of the people. It lowers the tone of the popular morality. Here and there, as in the case of the swindlers to whom Mr. Comstock has been such a terror, the bad blood rises into an ulcer, which the knife of the law is called upon to extirpate. But the swindlers are not sinners above all Galileans. A bad woman remains bad because she finds bad men to prey upon; and a swindler is a swindler because he finds a great multitude of people in the country who share in the leading motives of his life, even if they do not sympathize with his methods.

All this may justly be said without justifying the swindler or apologizing for him, and all this may be said while asserting that there is no class in the community which will defend the swindler. Even his dupes claim to be a great deal more virtuous than he. What shall we say, then, when we come to a class of crimes against the law which are openly defended by those who regard themselves as respectable people? One of Mr. Comstock's special tasks has been the suppression of vile literature, here, where it is manufactured, and the obstruction of its passage through the mails. Yoked with this work has been that of destroying the schemes of the infamous wretches who have undertaken to debauch the imaginations and the bodies of the youth of the land, of both sexes, in indescribable ways. He has done these things with great faithfulness, and deserves the thanks of all good people for his beneficent work. For this he has been persecuted, not only by the men and women whose business he has disturbed or destroyed, but by a large class of people who call themselves "liberals." "Liberalism," as the word is used by those who profess it, is another name for infidelity, and if infidelity naturally sympathizes with dirt, it is well that we all know it. At any rate, "liberals" are the only professed and open defenders of dirt, as it is represented by the men who are interested in pushing impure literature through the mails, and distributing the means of debauching the children of the country through the same channels. They are the only people who have labored for the repeal of what are called "the Comstock laws"—laws which form the only barriers between a set of unclean scoundrels and the youthful innocence of the land. No class in society defends the swindler; a large class defends the dispenser of moral filth, and raves about his right to make of the United States mails a gutter through which to pour his abominations upon the youth of the country. They are all as bad as the man they defend. They are not only sympathetic with his foul spirit, but they do their best to defend and help him. Christianity can afford this exhibition of the spirit and tendency of infidelity; can "liberalism"? If giving up Christianity means taking on dirt, among "long-haired men and short-haired women," then it strikes us that "liberalism" has not a very brilliant prospect in America.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"The Bible Society and the New Revision."

IN DEFENSE OF DR. BRECKINRIDGE.

WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
ALLEGHENY, PA., Feb. 5th, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to what I must esteem the very unfortunate paper on "The Bible Society and the New Revision," in the January number of your magazine. That paper, in needlessly reviving old and out-worn controversies, and, worse than that, in reviving with them the long well-forgotten bitternesses which grew out of them, cannot help bringing pain to all right-thinking minds. One statement, at least, out of the many rashly hazarded in the course of the article I feel bound to ask your leave to correct; and I feel sure that you will, not only in the interests of common fairness, but also in the interests which arise out of your own desire to see that the character of one of the country's noblemen is not untruly blotted in your pages, wish, with me, to give the correction as

wide a circulation as that given the statement itself. I refer to the following sentences, taken from page 453, bottom of first column:

"Dr. Breckinridge collapsed rather suddenly; for he found he had as much on his hands as he could attend to at the moment, in repelling the awkward charge of plagiarism which some theologians were pressing: he had published a volume of divinity, and they said he pilfered the best part of it from Stapfer."

I would hesitate greatly to impute any unworthy motives to Dr. Robinson, the author of this statement. He is not only a minister of God's word, but has a reputation for a kindly heart. But the statement itself cannot but leave a very false impression on the mind of any reader, and that in its every particular. 1. It leaves the impression on the mind that Dr. Breckinridge rushed warmly into the controversy over the alterations in the standard version of the Scriptures which the Bible Society had introduced. This was not the fact. He warmly opposed the irresponsible action of the Society on the floor of the church courts when it was his duty to oppose it; but that was all. One brief pamphlet printed in October, 1857, was his one printed contribution to that controversy. 2. It leaves the impression on the mind that his pronounced opposition to those changes was brought to an end, so far as the public expression of them was concerned, by his finding that he had his hands full elsewhere. This was not true. It was not he that collapsed, but the effort to alter the standard Bible by unauthorized hands. Dr. Breckinridge was heard as fully on the question at the meeting of the Assembly which followed the collapse as at that which preceded it. 3. It leaves the impression on the mind that Dr. Breckinridge found himself forced to address himself vigorously to repelling the charge of plagiarism which was brought against him. This was not true. He declined to make any defense against that charge: one brief letter to Dr. Hill and another to Dr. McKinney, the composition of both of which together could not have occupied over an hour or so, was absolutely all he wrote on the subject. 4. It leaves the impression on the mind of the unwary reader, finally, that the charge of plagiarism from Stapfer was of such a character as to render it an awkward one to have to repel. Nothing could be more untrue than such an impression. The charge comprehended only certain details found in two chapters in a book including thirty-four. Those details bore such a relation to the abstract scientific character of the book as the facts of an arithmetic or a dictionary bear to an account or translation; so that there was no more reason why Stapfer's name should have been quoted than there is why every accountant should continually quote Ray's multiplication table on each step of his calculation, or the translator, the lexicon used in his work. Those details, moreover, were not peculiarly Stapfer's, but rather of such kind as constituted the common property of the science of theology. And, to crown all, the charge of plagiarism was peculiarly unfortunate, in such matters of detail, in the face of Dr. Breckinridge's frank avowal, in the preface of the attacked volume, of full dependence on the whole past—an avowal closing with these certainly sufficiently plain words:

"The details which have been wrought out by learned, godly, and able men in all ages, of many creeds and in many tongues, have been freely wrought into the staple of this work, when they suited the place and the purpose, and turned precisely to my thought." ("Knowledge of God; Objectively Considered," page x.)

In the face of the facts, it is an unceasing matter of wonder how "some theologians" could have ventured to urge this ridiculous charge, even in those days of heated battle and bitter feeling. And it is very certain that nothing can excuse the reiteration of that charge—manifestly false in itself and as manifestly the child of the time of spite—in these cooler days, when the heat of conflict is over and the man against whom the bolt was fulminated has lain nine years in an honored grave. If the charge fell dead even in the midst of the contest a quarter of a century ago, why should it be refulmined now?

Asking your insertion of the above defense of a name, honored alike in the nation and church, now unjustly and needlessly assaulted, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

BENJ. BRECKINRIDGE WARFIELD.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Novel Entertainment from "Punch."

[A RECENT series of tableaux, or rather scenes, based upon drawings in the London "Punch," were so successfully presented by a party of ladies and gentlemen in a suburb of New York that, in the belief that the idea will be popular and feasible elsewhere, we have requested one of the ladies to give the readers of this department an account of the ways and means there adopted. The growing fame of Mr. du Maurier's wholesome ridicule of the fashionable follies in certain London circles gives seasonableness to the happy thought which has suggested this new social resource for winter evenings.—ED.]

This entertainment should be spoken of as "scenes," rather than "tableaux," from the fact that in the pictures, which were presented with faithfulness in every detail, the persons not only acted but spoke their parts. All that is printed in brackets under the cartoon in "Punch" was read by

some one standing in the audience before the rise of the curtain, after which the *dramatis personæ* delivered the dialogue there set down. For instance, in "Passionate Brompton" ("Punch," June 14, 1879) the scene is described in this way: "A fair young Æsthete, who has just been introduced to Mr. Smith, who is to take her down to dinner, is overheard to ask the following question," whereupon the curtain went up, and the character said, in her most appropriately affected tone: "Are you *intense?*" A little ingenuity in re-arranging the bracketed words is sometimes necessary, in order to put the situation clearly before the observer; but if the actors have the advantage of personal familiarity with English society, or with "Punch," there will be good chances for dramatic effect, even within the narrow scope of a few sentences.

The subjects chosen were drawn from the types portrayed by George du Maurier, Charles Keene, and John Leech, the three affording an agreeable variety which no one alone would furnish. The most unction would, perhaps, be bestowed upon Mr. du Maurier's Æsthetes, which, in later numbers of "Punch," have afforded the world so much amusement—those "intense" disciples of "high art," *Jellaby Postlethwait*, young *Maudle*, and their "supremely consummate" friends, the *Cimabue Browns*, who give to the world (represented by the *Colonel* and *Grigsby*) their ideas of what one should admire in "the truly great." In these scenes the setting of the stage must follow closely the drawings. One or two screens, about six feet by two, can readily be made, and covered with dull-colored cretonne, or wall-paper. By turning one side or the other, these screens can be made to present all sorts of effects, and any piece of antique drapery, gracefully draped over the chintz, will make a harmonious bit of color. Some blue china plaques, hung in conspicuous places, several small tables, wicker chairs, growing plants, and palm or India-rubber plants in pots, may be shifted about the stage, and turned into all sorts of uses. A person with a quick appreciation of the drawings themselves will, we fancy, seize the spirit of the decorations far better than they could here be described.

It is in the dressing of the characters that the effect of the scenes chiefly consist. Let us say at once that the young beauty with fresh and rosy cheeks must be warned that, to look æsthetic, she will have to sacrifice all vanity as to personal adornment. Look at the opening scene in the lives of the *Cimabue Browns*, in the issue of "Punch" for February 14th, 1880. It is called "Nincompoopiana," or "The Society of the Mutual Admirationists." The *Colonel* (who is not a member of the aforesaid society) is being introduced by *Mrs. Cimabue Brown* (who is a member) to young *Maudle* and *Jellaby Postlethwait*, who are surrounded by a group of admiring friends. The dresses of the ladies in this picture are very funny, but certainly not becoming, as the faded colors and strange mode of making the gowns would cause even a pretty woman to look her worst. The melon-shaped sleeves, narrow skirts, low-cut bodies, and slim, shapeless figures do not add to the ordinary prettiness usually considered necessary in tableaux. For these æsthetic scenes let us recommend ladies of slight, girlish figures, with long, thin necks and prominent features. The faces of all must be whitened, not rouged, and a judicious application of black must be made under the eyes and about the nose and chin. Avoid light blues, purples, or greens, rather choosing for the dresses figured chintz, sage-green, dull yellow, and either pale pink or brick-dust-red canton flannel. Flowers roughly embroidered on the skirts produce a remarkably good effect, and the traditional lily, sunflower, or poppy may be effectively introduced by a clever young lady fond of art-embroidery. The expense of the material is so slight that a person appearing in more than one tableau can have two or three costumes. For instance, in another scene of the "Mutual Admirationists" (May 22d, 1880), where the ladies wear cloaks and poke-bonnets, and again when *Mr.* and *Mrs. Cimabue Brown* listen to *Lord Plantagenet Cadbury's* comic song (May 15th, 1880), *Mrs. Brown* would here add to the effect by appearing in another dress. The male characters require long-haired wigs, smooth, beardless faces, but ordinary frock-coats are the only costumes necessary for *Maudle* and *Postlethwait.*

We have not space to enumerate all the tableaux that would be appropriate, but in looking over the back numbers of "Punch" one can find many from which to select. We would suggest, however, such as "The Six-Mark Tea-pot" (October 20th, 1880) as amusing and easy of execution. Then "Affiliating an Æsthetic" (June 19th, 1880) forms a good *finale* to the æsthetic series. This represents "an heroic group, modeled from memory by *Pilcox*, a rising young pharmaceutical chemist, and showing *Mrs. Cimabue Brown*, as the muse of the nineteenth century, crowning *Maudle* and *Postlethwait* as its twin-gods of Art and Poetry." The group of statuary requires little practice to be made exceedingly funny. The posture is not difficult, and the dresses of the group may be copied in unbleached muslin, exactly like those in the picture. White wigs will save the trouble of using powder, and are, indeed, necessary for the men, as few have sufficiently long hair, nowadays, to copy the flowing locks of *Maudle* and *Postlethwait. Mrs. Brown* may be whitened and simply use powder, as that will remain in long hair.

Not less amusing or less clever is the series of pictures from the life of *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns*, showing how she climbed the social scale, and by her advice to her young friend *Georgius Midas, Esq., Jr.*, gave him the "straight tip" on matrimony. Now comes a chance for the pretty girl with regular features, small, aristocratic head, and graceful air. *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns* is so essentially a type of English beauty that her American cousins will be obliged to look their prettiest when they undertake to fill her rôle. Here, again, the dressing must adhere closely to the print, though a large scope for taste is given, and all the friends of *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns* dress most becomingly and well. The

character of *Georgius Midas, Esq., Jr.*, will have to be carefully studied. Wealth—and newly acquired wealth—is written over the man and his clothes, and the consciousness of innate vulgarity makes him shrink from expressing his opinions till drawn out by the clever *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns*. The "Advice on Matrimony" (May 22d, 1880), and two scenes of recent issue also relating to marriage, form a group proving the remarkable insight into the weaknesses and foibles of London life and human nature, while in earlier numbers, in some of the scenes with the *Duchess*, du Maurier admits us to the secrets of *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns's* advancement in society. Her drawing-room must be tastefully arranged, and the furniture previously used changed about the stage, the screens turned to different sides and color, making the scene into a modern mansion in Mayfair.

Some of the hunting-sketches of John Leech form a good contrast to the modern drawings of Keene or du Maurier, and the fashions of twenty years ago of big hoops, ringlets, many flounees and turbans, are sure to recall merry associations in the hearts of the elder portion of the audience. In fact, in choosing these subjects, the trouble seems to be not to know where to begin, but how to stop.

Of the drawings by Leech, we may mention "The Briggs Series," depicting Mr. Briggs's trials and tribulations to get ready for the hunting-field (for one could not, of course, introduce horses and hounds into a drawing-room). Should the necessary "pink coat" of Mr. Briggs not be obtainable, some of the scenes from "Servantgalism" are inimitable, and will remind alike old and young housekeepers of their own experiences. These pictures may be varied by some of those from "Flunkeyiana," and none of the costumes are difficult or expensive to get up. Good effects may be produced by gay chintzes and red cotton, with a plentiful use of the flour-bag on the head of *Chawles* or *Jeames de la Pluche*.

The foregoing scenes were all represented in a drawing-room which was divided off by a curtain stretched on wires from cornice to cornice. A stage would of course add to the effect, could one have an elevation of eighteen inches with gas foot-lights and a drop-curtain. But our idea was informality and a jolly evening, so the first-mentioned plan was adopted. Two old red satin-damask window-curtains were fastened to the wire, leaving a space of about ten feet for a proscenium; rings were then sewed on to two other red curtains, which enabled the stage-manager to draw the curtains aside at will. Candles placed in tin sockets, with reflectors (which may easily be made by any country tinsmith), gave an appearance of foot-lights and added materially to the lighting of the stage. Ordinary lamps, fastened on to pieces of wood securely nailed to the wall or door, will answer the purpose, as these scenes do not require the strong effects of light and shade given in many such performances.

Outside these suggestions there are many admirable scenes to be copied, and we feel sure that anybody overlooking a file of "Punch" must be struck by the feasibility of many of the sketches, and find ample means for providing an amusing and novel entertainment. F. A. B.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

A Second Offer of Prizes for Wood-Engraving.

In the present issue of this magazine we print the report of the committee which was announced in March, 1880, to consider the merits of wood-engravings to be made by pupils during the year which has just closed. In order to exhibit the basis of the awards and the quality of the work, we present also impressions of the blocks which have received the prizes, and others which have been accorded honorable mention. In renewing this offer, we are prompted by the occasion to make a few suggestions on the general subject of technical instruction in the art.

Our first offer was made with two firm convictions: first, that the success already achieved by our countrymen in this line of work was not temporary or fortuitous, but had its source in the native keenness of the American mind and the dexterity and adaptiveness of the American hand; and, secondly, in the belief that we should discover an interest in the subject not merely mercenary, but inspired with a genuine devotion to the art. As far as the competition has any significance at all, it is to confirm and fortify both convictions; the most successful of the competitors are Americans, and the quality of their work is, all things considered, of marked excellence, and in some instances surprisingly good; while the earnest spirit in which the larger number have entered upon the work is not the least omen of success in a profession which depends for signal success as much upon character as upon ability. A few of the many letters regarding the competition gave such decided evidence that the writers would undertake it merely as a stop-gap, or with no interest beyond the pecuniary, that we felt obliged to discourage them,—the world of art being already too full of routine service, which yields neither pride nor profit to those who give or those who pay for it. It goes without saying that it was not to this class that our offers were addressed; but, perhaps, we ought to have gone further, and to have said with emphasis, that unless, after a fair trial, an engraver's work meets with encouragement at the hands of reputable publishers, and before long with payment, it would be well for him to turn his attention to some other employment. Fortunately or unfortunately, in America the adoption of a trade or profession is a matter of consider-

able experiment, and some will undertake the work in uncertainty as to their qualifications for it; but, considering the past success and the probable future of wood-engraving, it is not holding out false hopes to say that in this, as in other employments, there is good chance of success for marked ability. To consider only the prudential side of the question, a failure in the experiment is likely to be attended with little loss of expense for tools and materials, and with a good deal of compensation in the training of the hand and the eye.

This very education of the perceptions and of manual skill is a consideration which ought to commend wood-engraving to the favor of our technical schools. The way to learn how little one knows of natural objects is to begin to portray them, and, studied in connection with the observation of nature, as the art should be, engraving might afford as valuable discipline as drawing, and might profitably take the place of some of the obstructionary studies in our school curriculums. To any one who regards this idea as wholly chimerical, we beg to commend the paper in this issue on "Elementary Instruction in the Mechanic Arts." Who knows whether, if the development of our educational system keep pace with the demand for more practical and less abstract instruction, its momentum may not take us before many decades to the introduction of wood-engraving as an elective study in the higher departments of the public schools!

However premature and fantastic this idea may be, it is not so to consider the desirability of such instruction in the technical schools already in existence, or yet to be established. Ezra Cornell aspired to found a university at which one could be taught any branch of learning or any craft which it might be desirable to learn and practicable to teach, and without doubt it is toward some such broad view of education that we are tending. The Cooper Union in this city, which already has done much in special instruction, extends excellent facilities for learning to engrave, under the able teaching of Mr. John P. Davis. Our correspondence indicates a decided demand for similar instruction in Chicago and Boston; it is intimately allied to the aims of the Cincinnati School of Wood-Carving; and we believe that Mr. W. W. Corcoran, who is already so great a benefactor of Washington City, could not do better than include this branch in his long-meditated scheme of art-schools in connection with his valuable gallery in that city. The cost of the experiment would be trifling, and before long a chair of wood-engraving might be made self-supporting. What is chiefly needed is a guarantee that an engraver of good technical ability would devote a portion of each day to such pupils as might present themselves. Other things being equal, the best artist will be the best instructor; but what is most desirable is to foster special adaptiveness, and this a less accomplished instructor could do. The rest could be accomplished by the great colleges of engraving—the magazines—where are to be found the best models, the keenest criticism, the most helpful personal appreciation. Granting that only three or four workmen of signal ability are produced in a year, it is, proportionately, no smaller yield of excellence than is expected of our law or medical colleges; or, indeed, of any other class of professional instruction.

In order, therefore, further to encourage the pursuit of this art by those who feel a special interest in it, we make a new offer of the following prizes:

To the engravers of the first, second, and third best blocks to be made during the current year by persons who, before reading this, have never engraved for pay—the proofs to be submitted to us by December 31, 1881, with certificate of good faith—we will pay, respectively, $100, $75, and $50.

For the best block to be done during the year by any one who has taken part in the first competition, $50.

The same gentlemen, Mr. De Vinne, Mr. Cole, and Mr. Drake, have consented to act as judges, and correspondence may be addressed as before, to Art Department, SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, 743 Broadway, New York.

Winter Picture Exhibitions (1880-81).

THE Fourteenth Annual Exhibition of the "American Water-Color Society" was considered satisfactory, both in an artistic and a business sense. Like its predecessors, it afforded opportunity for the annual discussion, on the part of the professional critics, of the subtile technicalities of the art,—discussions not easily comprehended by any but the artists and the critics themselves. These discussions have doubtless an esoteric value; but the critics sometimes appear to be talking about water-color painting as if it were not much more related to oil-painting than is the art of japanning, for instance, or that of architecture. Of course, however, they would deny having meant anything of the kind, and they would, doubtless, all agree that, to the artist who expresses himself by the medium of colors on a flat surface, the materials with which and upon which he works are secondary considerations. There was a time when a famous sculptor and fresco-painter could declare (according to the story) that oil-painting was fit only for women. Now there is a belief that it is water-color that is fit only for women, or for men in moods when they have nothing very vigorous or important to say. But, meantime, as one walks through the galleries at the Academy, when the water-colors are on exhibition, it is just as it is when the walls are covered with oil-paintings,—the men who interest us in the one exhibition interest us in the other. After a painter has accustomed himself to the medium, what tells is his own taste, his own sense of beauty, his own view of nature and power of presenting that view, his own intellectual force. There is no getting away from the fact that it is the man himself who speaks to us from the walls.

In the water-color exhibition this year the visitor was attracted by a number of small pictures, hung in various rooms, but which had the air of being torn from the same sketch-book. Direct, simple, crude sometimes—never "pretty"—they caught the eye by an unmistakable look of nature. They were

Mr. Winslow Homer's contributions,—virile, and frank, as everything that comes from this artist is, except on those rare occasions when he departs from his own standards. Such drawings as these are a judgment upon the easily discerned tendencies of some other artists—toward the sentimental, the gorgeous, and the inanely pretty. There is strength and beauty in Mr. Currier's drawings; but putting aside any discussion of ultra-impressional tendencies, this present showing strikes one as monotonous, and too much sought out in its prodigality of pigments; in other words, if Mr. Currier should continue long in this line, his sincerity might well be doubted. One even feels inclined to call halt to painters as excellent and charming as Mr. Swain Gifford and Mr. Murphy, and to warn them to beware of the Beautiful.

The Artists' Fund Exhibition was memorable for a single picture, at least, of extraordinary beauty and artistic value, and one which well illustrates the intellectual in plastic art as opposed to the literary. Mr. Homer Martin's "September Landscape" told no story of merely literary interest; it related no incident like that of dawn or sunset: it was a straightforward attempt to express the delight the artist evidently felt in looking at a piece of American forest scenery,—trees, bushes, rocks, running water,—a luminous midday gloom, streaked with green and gold. If America had a Luxembourg, with the mission to gather up the best works of living artists of the country, this marvelous picture should find its way there.

Corthell's History of the Mississippi Jetties.*

THE successful construction of the jetties at the mouth of the South Pass of the Mississippi River, especially when considered in the light of the powerful opposition by which the early progress of the work was embarrassed, and the consequent magnifying of already great financial difficulties, to say nothing of the physical magnitude of the work, and of the far-reaching results of its success, may fairly rank as one of the very great engineering achievements of modern times.

In Mr. Corthell's book we have a very full and complete description, not only of the engineering details of the work of construction, and of the influence of those works on the channel of the pass, but an elaborate statement, supported by a reproduction of the original documents, of the preliminary and collateral history of the enterprise. It is not, and it could not be expected to be, an impartial history, written in the judicial frame of mind of a mere historian; it is partisan and enthusiastic. At the same time, while its bias is evident, no occasion is given to suspect an entire fairness and honesty of treatment. It would be improper to judge the attitude of the United States Engineer Corps in this matter entirely by Mr. Corthell's account of their action concerning it. It would, perhaps, even be unwise to accept without question all of his eulogies of Captain Eads. At the same time, one who cares to study the very interesting scientific and political history of this really great event will find here ample and reliable material for his purpose.

Two elements of the scientific bearings of the question are worthy of notice. One is Mr. Eads's fundamental theory concerning the action of silt-bearing streams on their beds and shores. He states it as follows:

"The popular theory advanced in many standard works on hydraulics, to wit, that the erosion of the banks and bottom of streams like the Mississippi is due to the *friction* or *impingement* of the current against them, has served to embarrass the solution of the very simple phenomena presented in the formation of the delta of the Mississippi; because it does not explain why it is that under certain conditions of the water it may develop with a gentle current an abrading power which, under other conditions, a great velocity cannot exert at all. A certain velocity gives to the stream the ability of holding in suspense a proportionate quantity of solid matter, and when it is thus charged can sustain no more, and hence will carry off no more, and therefore cannot then wear away its bottom or banks, no matter how directly the current may impinge against them."

So far as the mere bearing of silt is concerned, this is doubtless correct, but to deny the direct effect of the impingement of a strong current, no matter how muddy, against a crumbling shore, is to disregard the inevitable action of a well-known, great mechanical force. Indeed, this theory is entirely reversed by actual experience at the jetties, for we are told on page 151, as an illustration of the "extraordinary force of an eddy current," that such a current undermined the foundation of the mattresses, and caused a crevasse through the solid wall of the jetty. The enormous abrasions of the banks of the Mississippi River are certainly much more due to the direct action of impingement than to the hunger of the current for silt.

The other point, and a much more serious one, is that the permanent success of the jetties is predicated upon the absence of "bar advance";—that is, that as the bar in front of the jetties does not advance or grow by accretion, therefore the permanence of the channel may be considered certain. Is it, after all, at the mouth of the jetties that we are to look for the formation of the bar? Under the former conditions, the current flowing out from the pass maintained its integrity for a distance of nearly two miles. After having traversed this distance, its loss of velocity permitted the formation of a bar. There seems every reason to suppose that this condition had been constant; that, at a corresponding distance in advance of the real mouth, a bar may have always existed; that presumably the "bar advance" has been, not at the mouth of the pass, but at a very considerable distance in front of it. Captain Eads has now carried his jetties, suddenly, to the crest of the bar, and has established entirely new conditions, whose ultimate issue can only be a matter of speculation. Assum-

* A History of the Jetties at the Mouth of the Mississippi River. By E. L. Corthell, C. E. Chief Assistant and Resident Engineer during their construction. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1880.

ing that the littoral current from east to west has always been an efficient factor, the resultant forces are to be considered. Their discussion, thus far, seems to have been confined solely to the direct flow of the pass, the wave force of the Gulf, the littoral current, and the simple relation of these to the South Pass discharge. The South Pass delivers only one-tenth of the discharge of the river. The remainder is about equally divided between Pass à l'Outre and the South-west Pass. Supposing the proportion of silt borne by the water of the three passes to be the same, and the littoral current to be equally effective along the whole coast, we have forty-five per cent. of the earthy matter brought down by the river to be disposed of by the current moving westward across the mouth of Pass à l' Outre, and traversing the outlet of the South Pass. The real problem relates to the deposition of this material, together with the much smaller amount that the South Pass discharges. The aggregate is enormous. It is of the same origin and character with the vast burden of the Mississippi which has filled the Great Gulf from above the mouth of the Ohio to the present mouth of the Mississippi. Borne along by the rapid current discharged by the passes, it must soon reach a point where the quieting of the waters will cause its deposit. As the South Pass has been suddenly projected out of proportion to the gradual advance of the great passes, the natural conditions have been so disturbed that the subsequent location of deposits cannot be determined; but it is here, in our judgment, that the Engineer Corps must look for a justification of its well-sustained criticism.

So much for theory. It seems clear that, from a practical point of view, the jetties are to be accepted as a complete success.

Long before an obstructing bar can be formed, the cost of the jetties will have been returned a hundred if not a thousand fold, by the constant benefit they will have secured. Before their construction the Mississippi was almost sealed against foreign commerce. An uncertain channel of about eighteen feet was maintained at great cost by the South-west Pass. Now, there is a reliable channel through the jetties and South Pass of about thirty feet from the deep water of the Gulf to the deep water of the Mississippi. The *Great Eastern* can steam freely up to New Orleans, which has the best outlet to the sea of all the great American cities.

However we may carp at processes, however our preconceived ideas may have been set aside, no man can question the value of Captain Eads's work, nor withhold from him the honor due to it.

Seward's "Chinese Immigration."*

MR. GEORGE F. SEWARD, late U. S. Minister to China, may fairly be said to represent one extreme of the discussion of the Chinese question, at the other end of which we shall find Denis Kearney and his followers. Between these two widely separated points we may discover many varying shades of opinion, ignorance, and indifference. Mr. Seward has written a book from his point of view as an American citizen of intelligence and breadth of judgment, residing for many years at the Chinese capital and at the chief sea-port of the empire, where he had rare opportunities of studying the character of the emigration to the United States, as well as the characteristics of the emigrants. It is natural that the men who represent the other side of the question should say that Mr. Seward, who has so long been a resident of a foreign country, is not competent to declare, from personal observation, what is the effect of Chinese immigration upon the social and industrial aspects of the United States. To meet this criticism, and as far as possible to anticipate it, Mr. Seward has drawn liberally from the published testimony of citizens of California who have been examined by Congressional committees, charged with the duty of examining into the so-called Chinese problem. From these reports, and from various other sources, Mr. Seward has deduced conclusions which are widely different from those of the California politicians and public speakers.

Mr. Seward, while he approaches his subject with an honest intention to deal with it in the spirit of fairness, has manifestly made up his mind that the Chinese question, as we are in the habit of calling it, has been wrongly put before the American people, and that it is his duty to set us all right before we can examine for ourselves the intricate matters which he discusses. But we must concede to him, in addition to his peculiar qualifications for the work, and his apparent frankness, a patience of research which should entitle his conclusions to great respect. Those of us who have not studied the subject with the care that he has, should be very chary of criticism.

In the first place, Mr. Seward makes a good point against the anti-Chinese partisans by showing most conclusively that their statements concerning the number of Chinese in this country have been ludicrously exaggerated. Indeed, Mr. Seward might have been justified in saying that many of these statements are fantastically incorrect. For example: a California representative, on the floor of the House, asserted that the number of Chinese in California was 150,000. A senator from California said: "There are now in California more Chinese than there are voters." The lowest estimate made by any of these partisans gave to the State a Chinese population of 100,000; and to the city of San Francisco 35,000 Chinese. The author of the work before us devotes an entire chapter to an analysis of these various statements and estimates, and arrives at the conclusion that there are not more than 100,000 Chinese in the entire republic, of which only 75,000 are dwellers in the State of California. When these figures are compared with the election returns of California, showing a vote of nearly 160,000, it will be seen how reckless was the assertion that there are more Chinese in California than voters. Mr. Seward, however, need not have spent so much labor upon his critical analysis of the estimates of the numbers of Chinese in California, if

* Chinese Immigration, in its Social and Economical Aspects. By George F. Seward, late United States Minister to China. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881. Pp. 420.

he had reflected that the returns of the census of 1880 would be published before his book could be placed before the reader. From those returns, which are quoted in an appendix to Mr. Seward's book, we learn that the whole number of Chinese in the United States is 105,448, of which California has 75,025; and the returns show that San Francisco, instead of having 35,000, has a Chinese population of only 21,745. This official count should settle forever the much-debated question which has been the basis of all complaints regarding Chinese immigration.

Mr. Seward makes good use of this effective exposure of the exaggerated estimates of the anti-Chinese party. If they have so grossly overstated the numbers of the Chinese in the country, it may be logically inferred that their opinions as to the evil influence of the Chinese upon the social and economical interests of the American people are also untrustworthy to a great extent. He comes to the conclusion that the Chinese laborer has been of great benefit to California, although there is less occasion for his work in the development of the industrial resources of the State than heretofore. He shows how needful to the prosecution of large public works, and to the maintenance of smaller industries, the Chinaman has been. This variety of labor, he argues, has been of the greatest possible use in the building of the Pacific Railroad, the reclamation of swamp lands, in the less-inviting fields of mining, and in various branches of agriculture and manufacturing; and, against the objections that the Chinese are vicious, that their labor is servile, that they displace other laborers, that they send their money out of the country, and that they have set up a government of their own in this country, Mr. Seward makes a strong argument, which is fortified by what seem to be incontrovertible facts. He also argues that the Chinese are not a migratory people, and that history gives no instance of the spontaneous movement of an inferior race into districts occupied by a superior.

It will be seen, then, that Mr. Seward considers that the outcry against the Chinese is unreasonable in some respects, and that its volume has been largely swollen in consequence of a misapprehension of the real facts in the case. He concludes that the Chinese will find their most appropriate sphere of activity in their own hemisphere, although there will be a continued flow to the Australian colonies and to the United States, and that this stream will be diminished by causes irrespective of legislative action or restrictive treaties.

The book thus briefly noticed is a valuable contribution to the already voluminous mass of literature produced by discussion of the Chinese question, and it deserves the respectful attention which it will undoubtedly command.

Miss Curtis's "Tanagra Figurines."*

SINCE the coming into fashion of the lively little figures dug up in the tombs of Bœotia, there has been a desire, uneasy and not altogether Greek in its nature, to find out exactly what name to give the personages. This is akin to the popular necessity of first knowing the title in the catalogue when in front of an exhibition picture. The work before us collects from various sources the tutelary names, the historical events, the local church ceremonies of Bœotia, from among which we may dip for associations likely to be in the minds of Tanagra sculptors, if we suppose that they were always bent on celebrating their provincial religion and history, rather than the religion and history of the whole country. The prominent temples of Tanagra were those of Bacchus, of Apollo, of Venus, and of the ancient Themis; and figures of Venus, and those with Bacchic attributes, are found in the graves. There were two temples of Mercury; and a large proportion of the statuettes are such as may with some straining be attributed to that divinity, while two of the specimens exhibited at the Trocadéro Palace were rough little images of Mercury bearing the ram, according to the Tanagra tradition and the Tanagra monument by Calamis. Other religious associations of a Bœotian origin were those connected with the Cabiri, and those referring to the feasts of Dædala. The Cabiri were obscure divinities of the province, of whom Prometheus was one, celebrated for the hospitality given to Ceres, and thus affiliated with the whole myth of the burial of the dead as prefigured by the planting of seed. Statuettes which it is easy to associate with Ceres and Proserpine and their rite are of abundant occurrence among the Tanagra relics. The feast of the Dædala took place on Mount Citheron, overlooking Platæa, and was celebrated by sacrificing to Jupiter wooden Dædalian images of Juno, in commemoration of the legend that Jupiter had circumvented the jealousy of his spouse with a wooden image arrayed like a bride. Tanagra statuettes clearly to be attributed to Juno are not usual, but the fact that Tanagra had a share in the production of the timber effigies for the feast may throw some light on the abundance of the clay *simulacræ*, and the crude Dædalian character of some of them. Leaving mythology for history, we find that Tanagra was not on such sympathetic terms with her more glorious neighbors, Thebes and Platæa, that their splendid history should be found illustrated in her monuments, while we are disappointed in our search for even the most allusive reference that we can identify with the Tanagran Corinna. We may imagine, however, that we see her daily dress and aspect in some one of these fair figures with a scroll, and that her individual style of beauty may be perpetuated in these fashions of auburn locks parted into radiating lobes, these movements and smiles of incomparable ease, these red lips and blue eyes. Diotima, the learned Tanagran haitara, whom we should be gratified to see sitting in the person of one of the more intelligent figures, "teaching him who died of hemlock," we could hardly expect to find, as nothing would be more unlikely than that a Bœotian potter should apply himself to illustrating a conversation of Plato. Plutarch of Cheronea, a Roman-naturalized Bœotian, of a

* Tanagra Figurines. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

period four hundred years later than the production of these images, is out of the question.

In the little volume before us, Miss Curtis brings together as much as is attainable of the history and civic life of Tanagra, and affords a very convenient view of the things it is well to know in studying out the collections of *figurines*. The tempting guesses at the identity of the personages should not, however, be followed out with too much hopefulness in the lines she has indicated, for after all these lines of research are so few and doubtful that they may hardly count at all in the maze of myth and history which really influenced the Bœotian burial customs. Her attempt to connect the "sudden inspiration of ceramics" in Tanagra with the Dædala festival is not made out, nor can it be until clay images are there found suggesting the wooden block, the true "Dædalian" form of statue. The Dædalian style of early sculpture is well known; it is based upon the aspect of the post or terminal figure, with head merely separated from the trunk, and limbs adhering together, or looking as if inclosed in a sheath. To imagine these multitudes of developed forms, emancipated from archaism with all the freedom of the period of Apelles and Lysippus, as "representing the Bœotian people in garb of ceremony, and in costume of each locality, and also in dramatic disguises, taking part in the procession, or assisting at it as spectators," is, whether an original or a borrowed idea, nothing but a fantastic extravagance. Yet the author dwells on this notion with complacency in more than one place; the images constantly appear to her mind as "forming parts of some dramatic combination, either as actors or spectators, in a joyful celebration," amounting to an "expression of peace, gladness, and sportiveness, tempered with a mood of pleased attention," "in the hour of death." This is too modern. Egyptian or Christian doctrines of metempsychosis are especially to be thrown behind us in looking into the Greek treatment of the waiting in the tomb. Among the Greeks, the only approaches to a hope of resurrection were a few very timid ideas of subterranean consciousness—the presence of feast-companions, musicians, or actors, as a comradeship for the deceased; of Mercury, the guide of souls; of Bacchus, who descended into Hades; of Ceres and Proserpine as patronesses of the whole machinery of earth-covering and coming to life—being about all of didactic imagery the sepulchers show us. So far, the figures revealed by the excavations may be granted to have a doctrinal meaning; and there is a recognizable allusion to the hazardous cast of fate in the images of maidens throwing dice on the ground, reminding us of the selection of this game for ancient pictures of the victims of an early death, as the children of Niobe in one Pompeian picture, the children of Medea in another, and those of Pandarus in the fresco by Polygnotus at Delphi. But a far greater number appear to be simple advertisements of the state and condition of the deceased,—maidens for the tombs of virgins, warriors for those of soldiers, and athletes for the graves of youths. The individual study of the statuettes this little work leaves almost entirely alone; this is the more to be regretted as there are illustrations, by an excellent reproductive process, of photographs of thirteen of the finest Tanagra statuettes in Europe. Among these are two exhibited in the Trocadéro building by Camille Lécuyer; one (attributed in the work, mistakenly, we believe, to the Louvre collection) represents a seated maiden, with ball and Cupid; another a female acrobat stepping through a hoop. There is also among the illustrations the very interesting group explained by Heuzey as Ceres carrying Proserpine from Hades, and thought by him to reproduce a lost statue of Praxiteles. The work only explains the first of these three, and that with an attribution to the wrong ownership; it is, at least, assigned to the Lécuyer collection in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts," vol. 18, p. 353. But the explanation of specimens—even of those illustrated, and of the few in American collections—is unfortunately beyond the scope of the work, which is simply a convenient resumption of the views of certain French and German writers on the subject. Indeed, the writer follows these guides with unquestioning fidelity, even to renouncing any consistent plan of representing Greek spelling—using C for kappa when she takes the word "Citheron" from a French authority, and K when applying to a German one for notes about "Kalamis" and "Kyrikion." She throws aside the Greek spirit, again, for a very modern one, when she banters the antique mythology about "that scamp Mercury," and the antique fashions about garments "cut half high, as the milliners say." And what is her authority for declaring that external wall-paintings colored the distant aspect of a Greek city, or that these decorations were found anywhere but in the shadow and shelter of the porticoes? We have investigated this manual with a higher object than that of giving it superficial and unmeaning praise. It is more than a *brochure* on "ceramics," such as modern *dilettanti* so profusely turn out, to be read for amusement. It is a necessity, and the best popular guide, we think, in any language to the study of a fascinating branch of Greek art—a branch in which the kind genius of the tomb has left us singularly full and grateful examples.

Miss Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan."*

ALTHOUGH Miss Bird expressly disclaims, in her modest preface, any intention to give to the world a "book on Japan," it is difficult to understand why these two handsome and carefully written volumes should not be entitled to bear the name which the author diffidently declines to give them. The purpose of this indomitable traveler, whose journeyings in the Rocky Mountains of America and in the Sandwich Islands have already given her reputation and experience, was to explore the interior of the Empire of Japan, having her attention especially

* Unbeaten Tracks in Japan: An account of travels on horseback in the interior, including visits to the aborigines of Yezo, and the shrines of Nikkô and Isé. By Isabella L. Bird, author of "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," &c. In two volumes, with map and illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

directed to those portions of the country which are comparatively unknown to European and American travelers. In pursuance of this bold intention, Miss Bird, beginning her expedition at Tokio, set out for the north, unaccompanied by any one but her interpreter, a native youth of some eighteen years. One cannot help admiring the courage and pluck with which this indomitable woman departed alone, like a solitary voyager into the midst of trackless seas. The obstacles to such a journey were innumerable, and kind friends endeavored to dissuade her from what seemed to be a hazardous undertaking. No woman of foreign birth had ever penetrated those unexplored regions, and very few foreigners of the sterner sex had been seen by the people among whom Miss Bird was about to trust herself. But the arguments of her kindly intentioned advisers seem to have stimulated rather than abated the desire of this determined Englishwoman.

The results of the observations of the alert and shrewd traveler are embodied in the two volumes before us. Miss Bird traversed the whole of the upper portion of the island of Japan, her most northerly objective point being the island of Yezo. Her itinerary, ending at Hakodaté, the chief sea-port of Yezo, involved a journey of more than three hundred and seventy miles, and this was undertaken through a country in which the roads were, to use the favorite epithet of the author, "simply infamous." There were few, if any, accommodations for wayfarers, and even those usually provided for the people of the country were ludicrously inadequate to the wants of civilized journeyers.

On the island of Yezo, Miss Bird made an extensive tour, studying the manners and customs of the Ainos, or hairy men, a people of whom we have had very little information heretofore. These singular beings, by many supposed to be the remnants of the aborigines of Japan, furnish materials for one of the most interesting chapters of modern travel. It does not appear, however, from what the author has given us, that she has any new facts to substantiate the theory (which she unquestioningly adopts) that the Ainos are really a part of the aboriginal races of Japan.

Miss Bird made several excursions (we are tempted to call them incursions) into the region of country lying south and west of the capital of the empire. In all of these, as in the journey to the north, she confined herself to the "unbeaten tracks." As might be expected, she was an object of the liveliest curiosity wherever she went. Her experience at one of the interior towns may be taken as a fair sample of what she was compelled to endure in nearly every similar community through which she passed. She says of her reception:

"In these little-traveled districts, as soon as one reaches the margin of a town, the first man one meets turns and flies down the street, calling out the Japanese equivalent of "Here's a foreigner!" and soon blind and seeing, old and young, clothed and naked, gather together! At the *yadoya* the crowd assembled in such force that the house-master removed me to some pretty rooms in a garden; but then the adults climbed on the house-roofs which overlooked it, and the children on a palisade at the end, which broke down under their weight, and admitted the whole inundation; so that I had to close the *shôji*, with the fatiguing consciousness, during the whole time of nominal rest, of a multitude surging outside."

She saw the people in their homes, as yet unaffected by contact with foreigners, and living in the simplicity, and even squalor, of old Japan. The general aspect of the towns and villages, as painted by the impartial hand of the author, is mean and poor. The scenery is monotonous, and Miss Bird complains of the everlasting sameness of the green fields, hills, and mountains. She found a few spots of brightness about the temple, and, here and there, a picturesque relic of the old feudal times. But there were no grand castles, no gorgeous palaces, and the interior of Japan cannot be said to be a part of "the magnificent Orient."

Miss Bird found no beggars in Japan, but much poverty and discomfort. Still, she found the people cheerful, mild-mannered, and generally disposed to kindliness to strangers. Her womanly sympathies went out toward these simple-hearted and gentle creatures, and she studied the problems presented to her attention with most affectionate interest. To her observation, the introduction of Christianity seems to offer but little for the encouragement of the philanthropist. In the chapters which she has devoted to a very careful and minute record of her observations in this field of missionary work, Miss Bird says:

"Though the labors of many men and women in many years have resulted in making 1617 converts to the Protestant faith,* while the Romanists claim 20,000, the Greeks 3000, and a knowledge of the essentials of Christianity is widely diffused through many districts, *the fact remains that 34,000,000 of Japanese are skeptics or materialists, or are absolutely sunk in childish and degrading superstitions, out of which the religious significance, such as it was, has been lost.*"

Here and there are inaccuracies of language which mar the perfect enjoyment of the critical reader; but the general flavor of the book is agreeable. Miss Bird's "outfit" seems to have comprised a large supply of writing materials, which she used to good advantage in constantly sending off numerous letters as she traveled. These letters, written to a sister in England, have since been gathered, edited, and made up into the present book. To these, however, have been added several chapters of what may be considered general observations on Japan, its history, its future, and its present condition. These, with the full information which she gives concerning the arts and industries of the country, greatly add to the value of the book. It was impossible that such a work, compiled from familiar letters to another, should be free from egotism. In fact, it is a record of personal adventures. But there is no offensive intrusion of the *ego*, and the frame-work

* A number which the ten months which have elapsed since this letter was written have increased by fifteen hundred.

adopted by the author proves to have been the very best on which could be constructed a vivid, life-like, and minute panorama of life as it exists to-day in the interior of one of the most interesting countries on the face of the globe.

Harris's "Uncle Remus: His Songs and Sayings."*

THE British newspaper editor, who regards journalism as an exact science, who holds a leading article to be something as distinct from a purely literary production as a judge's charge or a lawyer's plea, stands aghast at seeing a "poet's corner" in a great American daily, and cannot be convinced that it is the province of a morning paper to find room for a "funny column," for magazine stories, or for essays upon abstract themes. Yet he might, perhaps, find reason to change his opinion could he look at the long line of literary men for whose introduction America has to thank her eclectic and untrammeled press. Notably in the item of humorists, this country is under obligations to the daily press. It is the medium through which almost every one of our favorite jesters has brought his cleverness before the public. John Phœnix, Mark Twain, Max Adeler are pseudonyms which were first seen attached to space-work in daily papers. Only a few years ago an evening paper of New York found its circulation largely increased by the popular appreciation of its police reports, written by a man—now dead—who contrived to chronicle the sadder side of life in a great city with a half-pathetic humor and a strange picturesqueness that raised the lowest class of reporting to the level of literary labor. Robert Burdette, who, of all American humorous writers, has perhaps the widest range, has made the Burlington "Hawkeye" known throughout the country. Within a year, the name of the Brooklyn "Eagle" has been carried beyond the bounds of local fame by a writer who works one small, stray vein of humor with peculiar skill; and the Rabelaisian mirth of the "Derrick Dodd" papers has done the same office for the San Francisco "Post"; while the Atlanta "Constitution" has extended its southern reputation north, east, and west by the publication of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus" sketches.

These last, reprinted in book form, have met with a favor which they fully deserve. Character is the one thing which American readers always appreciate in their books, American audiences in their plays; and Mr. Harris has given us, in "Uncle Remus," the best sustained and most elaborate study which our literature possesses, or, in all probability, ever will possess, of a type familiar to us all—the old plantation negro. It is a character, now almost a tradition, that has been sketched in song and story; but that will never find a more faithful or sympathetic delineator than the creator of "Uncle Remus." The gentle old darky—shrewd, yet simple-minded, devoted to the people who once owned him as a slave, yet with a certain tyrannical sense of his hold upon their affection—will live forever in these pages, a gracious relic of a time and an "institution" whose memories for the most part are an abiding curse. Even the occasional mild little apologies for the patriarchal system which the author scatters through his work will offend no one. They lend it a pleasant old-time, "befo'-the-wah" flavor; so to speak, they give the picture "distance."

Mr. Harris puts forth on behalf of his book a somewhat timorous claim to the attention of students of ethnology and mythology; but he seems modestly incapable of realizing the importance of his work. He is the only man who has seized this great opportunity of putting on record the speech and habits of thought of a type that must soon be obsolete. It is curious to note the deprecating tone in which he calls attention to a passage that settles definitely the derivation of the much-discussed verb "to skedaddle," and the diffidence of his suggestion that Uncle Remus's homely tales may be akin to older mythic fictions.

On page 138 Mr. Harris expresses an opinion that the story of "Jacky-my-Lantern" is "a trifle too elaborate" to be of pure negro origin. This story is one of the oldest of the German *Mährchen*, and is known, in part or whole, in other languages. One of its "variants," to use Mr. Harris's favorite word, was published in SCRIBNER'S for June, 1878, as a translation of an ancient Flemish legend, by W. Nichols. The old negro tells, on page 131, the tale of the were-wolf, familiar in all countries, under various names, such as loup-garou, denvleiz, worlin, versipellis or turnskin. The account of "How Mr. Rabbit Lost his Fine Bushy Tail" (page 108) is so like a brief tale in Mr. George Webbe Dasent's translation of the "Norske Folkeeventyr," that we transcribe the Norse version for the benefit of those readers of "Uncle Remus" who may wish to compare the two:

"WHY THE BEAR IS STUMPY-TAILED.

"One day the bear met the fox, who came slinking along with a string of fish he had stolen.

"'Whence did you get those from?' asked the bear.

"'Oh, my lord Bruin, I've been out fishing, and caught them,' said the fox.

"So the bear had a mind to learn to fish, too, and bade the fox tell him how he was to set about it.

"'Oh, it's an easy craft for you,' answered the fox, 'and soon learnt; you've only got to go upon the ice and cut a hole, and stick your tail down into it; and so you must go on holding it there as long as you can. You're not to mind if your tail smarts a little,—that's when the fish bite; the longer you hold it there the more fish you'll get; and then, all at once, out with it, with a cross-pull sideways, and with a strong pull, too.'

"Yes, the bear did as the fox had said, and held his tail a long, long time down in the hole, till it was fast frozen in; then he pulled it out with a cross-pull, and it snapped short off; that's why Bruin goes about with a stumpy tail this very day."

To say that this unpretentious volume is among the most valuable contributions to the data of folk-lore since the publication of "Grimm's Mährchen," is only justice. As a piece of light literature, it is

* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

novel and interesting. No one can read, without a sympathetic amusement, the recital of the adventures of Br'er Rabbit,—an American *Reinecke Fuchs*,—a helpless hero, always victorious through childish cunning. The "Songs" have already been copied in half the newspapers in the country; but it is to be noted that these compositions show, in certain peculiarities of their versification, the influence of the white man's technical skill. As to old Remus's "Sayings," many of them bid fair to pass into permanence as proverbs. There is a large allowance of worldly wisdom in such as these:

Ole man Know-all died las' year.
Rheumatiz don't he'p at de log-rollin'.
Kwishins on mules' foots done gone out er fashion.
Looks wont do ter split rails wid.
Tater-vine growin' w'ile you sleep.
Tarrypin walk fast 'nough fer to go visitin'.
W'en coon take water, he fixin' fer ter fight.
Good luck say: "Op'n yo' mouf en shet yo' eyes."
Nigger dat gets hurt wukkin' oughter show de skyars.
Meller mush-million hollers at you from over de fence.
Nigger wid a pocket-han'kcher better be looked atter.
De proudness un a man don't count w'en his head's cold.
Ter-morrow may be de carridge-driver's day for ploughin'.
You'd see mo' er de mink ef he know'd whar de yard-dog sleeps.
W'en you bin cas'n shadders long ez de ole nigger, den you'll fine out who's w'ich en w'ich's who.
'Twont do fer ter give out too much cloff fer ter cut one pa'r pants.
Ef you wanter see yo' own sins, clean up a new groun'.

The etymologist will find food for study in Uncle Remus's vocabulary. This Georgia negro uses the old English word "haslett," or "harslet," rarely heard now outside of New England. He interjects "mon" into his discourse in true Scotch fashion. Sometimes his words suggest a subtle and profound idea: a "soon beast" is one who is "soon"—early or prompt—in attending to the business of life; and to-day you may hear a boy, in the streets of New York, tell his companion not to be "too soon" or "too previous." "Biggity" is a most expressive word, applied to a pretentious or inflated person.

One thing in Mr. Harris's book calls for amendment in some future edition, *i. e.* his fantastic method of spelling. Not content with writing phonetically such words as his hero mispronounces, he has altered the form of others for no apparent purpose save the confusion of his readers. Had he printed the words correctly, *come* would have been pronounced *kum; oblige, oblije; hour, 'our; resume, rezume; folks, fokes*, and *flirtatious, flirtashus;* and they would have been more readily recognizable.

Here are a few of Uncle Remus's words which may need explanation to those who have never studied his dialect:

Bellust—Bellowsed, blown, winded.
Biggity—Big, pompous, inflated, proud.
Bleedzd—Obliged.
Bobbycue—Barbecue.
Broozin'—Browsing, nosing about.
Brune—Bruin.
Confunce—Conference.
Contrapshun—Construction, contrivance.
Cunjus, cunjun—Conjures, conjuring.
Frazzle (subst.)—Ravel, sleave, shred: "wo' to a frazzle" (p. 58), worn to shreds. *(Verb)*—Ravel out, wear out (p. 126).
Go'd—Gourd.
Grabble—An "Alice-in-Wonderland" combination of *grab* and *scramble*.
Groun' eatch—Ground itch.
Gwineter—Going to.
Ha'ants—Haunts, ghosts.
Honin'—Yearning, hankering.
Hope—Holp, helped.
Intruls—Entrails.
Intruss—Interest.
Jimson weed—Jamestown weed, thorn-apple (*Datura stramonium*).
Juk—Jerk.
Keration—Creation.
Kyo', Kyore—Cure.
Marters—Matters.
Moggin—Morgan (strain of horses).
Mo' samer dan—Just the same as.
Natal—Natural.
Onfrennelness—Unfriendliness.
Out'nes'—Outenest—outenest man: most forward, clever.
Pe'sh out—Perish, starve out.
Po'ly—Poorly.
'Probusness—(Opprobriousness) opprobrium.
Progance—Programme.
Proned inter me—Impressed upon my mind.
Quollin'—Quarreling.
Ridjun—Region.
Scoze—Scores.
Shut—Shirt.
Skint—Skinned or shinned (up a tree).
Skunt—Skinned.
Sont—Sent.
Soopless—Supplest.
'Spe'unce—Experience.
Spit en immij—Spirit and image
'Spon'—Respond.
Stunted—Stunned.
Swaje—Assuage.
Swink—Shrink.
T'er—T'other.
Thrip—Thrippenny, threepenny piece.
Wuk—Work.
Year—Ear.
Yearth—Earth (and the like).
Zoonin'—Humming, buzzing.

"L'Art."*

SINCE our last notice of "L'Art" two new volumes have appeared, the third and fourth of the sixth year. The report of the *Salon* of 1880 is continued. Among the etchings from *Salon* pictures is one after Meissonier's "Une Halte," one of the most uninteresting of this more than clever painter's performances. Bonnat's excellent portrait of President Grévy is also etched; the color of the original does not count much in its favor, so the etching does not show the portrait at a disadvantage. We are glad to find in the third volume, a reminder of one of the most striking and original pictures of the *Salon*—a drawing, namely, of Cazin's "Ishmael." "Striking," we say, though the eye was attracted to it at once, as the visitor passed through the galleries, by the very absence from it of those exhibition qualities that we generally call "striking." There is simplicity, sincerity, and thought in all of Cazin's work; he is no mere creature of the Academy. Some studies by Butin are reproduced by "process," with remarkable success. He is one of the most charming of the younger artists; a page from his sketch-book was given in SCRIBNER for January. Dantan has here an admirable drawing of his picture of a corner of a sculptor's studio; visitors will remember it as one of the best pieces of painting in the *Salon*. It has been purchased by the Government, and will hereafter be seen in the Luxembourg.

"L'Art" devotes considerable space to the last exhibition of the London Academy and Grosvenor

*Paris, 33 Avenue de l'Opéra; London, 134 New Bond street; New York, J. W. Bouton.

Gallery. Some study-heads by Richmond are given, —studies for his large canvas, "The Song of Miriam." Mr. Richmond's portraits were among the bright spots in last season's exhibitions, and no one should judge this young and artistic painter by these apparently mindless studies for a work which is more of a *tour de force* than a picture. The etching from Watt's "Pallas, Juno, and Venus" shows an interesting artist at his best. The works singled out by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, the London editor, for notice in "L'Art" are, naturally, freer than the run of English pictures from the extraordinary nomenclature usual in catalogues of London exhibitions—a nomenclature that one cannot be reminded of without mental nausea. Yet even here we find some verses "from the German" doing duty as title to a sunset-scene, the two first lines of which are as follows:

> "O, how cheating, O, how fleeting
> Are our days departing!"

No wonder that a painter like Whistler rushed from sentimental twaddle, such as that we speak of, to an extreme equally inappropriate and affected.

Other modern subjects are treated at length in these volumes of "L'Art"; but the old art is by no means neglected: witness the names of Giotto, Carpaccio, Defendente de Ferrari, Donatello, Van Ostade, etc.; but out-and-out Ruskinites must avoid the article on Carpaccio.

Attention should be called to the scathing review, by Paul Leroi, of the recent posthumous exhibition in Paris of the works of Couture. With all his brilliancy, especially in studies, Couture had grave defects of manner, astonishing softness and sentimentality, and a lack of grasp in the making of a picture. That he should have been sought by so many Americans as a teacher is an evidence of the scarcity of real masters in our times. M. Leroy is, after all, hardly more severe than Millet is reported to have been (on what evidence we do not know) when led before "Les Romains de la Décadence," Couture's only famous painting: "*Mais, où est le tableau?*" said Millet.

Mrs. Walford's "Troublesome Daughters."*

In reading the work of the so-called second and third class novelists of the day, one cannot help wondering at the amount of knowledge, cleverness, and social experience which incidentally it betrays. The knowledge, to be sure, is of a superficial kind, and the cleverness is apt to have an over-conscious air which occasionally spoils its effect; but the social experience is, in most cases, as varied and extensive as it appears to be, and redeems from insipidity many a book whose only merit is that it is entertaining.

Mrs. Walford's "Troublesome Daughters" belongs to this order of ephemeral fiction, which portrays, with considerable vivacity and skill, the ambitions, prejudices, and matrimonial machinations of English fashionable society. The essential vulgarity of this mad chase for imaginary boons and empty honors glares at one from every page in the book, and although the author, who is didactic only by implication, very properly refrains from all marginal comment, the *dénouement* which awards the matrimonial prize—Captain Evelyn—to the eccentric and unconventional Kate Newbattle, is made to serve in lieu of a more direct moral judgment. Whether Captain Evelyn is in himself sufficiently valuable to be a fitting reward for virtue, is a question which it would require a long fashionable experience to settle to general satisfaction. To us he appears to be a very ordinary person, healthy, good-natured, and full of animal spirits; but without a single conspicuous moral quality for which the author could challenge admiration. There may, however, be a very subtle intention in this apparently unsatisfactory arrangement. Girls of the heroic type, to which Kate belongs, are notoriously apt to be dazzled by mere physical perfection, as in fact all womankind are more or less inclined to regard it as the most adorable attribute of manhood. And when, as in Captain Evelyn's case, the splendid physique is coupled with high birth, irreproachable manners, and an easy disposition, one can hardly wonder if the *tout ensemble* (even though destitute of intellectual graces) proves absolutely irresistible.

The best piece of characterization in "Troublesome Daughters" is Lady Olivia, the mother of Evelyn and later the step-mother of the four Misses Newbattle. In vividness and distinctness of individuality she even approximates Mr. Smith, in the novel of that name with which Mrs. Walford made her *début*, and by which she conquered her transatlantic public. "Mr. Smith," as a first performance, was a very creditable and successful piece of work, but its successors ("Troublesome Daughters" included) have been *encores*, and as such have lacked the impulse and spontaneity which constituted the chief charms of the *début*. Nevertheless, in such studies of character as Lady Olivia, the author furnishes also her *encores* with an "excuse for being," and invests a loose and easily soluble entanglement of commonplace events with a certain fleeting interest. Mr. Newbattle's four daughters (of whom, from society's point of view, Kate undoubtedly was the most troublesome) are also quite effectively portrayed, and if their features were not so fatally familiar, we should probably take more pleasure in their acquaintance. But the sly and submissive Alice, who, after a brief revolt, diplomatically accepts the supremacy of her step-mother, must by this time have worn her fine draperies to shreds from the frequent handling of novelists; the insignificant Bertha and the arch and shallow Marjorie are very much in the same predicament, and as for the spirited and rebellious Kate, we venture to assert that, with slight modifications, she occupies her heroic elevation in more than half the novels written by women. But then, to be sure, there is very little that is positively new under the sun; and invention, which serves very well for plots and intrigues, is inadequate for the creation of new types, and is, moreover, a poor substitute for imagination.

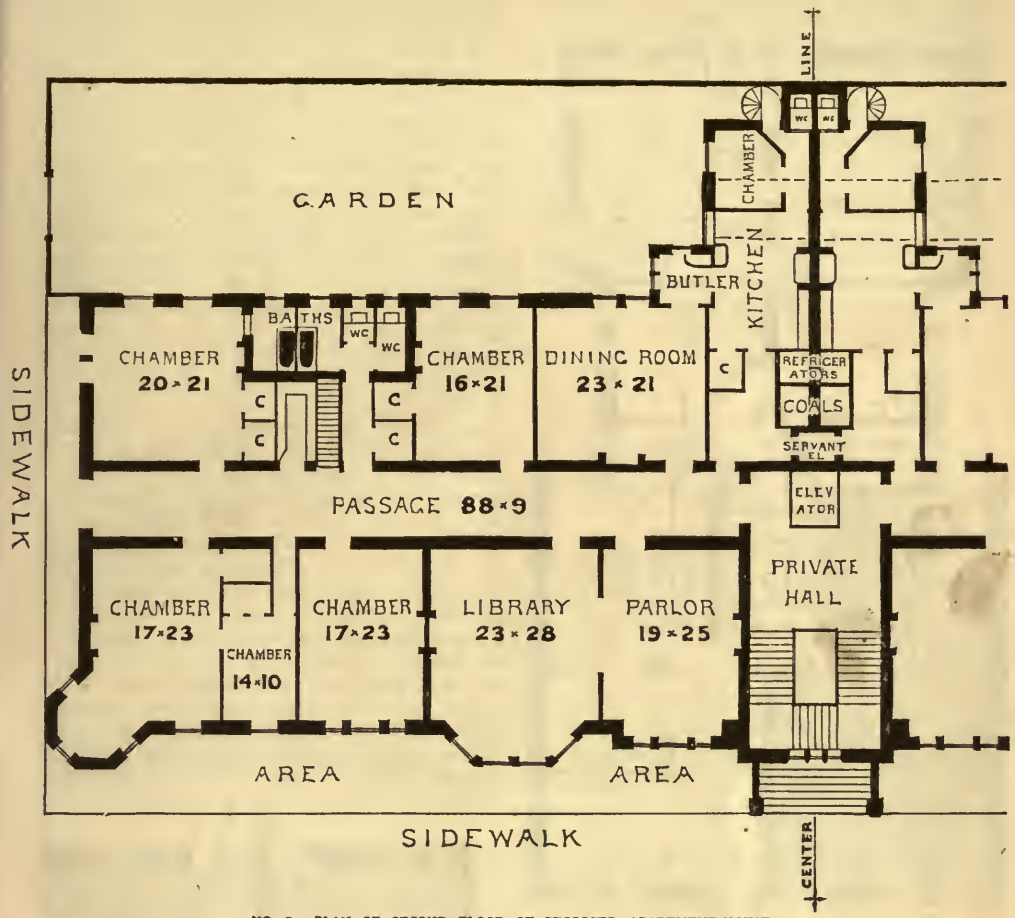
* Troublesome Daughters. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," "Cousins," "Pauline," etc. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880.

NO. 1. ELEVATION OF PROPOSED APARTMENT-HOUSE.

New Apartment-Houses.

THE New York "city lot," when first planned, was believed to be the best thing that could be devised for compelling the intending house-builder to give himself plenty of light and air on two sides of his house. It was thought that if the lot was long and narrow he would have a garden in the rear of the house. This expectation was seldom realized, for the high value of the land and the foolish greed of the landlords soon resulted in the conventional folly known as the New York tenement-house. Of late there has been a disposition to cover nearly the entire lot with buildings, and the law has had to interfere and forbid the erection of deep houses with dark rooms in the middle. Many plans have been proposed for using all, or nearly all, the land in a lot, and, at the same time, to give every room a window on the open air. Some of the best of these plans have been already published in this department, and more are here given as valuable contributions to a most important matter. The first is intended for a large tenement, containing a number of flats suitable for the best class of residents and occupying the end of a block fronting on an avenue. The elevation and plan were designed by Pugin and Walter, architects of London, after a careful study of the necessities of our streets and lots. The elevation shows a seven-story building, with basement and sub-cellar. There are three entrances on the avenue, those on the sides being intended for single flats on the first floor, while the center door is for all the flats above the first floor. The above drawing gives an excellent idea of the appearance of the proposed building. The common method of erecting such a group of flats under one roof is to place the flats perpendicular to the street, or exactly in the vicious manner in which the lots are laid out. In such cases, each group of flats has a single narrow stair-way with a door on the street, or, as in the case of more pretentious houses facing an avenue, with entrances on the two side streets, with a hall running the whole width of the block at the rear of all the flats. In arranging the proposed building, one entrance is provided for all the flats above the street, and the hall divides the building into two wings.

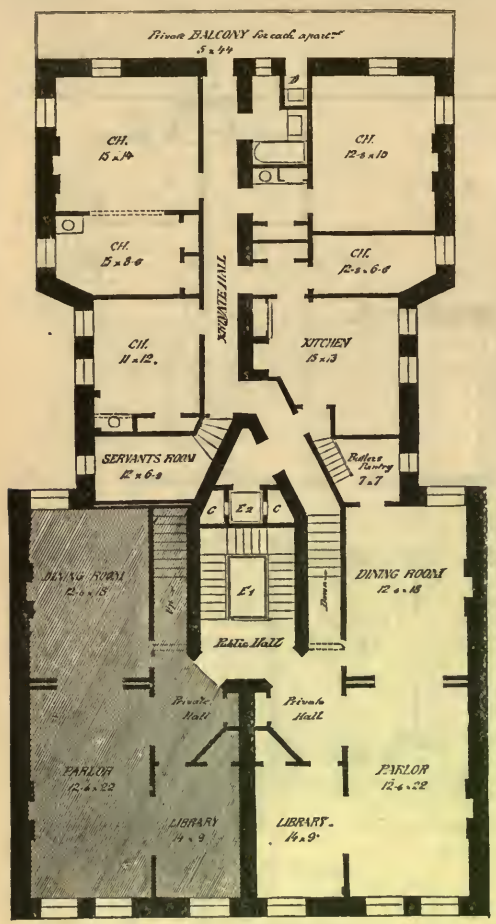
Figure 2 represents a little more than half of the first floor above the street, the part not shown being a duplicate of that given. It will be seen that the building is quite shallow and that the flats are placed parallel to the avenue, with one end to the street and the other end to the center of the building. The plan clearly shows the position and size of each room, and needs little explanation. The entrance is by a private door opening on the hall near the elevator. The passage-way is lighted by a



NO. 2. PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR OF PROPOSED APARTMENT-HOUSE.

window at the end and gives access to all the rooms. Every room has windows on the avenue or garden, and the end rooms have windows on the street. The stair-way shown near the bath-rooms leads to a trunk-room over the bath-room, each of these rooms being half the height of the other rooms. The servants' elevator is placed in the rear of the hall and opens by a private door on the kitchen. The rest of the flat may be easily understood from the plan. The garden in the rear is designed to be free to all the tenants, and, by having a gate on the street, all the waste of the house will be removed at this entrance through the garden. This house is designed for a club or association, somewhat like those described below.

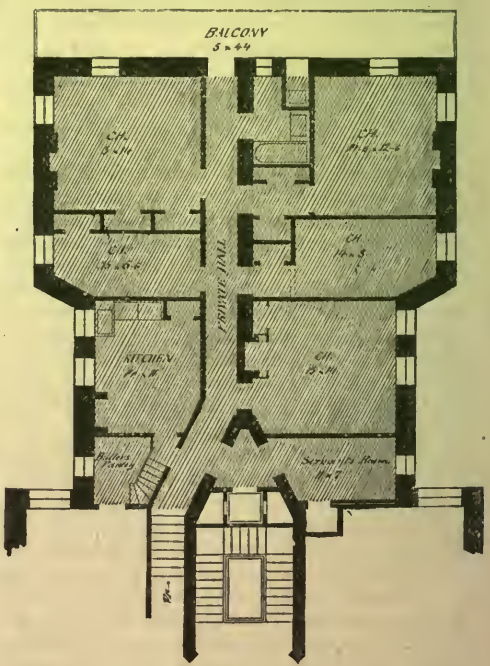
Figures 3 and 4 show the manner of laying out a new and costly apartment-house now being erected on West Fifty-ninth street, between Broadway and Seventh Avenue. Here an attempt is made to keep to the common form of city lot and to cover nearly all the space of two lots. The land is 15.25 meters (50 feet) by 30.50 meters (100 feet) and the building is the full width of the two lots on the street, and extends back about 18 meters. The rear is, as will be seen by the plan, somewhat narrower, and extends to within 5.5 meters of the rear line. This building has a sub-cellar and basement, with seven floors above the basement in the portion next to the street. The first, second, third, fourth, and fifth floors are each 4.27 meters (14 feet) high, and the sixth and seventh 2.74 meters (9 feet) high. The rear portion of the building has ten floors above the basement, each 2.74 meters (9 feet) high. This difference in the number of floors in the two parts of the house is designed to give some of the apartments more rooms, and to give light and air on three sides. The plans show the way in which the second, fourth, and sixth floors are laid out. The entrance is through a hall in the center, between the two flats on the first floor. The stairs and elevator are shown in the plan, with the private entrance to each of the two flats. Taking the white or unshaded part of the plan, it will be seen that there are a private hall, library, parlor, dining-room, butler's pantry, kitchen, and five chambers. The dimensions of each room are marked in feet and inches on the plan. The stairway marked "down," next the dining-room, leads



NO. 3. DUPLEX FLAT.

downward a few feet to the rear part of the building, all the rooms here being on a different level. The short stair-way in the butler's room leads to a second room, just above it, that may be used for a store-closet or coal-room, these two rooms being half the height of the front rooms. The shaded part of the plan and the shaded plan of the rear go together, the rear portions of the two flats being one over the other. The rear rooms are not so high as those in front, and hence the name given to these flats, duplex or doubled flats. By comparing the plans, it will be seen that they contain the same number of rooms and are just alike, except that in the rear the rooms are changed to opposite sides, and in one flat the stairs lead up, and in the other down. The intervening flats are all on the same level, and the house is simply divided through the center into two sets of apartments. All the flats have a balcony on the rear, and private doors opening on the servants' elevator. The coal-bins are placed next this elevator, so that they may be filled directly from the elevator. These bins are marked "C" in the plan, while the servants' elevator is marked "E 2." The rest of the plan can be easily understood, and will repay careful examination.

In addition to the planning and construction of these buildings, a few words may be said in regard to the novel manner in which the money needed for their erection was raised. These buildings, and a number of others about to be put up in New York city, are built upon a coöperative plan that deserves attention, wherever the regular building associations or coöperative banks are not in operation. A number of intending house-builders, of about the same social position and means, form a society and erect an apartment-house for their own use. They elect from among their number a president, secretary, treasurer, and building committee. There may be (say) eight families in the club, and it is their aim to build an apartment-house having (say) nine distinct flats. Each member gives a bond to all the others for the sum of (say) one thousand dollars. This makes the capital of the club, and, in the name of the club, the building committee buys a lot and puts up an apartment-house costing (say) eight thousand dollars. The land is bought and the building put up in the name of only one trustee, and is held by him till the building is sufficiently advanced to enable him to put on a mortgage. This mortgage is placed on the land and building to cover the difference between the actual cash paid in and the cost. When finished, the building is the property of the eight members of the club, each one having an undivided eighth share of the whole. The trustee then gives to each member a lease for ninety-nine years, at a nominal rent of one dollar a year, for the apartments



NO. 4. REAR OF DUPLEX FLAT.

he is to occupy. In selecting a flat, the members hold an auction to bid for choice of flats, the premiums paid for the choice being equally divided among them all. By this arrangement, those who must take the least desirable flats are compensated in money. The leases having been given and recorded, the trustee transfers the fee of the land to the eight members as holders in common. The object of this arrangement is this: The leases being for only a nominal sum, the fee loses all money value, and cannot be attached or sold. The leases, on the other hand, may be sold subject to restrictions, which could not be done with the fee. In this manner it is possible to transfer the leases under control of the club, while the property, as a whole, remains undisturbed. The ninth flat is let on a short term to any tenant that may be accepted by a vote of all the club. The running expenses of the house, heating and lighting of halls, janitor, repairs of hall and roof, water, interest on mortgage, etc., are offset by this rent, either wholly or in part. If it is not enough, the expense is divided between all the members. In some cases it is found that the rent of the extra flat is more than sufficient to pay the working expenses, and the surplus is used to extinguish the mortgage. This system of house-building was devised by Mr. P. G. Hubert, of this city, and is already in successful operation.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Epigrams from the French.

A KISS BY POST.

You send a kiss by letter,
Like other fruit, to me.
It sweeter tastes and better
Fresh gathered from the tree.

ON A SWEETHEART'S MIRROR.

Look on this mirror; you will see
The one of all most loved by me:
Oh, would that I therein might view
The one of all most loved by you!

A FRIEND.

Said Tom: "My friend, your salary's too scant,
But, come what may, I'll not see you in want."
He lost his place,—wrote Tom from need to free him;
Tom kept his word: in want he ne'er would *see* him.

Confession.

It was a charming day, my dear,
An August day some years ago—
From me you ran away, my dear,
Down through the shaded walk, you know.
I saw your fluttering drapery
White through the sun-flecked trees like snow;
I followed to the grapery,
And there I found you all aglow.

And when I kissed your cheek, my dear,
To pay you for the way you sped,
You pursed your lips to speak, my dear;
Do you remember what you said?
You said: "I love"—ah, yes, you did,—
Why then, I pray, this tell-tale red?
You said: "I love"—confess you did—
"I love sweet grapes" was what you said!

I Want.

I want,—I don't know what I want; I'm tired of everything;
I'd like to be a queen or something—no, a bearded king,
With iron crown and wolfish eyes, and manners fierce and bold,
Or else a plumed highwayman, or a paladin of old.

We girls are such poor creatures, slaves of circumstance and fate;
Denied the warrior's glory and the conqueror's splendid state;
And, puss, you are so mortal slow; I wish you could be changed
Into a catamount, with tastes quite violent and deranged.

I'd like an earthquake, that I would—oh, puss, I'll tell you what,
Some planets have two suns and different colors, too, at that;
Now there would be variety: two mornings every day,—
One green or brown, for instance, and the other crimson, say.

What splendid lights, what curious shades, what transformation scenes;
What queer surprises, puss—just think, what lovely pinks and greens!
How funny Gus would look! He is so poky and so flat.
But such complexions! After all, I shouldn't fancy that.

I'll never marry Gus, of that I'm very sure at least,
I'd sooner be a bandit's bride, united by a priest . . . . .
Oh, there you are, sir! No, indeed! I'll not be kissed at all!
No, sir, I've changed my mind; we *wont* be married in the fall.

Now *do* be still. I've changed my mind. My privilege, I believe ——
Oh, horrible! What's this? A daddy-long-legs on my sleeve!
Oh, Gus, come quick! I'm deadly faint! Do take the thing away!
Yes, yes, I'll promise *anything!* I'll marry you to-day!

Through the Snow.

The cutter stopped before the gate,—
Out sprang her highness lightly;
Half coy, half cool, this cruel Kate,
And altogether sightly.

In mock distress exclaimed she: "Oh!
How far we must have ridden!
For, under this fast-falling snow,
The walk's entirely hidden!"

THE LAST SLEIGH-RIDE OF THE SEASON.—THE START AND THE RETURN.

Entirely hidden it was, and more,
For, as the catch I lifted,
Six inches deep, from gate to door,
I saw the snow had drifted.

"Ugh!" shuddered she. "You lead the way!"
Was her command next spoken.
To hear, at once was to obey;
And, through the snow unbroken,

I stalked with steady, ample feet;
With lifted skirts she followed,
Daintily stepping, while her neat
Foot-prints in mine were swallowed.

Back to her mirthful, puzzling face
I looked across my shoulder,
And wondered if she'd smile with grace
On me, should I grow bolder.

"Why may not you and I," I said,
"Through life thus walk together?
I'd break the way with happy tread
Through all life's snowy weather."

She did not answer me a word,
But one sweet glance permitted,
And then, before me, like a bird,
Into the house she flitted.

And through the snow and from the gloom
Her fairy foot-prints drew me
Into the cheerful, cozy room,
Where love surrendered to me.

Ah! in our wedded life since then
Snow-storms have broken o'er me;
But always, into light again,
'Tis she has walked *before* me.

A Song of the Mole.

UNCLE REMUS: PUTNAM COUNTY, GEORGIA. 1862.

De jay-bird hunt de sparrer-nes',
De bee-martin sail all 'roun',
De squir'l, he holler fum de top er de tree—
Mr. Mole, he stay in de groun';
He hide en he stay twel de dark drap down—
Mr. Mole, he stay in de groun'.

De w'ipperwill holler fum 'cross de fence—
He got no peace er min';
Mr. Mole, he grabble en he dig twel he lan'
Un'need * de sweet-tater vine;
He lan' down dar whar no sun aint shine,
Un'need de sweet-tater vine.

De sparrer-hawk whet his bill on de rail—
Oh, ladies, lissen unter me,
Mr. Mole, he handle his two little spade,
Down dar whar no eye kin see;
He dig so fur en he dig so free,
Down dar whar no eye kin see.

De nigger, he wuk twel de dark drap down,
En den Mr. Mole is he;
He sing his song de whole night long
Whar de patter-roller † never kin see;
He sing en he play—oh, gals, go 'way!—
Whar de patter-roller never kin see.

* Underneath. † Patrol.

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